

Obsessively Yours

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Obsessively Yours

by [Imyourlovelybabe](#)

Summary

Obsessive fanboy Shane Hollander breaks into Russian model Ilya Rozanov's house, expecting to get closer to the man he worships only to be caught when Ilya returns home early. Instead of calling the authorities, Ilya decides to punish Shane personally, turning the encounter into a dark, controlling game of dominance and obsession.

Notes

Hi! EVERYONE thank you for supporting my other work! Love y'all UH! Uh is included. In the message.

This story contains explicit sexual content including graphic descriptions of sex acts, BDSM elements (power dynamics, dominance/submission), degradation, anal sex. It is intended for adult readers (18+). Reader discretion is advised.

Shane Hollander had been watching Ilya Rozanov for three years, two months, and sixteen days.

He knew the model's schedule better than his own. He knew that Ilya took his coffee black with one sugar at the café on Mercer Street every Tuesday and Thursday. He knew that Ilya's photo shoots typically ran four to six hours, depending on the photographer. He knew that Ilya's house a sleek, modern structure with floor-to-ceiling windows and minimalist furniture sat at the end of a quiet chair where neighbors minded their own business.

And today, Shane knew that Ilya would be across the city at a high-fashion editorial shoot until at least seven o'clock.

Which meant Shane had time.

The spare key had been almost too easy to obtain. A copied impression from the cleaning service Ilya used, a little cash exchanged with the right person, and suddenly Shane held the key which is a physical manifestation of his obsession in his trembling palm. He'd carried it for two weeks.

Now, standing on Ilya's doorstep at three in the afternoon, Shane's heart hammered against his ribs. His hands shook as he slid the key into the lock.

This is it. This is finally it.

The door swung open, and Shane stepped into Ilya Rozanov's world.

The house smelled like him that distinctive cologne Ilya wore, something expensive and woody. Shane inhaled deeply, his eyes fluttering closed as the scent filled his lungs. When he opened them again, he was standing in the entryway, surrounded by the intimate details of his idol's life.

Everything was exactly as Shane had imagined it would be. Clean lines, neutral colors, carefully curated art on the walls. A pair of Ilya's shoes by the door designer sneakers that probably cost more than Shane's rent. A jacket draped over the back of a chair. Evidence of a real person living a real life, not just the glossy images Shane had collected and catalogued and obsessed over.

Shane moved through the space like a ghost, touching everything. His fingers traced the back of the leather sofa where Ilya must sit to watch television. He picked up a coffee mug from the kitchen counter, noting the faint lipstick stain on the rim evidence of someone Ilya had entertained recently. The jealousy that flared in Shane's chest was immediate and irrational.

In the bedroom, Shane's breathing grew shallow. The king-sized bed was unmade, sheets tangled from sleep. Shane sat on the edge of the mattress, then lay back, pressing his face into Ilya's pillow. The scent was stronger here, more intimate. Shane's cock hardened in his jeans as he imagined Ilya sleeping here, imagined being here with him, imagined finally being seen.

That was what it had always been about. Being seen. Being acknowledged. Being real to Ilya instead of just another face in the crowd, another anonymous follower, another number on his social media accounts.

Shane had tried everything else. He'd attended every public appearance, every fashion show, every event where Ilya might be. He'd sent messages that went unanswered, left comments that were never liked, existed in Ilya's orbit without ever breaking through the atmosphere.

But now, lying in Ilya's bed, surrounded by his scent and his space and his life, Shane felt closer to him than ever before. This was real. This was intimate. This was—

The sound of a car door slamming outside made Shane's blood turn to ice.

He sat up, heart racing, and moved to the window. Through the gauzy curtains, he could see Ilya's black Mercedes in the driveway. The driver's side door was open, and Ilya himself was walking toward the house, phone pressed to his ear, his beautiful face twisted in irritation.

No. No, no, no. He's not supposed to be back yet. The shoot was supposed to go until seven.

Panic flooded Shane's system. He looked around wildly, searching for an escape route, but there was no time. He could hear the front door opening, could hear Ilya's voice echoing through the house.

"—completely unprofessional. I don't care what the excuse is, Marcus. If you can't manage your crew, I'll find someone who can."

Footsteps in the hallway. Getting closer.

Shane stood frozen in the bedroom, his mind blank with terror. He should hide. He should run. He should—

Ilya appeared in the doorway.

For a moment, they both stood perfectly still, staring at each other. Shane watched as recognition flickered across Ilya's face, followed by confusion, then anger. The model's jaw tightened, his dark eyes narrowing as he took in the scene: Shane Hollander, the obsessive fan he'd noticed at too many events, standing in his bedroom.

"I'll call you back," Ilya said into the phone, his voice deadly calm. He ended the call without waiting for a response, sliding the device into his pocket. "Well. This is interesting."

Shane's mouth opened, but no sound came out. His legs felt weak, his vision tunneling. This was it. Ilya would call the police. Shane would be arrested. His life would be over.

But Ilya didn't reach for his phone. Instead, he stepped into the room, closing the door behind him with a soft click. The sound was somehow more terrifying than if he'd started shouting.

"I know you," Ilya said, moving closer. "I've seen you. At the shows, at the events. Always watching. Always there." He tilted his head, studying Shane like he was an interesting specimen. "What's your name?"

"S-Shane," he managed to whisper.

"Shane." Ilya repeated it slowly, tasting the syllables. "And what are you doing in my house, Shane?"

"I just... I wanted..." Shane's voice cracked. "I needed to be close to you. To see—"

"To see what? My life? My private space?" Ilya's voice was soft, almost gentle, but there was steel underneath. "You broke into my home, Shane. Do you understand how serious that is?"

Shane nodded, tears burning in his eyes. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'll leave. I'll never—"

"Oh, you'll leave," Ilya interrupted. "But not yet." He moved closer, and Shane could smell his cologne, could see the perfect structure of his face up close, could feel the heat radiating from his body. "First, I think you need to learn a lesson about boundaries. About consequences."

Shane's breath caught. There was something in Ilya's voice, something dark and promising that made his cock twitch despite his terror.

"I could call the police," Ilya continued, circling Shane slowly. "I should call the police. You're a stalker, Shane. A criminal. You violated my privacy, my safety, my home." He stopped directly in front of Shane, so close their chests almost touched. "But I'm not going to do that."

"You're... you're not?"

"No." Ilya's lips curved into something that wasn't quite a smile. "Because I think there's a better way to teach you what happens when you cross lines you shouldn't cross. When you take things that don't belong to you. When you think you can just... have me."

Shane's heart was pounding so hard he thought it might burst. "What do you mean?"

Ilya reached out and gripped Shane's chin, forcing him to maintain eye contact. His fingers were strong, his touch firm and possessive. "You wanted to be close to me, didn't you? You wanted to be seen. You wanted my attention." His thumb brushed across Shane's lower lip. "Well, now you have it. All of it. And I'm going to show you exactly what that means."

"I don't—"

"Strip."

The command was simple, absolute. Shane stared at Ilya, his mind struggling to process what was happening.

"I said strip," Ilya repeated, releasing Shane's chin and stepping back. "Take off your clothes. Now."

Shane's hands moved to his shirt with trembling fingers. This couldn't be real. This couldn't be happening. But Ilya was watching him with those dark, intense eyes, and Shane found

himself obeying, pulling his shirt over his head and dropping it to the floor.

"All of it," Ilya said. "I want you naked. I want you vulnerable. I want you to understand exactly how powerless you are right now."

Shane's jeans came next, then his underwear, until he stood completely exposed in Ilya's bedroom. His cock was half-hard despite his fear or maybe because of it. The way Ilya was looking at him, like he was something to be used, something to be consumed, made Shane's entire body flush with heat.

"On your knees."

Shane dropped, the carpet rough against his bare skin. From this angle, Ilya towered over him, beautiful and terrible and completely in control.

"Do you know what you look like right now?" Ilya asked, his voice soft and cruel. "Pathetic. Desperate. A little stalker on his knees, finally getting what he wanted." He reached down and tangled his fingers in Shane's hair, yanking his head back. "Is this what you fantasized about, Shane? Being here with me?"

"Yes," Shane gasped. The pain in his scalp sent sparks of pleasure down his spine.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes... sir?"

Ilya's smile was sharp. "Good boy. You learn fast." He released Shane's hair and began unbuttoning his own shirt. "You wanted to see me, didn't you? You wanted to know what I look like without the cameras, without the photoshop, without the distance."

Shane watched, transfixed, as Ilya revealed his body. He was even more beautiful in person—lean muscle, smooth skin, the kind of physical perfection that seemed almost unreal. When Ilya's pants came off, Shane's mouth went dry. The model's cock was already hard, thick and intimidating.

"Open your mouth," Ilya commanded.

Shane obeyed, and Ilya stepped forward, guiding his cock between Shane's lips. The taste was salt and skin and something uniquely Ilya. Shane moaned around him, his own cock now fully hard and leaking.

"That's it," Ilya murmured, his hand returning to Shane's hair to control the pace. "Take it. This is what you wanted, isn't it? To taste me. To have me." He thrust deeper, making Shane gag. "But you don't have me, Shane. I have you. Do you understand the difference?"

Shane couldn't answer with his mouth full, could only make muffled sounds as Ilya fucked his throat. Tears streamed down his face, spit dripping from his chin, and still he didn't pull away. This was everything he'd dreamed of and nothing like he'd imagined. It was rougher, more degrading, more real.

Ilya pulled out suddenly, leaving Shane gasping for air. "On the bed. On your hands and knees."

Shane scrambled to obey, positioning himself on the mattress he'd been lying on just minutes before. The sheets still smelled like Ilya, and now Shane was about to become part of that scent, part of this space in a way he'd never imagined.

He heard Ilya moving behind him, heard the sound of a drawer opening. Then Ilya's hand was on his ass, spreading him open, and Shane felt the cool slickness of lube being applied.

"Have you ever been fucked, Shane?" Ilya asked, his fingers circling Shane's hole.

"N-no. Never."

"Good." One finger pushed inside, and Shane gasped at the intrusion. "Then I'll be your first. I'll be the one who ruins you for anyone else. Every time you think about sex, you'll remember this. You'll remember me using you, taking you, owning you."

"Aaah...fuck!."

A second finger joined the first, stretching Shane open. It burned, but the pain was laced with pleasure, with the overwhelming reality of Ilya's hands on his body, inside his body.

"Please," Shane whimpered, though he wasn't sure what he was begging for.

"Please what? Please stop? Please call the police?" Ilya's fingers twisted, finding something inside Shane that made him cry out. "Or please fuck you? Please use you like the desperate little stalker you are?"

"Please fuck me," Shane gasped. "Please, sir, I need—"

The fingers withdrew, opened the top drawer on the side table take the condom slick himself with lube and Shane felt the blunt pressure of Ilya's cock against his hole. "You need to learn," Ilya said, and thrust forward.

The pain was immediate and overwhelming. Shane screamed into the pillow, his body trying to reject the intrusion, but Ilya held his hips in an iron grip and pushed deeper.

"Take it," Ilya growled. "You broke into my house. You violated my privacy. Now I'm going to violate you. I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll feel it for days. Every time you sit down, every time you move, you'll remember what happens when you cross me."

He pulled back and slammed forward again, setting a brutal pace. Shane sobbed into the sheets, his cock trapped between his body and the mattress, the friction adding another layer of sensation to the overwhelming experience of being taken, being used, being completely at Ilya's mercy.

"You're so tight," Ilya panted, his fingers digging into Shane's hips hard enough to bruise. "So fucking tight. Is this what you wanted, Shane? Is this what you imagined when you were stalking me, watching me, breaking into my home?"

"Yes," Shane moaned. "Yes, yes, yes—"

"Say my name. I want to hear you say it while I fuck you."

"Ilya," Shane gasped. "Ilya, please—"

"That's right. I'm the one fucking you. I'm the one who owns you right now. You're nothing but a hole for me to use, a body for me to take my pleasure from." Ilya's pace increased, each thrust driving Shane forward on the bed. "You wanted to be close to me? You wanted my attention? Well, you have it. All of it. And it's not what you thought it would be, is it?"

It wasn't. It was better and worse and more intense than anything Shane had ever experienced. The pain had transformed into something else, something that made his entire body sing with sensation. He was being split open, claimed, marked in a way that went beyond the physical.

Ilya's hand snaked around to grip Shane's cock, stroking it in time with his thrusts. "You're going to come for me," he commanded. "You're going to come while I'm inside you, while I'm using you, and you're going to remember this moment for the rest of your life."

The combination of Ilya's cock hitting that spot inside him and Ilya's hand on his cock was too much. Shane came with a broken cry, his body clenching around Ilya as pleasure crashed through him in waves.

"Fuck," Ilya groaned, his rhythm faltering. "Fuck, you're squeezing me so tight—"

He thrust deep one final time and held there, and Shane felt the pulse of Ilya's release filling the condom and he felt claimed and marked in the most intimate way possible.

For a long moment, they stayed frozen like that, both breathing hard, both trembling with aftershocks. Then Ilya pulled out, and Shane collapsed onto the bed, his body boneless and used.

He heard Ilya moving around the room, heard water running in the attached bathroom. When Ilya returned, he tossed a warm washcloth onto the bed next to Shane.

"Clean yourself up," Ilya said, his voice back to that cool, controlled tone. "Then get dressed and get out."

Shane forced himself to move, wincing at the soreness already settling into his body. He cleaned himself as best he could, then gathered his scattered clothes and pulled them on with shaking hands. Ilya watched him the entire time, now dressed in a silk robe, drinking a what looks like vodka his expression unreadable

When Shane was fully clothed, he stood awkwardly by the bed, unsure what to say or do. Ilya moved closer, and Shane flinched, but the model only reached out to grip his chin again,

forcing eye contact.

"This is what happens when you cross boundaries, Shane," Ilya said softly. "This is what happens when you take what isn't yours. I could have called the police. I could have had you arrested. Instead, I gave you exactly what you wanted and showed you what it really means to be mine."

Shane's throat was tight. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, I—"

"I don't want your apologies." Ilya's thumb brushed across Shane's swollen lips. "I want you to understand something. If I ever catch you stalking me again, if I ever see you where you shouldn't be, if you ever violate my privacy again..." He leaned in close, his breath hot against Shane's ear. "I won't call the police. I'll bring you back here. And I'll use you again. Harder. Longer. Until you can't walk, can't think, can't remember your own name. Do you understand?"

It should have been a threat. It should have terrified Shane. But instead, he felt his cock twitch with interest, felt a dark thrill run through his body at the promise in Ilya's words.

"I understand," Shane whispered.

"Good." Ilya released him and stepped back. "Now get out. And Shane?" He smiled, sharp and dangerous. "Don't make me wait too long."

Shane stumbled out of the bedroom, down the hallway, through the living room he'd explored with such reverence just an hour before. Everything looked different now. Everything felt different. He was different.

At the front door, he paused and looked back. Ilya stood in the hallway, watching him with those dark, knowing eyes. There was no anger in his expression now, no fear or disgust. Just a kind of satisfied possession, like he'd marked his territory and knew Shane would return to it.

Because Shane would return. They both knew it. This wasn't the end of his obsession it was a transformation of it. He'd been seen, been acknowledged, been claimed in a way that went beyond any fantasy he'd ever had.

He'd gotten what he wanted. He'd been close to Ilya, had been touched by him, had been used by him. And now he knew the truth being seen by Ilya Rozanov wasn't about admiration or love or any of the romantic notions Shane had built up in his head.

It was about power. About control. About being owned.

And Shane wanted more.

As he walked away from the house, he could still feel Ilya inside him, could still taste him on his tongue, could still hear his voice commanding him to submit. The spare key was still in his pocket. He wouldn't use it again. Not yet. But he would cross another line, would find

another way to violate Ilya's boundaries, would give Ilya another reason to teach him a lesson.

Because now Shane understood what his obsession had really been about all along. Not being loved by Ilya Rozanov.

Being destroyed by him.

And he couldn't wait for it to happen again.

Only 1 week later, Shane stood outside a private event where Ilya was scheduled to appear. He had a forged invitation in his pocket and a plan to get backstage, to be somewhere he shouldn't be, to cross another line.

His body still ached sometimes, pains that reminded him of Ilya's hands, Ilya's cock, Ilya's complete domination. He'd touched himself every night since then, reliving every moment, every word, every sensation.

But it wasn't enough. It would never be enough.

As Shane watched the entrance, he saw Ilya arrive, beautiful and untouchable in an expensive suit. Their eyes met across the distance, and Shane saw the flash of recognition, the slight curve of Ilya's lips.

The model knew he was there. Knew what Shane was planning. And he was allowing it, inviting it, waiting for Shane to make his move so he could deliver on his promise.

Shane's cock hardened at the thought.

Tonight, he would cross another line.

Tonight, Ilya would teach him another lesson.

And Shane would learn exactly what it meant to belong to someone who saw him not as a fan, not as an admirer, but as something to be used, dominated, and owned.

He couldn't wait.

The security guard barely glanced at Shane's forged invitation before waving him through. Shane's heart pounded as he entered the venue a converted warehouse space filled with beautiful people, champagne, and the low thrum of electronic music. Fashion industry elite mingled under dramatic lighting, their conversations a blur of names and brands Shane didn't care about.

He only cared about one person.

Shane moved through the crowd with purpose, heading toward the backstage area where he knew Ilya would be preparing for his appearance. Another security checkpoint loomed ahead, but Shane had planned for this. He waited until the guard was distracted by a group of models, then slipped through a side door marked "Staff Only."

The hallway beyond was dimly lit, lined with doors leading to dressing rooms and storage areas. Shane's pulse raced as he moved deeper into the restricted space, following the sound of voices. He was close now. So close.

A door opened ahead of him, and Ilya stepped out.

They stood frozen for a moment, alone in the hallway. Ilya's expression was unreadable, but his eyes those dark, knowing eyes held so much predatory that made Shane's knees weak.

"Well, well," Ilya said softly, closing the distance between them in three long strides. "Look who couldn't stay away." His hand shot out, gripping Shane's throat and slamming him against the wall. "You just couldn't help yourself, could you?"

Shane gasped, his cock already hardening at the rough treatment. "I—I needed—"

"You needed what?" Ilya's grip tightened, cutting off Shane's air. "You needed to violate my boundaries again? You needed to prove you're nothing but a desperate, pathetic stalker who can't control himself?"

"Yes," Shane choked out. "Yes, sir."

Ilya's smile was cruel. "At least you're honest now." He released Shane's throat and grabbed his arm instead, his fingers digging in hard enough to bruise. "Come with me. Now."

He dragged Shane down the hallway, past startled staff members who quickly looked away, past dressing rooms and equipment storage, until they reached a door at the very end. Ilya pulled out a key card and swiped it, yanking Shane into what appeared to be a VIP lounge plush furniture, a private bar, floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city.

The door locked behind them with a decisive click.

"On your knees," Ilya commanded, releasing Shane's arm.

Shane dropped immediately, the expensive carpet soft beneath his knees. He looked up at Ilya, who stood over him like a god, beautiful and terrible and completely in control.

"You know what you are?" Ilya asked, circling Shane slowly. "You're not a fan anymore. You're not even a stalker. You're mine. My property. My toy to use whenever I want, however I want." He stopped in front of Shane, gripping his hair and yanking his head back. "Say it."

"I'm yours," Shane whispered.

"Louder."

"I'm yours!" Shane's voice cracked with desperation. "I'm your property, your toy, I'm—"

"You're nothing," Ilya interrupted, his voice soft and devastating. "Nothing but a hole for me to fuck. Nothing but a body for me to use. You have no value except what I give you. Do you understand?"

The words should have hurt. They should have made Shane angry, should have made him want to leave, to reclaim some dignity. Instead, they made his cock throb with need, made his entire body ache with the desire to be exactly what Ilya said he was.

"I understand," Shane breathed.

"Good." Ilya released his hair and began unbuckling his belt. "Then open your mouth and show me how grateful you are that I'm giving you any attention at all."

Shane opened his mouth wide, and Ilya's cock slid between his lips already hard, already leaking. The taste was familiar now, something Shane had craved every day since their first encounter. He moaned around Ilya's length, trying to take him deeper, trying to prove his worth.

But Ilya had other plans. He gripped Shane's head with both hands and began fucking his throat with brutal efficiency, using Shane's mouth like it was nothing more. Shane gagged and choked, tears streaming down his face, spit dripping from his chin and pooling on his shirt. His throat convulsed around Ilya's cock, producing obscene wet sounds that filled the room.

"That's right," Ilya growled, pulling out to let Shane gasp for air. Thick strings of saliva connected Shane's lips to Ilya's cock, dripping down Shane's chin. "Look at you. Fucking pathetic. No, blyad', ty tozhe krasivaya." *But, fuck you're also beautiful.* Ilya said in Russian.

Shane doesn't understand it but that's the least he can think of now.

Ilya leaned down and spat directly into Shane's open, gasping mouth. The warm saliva hit Shane's tongue, and he swallowed reflexively, his cock jerking in his pants at the degradation.

"You like that, don't you?" Ilya asked, his voice dripping with contempt. "You like being treated like garbage. Like something I can spit on and use." He spat again, this time hitting Shane's cheek, the saliva sliding down his face. "Open wider."

Shane obeyed, opening his mouth as wide as he could, and Ilya shoved his cock back in, this time holding Shane's head in place and fucking his throat with punishing strokes. Shane's eyes rolled back, tears and spit and drool covering his face, running down his neck, soaking into his collar. His throat burned, his jaw ached, and still he didn't pull away.

"That's it. Choke on it," Ilya panted, his grip tightening in Shane's hair. "This is all you're good for. This is all you'll ever be good for." He thrust deeper, holding Shane's head in place until Shane's vision started to blur from lack of oxygen, until his throat was completely stuffed with Ilya's cock. Only then did he pull back, letting Shane gasp and cough, spit hanging from his lips in thick strands.

"Strip," Ilya commanded, his cock glistening with Shane's saliva. "I want you naked. Now."

Shane scrambled to obey, his hands shaking as he pulled off his clothes. His shirt was already soaked with spit and drool, clinging to his skin. The VIP lounge suddenly felt too exposed, too public, even though they were alone. Anyone could walk in. Anyone could see him like this naked, desperate, his face covered in spit and tears, completely debased.

The thought only made him harder.

"Bend over the couch," Ilya ordered, already pulling a small bottle of lube and something else from his pocket. "Ass up. I want to see what's mine."

Shane positioned himself over the arm of the leather couch, his ass in the air, completely vulnerable. He heard Ilya moving behind him, heard the snap of the lube bottle opening. Then Ilya's fingers were on him, spreading him open, and Shane whimpered at the exposure.

"Still sore from last time?" Ilya asked, pressing one lubed finger inside.

"Yes," Shane gasped.

"Good. That means you've been thinking about me. Remembering what I did to you. Remembering who owns you." A second finger joined the first, stretching Shane open with less care than before. "But you know what? I don't think you've learned your lesson yet. I don't think you understand what it really means to be mine."

"Please," Shane begged. "Please, I'll do anything—"

"You'll do anything anyway," Ilya interrupted, adding a third finger and twisting them cruelly, scissoring Shane open. "You don't have a choice. That's the point."

Shane felt something cold and hard press against his hole not Ilya's cock, but something smaller, firmer. He tensed.

"Relax," Ilya commanded, his voice sharp. "This is a gift. A reminder of who you belong to." He pressed the object forward, and Shane realized it was a buttplug small but substantial, stretching him as Ilya worked it inside. "You're going to wear this for me. You're going to feel it inside you and remember that you're mine. That I can fill you whenever I want, however I want."

The plug seated itself fully inside Shane with a soft pop, and Shane moaned at the fullness, at the constant pressure against his prostate. His cock leaked steadily onto the expensive leather beneath him.

"Beautiful," Ilya murmured, running his hand over Shane's ass. "Now you're properly prepared. Now you're ready to be used."

He withdrew the plug suddenly, leaving Shane feeling empty and desperate. But before Shane could protest, Ilya's cock was there, pressing against his stretched hole, and then Ilya was slamming inside, burying himself to the hilt in one brutal thrust.

Shane screamed, his body trying to adjust to the intrusion, but Ilya held his hips in an iron grip and began pounding into him with a violence that went beyond the first time. This wasn't

about teaching a lesson anymore. This was about ownership. About breaking Shane down until there was nothing left but the need to be used.

"You like this, don't you?" Ilya panted, his fingers digging into Shane's hips hard enough to leave marks. "You like being treated like trash. You like being nothing but a hole for me to fuck. Say it."

"I like it," Shane sobbed. "I like being your—your trash, your hole, I like—"

"Not good enough," Ilya growled, pulling out completely. "On your knees. Now."

Shane scrambled off the couch and dropped to his knees, looking up at Ilya with desperate, tear-stained eyes. Ilya's cock was slick with lube and Shane's body, and without warning, Ilya shoved it into Shane's mouth.

"Taste yourself," Ilya commanded, fucking Shane's throat again. "Taste what a desperate whore you are." He pulled out and spat on Shane's face again, the saliva mixing with the tears and spit already there. "You're disgusting. You're pathetic. And you fucking love it."

"Yes," Shane gasped. "Yes, I love it, I'm—"

Ilya spat in his mouth again, then shoved his cock back in, using Shane's throat for several more brutal strokes before pulling out. "Bend over the bar. Hands flat on the counter."

Shane stumbled to the bar on shaking legs and bent over it, his hands splaying on the polished wood surface. The position left him even more exposed, his ass in the air, his cock hanging heavy and untouched between his legs.

Ilya moved behind him and thrust back inside without warning, setting a punishing pace. Shane's cock swung with each thrust, the friction of the air and the pressure of Ilya's cock against his prostate making him dizzy with need.

"You're not allowed to touch yourself," Ilya commanded, reading Shane's mind. "You come from my cock alone, or you don't come at all. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Shane whimpered.

Ilya fucked him harder, one hand gripping Shane's hip while the other reached around to grip Shane's throat, pulling him back slightly, controlling his breathing. "You're addicted to it. You can't stop thinking about it. Every time you touch yourself, you think about me using you, degrading you, treating you like the worthless piece of shit you are."

It was true. All of it was true. Shane had become addicted to this to the pain, to the degradation, to the feeling of being completely owned by someone who saw him as nothing more than an object for pleasure.

"Yes," Shane moaned. "Yes, I love it, I'm addicted to you, I need—"

"You need me to own you," Ilya finished, releasing Shane's throat and pulling out again. "On your back. On the couch. Legs up."

Shane moved to the couch and lay back, pulling his legs up and spreading himself open. The position was humiliating, exposing him completely, making him feel like nothing more than a slut for Ilya to use.

Ilya moved between his legs and thrust back inside, this time hooking Shane's legs over his shoulders. The new angle was devastating Ilya's cock hit Shane's prostate with every thrust, sending shocks of pleasure through his entire body.

"Shit, Ilya- I can fill you in my stomach."

"Look at me," Ilya commanded, and Shane forced his eyes open, meeting Ilya's dark, intense gaze. "I want you to watch me while I use you. I want you to see who owns you. Who controls you. Who you belong to."

Shane just moaned, whimpering breathing so hard like he is out of his mind from the pleasure. Too much too good..

Ilya leaned down and spat directly into Shane's open mouth, then kissed him brutally, his tongue invading Shane's mouth, tasting his own spit mixed with Shane's saliva.

"You're mine," Ilya growled, his pace increasing. "You exist for my pleasure and nothing else. No more stalking. No more breaking in. From now on, you come when I call. You do what I say. You exist for my pleasure and nothing else. Do you understand?"

"Yes!" Shane was close, so close, and he hadn't touched his cock once. The pressure of Ilya's cock against his prostate, the degradation, the complete loss of control it was all building to something overwhelming. "Yes, I understand, I'm yours, I'll do anything—"

"You're going to come for me," Ilya commanded, his voice rough. "You're going to come without touching yourself. You're going to come just from my cock inside you, just from being used like the worthless slut you are. Do it. Come for me. Now."

The command, combined with a particularly brutal thrust against his prostate, sent Shane over the edge. He came with a broken scream, his cock untouched, spurting across his stomach and chest as his body clenched around Ilya. The orgasm was more intense than anything he'd ever experienced humiliating and overwhelming and absolutely devastating.

"Fuck," Ilya groaned, watching Shane fall apart beneath him. "That's it. That's what you are. A desperate whore who comes just from being fucked. Just from being used." He thrust several more times, then buried himself deep and came, filling Shane once again, marking him from the inside out.

They stayed like that for a moment, both breathing hard, Shane's cum cooling on his stomach, Ilya's cock still buried inside him. Then Ilya pulled out slowly and stepped back.

"Don't move," Ilya commanded. He reached for something on the side table the buttplug from earlier. Before Shane could process what was happening, Ilya pressed it back inside Shane's stretched, cum-filled hole, sealing Ilya's release inside him. "There. Now you'll carry me with

you. You'll feel me inside you for the rest of the night. Every time you move, every time you sit, you'll remember who owns you."

Shane whimpered at the fullness, at the degradation of being plugged with Ilya's cum still inside him.

"Clean yourself up," Ilya said, his voice back to that cool, controlled tone. "There are towels in the bathroom. But leave the plug in."

Shane forced himself to move, stumbling toward the attached bathroom on shaking legs. He cleaned the cum from his stomach and chest, wiped the saliva in his chin and tears from his face, but the plug remained inside him, a constant reminder of what had just happened. When he returned, dressed but still feeling the plug's pressure with every step, Ilya was sitting on the couch, looking completely composed, as if he hadn't just fucked Shane.

"Sit," Ilya said, gesturing to the floor at his feet.

Shane sat carefully, the plug shifting inside him, and Ilya reached out to grip his chin, forcing eye contact.

"Here's how this is going to work," Ilya said. "I'm going to give you my private number. When I want you, I'll text you. You'll come to wherever I am, whenever I want, and you'll do whatever I tell you to do. In exchange, you stop stalking me. No more breaking into my house. No more forged invitations. No more showing up where you shouldn't be. You wait for my call. Do you understand?"

Shane nodded, his heart racing. This was it. This was what he'd wanted all along not just Ilya's attention, but Ilya's ownership. To be claimed, to be used, to belong to someone completely.

"Say it," Ilya demanded.

"I understand," Shane whispered. "I'll wait for your call. I'll come whenever you want. I'll do whatever you tell me to do."

"Good boy." Ilya released his chin and pulled out his phone, typing something quickly. Shane's phone buzzed in his pocket a text from an unknown number. "That's me. Save it. And Shane?" Ilya's smile was sharp. "Don't make me wait too long to use you again. I've gotten used to having you available."

Shane's cock twitched with interest despite having just come. "I won't. I promise."

"Now get out. I have an appearance to make." Ilya stood, smoothing his suit. "Use the back exit. And Shane? Next time I call, I expect you to be ready for me. Showered, stretched, prepped with a plug. I want you ready to be used immediately. Because next time, I'm going to use you even harder. I'm going to push you even further. I'm going to make you come hands-free again and again until you can't remember your own name. And you're going to love every second of it."

Shane left the VIP lounge on trembling legs, the plug still inside him, Ilya's number and Every step sent a bolts of sensation through him, a reminder of what he'd become. As he made his way out of the venue through the back exit, he could hear the crowd cheering as Ilya made his appearance on stage.

But Shane didn't look back. He didn't need to see Ilya on stage anymore, didn't need to watch him from a distance or collect photos or stalk his social media.

Because now Shane had something better than obsession.

He had ownership.

He belonged to Ilya Rozanov completely.

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