

day six

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by [nightrose](#)

Summary

Ilya can have Shane whenever he wants.

Notes

Day six of Mean Dom Ilya Week woo hoo!

featuring: free use, bondage, total acceptance, possessiveness. the chains are only mentioned.

no major CWs on this one i think. i tagged TPE which i think applies here: it's not a 24/7 power exchange but it's pretty total while it's happening

Shane is putting away the dishes when Ilya walks through the door.

“Hi, my love,” he starts to say, but he doesn’t get the third word out. Ilya strides over to him and backhands him across the face, hard. (He obviously waits for Shane to be turning back from putting a glass in the cabinet, he’s not trying to injure him or destroy their possessions).

Shane’s mouth opens on a wordless oh. Ilya can see him starting to slide under, just from that. Just from knowing that Ilya can do this to him, whenever he wants. Ilya can grab him and hurt him and use him, whenever it pops into his head to do so, and Shane will just let him.

He grabs Shane’s hair, pulls his head sharply backwards, and spits in his face. Shane grimaces slightly, but he doesn’t protest, not even when Ilya’s spit rolls down his cheek and towards his mouth.

“I had a bad day,” Ilya says, which is true. “But you’re going to be good for me, aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” Shane sighs.

“Let me take it out on you a little?”

“Please,” Shane says.

“How did I get so fucking lucky,” Ilya asks, not sure if he’s talking to Shane or himself or God or what, and kisses him. He kisses Shane the way he always does, the way he can’t help doing: like he wants to devour him. And he does.

By the time he lets go, they’re both gasping.

Ilya isn’t sure quite what he wants to do with Shane. Hurt him, or fuck him, or make him come again and again. Because he could do anything.

That thought makes his mind up for him. He has to fuck Shane, right now.

Ilya grabs his chin hard between pointer finger and thumb, forces Shane to look him in the face. Eye contact, never Shane’s favorite thing, becomes almost impossible for him when he’s slipping into subspace. But Ilya wants to see as much of him like this as he possibly can. The way Shane’s gaze keeps slipping away from Ilya’s, like Ilya is the sun and Shane can barely stand to look at him, fills Ilya himself with light.

So much of their kink life is play. Pushing each other to see who will go furthest, putting on increasingly elaborate scenarios, playing characters that aren’t themselves. But this is the two of them, real between the two of them. Ilya can feel it, the thrumming bond of connection that ties them both together.

“You’re mine,” Ilya says, and he’s Shane’s too, of course, but that doesn’t need to be said. This, this is what they both need to hear. Shane needs to know that he’ll always have a place with Ilya, that Ilya will choose him, over and over again, their whole lives. Ilya needs to

know that Shane trusts him like this, will give himself over to Ilya willingly. “You belong to me. Isn’t that right?”

“Yessir,” Shane slurs, now completely out of focus.

“That’s my good boy.” Ilya pats his cheek, just the near side of a slap. “Strip and bend over the kitchen table.”

Shane does as he’s told. He always does. He takes his clothes off as neatly as he always does (except when Ilya makes him break his careful routine), folds them, and sets them on the table. Then he bends himself over it, spreading his legs so that Ilya can see every inch of him.

Ilya doesn’t feel like going to find lube, so he kneels behind Shane and presses his tongue against Shane’s exposed hole. This earns him an extremely gratifying squeak.

He eats Shane out for a long, luxurious while. There’s no reason he can’t take his time, now. They have all the time in the world. His tongue moves slowly against Shane’s hole, against the cleft of his ass. He pulls off for a moment to bite the delish swell of Shane’s asscheek, right where it meets his thigh, hard enough that Shane whines. Then he goes back to his work.

He could never get tired of the way Shane tastes, of the warmth of his skin, of feeling Shane’s body slowly giving way and getting ready for him. After a while, though, his own hard cock is too distracting, and he has to fuck him.

It’s easy, so easy, to push into Shane. He didn’t have to ask. He didn’t have to wait. Shane is his, whenever he wants him. His perfect submission and his perfect body and his perfect fucking hole, all Ilya’s.

He fucks Shane, not so much hard as thoroughly. He savors every little gasp, every flex of Shane’s muscles below and around him. And every bit of it is evidence of how thoroughly Shane belongs to him.

“Ilya, can I—“ Shane gasps.

As much as Ilya loves it when Shane comes untouched, he’s in the mood to be a little cruel. He was telling the truth when he said he’d had a bad day. Ilya presses his lips against Shane’s shoulder while he fucks him. “No. Just let me use your hole, okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” Shane says, relaxing under Ilya like the command is as good as an orgasm. Ilya feels his whole body going slack and accepting, ready as always for whatever Ilya wants to give him.

It’s so easy like this. Everything about getting here was so hard, but being with Shane is so, so easy.

Ilya moans into his shoulder. Shane’s skin is gently dewed with sweat under his mouth. Salty and clean. Ilya wants to devour him in so many different ways. He wants to never have to stop eating Shane alive.

And he never does.

“Maybe I should keep you all tied up for me,” Ilya says, the words coming before he’s had time to think about them. “Big, thick chain between your wrists, going up to your collar. Could cuff your ankles, too. Keep you bound to my bed, so you never leave. Always ready for me. Never let you go.”

“I am,” Shane gasps. “I’m always ready for you.” And, with a cheeky smile Ilya can half-see where Shane’s face is pressed against the table, “And you can tie me up anytime you want.”

“Fuck, Shane.”

Ilya wonders if he’ll ever stop being surprised by this, by how good this feels. He hopes not. He hopes it shocks him, every single time. Shane’s unquestioning acceptance of Ilya, of everything he has to give.

He’s pretty sure it will never stop feeling like the gift it is, the gift Shane gives him again and again. There’s nothing more precious in the world.

Ilya’s hips stutter, pressed firm against the lush curve of Shane’s ass, as he comes. He stands up and looks at Shane there for a moment. Ilya can’t see his cock where it’s pressed against the table, but he’s sure Shane is hard—the entire rest of his body, though, is completely relaxed. Like he’s almost hypnotized by Ilya fucking him.

Ilya simply has to keep Shane like this a while longer. So sweet, so completely submissive to him. So entirely his.

He leans over and presses a kiss to each of the dimples in Shane’s back.

“Stay here for me, kitten. Just a moment, okay?”

“Okay.”

Ilya wonders if Shane even understands what he said. He’d agree to anything at all that Ilya asked right now, Ilya is certain of it.

He goes to the second bedroom, where they keep their gear, and retrieves several coils of rope and the safety scissors. Dark blue rope, because it looks particularly stunning against Shane’s golden skin, although there is nothing that could look bad on him. Ilya lays the ropes out carefully on the arm of the couch, and then goes back to Shane. His sweet boy, exactly where Ilya had left him.

Ilya leans over him again, a hand pressed firmly to the back of his neck. He bites Shane’s ear and then whispers in it, “When you’re ready, I want you to crawl over to the couch and lie down on your stomach, okay?”

“Mmm.”

Shane’s movements are slow and languid, but he obeys. He looks exquisite like this, crawling across the floor. Naked, still full of Ilya, completely without shame at how exposed or how

submissive he is.

Ilya is careful and thorough in how he ties Shane up. They don't always go in for rope bondage—it takes forever—but it can keep Shane under for a long, long time. He starts by tying off thick rope cuffs around Shane's wrists. He knows the right pressure by now, firm but in no danger of cutting off circulation.

"Feet up for me," Ilya murmurs, and Shane obeys, bending his legs so his thighs remain pressed against the couch and his feet are in the air. Ilya ties cuffs around his ankles, too.

Then he threads the final segment of rope between the two ties, binding Shane in an arc. It's not a gentle position: Shane's body is bent unnaturally backwards, and the strain on his abs is already showing. But Shane can relax into the ropes, and they'll hold him in place. Keep him right where Ilya wants him.

Ilya helps Shane turn over onto his side, relieving a little of the pressure on his back, and sits on the couch next to him. He slides Shane's head to rest on Ilya's thigh, and cards his fingers through Shane's hair.

He can keep Shane under like this for a long time, and he plans to. Hours and hours, maybe. He'll have to let Shane piss eventually—maybe into a bottle or on a pad on the floor, Shane will be annoyed later if Ilya makes him ruin their nice couch—but won't let him come up. He'll feed Shane like this, from his own fingers, Shane helpless even to do that for himself. He doesn't think he'll want to fuck again tonight, but if he does, it'll be as easy as sliding between his bound-open legs and having him. He has every intention of ignoring Shane's erection. Eventually, Shane's cock will go as soft as the rest of him, and he'll fall asleep, just like this.

Ilya will untie him in his sleep, so gently he won't even wake. And in the morning, maybe Shane will be back to himself and make them both breakfast and go for a long run. Maybe he'll be grumpy from sleeping on the couch and not getting to come and he'll whine at Ilya. Maybe he'll still be sweetly submissive, all Ilya's, just like this.

Whatever happens, Ilya can still have him. Whenever he wants, however he wants.

All his.

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