

I Will Let You Do Anything (Again and Again)

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by [alrightomens](#)

Summary

“Don't hurt me,” Shane finished and got the distinct impression he was being laughed at as the tip of the blade trailed from his temple down, over his lips. Down his chin. It traced the vein pounding in his neck.

“I'll do anything.”

Notes

I tried like three times to post this but ao3 has been thru it, worse than even I, this week.

Title taken from Hot by Avril Lavigne

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

The stranger was wearing leather and a completely black bike helmet. Shane could see himself reflected in it when he stepped closer. "Please," Shane whimpered, sweat on his brow and a lump in his throat.

A flash of silver was all the warning Shane got before there was a blade at his temple. He tried to tell himself that he was dreaming, this wasn't real. Maybe the knife was fake or dull and wouldn't be able to slice him open if he so much as flinched.

His body trembled with the effort of staying still, eyes looking into the visor of the helmet. What did the man look like under there? What was he thinking? As if he could hear his thoughts, the helmet wearing stranger's head tipped to the side in question.

Please, what? it seemed to say.

"Don't hurt me," Shane finished and got the distinct impression he was being laughed at as the tip of the blade trailed from his temple down, over his lips. Down his chin. It traced the vein pounding in his neck. The very close to the surface, pumped a lot of blood vein. Artery? Shane didn't know which way the blood was flowing, just that it was one wrong move from flowing outside of his body, "I'll do anything."

The flat side of the blade tapped against Shane's collarbone, a steady rhythm. Thinking.

A gloved hand lifted to his neck. The leather was rough. Shane never felt his heart beat so fast. The stranger's fingers curled into the collar of Shane's shirt. With a flick of his other wrist, the knife sliced into the cotton. Shane gasped as the stranger ripped it off his body.

"Wait!" Shane couldn't help but take a step back, wary of the knife still. "Shit, that's not—"

One gloved hand covered his mouth and pushed him back until he hit the bike. That was how this whole thing started. Shane had made a comment about the bike and—

"Hey—" Shane protested when the stranger grabbed his hand, manhandling him until he faced the bike. He put Shane's hand on the throttle. With what remained of his shirt, the stranger made quick work of tying Shane's hand to it. Not tight enough to cut off circulation, but snug. Shane tugged, but the knot didn't budge.

Apparently, the man was experienced in tying people up. Shane swallowed hard and looked over his shoulder. He was still wearing his helmet and riding gear, all black and leather. There was very little light and the garage is a little echoey with no other cars in it. Goosebumps rose on Shane's skin. They were all alone, here. No one would hear if Shane screamed.

"What are you going to do to me?" His voice quivered as he asked. He shook all over as he still tried to tug his hand free. He didn't really start to scramble until he heard fabric tear and felt cold metal against his thigh.

Fuck. Fuck!

He was naked, tied to a bike, and some stranger was holding a knife behind him. The flat side of the blade hit Shane's thigh sharply. He looked down at it to see it flick toward the bike.

Was he supposed to climb on?

The tap came again, slightly harder and impatient.

Shane raises his leg up and over the bike slowly. A gloved hand slid down his back appreciatively as he straddled the bike, heart in his throat.

The man circled the bike, standing at the nose of it. He was close enough Shane could see his own reflection in the helmet. There was a pale strip of skin showing between the collar of the leather jacket and the helmet. Shane could see the slow, calm beat of his pulse.

Shane's, in contrast, was going crazy. So much so he was worried the pressure would cause him to burst. The man reached for his other hand. Shane jerked away, putting up a fight. It wasn't until the stranger lifted the knife and gave it a wag in front of his face that Shane complied.

Within moments, his other hand was tied to the other throttle. The bike was not on, no keys were in sight. Which meant there was no escaping even if Shane was interested in driving the thing naked out of here.

Shane didn't even know how to ride one of these things.

His breath hitched at the thought. He was trapped here and helpless. At this man's mercy until he either let him go or killed him.

Oh, god. Shane was going to die. There was no way he'd be left to just walk out of here.

In an unexpectedly tender display, the man ran a hand over Shane's head before he stepped away. It melted some of the tension from Shane's shoulders but immediately ratcheted up again when the man climbed onto the bike behind him. It bounced with the new weight and teetered precariously on its stand when he shoved Shane up until his torso was fully over the gas tank. His ass was probably in this helmeted freak's face.

Something blunt and rough brushed against his ass and Shane whipped his head as best as he could to look back. The position of his arms made it hard to know for sure but... He could see just enough of what the man was doing to see what he was currently putting lube on.

Oh god. He swallowed a noise, and his toes curled. The stranger's hand, protected by the leather gloves, was wrapped around the blade of the knife. And the handle—

It pushed into Shane in one fluid movement. He was grateful for the lube, really, but who the hell fucked someone with a knife? He told himself not to moan, not to rut his hardening dick against the cool but rapidly warming body of the bike beneath him.

His cheeks heated in shame. He shouldn't be getting hard. Not like this. Not with some strange man fucking him with the handle of a hunting knife. His hands squeezed the throttle, feet trying to find something along the sides to brace himself on.

The windscreen's edge was grounding as he pressed his forehead to it, the pain a nice balance to what was happening behind him. But even it couldn't keep the pleasure from shooting through him when the handle of the blade brushed against his prostate.

Fuck he was sweating and getting off on a knife. He was going to cum clenched around it like a filthy fucking slut—

The man behind him groaned and the sound of it turned his blood hotter. Shane's back arched, the strips of fabric tying his hands to the bike cut into his wrists again as he squirmed. His body was currently betraying him. He shouldn't want this, he should be crying for help— not just stretched out and taking it.

“Please, I—” his voice broke on the plea, “Don't,” he trembled again as the handle slid into him at the perfect angle. “Don't!” He said again, louder and more firm. But it pressed in and out, in and out, slowly. Each time, his cries of protest grew louder, body thrashing as it finally caught up with what his mind was telling him.

This was wrong. He shouldn't be getting off to this.

Metal clattered to the floor. Shane's cries reach a fever pitch as he was left empty, so close to his release. The bike shifted again when the man stood. He draped himself over Shane's body and the thick leather of his outfit was cold against Shane's hot, sweaty skin.

Leather covered his mouth. A hand. Shane opened his mouth to bite, to defend, and all he got for his effort was a deep, amused chuckle. This sadistic asshole. Shane went to elbow him, to push him off, but the way his hands were tied up didn't allow more than a slight nudge to the man's side.

The fight only seemed to amuse him more.

Shane's breath turned harsh against the hand covering his mouth and his pulse hammered away. Any noise he made now would be muffled, unintelligible.

Leather creaked and Shane heard a zipper slide open. It roared in his ears, each tooth released like a gunshot.

This was really fucking happening.

His dick stretched Shane open and it was almost painful with how tensed up Shane was, trying to prevent it. But the man was patient and went slow, his free hand pulling one of Shane's ass cheeks to expose him more.

He felt... humiliated. Like his body had one use and one use only and that was just the pleasure this man can take from him whether he asked or not. Whether he wanted it or not.

He hadn't bothered to remove his clothes any more than to get his dick out, so the metal zipper dug into Shane's ass painfully when he bottomed out. Shane stayed very still, holding his breath to wait for movement. The anticipation clawed at his skin. Shane couldn't stop

shivering, though he was unsure which emotion was really feeding into the reaction, he felt so many of them all at once.

It wasn't until Shane was forced to take a breath or risk passing out that the man moved. Quick as anything when his muscles loosened just the slightest, he pulled out and slammed back in. Whatever short breath Shane had managed to drag in was immediately punched out and he was helpless to prevent the pathetic cry. He didn't even have the sense to know it was coming from him to think about stopping it. The only saving grace was it being muffled against leather.

The pace was set. Hard and punishing and not fucking stopping. Every time Shane's body jerked forward with the force of it, the hand on his mouth dragged him back. Harder. His head was bent back to what felt like the point of snapping. He wanted to close his eyes, but he kept them open wide as he stared into the helmet, where he thought eyes would be looking back if it weren't so opaque. His image was distorted in the curve, and Shane wondered what the man was seeing. Was he getting off to the image of Shane prone and bent and utterly useless? Nothing but a hole to use and fuck and—

It must have been doing something for this anonymous stranger because the pace picked up. The bike was rocking, making a noise that Shane wasn't sure if meant it would just fucking break apart beneath them. This man was going so hard and so fast *Shane* felt like he was breaking apart.

He shouted against the hand while his own tugged at the ties again. The fabric would probably leave red marks against his skin with how hard he was tugging at it.

God- he was going to come. His entire body burned with the intensity of the orgasm building up inside him. He knew he was flushed from his cheeks to his toes.

He gave no warning except a choked moan when his cum coated the gas tank beneath him. His vision whited out as the pleasure and shame crashed into him like a riptide.

It was only when he felt warm liquid leak down his thigh that Shane realized the man was pulling out after coming inside him. There was a weight set between his shoulderblades. The helmet. Shane's chest heaved in sync with the one draped over Shane's body like a blanket.

It was over. There was cum everywhere.

For a few moments, neither of them moved from where they were. The man's hands stroked Shane's hair and his side. Shane made a noise and the man shifted. He was so boneless and weak from fighting and the orgasm, he knew that there was a real possibility of him just sliding right off the side of the motorcycle.

The weight moved off his back and then, mercifully, Ilya's voice, "Hot as hell in this helmet," his voice was muffled, but grew it stronger as he pulled the helmet off. Shane blinked and their garage came back into focus. It was big, especially with Ilya's sports car out for detailing and their SUVs in the driveway. It wasn't some empty public garage, it was home. And he was safe.

Shane turned his face toward the sound and tried his best to come back into his body. But he felt so good. He tingled all over. Like his blood was made of champagne and sunlight and he should feel ridiculous for thinking it. Like a good fucking down could change his brain chemistry to turn him into a poet or something.

Ilya bit the finger of the glove and yanked it off with his teeth. He spat it into the helmet tucked under his arm, then stroked Shane's back. The skin to skin contact sent another thrill through Shane. He hadn't realized he missed it. Ilya's hair and face was soaked in sweat and maybe the condensation from his breathing in the helmet. He supposed a riding helmet can only handle so much.

"You okay?" Ilya asked, a worried pinch beneath his brow because Shane still hadn't moved or said anything.

Shane nodded, just a slight bob of his head, "I'm probably not walking out of here."

"Did I hurt you?" Ilya's hand stopped stroking, Shane wiggled, trying to get it to start again. Ilya resumed petting Shane's back and he almost purred.

"Disconnected my brain from my legs, I think. Your dick probably severed my spinal cord." it was a lot for Shane to talk right now, but he wanted to reassure Ilya he was fine so he managed to joke.

Ilya laughed and continued to stroke Shane's back. He did away with the helmet and his other glove. Then his jacket. When he leaned back over Shane, his body was scorching and slick and everything Shane needed. Ilya untied Shane's wrist, thumbing gently at the raw flesh. "I am sorry, next time I will use something better."

"Mmmnn," Shane made another noise, this one of protest, "like it," he mumbled and tucked his arms safely to his chest. He felt so warm and loved even though there was cum everywhere and they should really move and clean up. His eyes have drifted closed. He was in his body, but not at the same time. Connected only to the world by Ilya's weight on him and the sound of his voice.

"Oh, sweetheart," Ilya muttered and kissed across his shoulders while he continued on in Russian. Shane melted further at the endearment and even though he couldn't mentally translate Ilya's words at the time being, his tone was so, so fond.

They stayed like that for a while. It could have been five hours or five minutes for all Shane cared or noticed. Eventually, Ilya climbed off the bike and Shane huffed unhappily. If Ilya gave him warning, it was lost to Shane's utter bliss in the feeling of Ilya's voice washing over him. He swore he could actually feel the words on his skin. Like satin or silk.

Ilya moved his body into his arms and Shane wanted to crawl inside Ilya's ribcage. He settled for burying his face in Ilya's neck.

"That was amazing," he sighed, finally feeling like he was even real.

“You are freaky, Shane Hollander.” Ilya said. They had made it upstairs to their bedroom by now and Ilya gently placed Shane down on top of all the blankets. “Don't move, I will get towel to clean you up.”

Shane waited, the bubbles in his blood were making him feel effervescent still. He wiggled his toes one by one to count them, to make sure he wasn't correct in thinking Ilya did actually blow his back out. He felt better than he had in a long time. Maybe ever. Sex with Ilya was always good. But this had come with a whole series of emotions he hadn't ever explored while having sex.

“I suggested the bike and the mask, but the knife was all you,” Shane said when Ilya returned, “you're a freak, too.”

“Yes,” Ilya agreed easily, like he never had any doubt that was true. He wiped down Shane's chest, “but you sometimes still surprise me.”

“You love it,” Shane's tone was teasing.

Ilya's wasn't when he responded, “I love *you* without question or doubt. For the rest of my life and beyond.”

Fuck. Now who's the poet? Shane sat up a little as Ilya worked the cloth between his legs. He was about to say something but got distracted.

And began laughing at the absurdity of it. Ilya noticed what he was laughing at and started up, too.

“I was not going to say anything. But it is silly.”

“Your bike's gas tank is imprinted on my stomach.” Shane traced the circle and design, from where it had been pressed to his stomach as he was spread out on the bike.

“Looks cute. Maybe you should get it tattooed.”

“Cheesy love tattoos are your thing.” Shane said then stroked the loon tattoo on Ilya's shoulder.

“And kinky sex tattoos can be yours.” Ilya said it like it made all the sense in the world.

“Shut up, Rozanov.” Shane sat up all the way, using his legs and feet to push Ilya away from the foot of the bed, “get back in the bathroom, I'm afraid after that we need full on showers.”

Ilya grabbed Shane's ankle and pressed his lips to the knob of bone there, “yes, my freaky sex machine.”

Later, when they were both cleaned and curled against each other in bed, Shane voiced what he had been thinking about since, “How many people would you say you've tied up like that?”

Ilya's chuckle was mostly breath against the back of Shane's neck as he nuzzled behind his ear, "Onto a bike? No one else."

"But like on a bed or something?"

Ilya dragged his hand across Shane's belly and up his chest to where Shane's hands were tucked against his chest and brought Shane's wrist to his mouth to kiss the red marks there, "a few, not many. Would you like to do it more?"

Shane swallowed. He wasn't jealous, really, he had worked through those knee-jerk reactions fairly quickly once he and Ilya had settled and married and weren't so uncertain. He did feel frustrated, though, that Ilya had others for so long when Shane could have had him all to himself for longer. Ugh.

"Maybe we could like... use more rope. Tie my legs, too?" Shane suggested after shifting so he could look Ilya in the eyes. So he could see the way heat flashed in them and his eyes trailed slowly over Shane's body. "You could use me however you wanted that way."

Ilya's answering smile was slow and Shane could almost see the scenarios that played out in his mind. God, he wanted that, too. "You're perfect." Ilya muttered before kissing Shane into the mattress.

End Notes

RIP to the suspension on that bike 🤖

Let me know what you think!

xx

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