

Mine To Use

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Mine To Use

by [sanfran](#)

Summary

A day of Shane being free use at the cottage means Ilya playing with him any way he wants to. In all the ways.

Notes

This is kind of free use / total power exchange, maybe both? Idk but I've been devouring both tags so I neeeeded to write one.

Needless to say, check the tags because this is pure FILTH. Mean dom Ilya is meannnnnn. I love it. So does Shane.

(There is no safeword mention but they do have one)

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

The night before, Ilya had whispered into Shane's ear and told him to wear a plug to bed, which meant a free use day today. Shane's stomach swooped when Ilya had said it, and now he's waking up to the sun shining into the bedroom of the cottage, cock hard and plug in his ass.

He knows on days like this, he doesn't get to decide when they fuck - it's on Ilya's terms. But it doesn't stop him from trying his luck sometimes. The best thing about their free use days at the cottage for Shane was that he felt like he could turn his brain off and just be useful to Ilya whenever and however his boyfriend decided he wanted him.

Sometimes that meant Shane was edged, or came multiple times a day, or didn't come at all. The waiting to see what Ilya would do, the uncertainty over whether he would get to come, all of it turned him on more than he knew was possible.

With his back pressed to a sleeping Ilya's chest, Shane not so subtly pushed his ass back against Ilya's half hard cock, feeling the plug push in a little more. He wouldn't dare to touch his cock, but this he might be able to get away with, teasing Ilya and goading him into playing with Shane straight away.

Ilya stirred in his sleep, then gripped Shane's hips tightly as his eyes stayed closed, a small smile on his lips.

"Someone is eager, hm?" Ilya's sleepy voice croaked, keeping Shane's ass pressed against him but still.

"Yes, sir. Woke up so hard because of the plug." Shane admitted, turning his head to nuzzle into Ilya's neck.

"So my greedy slut couldn't even wait until I was awake? You remember how this works, yes? I decide how I use you today, not you. Don't forget that, malysh." Ilya kissed Shane's cheek and snaked his arm around Shane to grip the base of his cock tightly, making Shane moan.

"Yes, sir, of course. I'm sorry, I just wanted to feel you against me." Shane gasped out as Ilya's hand left him and he felt the empty space behind him as Ilya got out of bed and left the room - surely he wasn't just going to start his day without even fucking Shane?

Shane waited patiently on the bed, still on his side and trying to will his cock to soften with no luck. Ilya re entered the room a few minutes later with a glass of ice and reached into the bedside drawer for something - was he getting a vibrator? Rope, maybe?

"On your back. Stay still." Ilya ordered and approached Shane with the glass of ice and the cock cage. Fuck.

"I don't need it. Please, sir, I won't come, I promise." Shane sounded desperate already, but he didn't care.

"Be quiet." Ilya snapped, sounding annoyed.

Shane complied and laid on his back, his cock fully hard, the sight of the cage not helping his situation at all. Thinking about being trapped in it all day while Ilya used him for his own pleasure, his cock straining against it uselessly. It was an overwhelming thought.

Ilya sat between Shane's legs and spread them wider first, taking a look at the plug and humming appreciatively, then gripped the base and started playing with it, tapping it, pulling it out and shoving it back in. Shane moaned and gripped the sheets so he didn't move.

When he was done playing with the plug and Shane's cock was red and leaking, he took one ice cube and started rubbing it up and down the hard length. Shane gasped and almost screamed at the sudden cold, but forced his hips to stay down and not squirm away from the feeling. Ilya liked telling Shane to stay still and watching him struggle sometimes instead of tying him up - another test of his obedience.

"Such a good toy for me. We need this cock nice and soft for the cage, so stay still for me." Ilya continued his torment of the ice cube for another minute or so until Shane's cock was soft, then he kissed his inner thigh and reached for the cage. Shane whimpered as Ilya slotted his cock in and locked it up, the key hanging on a chain around his neck next to his cross necklace.

"Perfect. My toy is ready to be played with. You don't need this useless cock anyway, do you? Such a nice big cock but no reason to use it since you love getting fucked so much. This is much better. Maybe I will keep you locked up more, what do you think?" Ilya asked as he started getting dressed into workout clothes. Shane whined at the words.

"Whatever you want, sir. Anything." Shane confirmed, and Ilya laughed at that, a bit condescendingly.

"So pathetic for me. Get dressed and meet me downstairs." Ilya nodded to the athletic shorts he'd pulled out for Shane and left the room. That's all he'd be wearing today, no shirt or underwear. Easy access.

Shane took a few deep breaths to calm down and put the shorts on, freshened up a bit, and went downstairs to see Ilya pouring a smoothie into a glass.

"Smoothie for you, malysh. Want you to have lots of fuel for today. Drink it here for me." Ilya pointed to the kitchen island and started cleaning the counter.

"Thank you, sir." Shane replied, seeing it was the smoothie he drank every morning. He made his way to the drink and started sipping it. Although this brain felt mostly empty on days like this, he always had the lingering thought of 'what's his plan? When will he use me? What will he make me do?', but following instructions from Ilya was easy and felt natural.

Ilya put away the last of the fruit and moved around so he was behind Shane. He pulled his shorts down to his ankles and pushed him so he was bent over the counter a bit more, ass sticking out. Shane put his smoothie down so he could brace his hands on the counter but Ilya popped his head around to scowl.

“Ah, no. I said drink. So drink. What, you can’t listen today? Cage and plug made you stupid?” Ilya asked with raised brows, and Shane shook his head and picked the glass back up to keep sipping.

“Going to play with your ass a bit. You stop drinking, I stop and punish you. Be good toy for me.” Ilya slapped his ass sharply as Shane nodded and muttered out a ‘Yes, sir’ before continuing with his drink, keeping his ass presented to Ilya.

He felt Ilya’s eyes on him then felt his fingers tracing his cheeks and then where the plug was. He played with it like he did in bed, tugging it and fucking it in and out, then pulled it out completely, the sudden emptiness making Shane gasp into the glass.

“Mmm. Look at this pretty hole. Ready for me to use however I want. Trying to decide what I want to do with it, how I want to use it. Good thing you have two holes so I have options, yes?” Ilya used two fingers to trace around Shane’s rim, then slipped them both inside, fucking them in and out a few times, then added a third.

It was difficult to keep drinking, but he did it. His cock was trying to strain against the cage and Ilya’s fingers were brushing against his prostate on some thrusts. Shane wanted to feel Ilya’s cock inside him so bad, and he knew Ilya knew this, so he probably wouldn’t get it yet.

Ilya continued fingering Shane and then pushed his fingers all the way inside and used his tongue to trace around the rim, making Shane struggle to swallow the smoothie. He was almost finished with it now.

“So good for me. Love playing with this tight hole. Will take whatever I give it. When you are finished drinking, put the glass down and tell me how this feels.” Ilya said and continued curling his fingers deep inside Shane and licking his rim.

“Holy fuck. Feels so fucking good, sir. Thank you, thank you. Thank you for using me. Love your fingers inside me.” Shane dropped his head onto the counter on his forearms and stuck his ass out further.

“I know you do. But this isn’t about what you want, is it? That’s why your pretty cock is locked away. Is about what I want, and I like playing with your hole. Stay there.” Ilya spoke meanly, and removed his fingers from Shane abruptly. Shane kept his head down and tried to calm his body down. He felt hot all over and like he was on the edge with no release in sight.

He heard Ilya come back and felt one hand spread his cheeks wider, before the tip of what must be a larger plug was at his entrance. Shane let out a ragged breath but stayed in position for Ilya. The plug slowly pushed in and the biggest part stretched his rim as wide as three of Ilya’s fingers had. It was definitely one of the biggest plugs they owned, only used a few times in the past.

“Fuck, this hole stretches so nice. Relax for me. Good.” Ilya praised as the plug was finally seated inside Shane. He felt it everywhere, clenching down it felt like it was rubbing right against his prostate. Fuck.

“Thank you, sir. Feel so stretched for you.” Shane replied. Ilya pulled his shorts back up and slapped his ass.

“Okay. Go do your yoga outside, I have emails to answer.” Ilya responded before leaving. Shane bent over and moved into the living room to his laptop. Shane pulled himself up and immediately felt the difference with this plug. Yoga was going to be difficult, but he would do it.

Shane took his yoga mat to the back and started his usual routine. It usually took around 45 minutes and stretched most of his body out. He was 20 minutes in, and the plug was still pressing against his prostate in a lot of positions, but he felt good.

He heard the door slide open as he was transitioning from high plank to downward facing dog, and felt a nervous but excited feeling in his stomach when he heard his boyfriend’s voice.

“Stay there.” Ilya said coldly from behind Shane. In this position with his ass in the air and hands and feet planted on the floor, he could see Ilya’s legs behind him. He felt hands yanking down his shorts and the breeze hitting his ass.

Ilya rubbed his hands from Shane’s ass down to his thighs, feeling the muscles straining as he held the position. He’s held this position for a while previously, but he doesn’t know how long he could go if Ilya was playing with him.

“Slutty pose. You like showing off this ass to everyone?” Ilya asked.

“N-no, sir. I only do it at home, I only show it off for you.” Shane answered, the anticipation of Ilya just staring at him from behind almost making him shake already.

“Bet you would love to show this plug off to everyone though, wouldn’t you? Show the whole world how much you can take in your ass? Everyone would know you are my slut and you are preparing yourself for my big cock.” Ilya chuckled and started pulling the plug out at a torturous pace.

“Fuck. No. I wouldn’t like that. Only want you to see.” Shane felt his face heating as he imagined anyone seeing Ilya pull this huge toy from his ass. See him submitting to Ilya so freely and giving his body over to him whenever he asked.

“Fucking liar. Maybe I should film it so people can see, show your team how much of a slut you are for me. They’d probably beg for a turn. Seeing their big strong captain being so submissive, just a toy for me.” Ilya meanly yanked the plug the rest of the way from Shane’s ass, making Shane gasp and moan. He felt so empty and his cock was fighting against the cage, Ilya’s words only making his cock want to get harder.

“Down. On your stomach.” Ilya pushes Shane’s hips so he was laying down flat on the yoga mat, cock and balls pressed into the cage on the ground. Ilya straddled his closed thighs and spread his cheeks. Shane felt filthy with them being outside and his hole exposed to Ilya.

Ilya got his hard cock out and he must have used lube already because it was wet, and started rubbing it against Shane's hole, dragging it up and down and sometimes slipping it inside. Shane whined but couldn't move, then felt Ilya push his cock all the way in and bottom out. Shane gasped and gripped the yoga mat below him, wishing he could get some relief by grinding his cock into the mat.

"Fuck, malysh. This hole was made for me. Made for me to fuck and use. So wet and tight." Ilya groaned and started fucking Shane hard, thrusting in then grinding down. Shane knew he was avoiding his prostate, not allowing him the pleasure, but he would sometimes hit it and Shane would jolt as much as he could trapped beneath his boyfriend.

"Best fleshlight I've ever had," Ilya gripped Shane's hair and pulled his head back so he could speak into his ear, "I could do whatever I want to you and you would let me. I could piss on you, make you suck my cock for hours, make you fuck me with that useless cock. You wouldn't be able to say no, would you?" Ilya asked, angling Shane's face up towards his.

"Yes, sir. Would do anything for you. Use me however you want. I'll be good for you. I promise." Shane replied. He loved when Ilya spoke to him this way - degrading him and making him feel like an object for Ilya to use.

"Mm, i know. Maybe I will keep you tied up to my bed and just come to use you whenever I feel like it. Shove my cock in your ass and a dildo in your mouth so you're filled on both ends. My slut would like that, wouldn't he?" Ilya asked as he licked into Shane's ear, his tongue exploring every inch. Shane let out a loud moan and nodded as much as he could with Ilya's hand still gripping his hair. His cock was pounding into him hard and he could tell Ilya was close.

"Please, please. I need that. Need to please you." Shane said and kept gasping and moaning as Ilya's tongue stayed in his ear, then heard Ilya groan and push his cock all the way in, coming inside him.

Ilya kept Shane's hair tight in his hand, as he pulled his cock out, reached for the plug, and shoved it deep into Shane's mouth. Shane gagged a bit at the intrusion, eyes watering as Ilya kept it there, then coughed as it was pulled out. Ilya laughed and stood up, leaving Shane laying on his front with his shorts still pulled down to his ankles and saliva dripping down his chin.

He eventually pulled himself up and composed himself enough to walk back into the cottage, seeing Ilya making lunch for them. On a normal day, Ilya would kiss Shane and get distracted by holding him and teasing him, but on their free use days, he ignored Shane a lot of the time. He was meaner than usual and treated Shane like something to be used. Shane fucking loved it and didn't fully understand why it turned him on so much to be ignored by his boyfriend when he was so desperate, but it did.

Shane stood a bit awkwardly to Ilya's side with his hands in front of him while Ilya cooked eggs.

"You need something?" Ilya asked without looking at him.

“Uh, I was just wondering, can I shower please, sir?” Shane asked nervously.

“Why?” Ilya looked confused as he grabbed the bread.

“I just feel a little gross after that and I haven’t showered today yet, only last night, sir.” Shane explained, in a sweet voice.

“Me fucking you is gross? You usually beg for it.” Ilya shrugged and crossed his arms, making eye contact with Shane now.

“No, no. Of course not, sir. It’s just- I just want to be clean for you.” Shane replied, feeling more confident with this explanation.

“No. I want you dirty for me. You shower when I tell you to. I want you to feel the lube around your ass and smell like sex. Like the filthy slut you are.” Ilya turned his back to Shane and continued cooking. Conversation over.

Shane nodded and sat at the table, opening up the hockey book he’d started. He could hardly concentrate between the feeling of slick around his sore hole, the restrictive cage, and Ilya looking far too attractive cooking, wearing only shorts.

Ilya brought the plates of eggs, avocado and toast to the table, telling Shane to eat up.

“Thank you, sir. This looks good.” Shane told him, and they eat in mostly silence, Shane keeping his eyes to the plate and Ilya surveying Shane as if trying to work out how desperate he was already.

They finished their meals and Ilya took their plates to the dishwasher, “Good job, malysh. Ate all your breakfast. Go relax in the living room for me, okay?” Ilya said. Shane felt like he got whiplash with Ilya on their free use days, his boyfriend going from being mean and condescending to then sweet and soft. It made his head spin in the best way.

Shane made his way to the living room and got comfortable in the corner, putting on a random nature documentary. He felt himself slowly drifting off to sleep and didn’t try to stop it, feeling content and worn out already.

The next thing Shane felt was something happening between his legs. He groggily opened his eyes and saw Ilya unlocking the cage and his eyes went wide. Shane’s half hard cock sprang free and he moaned at the feeling. Ilya laughed and threw the cage off to the side.

Before Ilya started touching him though, there was a cock ring being put on him, fit snugly around his cock and balls. Shane whined and shook his head.

“No, fuck you. Just let me come already!” Shane huffed, bucking his hips up into the air. Ilya’s eyebrows raised in shock and Shane immediately started backtracking, “No, I mean, I’m sorry, I didn’t- didn’t mean that.” Shane rambled.

“There’s my naughty boy. Been a good boy all morning, haven’t even begged once for your cock to be free and now you’re demanding things? I’m being nice to you by taking cage off and this is how you thank me? Ungrateful slut.” Ilya tsked and lifted Shane’s now hard cock

up and brought his hand down to slap his balls hard. Shane screamed and tried to scramble away but Ilya's forearm came down to his hips to keep him pressed into the couch.

"Ah ah, do not move away. You know what happens if you have bad attitude, yes? Take it like a good boy." Ilya bit Shane's inner thigh then continued slapping his balls until Shane was crying. He looked up at Shane with fake pity then laughed. Just when Shane thought he was done, Ilya held the base of his cock and started flicking the underside of his tip with his fingers. Shane kept trying to move away, wishing he was back in the cage but also clearly not hating the pain because he was still rock hard.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'll be good, I swear. I'll be a good toy for you. Use me, please." Shane cried out, wiping his tears away with the back of his hand. He felt pathetic and he loved it. Ilya knew exactly how to speak to him and how to treat him to make him hurt but also turn him on. Shane felt like Ilya could read his mind sometimes.

"The only thing I say you need to do for me on these days is what?" Ilya asked.

"Listen to you, be good, and take what you give me, sir." Shane repeated back the words Ilya had said to him when they discussed this the first time. Ilya needed to remind him sometimes so he made Shane say it out loud.

"Oh very good, you're not completely stupid then. You can remember simple things, yes? Nothing too complicated for my toy." Ilya flicked his cock then balls one last time before bringing his mouth down into Shane's cock and sucking hard. Shane resisted fucking up into Ilya's mouth as much as he could and trapped his hands beneath him so he wouldn't grip Ilya's hair and pull him in.

He wanted to beg to be able to come so bad, but he couldn't risk Ilya finding another reason to slap and tug his balls until he cried again. He would sometimes be a brat intentionally so Ilya would do it, but right now he wanted to come so bad.

Ilya massaged Shane's balls as he continued sucking his cock and relaxing his throat so it could fit, the feeling making Shane's eyes roll back in his head. Even though the cock ring would hold off his orgasm for a bit, he was so pent up that he felt close already. He was tempted to not tell Ilya so he could potentially come, but he really did want to be good for him.

"Fuck, sir, sir, you need to- I'm going to-" Shane started and tried to move his hips away so Ilya would understand.

Ilya popped his head off Shane's cock and looked up at him, "No. You will not come. I want to keep sucking your cock, so I will. And you will wait like a good boy." Ilya said and went back to fucking Shane's cock down his throat, moaning, the vibrations sending waves up Shane's entire body.

"I-I can't. I'm gonna come, sir. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Please stop-" Shane squeezed his eyes shut and tried to think about anything else but Ilya's suction and tongue on his cock. The way he was deepthroating then swirling his tongue on the underside of his leaking cock.

“Open your fucking eyes and look at me while I suck your cock. Ungrateful slut.” Ilya snapped then went right back to having Shane’s length in his warm and wet mouth.

Shane did as Ilya ordered and as soon as he looked down at Ilya’s eyes staring up at him, cock bobbing in and out of his mouth, he couldn’t stop the orgasm. He started tensing up and just as his orgasm hit, Ilya pulled off and Shane’s eyes went wide, his cock spurting cum but no satisfying feeling. Ilya ruined his orgasm.

“What the fuck. Oh my god.” Shane was shocked and couldn’t believe Ilya let him believe he was going to have a good orgasm. Shane should’ve known. Fuck.

“Mm. You feel better now? So much cum from that big useless cock.” Ilya laughed and scooped most of the cum up with his fingers and spread Shane’s legs, pushing the liquid up into Shane’s hole.

Shane’s mouth dropped open and he tried to close his legs to stop Ilya, but Ilya slapped the inside of Shane’s thigh and continued dragging his fingers through the cum and pushing them inside Shane.

“Filthy boy. You like your own cum being forced inside you?” Ilya cooed and pushed his fingers with a bit of cum left on them into Shane’s mouth, making him gag on them, “Answer me.” He demanded as he kept his fingers down Shane’s throat.

Shane tried to answer ‘Yes, sir, thank you’ but it came out mumbled and in between gags.

“Can’t even talk properly. Can’t talk, can’t listen when I tell you not to come. Pathetic. Maybe I will find a new toy to replace you, huh?” Ilya took his fingers out of Shane’s mouth and gripped his cheeks, “Tongue out.”

Shane complied and stuck his tongue out as far as he could as Ilya held his cheeks. He gathered spit in his mouth and filthily spat onto Shane’s tongue.

“Keep it there for a minute. Want to see you lie there with your tongue out looking like a stupid slut.” Ilya moved his hand so it was resting around Shane’s neck. Shane was tearing up from the feeling of being degraded so heavily but his mind felt empty and he was floating.

“Okay. Enough. Close your mouth. You look ridiculous,” Ilya snapped and Shane closed his mouth and swallowed the spit, “Now shower. I want my toy clean for me.”

Shane scrambled to stand and started walking towards the stairs when Ilya’s voice came again, “Stop. Get on your knees and crawl.” Ilya ordered, sounding bored. Shane almost whined as he lowered himself down to the floor and started crawling instead. He crawled awkwardly up the stairs, feeling Ilya’s eyes on him from behind.

Shane reached the bathroom and sat down properly to give himself a second before turning the shower on and stepping under the hot stream. He wanted so badly to jerk off right now, to say fuck it to Ilya’s rules and do it anyway, consequences be damned. He could feel his cock hardening again thinking about the day so far and what else Ilya could have in store for him.

Before he realised what he was doing, his hand was massaging his balls and then wrapping around his length, stroking up and down slowly. He got close quick. He shook his head and willed it to soften while he showered as quickly as he could and stepped out.

Ilya was laying on the bed scrolling when Shane walked in, cock half hard under his towel.

“How was your shower?” Ilya asked, eyes still glued to his phone.

“Uh, good, yeah. Thank you, sir, for letting me.” Shane dried himself off as he spoke.

“Did you touch yourself in the shower?” Ilya looked up at Shane as he asked, narrowing his eyes a bit as if he could see the truth already.

Shane started to shake his head then thought better, knowing Ilya could read him like a book, “I got hard, sir, and I started jerking off and touching my balls but I stopped. I just wasn’t thinking. I didn’t come.” Shane explained meekly, now standing naked with the towel in the laundry basket.

Ilya sat on the edge of the bed and curled his finger to beckon Shane over. Shane stood between Ilya’s legs and looked down shamefully.

“Are you allowed to touch yourself on free use days, Shane?” Ilya asked, gripping Shane’s chin and forcing him to keep eye contact.

“No, sir.”

“Who does your body belong to today?” He asked, looking Shane up and down.

“You, sir. I’m sorry. But I told you, I didn’t lie.” Shane tried to justify.

“Oh, so that makes it okay then? You can do whatever you want as long as you tell me? Is that right?” Ilya scoffed.

“No, no of course not I just-“ Ilya cut Shane off by slapping him across the face, then gripping his cheeks roughly, forcing Shane’s mouth to part.

“You just what? You just can’t listen? You just can’t help but be a needy little whore?” Ilya asked mockingly, “You want to come so bad? Lie down.” Ilya instructed, and Shane nervously made his way to the middle of the bed, lying down on his back.

Ilya reached into the bedside drawer and pulled out a vibrator and lube, then came between Shane’s legs and spread them as wide as they would go. He squirted lube on the toy, the one which was a decent girth and hit Shane’s prostate perfectly. Shane knew this wasn’t going to be as simple as Ilya letting him come, but he didn’t know what to expect.

Ilya wasted no time in pushing the vibrator all the way inside Shane, making him moan and his cock fully harden. This toy was one Ilya had control with from his phone, so he leaned back on one arm and turned the vibrator to the second setting. Shane’s body immediately jolted and his hands gripped the bedsheets, wanting to touch his cock.

“Is this what you wanted? Toy up your ass to make that cock squirt? So greedy. I have fingered you, fucked you, sucked your cock, and is still not enough for you. Maybe you need to get fucked by two cocks, would that be enough?” Ilya asked, then turned the vibrator up a setting.

“Fuck! That feels so fucking good. Yes I needed this, thank you sir, thank you for giving me this.” Shane moaned as the vibrator pushed against his prostate and his cock kept leaking precum.

“Yes, I am very nice to you. Now, I am going to tie these hands because you look like you want to touch your cock and we can’t have that, can we, naughty boy?” Ilya grabbed Shane’s wrists, placed them above his head and wrapped a silk tie around them and then to the bed frame, and took another to do the same to his ankles.

“Okay, perfect. Now I have admin to do on my laptop so you stay here, yes? You have no choice anyway since you are tied to the bed now.” Ilya laughed a little and stood up.

“No, no, where are you going? Don’t go. Don’t you want to fuck me? Please, sir.” Shane begged. he watched Ilya cross the room to sit at the desk in the corner, already ignoring him, “Fuck.” Shane muttered.

He was so close to coming and his body felt hot all over, when he felt the vibrator turn off suddenly, then turn to the highest setting. His hips jolted and he cried as his orgasm crashed over him, his cock spurting cum all over his stomach. He was trying to come down from his orgasm and expected the vibrator to be turned off, but it continued, still on the highest setting.

Ilya was not even looking at him, just at the desk, flitting between his laptop and phone. Shane didn’t even know if he was doing ‘admin’ or just using it as an excuse to ignore him. Shane cried out as the vibrator continued tormenting his prostate and his cock stayed hard.

“Please, please, sir. Turn it off. I came. It’s too much, it’s too much.” Shane panted and pulled against the restraints.

“Shut up. You beg to come and now you are complaining? I am busy. I am sure you can come again, yes?” Ilya asked and looked at him with an annoyed stare.

Shane whined and moaned as the overstimulation hit hard, the painful feeling of it being too much and also feeling the need to come again.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean- please just do something, I don’t know if I can come again, sir.” Shane had tears running down his face as he tried to shift his body to change the position of the vibrator but to no avail.

“Fuck. You are so needy,” Ilya stood from his desk chair and walked over to Shane, shaking his head a little, “Aw, you want help, malysh? You look so pretty when you cry.” Ilya swiped his finger along Shane’s tears and licked his finger.

Instead of turning the toy off, Ilya gripped Shane’s cock firmly and starting jerking him off. It was rough and fast and Shane was screaming as another orgasm hit him fast. He was

blubbering ‘thank you’ and ‘please’ and within moments, the vibrator was turned off and the restraints were taken off.

“Just want to be good for you, sir. Thank you.” Shane muttered and felt Ilya’s arms come around him, pulling him into his chest.

“Shhh, i know, malysh. You’re so good for me. You did so good today. We’re done now, yes?” Ilya stroked his cheek and wiped away the last of his tears.

“Up to you, sir. You only came once today.” Shane said into Ilya’s armpit, taking a long sniff of his scent.

“I know. You were perfect for me. Wanted to mostly play with you today, and you let me, didn’t you? So good.” Ilya kissed Shane’s hair as he praised him.

“Thank you, sir. Thank you, Ilya. I love you so much. Love being good for you.” Shane felt completely drained and felt like he was slurring his words.

“I love you so much, my Shane. My good boy. Let’s get you cleaned up, okay? I will get wash cloth, you stay. I will be right back.” Shane grumbled at that but nodded and kept his eyes closed, curled in on himself on the bed.

Ilya returned soon after with a warm wash cloth and started cleaning Shane, the sweat that had accumulated on his body, the cum on his stomach, then gently spread his legs and wiped around his hole, making Shane jump a bit.

“Shh, is okay. Just making sure you’re clean, malysh. Good boy.” Ilya kissed his thighs and laid back down to pull Shane into his chest, “I love that you trust me to do things like this with you, Shane. You don’t know how much it means to me. You don’t know how much you mean to me. My baby.” Ilya rubbed up and down Shane’s arm and Shane nuzzled as close into Ilya as he could get, every part of their bodies touching. He angled his head up and kissed Ilya deeply. He had no energy to say anything, but this kiss conveyed everything Shane needed to say; There’s no one else in the world who understands or loves me like you do. There’s only you. Forever.

End Notes

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