

Please, Ilya

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/82768311) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/82768311>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Consensual Non-Consent , Established Relationship , Pre-established consent , Breathplay , Daddy Kink , Unprotected Anal , Dacryphilia , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Degradation Kink , Mean Dom Ilya Rozanov , TLG era , Common language used in SA situations , Canon Compliant , with a little extra spice , use of the word "rape" as dirty talk
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Mean Dom Ilya Week 2026
Collections:	Mean Dom Ilya Week
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-09 Words: 1,720 Chapters: 1/1

Please, Ilya

by [IlyaRizzanov](#)

Summary

“You want a lot of things, Ilya. You don’t always get them.”

Ilya grabs Shane’s chin, much more than a playful grip. “I do get what I want, Shane. You remember that, yes?”

“Not always.”

Ilya’s expression morphs fluidly into something entirely more sinister, a pinch of disgust on his face and a darkness in his eyes. “Yes. Always.”

or

Ilya takes what he wants. Shane gives it.

A submission to Mean Dom Ilya Week: Day 4

Notes

Big warning for CNC here. Everything is consensual, they have discussed boundaries at a time before this, they have an established "we're a-go" exchange, and this is not their first rodeo. They're both having a great time.

Please keep in mind that this fic can be triggering as much of the language is reminiscent of actual dialogue common in SA scenarios, particularly sexual DV. Please protect your peace!!

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

“My cock is hard.”

“Happy for you,” Shane mutters, turning a page in his book and nudging up his glasses.

Ilya grunts, rolling his head to look sideways at Shane. “I said my cock is hard.”

“I heard you the first time. This isn’t a rare occurrence for you,” he says dismissively, attempting to sink into his book despite Ilya’s interruptions.

“Hollander.”

“Yeah,” he mumbles, not looking up. A hand lands on the page, and Shane blinks at it. He sighs and looks over at Ilya, whose face looks eerily calm.

“I would like you to take care of it, please.”

Shane observes his boyfriend’s demeanor. There’s tension in his shoulders, creeping up to his neck, and he can see his teeth shifting from the minute movement in his jaw. He knows where this is going. He’s just waiting for the word. Or, the phrase, rather.

“You want a lot of things, Ilya. You don’t always get them. I’m reading right now, and then I would like to sleep.”

Ilya grabs Shane’s chin, much more than a playful grip. “I do get what I want, Shane. You remember that, yes?”

There it is.

He removes his glasses in preparation and sets them aside. He responds back, in covert agreement. “Not always.”

Ilya’s expression morphs fluidly into something entirely more sinister, a pinch of disgust on his face and a darkness in his eyes. “Yes. Always.”

Shane closes his book gingerly, blindly placing it on the bedside table as Ilya refuses to relinquish the hold on his chin. “Ilya…” he says warningly, cautiously.

“You think because we are in your house that we follow your rules?” Ilya says. He jostles Shane’s jaw with bared teeth and growls, “I make the fucking rules. You follow them. Any-fucking-where. You understand?”

“I don’t wanna do this right now,” Shane whispers weakly. “Please, Ilya.”

“*Please, Ilya,*” he mocks in a whiny tone, leaning in and capturing Shane’s mouth roughly, pulling away with his lip between his teeth and letting it snap back as Shane winces and attempts to wriggle away. Ilya’s grip on his jaw tightens the more he struggles. “You know what to fucking call me. Don’t fuck around with me.”

Blinking past tears, he mumbles through Ilya's hold, "You're being unreasonable."

Ilya's eyes narrow, his fingers tightening until Shane's lips pop open and his cheeks ache against his teeth. His tongue pokes out uselessly, and the pressure tugs the tears free from his waterline, rivulets running over Ilya's fingers.

"Unreasonable," Ilya sneers, eyeing Shane's contorted face. Ilya tilts his chin authoritatively and punctuates sharply, "I. Am. Reason. In this house."

An open-mouthed sob pushes from Shane's throat. The next moment, Ilya has him on his stomach, face down, his hands pinned on either side of his head.

"Please, Ilya," he whimpers out again, hearing the futility in his own request.

"Shut up," Ilya says, irritated and clearly bored with Shane's protests. "My balls are going blue." Ilya's crotch grinds into Shane's ass gratuitously, the softness of his briefs a stunning contrast to the hardness beneath. "You still remember how to take cock, yes? If you forget what to call me, you at least remember how to be a whore?"

"I remember what to call you," Shane says flatly, shaky, against the sheets. "Daddy."

"Mmm," Ilya hums, grabbing him by the hair and lifting his head. Shane gasps at the sharp pain, his throat stretching with the angle. "His memory is back. Is miracle. So you must remember how I like your ass when I fuck you."

Sniffing quietly, Shane slides his knees up on the sheets, raising his ass gradually against the prominence of Ilya's erection until he's fully presented in the air, feeling Ilya's restrained cock press between his covered cheeks.

"Acting like you don't like it," Ilya snipes, and Shane spots him jerking his underwear down his legs, followed by Shane's, leaving nothing between them but the vibration of Shane's shudders. "Thirstiest man I've ever met, with the nicest cock in the world dripping on your ass, and you pretend you don't want it."

Hopeless and trapped, he says with mustered strength, "I want it, daddy."

"You are lying, but is okay," Ilya says, grinding against Shane's ass. "The thing about cocksluts is they take whatever you give them. They say 'no', it means 'fuck me harder', yes?"

"Yes," he replies mildly, as newly slick fingers press into his entrance. It doesn't hurt. It's expected. They fucked last night, so it's sore, but Shane is very familiar with sore. Ilya is rough more often than he isn't, and it's mostly due to passion and Shane's own preferences. These nights are different. The next morning, it's an all-encompassing ache, the fight and tension in his body stretching him thin, with the added aggression of Ilya's style of fucking when he's like this.

"Yeah? You want daddy to fuck your ass? All it takes is a little push, huh?" Ilya says, his hand wrapping around Shane's neck and pressing lightly against the sides of his throat. A

sudden intake of breath, and Shane is keening as his air flow grows thin, thinner, his head fogging, until Ilya lets up, and Shane gasps to flood his lungs. Ilya chuckles. “You are so easy.”

Shane coughs and pants against the bed, bleeding into a moan as the tip of Ilya’s cock aligns with his hole and presses inside. And *fuck*, Ilya’s dick will never not feel good inside him. He almost forgets that he isn’t supposed to want it.

“Please stop, daddy,” he whines, leaning forward as Ilya pulls back. “I said I don’t want this tonight.”

“And I said I did. Seems like end of discussion for me,” he rumbles in Shane’s ear. He fucks back into him with a vengeance, a loud grunt and the sound of Ilya’s hips slapping against his ass. He sets a violent pace, Shane bolstering his hands against the headboard to keep himself from smacking his skull against it as he’s fucked up the bed at the force of him.

“Fuck, daddy, please, please, please...” he whimpers, the tears flowing much more freely now as Ilya uses his body for his own pleasure.

“*Aw, please,*” he derides ruthlessly, digging his nails into Shane’s hips and hauling him back onto his cock as he hammers forward, forcing a breathless grunt from Shane at the depth, the impact of him. “Please, daddy, fuck me with your big cock. Give me your come, daddy.’ Right? Is what you are *begging* me for?”

“Stop!” Shane sobs, hiccuping in time with his punishing thrusts. “*Please* stop, daddy.”

“You fucking love it,” he spits out, yanking Shane’s hair by the root, his hips rolling expertly, in that irresistibly sexy, seamless way that drives Shane fucking crazy when he’s in the right mindset. But right now he’s frantic, hysterical, desperate, unable to focus on anything but the grind of Ilya’s dick into his tight hole and how much he’ll pay for it tomorrow. “Stop *crying* little cockwhore and take what daddy gives you.”

A sense of demoralized calm descends on him, his muscles falling limp, his tears running unimpeded until they absorb into the pillows.

“See, not so bad, huh? You like this. Tell me you like this,” he purrs in his ear, words perfectly audible despite the fury with which he’s thrusting into him.

“I like this, daddy,” he says, his voice rough with emotion, yet entirely devoid of it.

Ilya’s hips bottom out, fully enveloped in Shane’s warmth, draping himself along his back as he stills. He bites his earlobe, pulling until it escapes his grasp. In a low voice, he says, “You like when daddy rapes you?”

Shane’s heavy breath catches, collapsing into a loud moan he’s unable to suppress, feeling it down his spine and warming his blood, sending it shooting down to his already aching cock.

Ilya mutters so, so softly into his ear, “Stay in it, любовь моя. Unless you are done playing.”

Shane groans, hiking up one of his legs on the mattress and attempting to scurry away, and Ilya grabs his thigh, holding fast and reinstating his aggressive pace.

“Tell me, Shane. Tell me what you like.”

He whimpers, his chest tight, his cock throbbing, and shivers himself through the words, “I like when daddy rapes me.”

Ilya groans, kissing and biting at the back of his neck. “I know, Hollander. I’ve always known it. Cocksut and rapetoy. All for me. You want it so bad you’d bleed for it.”

“I want it,” Shane moans, his role slipping as he humps himself against the bed, keeping pace with Ilya’s thrusts. “I want it, I fucking want it. Wanna be your cocksut, your fucking rapetoy, your fucking everything, *please*,” he cries out, panting as he grinds his cock against the sheets and pushes back into Ilya’s hips.

“Yeah?” Ilya growls, securing a hand around his neck and pressing again until Shane is dizzy and sputtering and wheezing. “Come for me, little slut. Fucking come while you gasp for me.”

Shane’s head goes fuzzy, vision whiting at the edges as he’s thrust over the edge, shooting his load against the mattress as he struggles for air. He feels Ilya’s teeth bury into his shoulder as he thrusts until he comes inside him, raw and with a guttural growl into his skin.

When Shane comes back around, he feels like he’s been hit by a truck. It hurts to open his eyes, to swallow, to move a muscle. Ilya’s weight barely registers until he rolls off of him.

“Fucking christ I need a cigarette,” he groans.

“Me fucking too,” Shane mutters, unable to lift his head to speak clearer, but Ilya chuckles nonetheless, turning his head. His bright smile intact and directed at Shane. He already feels the stillness returning to his chest. He smiles back.

Ilya extends his arm. “Come here, любовь моя. Please.”

Shane lazily rolls over, a slow trickle of Ilya dripping from him delightfully as he shoves his face into his armpit and pulls his hand over his chest, inhaling and settling into his man, his body already beginning to regulate in his arms.

“You did so good. Я тебя люблю, мой котик.”

“You too. Love you,” he mumbles sleepily, already drifting off in his arms.

End Notes

All words are my own, fuck AI.

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