

sandcastles (all the pleasure, none of the burden)

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by [prettyshadow \(theaujasmin\)](#)

Summary

“H’rder,” Shane whines into his mouth, not even trying to interrupt the kiss but speaking pathetically muffled and slurred around Ilya’s tongue.

Ilya knocks their foreheads together, smiles.

“*Nooooo Ilya, not before the game, Ilya,*” he whines, a sweetly mocking imitation of Shane, “and now look at you, mhm? Why should I ever listen to your complaining, baby, when you’re gonna be such an easy, perfect slut for it anyways?”

Or: Shane plays four-dimensional chess to get Ilya to fuck him even when he tells him no, for Shane-typical control freak reasons, in Shane-typical convoluted ways, with Shane-typical unawareness of this being a sex freak thing. Ilya provides, of course.

Notes

Is it a character study? Is it nasty porn? Come and find out.

Someone commented I have to fix the fact that I only have one fic to my name, and who am I if not obedient and receptive to commands (shane speech bubble).

Please note that we are getting a little into freaky territory here: i think it’s very sweet, hollanov are just allergic to actual kink negotiation. But this is cnc and technically even ventures into mildly dubious consent plus rape fantasy. Beware! You are only allowed to recreate this at home if you are Canada’s Shane Hollander and your partner is Russia’s Ilya Rozanov. And the other way ‘round.

Lastly, love and credits to @hudconpapi for letting me rant and awakening me to the fact that Ilya would be the number one practitioner of the, and I quote, “slap and hand on jaw and open his mouth and spit in it” combo. Well, yeah!!

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

Observing Shane is inevitably a secretive matter, because Shane behaves like a quantum particle: different in matter and behaviour under observation.

Ilya, through years of practice, has perfected the art of watching Shane without disturbing his natural state.

One of the major payoffs of this skill, aside from frankly humiliating things Ilya will never admit to — no, he will admit to them, actually, he likes to watch Shane load the washing machine with his face all scrunched up because Ilya doesn't turn his socks inside out before putting them in the hamper even though Shane tells him to, and then Shane will bend over while making a catty, huffy noise and, well, Ilya lurks around the corner watching it in the reflection of their second washing machine which Shane insisted on getting because it has an ironing function inbuilt for his button ups, and its all just very erotic, really.

Anyways, he digresses.

The major payoff of learning how to watch Shane without him noticing is that Ilya immediately knows when it is time for one of his fucked up little psychology experiments again.

Shane, at the root of it, comes up with little scenarios that can only be categorised as softcore psychological warfare to assess some obscure, yet to Shane somehow crucially important, personality attribute of Ilya's. He definitely thinks he does so without Ilya noticing.

Every test Shane comes up with makes Ilya feel like a considerably turned on lab rat. It's a little fucked up, frankly, but it's cute, and Ilya will put an end to this whole thing only over his dead body.

When it's time, Shane will zone out and look at a far away, empty wall with the same expression he carries during his strategy planning sessions, where he spends hours bent over a whiteboard, pushing around little magnets. Shane is equally beautiful and terrifying when he turns his analytical brain onto a singular target. Ilya can never resist watching him like this, lower face hidden carefully behind the rim of his coffee mug.

He learned to let his eyes bore into Shane like this, unflinching, rather than sneaking glances, even though its counterintuitive. It's because Shane reacts only to hints of movement around him, as if he had some leftover T-rex genes. Or, more likely, the nervous system and passive perception of a prey animal.

At some point during Ilya's lurking, he will witness the signal: Shane's stare will suddenly dissolve into his neutral face. He will go on with his day like nothing had been brewing the past few hours. Ilya has come to learn that this means he has finished his elaborate little game plan, and always, without a fail, gets hard that very second.

Ivan Pavlov has got nothing on his beloved husband, Shane Hollander.

And some average Russian dog has got nothing on Ilya's devotion and need to please.

Soon, Shane's little game will inevitably play out. There are three possible outcomes, each having a significant impact on Ilya's will to live. Either he passes, signified by a neutral, cordial nod. If particularly pleased, Shane will smile, which makes Ilya want to drum his chest like an ape and/or chew a hole in the carpet. Usually both.

The third option he does not like to dwell on. Shane might frown. His brows will draw together in a tight, controlled reprimand, short-lived but devastating. This means Ilya has somehow missed the invisible mark and will therefore spend the next week equally moping and sliding around on his knees trying to get back into Shane's good graces.

Either way, they never talk about it.

One particular test is unique, because Shane plays it repeatedly. It is also Ilya's favourite, because he excels at it — he knows it, so it's an easy hoop, and he jumps through beautifully every time. And, crucially, every time he is rewarded with a full smile. Sometimes, this smile makes him so overly excited that he instantly loses his earned favour by biting into Shane's shoulder like a rabid dog.

The game always takes place when they're at the beach and no one is around to observe them.

Under these rare circumstances, Shane will spend hours building sand castles. He gets way too into it, has weirdly expensive tools he ordered from abroad. His brows are always severely furrowed and his lip is bitten raw between his teeth. The outcome is imperfect, but ambitious, and always beautiful.

When Ilya steps out of the water, dripping half an ocean from his hair and limbs, Shane always frowns up at him. He will turn to his side to take a stick, which he conveniently deposited close-by in advance, and draw a circle around himself and his sand castle. Then he will look up at Ilya, deeply, and weirdly hungry, and say: *don't step over this line*. Always some variation of it. *Fuck Ilya, don't come closer, you'll ruin my work. Ilya, you're gonna drip all over it. Ilya, go away. Ilya I told you to stay away*. He will hiss and huff and puff and press the stick into the sand double and triple times, just to be fucking clear.

And like routine, Ilya will take a step over the line to kneel behind Shane, take him in his embrace, always careful not to disturb his castle. And like routine, Shane will smile at him sweetly, pleased.

Like Shane, Ilya has come to enjoy exploring his husband's psychology. Currently, he has four working hypotheses about this game's purpose.

Thesis 1: Shane enjoys leaning fully into his neurotic internal monologue within the safe confines of a game. He gets to be uptight and boring and give voice to his annoyances without it actually having any consequences. He gets to put them out there, in the sunlight. He tests that Ilya will not call him difficult for it. That he doesn't need to keep it all inside to be more lovable and palatable.

Thesis 2: Shane delegates the worrying. He gets to say hey, I said it, so if you still do it and something goes wrong, it's your fault. I can now stop worrying. He tests what Ilya will do

with the weight now placed on his shoulders, if he will take it seriously and honour the valid core of Shane's mostly ridiculous fears.

Thesis 3: Shane loves leaning into the prissiness, the annoyance, and the scolding, because he knows it makes Ilya incredibly hard. He tests whether it still makes Ilya incredibly hard.

They're all at least partially true, he is sure.

Recently, however, Ilya has come to consider an additional hypothesis, which he had foolishly overlooked despite Shane's tendency to leave him shocked and speechless with the extent and shamelessness of his desires. He is beginning to suspect that it also has something to do with Shane getting off on it.

Not just the hissing at Ilya — but seeing how Ilya disregards the stupid little rules and restraints on himself that he builds up.

It's like it's hot, to see Ilya confidently take what he wants. Like Shane tests, again and again, whether he really dares to, and if he will still carefully refrain from harming things that are truly important, like his little sandcastles.

Ilya's suspicion about this sharpens considerably with the situation he finds himself in this very evening.

The thing is this: it is late evening, Shane is safely his arms. Shane, who is wearing Ilya's t-shirt, *Rozanov* and *My Captain!* written on the front and back. It was a joke gift from his team, so he could 'keep the pants on at home too', but it doesn't feel funny at all right now.

Shane had stepped out of the shower in this very shirt, acting as if nothing is wrong. As if Ilya was not going through the fastest soft-to-hard dick magical girl transformation of his life in that very moment.

Dick hard and brain looping on the twenty nastiest sex positions he could think of pretzeling Shane into, very grateful that the shirt print is front and back, Ilya had rubbed himself against Shane's hip the moment he crawled into bed. But all he had gotten for his effort was Shane admonishing him sternly, smacking away the hand moving down to his ass, because *we have a game tomorrow, Jesus, Ilya*.

Ilya, of course, had moved his hand to a classier position on Shane's lower back to pull him in closer for a loving cuddle.

Just to find it wet.

Shane Hollander, currently, has sticky, nasty, copious amounts of lube on his lower back. So much that it is seeping through his shirt.

Ilya stills, and he can feel Shane still against him too, observing.

A game, then.

The thing is. Well, the thing is not only the lube. The thing is that when Shane uses lube in the vicinity of his hole, he cannot resist pushing three fingers in there. He is used to a lot due to Ilya, thank you very much, and he gets off on having something inside of him like no one else Ilya has ever met. So if given the chance, Shane will finger himself at least partially stupid. He can never help it.

Which means Shane is lubed up to a ridiculous degree and equally stretched out, laying in his arms, in his stupid *Rozanov, My Captain!* shirt, absolutely knowing Ilya knows all of this, and still talking about how Ilya is not allowed to touch him.

“Love you, Ilya.” Shane says, guarded. As if that could save him. “But we can’t fuck tonight. With the game coming up,” he emphasises again.

Ilya would think this is some cruel joke, maybe punishment for bad behaviour — but then he thinks about the lines in the sand. The ones Shane draws just so he can watch Ilya cross them.

Except that game was cute, and it made Ilya only kind of hard. Right now, there’s nothing cute or even remotely funny about this. This is the fully grown, mutated, unleashed from the basement where it was hidden for the sake of humanity’s survival, final form of Shane’s favourite little game.

Good, then, that Ilya already knows exactly how to jump through this hoop so beautifully it will leave Shane stunned and in awe of how good and smart and capable he is.

Where Shane is predominately fixed in his ways, Ilya’s natural talents lie in *improvise, adapt, overcome*. Hell, he doesn’t even improvise, that sounds like he doesn’t know his head from his ass and is just poking around in the dark like a total loser. He correctly intuites what to do, because he observes. Because he picks up on everything there is to know about Shane, and hoards it in a little treasure chest, playing with the pieces when he needs reassurance that he cannot be outdone in the task of knowing Shane and taking care of Shane.

By saying *no, we have a game tomorrow*, Shane delegates it all to Ilya: you know I worry. You know I desperately need to get fucked, because it feels so good, Ilya. You have to shoulder the responsibility, because I will just deny myself.

Also, I get off on big strong men — no, fuck, big strong man singular, Ilya corrects his mental Shane impression — *I get off on a big strong man, on you, Ilya, my beloved one and only husband, throwing me around and making me take it and making me feel so good that I will keep you forever.*

Ilya is so good at getting this game, really, and Shane will certainly tell him so, soon. If Ilya had a tail, he would wag it.

It used to be a conscious effort, to slip from this feeling of excitement into a version of himself that can give Shane something heavier. Not in a bad way, he needed it just as much as Shane did, but it was effort because he was fragmented into many different Ilyas who were not allowed to overlap.

He remembers their third meeting, in Las Vegas, where he needed an hour in his suite to put himself into the right headspace to provide the relief Shane needed, without selling out his heart at the same time. Back then he envied Shane, for how fast and how naturally he could slip into what Ilya considered a conscious role. Now he knows it is not a role, but an inherent part of him. Shane, too. It's not something to be put on, but something to let out.

Ilya, now, is one singular Ilya, a free Ilya, a loved Ilya. Every little Ilya-shard inside of him gets to breathe in fresh air and feel the sun on its skin.

So, it comes natural like his next breath does when he pushes three fingers into Shane, controlled but firm, to the hilt. Shane immediately contorts himself into at least four consecutive abstract geometric shapes in Ilya's tight hug, a gut-wrenching moan ripping from his throat. Like he is suffering. But mostly like he is relieved.

At first, Ilya is repaid with smacks to his chest, tugs on his arm, and two or three hissed *Ilya!* But the switch up comes fast, with his fingers fucking into him — it doesn't take long for Shane to bury his face in Ilya's neck, licking little kitten kisses into the skin there. Some of them are gentle nibbles to the sinew running down the side of his neck. He doubts Shane does it consciously. It's a sort of instinct to him, when he is pleased, when he feels so good he needs to nuzzle into Ilya and express his affection in such a base, animal way.

Ilya keeps shushing him, gently, rocking him back and forth a little, hand never slowing down.

"So good," he murmurs, cheek plastered to the side of Shane's face. "Feels good, right?" He punctuates the question with a mean, harsh drag over Shane's prostate.

Shane can be incredibly good at pretending. But in many ways, he wears his heart on his sleeve and his inner life written all over the tense features of his face. During sex with Ilya, he cannot pretend. Can't stick to the little scenario he has thought up. It's cute, really.

But Ilya can. Shane doesn't need to try, because Ilya will make sure he gets what he wants, anyways.

"Just let me put the tip in, baby, yeah? Please?" he hums into Shane's ear. He feels the gasp under him more than he hears it. Like a short little extension of Shane's ribcage in his embrace.

Shane, for all his straightforward innocence and reliance on directness in sexual communication, apparently knows exactly where Ilya is going with this. Ilya will follow up on this at a less Shane-whimpering-in-his-arms time.

"I'll be careful, I promise. Just a little, yeah?" He continues, feeling Shane clench around his fingers, which have stopped to underline his question, hips twitching back into his hand to keep pushing the fingers into his prostate. It's so adorable. Ilya pulls them out, because right now he is mean Ilya.

He flips Shane onto his back, hands grabbing Shane's legs to hike them up on his hips. Then, he grinds down onto Shane, too slow and too soft. Between Shane's legs, the pool of lube

makes a continuous filthy and disgusting sound. The fact that Shane doesn't cringe away from it shows how deep down and gone he already is.

Ilya's hands slowly but firmly travel up Shane's arms, pressing them into the bed as reassurance that this is where he wants them. He never has to pull Shane's arms up above his head — when he's starting to go down, he puts them there all by himself. Ilya, embarrassingly, came in his half-opened pants the first time it happened.

Like most things that happen between them in bed, they do not talk about it. Ilya suspects that Shane is simply not aware that he is doing anything out of the ordinary. He was so confused when Ilya came in his pants that time, kicking him in the shin all disgruntled when he collapsed on top of him, spent. Ilya doesn't say anything because he might spook Shane if he addressed any of Shane's odd little behaviours. Shane Hollander is a man easy to spook, because he gets in his head about not doing things the right way.

And Ilya, well, would jump off of a balcony or commit seppuku with a broken hockey stick in the middle of the ice on live television if Shane ever started being self-conscious about his instincts in bed, or god forbid, keep them under control like he does everything else.

So they don't talk about it, and Ilya doesn't point it out, but it kills him every time to not praise his husband for his exceptionally good behaviour.

One hand strokes through Shane's hair, the other cradles his face gently.

"Yeah? You gonna let me? You already spread your legs for me. I will make it good, mhm?" He coaxes, pretending Shane needs any coaxing.

"Okay," Shane mumbles, eyes barely even opening. "But just the tip, promise?"

"Of course, promise, sweetheart" Ilya lies, kissing the words all over Shane's blushing face.

He needs to be inside this man, now. Of course he was too horny and eager to remember taking Shane's sleep shorts off before he wrestled him into what can only be called a night-before-game approved version of a mating press. He needs to start actually fucking thinking with his big head when he does shit like this, probably, but it's just so hard with a naked and willing and complaining Shane in his bed who wants to play freaky little sex games with him.

He hopes that the mess of limbs and hands and curses necessary to get the shorts off of him without separating their bodies more than an inch are somehow doing something for Shane.

He hears a singular, stifled snort above him.

So much for mercy on Shane Hollander.

He bends him back into position, legs over his shoulders this time. Ilya has watched Shane doing his contorted little yoga poses for long enough to know that he can take this without any real strain on his precious, much-needed-for-tomorrow leg muscles. Shane takes it obediently. Of course.

It's not so funny for Shane, now, when Ilya fixes his body in place by interlinking his fingers on top of Shane's head, arms around his legs to keep them on his shoulders, and fucks his entire cock inside of him in one go.

Shane's face drops into a shocked gasp, hands flying up to wrap around Ilya's arms. Ilya will let it slide. There's no sound coming from him for a few seconds, which is good, because Ilya needs a damn second to adjust to the feeling of Shane Hollander's hole wrapped around him, absolutely drenched in lube. He must have put a quarter bottle in there. It's sick and twisted, really, that Ilya is expected to somehow be normal about this. For a moment, he wants to just rut inside Shane like an overexcited puppy, but not now, not now. Shane, under him right now, scandalised expression on his face, shocked into silence, is something he needs to see play out.

He starts fucking into Shane, slow and deep, careful to be gentle while still driving Shane out of his mind. The slide is so easy, it's fucking Ilya up bad. It's like the sensation of Shane's hole around him is magnified all over his body, like every surface of skin on him is sensing the same warmth, tightness, wetness.

His pubes are drenched in lube, and for a second he gets a sensory flashback to the sensation of fucking a woman. Of burying himself deeply into the wet and warm pussy of someone absolutely desperate for him. Drenched all the way down the thighs, body working hard just to make it easier for him to fuck her.

Shane would be so wet for him, if he could get wet. Surely. He wants it so bad, all the time, as fast as possible. He would get so wet, just for Ilya. Is this why he — no, bad thought. Evil thought. Ilya forcibly refocuses his eyes on Shane's face. Later. Later.

Shane, under him, has let go of one of his arms to throw his own arm over his face. Due to the frankly life-changing train of thought he was on a second ago, it takes Ilya a moment to realise it's not shyness or overwhelm at Ilya's betrayal. He is trying to hide a small smile that is currently fighting its way onto his face. Ilya can see cheeks traitorously bunching up on the sides of Shane's face.

It's so fucked up, it's so stupid and it's so endearing and also so, so Shane, the way he thinks he's able to hide an emotion he is quite obviously, to anyone in a ten meter radius, feeling. That he is feeling happy about Ilya folding him in half and forcing his cock inside of him after he made him promise not to.

There it is, though. The smile. The one Ilya gets when he passes Shane's little test-games with flying colours. When he gets it right. When he *impresses* Shane.

When he succeeds at showing Shane that he picked right.

This has never happened during sex before, and it's so, so bad for Ilya. His cock twitches inside of Shane, noticeably, and he needs to take one hand out of its secure grip on Shane's hair to fist the bedsheets next to his head, grip tight like his life depends on it.

It sort of does, really. He will die if he squanders the favour he just earned by coming before Shane is completely and entirely fucked out and showered in Ilya's affection and pleased to

a point where he cannot untangle himself from all the strings and layers of Ilya's love and devotion ever again.

He tries hard, really, but he sort of has to at least kick the span of his feet into the mattress, just twice, just a little bit, really, giddy with Shane's approval.

Shane's eyebrows furrow, also obvious behind his hand, and Ilya tries to cover up the fact that he is quite literally kicking his feet in a way that a guy he is fucking right under him can totally feel, by planting what would be a devastating kiss straight on the open palm of Shane's hand.

He senses a gasp before Shane's hand rips away, to give Ilya free access to his mouth, now fallen open. The smile is gone, now, but he looks desperate and glowing and so, so gone into the pleasure of Ilya now slowly rocking inside of him. Kissing him too, now. It's open mouthed and filthy and without any coordination, just lapping tongues and soft lips and way too much spit.

"H'rder," Shane whines into his mouth, not even trying to interrupt the kiss but speaking around Ilya's tongue in his mouth.

Ilya knocks their foreheads together, smiles. He doesn't fuck him harder, of course.

"*Nooooo Ilya, not before the game, Ilya,*" he whines exaggeratedly, a sweetly mocking imitation of Shane. He laughs, grabbing and smushing Shane's cheeks quite disrespectfully in his large hands, "and now look at you, mhm?"

He plants a kiss on each of Shane's eyebrows, the cross around his neck now bumping against Shane's nose a little with the way he steadily fucks into him.

"Why should I ever listen to your complaining, baby," he continues, the hand in Shane's hair firmly massaging his scalp and temples, "when you're still gonna be such an easy, perfect slut for it anyways?"

Shane clenches around him, hard, and Ilya knows he will never move on from this.

He's about to lay into Shane for his very telling reaction, mock him a little more in just the right tone to get him all flushed and red in the face, looking like he wants to argue but can't form the words, when he notices Shane's eyes twinkle. There's a flicker of a challenge, now, peeking through.

Then, he smacks Ilya right on the cheek, a vicious little grin splitting his face.

It's weak, though, compared to Shane Hollander's full strength, like it's like a slap from the soft paw of a declawed, wet, pathetic kitten.

Ilya's isn't. He had suppressed this instinct for years, keeping it controlled and contained down to soft love taps against Shane's cheek. This time, the flat of his palm makes a clean slapping sound against Shane's pretty little freckles. Shane jolts like he's being electrocuted, whole body trying to curl up on itself. The high-pitched and pathetic, drawn-out sound that

rips out of him after two seconds of stunned, wide-eyed silence will haunt Ilya's wet dreams for the rest of his life. Like he can't quite believe Ilya did it, but more importantly, can't quite believe it felt this good.

Ilya gives him no moment to recover, digging his fingers into the reddening cheek and roughly prying his mouth open with his thumb. So used to taking Ilya's fingers in his mouth, Shane doesn't even try to resist it. He lets Ilya pull his jaw open obediently, like he has settled into his place now, reassured that Ilya will take care of him even if he does not make it easy.

As a reward, Ilya spits straight into his pried open mouth.

Shane's expression morphs into confusion, and then, suddenly, panic. Ilya realises, about three seconds after Shane, that Shane is about to come untouched from way too slow sex just because he got slapped and his mouth spat in.

Ilya grins, then, feral.

He watches it happen, lapping up all the little details: the kicks of Shane's legs as if he's trying to shove himself off of the slow but insistent drag of Ilya's cock inside of him. The way his eyes flick up to meet Ilya's, still panicked, begging. The wetness appearing on his lower lash line, just a little, when he realises Ilya will grant him no mercy. That there is no way out of this. Ilya watches, holds him tight, holds him down, keeps him safe.

Shane's hands grip viciously tight on Ilya's biceps when he comes, head snapping back and twisting from left to right, speechless, body locked up.

It's beautiful to watch what happens when Ilya gives Shane what he denies himself. Shane thinks he can't get fucked like he needs to before a game. He thinks he can't get his dick sucked while he's on the phone. He thinks he shouldn't want as much, and as often, as he does.

But Ilya can take Shane by the hand, intertwining their fingers, to show him around and say, see, this is what you can have, what you are allowed to have. What I will happily give you. These are all the ways in which you deserve to feel good.

So, of course, he doesn't stop.

Shane is warm, and soft under him, so he keeps rocking into him.

"Ilya..." Shane whines, throwing an arm over his face again, the other one weakly pushing against Ilya's chest. His body twists a bit to the side, as if moving to crawl away.

"I know, I know," Ilya coos, hands gently stroking over the light tremors all over Shane's body, "I have you."

First, his grip tightens to help Shane flip onto his stomach, as if he would help him crawl away. Then, he pushes him down into the pillows, gently but inescapable.

Shane flails his arms a little, head turning from side to side, too slow to adapt in time to the new position. Ilya takes guides arms for him, smoothing them out next to his head. He takes Shanes face, and turns it to the side, the good side, which doesn't strain the old injury in Shane's left neck. He pulls up his hips a little for a better angle, but also to keep Shane's oversensitive cock from rubbing against the sheets in a wrong kind of overstimulation.

He pets Shane's hair into place. Then he flattens the palm of his hand against Shane's cheek. He keeps his head pushed down while the other arm grabs his hips, keeps them held tightly in place for him to fuck into. Shane whimpers, quietly. He is gone all the way, to somewhere simple and warm and good.

It's a shame he cannot fuck him as hard as he wants to, right now, punch little whimper-y and confused sounds out of him that would have anyone outside their bedroom door believe he is in there with a pretty, pretty woman. But this slow torture into an orgasm has its benefits, too. Ilya has time to talk.

"Could've fucked you like this that time in room 1221," Ilya noses the words right into Shane's ear, "you looked so desperate for it. Remember? You wanted me to, no?"

It's one of Ilya's prized memories. The challenging look in Shane's eyes when he turned back to glare at Ilya over his shoulder. Yes, Scott Hunter was next door. But his fossilised ass was basically hard of hearing already, and also, Ilya could've kept Shane quiet. Could've put a big, strong hand over his mouth for him while fucking him slowly, but all the way. Could've watched nose to nose how the sensation of getting fucked processes in Shane's sweet little Bambi eyes, darting all around Ilya's face, thinking *this is something I am capable of feeling?*

He was already on top of Shane, back then, arms slung tight around his shoulders in an advantageous grip for holding someone of equal weight and raw strength down securely. Shane was looking at him like it cost him everything to say no. Ilya remembers Shane looking at him over his shoulder, coy, like Ilya might just fuck him anyways. Ilya could've made the choice for him, freed him of the weight of their catastrophic secret, just for a little while.

It sounds bad when he says it like this. It would've been unthinkable back then. Wouldn't have been good, back then. But he knows his husband now. To Shane, making a choice means taking responsibility for any possible outcome, and his mind will come up with terrible, unlikely scenarios he would have to account for. Ilya can free him of it. It's an act of service, of love and care, more than anything else.

Shane could've gotten what he wants so badly, while knowing: this is Ilya's fault. I don't have a choice. It doesn't matter if I worry, because I don't get to decide anyways.

All the pleasure, none of the burden.

Locked into Ilya's grip in the here and now, Shane's cheek flushes. Then, he attempts to shake his head.

"No?" Ilya smiles into his cheek. "Didn't want me to just make you take it?"

A tangible shudder runs through Shane's body.

"Showers," he whispers, then, after a pause where he seems lost in the rhythm of getting fucked gently into their sheets.

"Mhm? C'mon." Ilya prompts, the thumb on Shane's cheek tracing over his chin gently. His thrusts are measured, steady, and inevitable. He knows it costs Shane everything to talk. He is so proud. He will reward him, so well. Give him everything he wants.

Shane mouths silent syllables before the first one audibly leaves his lips.

"Even before that. Showers. Should've fucked me."

In the —

Ilya can't see, for a good three seconds. His body must have decided, very reasonably, that his blood was needed more urgently where it can fuck Shane better.

It's beautiful, always, how Shane is this bottomless well of perverted little fantasies and self-concocted kinks. Every time Ilya thinks he has discovered every weird little thing that gets Shane going, there is more. Shane probably doesn't know the entirety of it himself, yet.

He's brilliant, and so, so sweet and honest in his desire for pleasure, for Ilya.

Ilya tries to bury his face in Shane's neck, but his nose and cheeks mostly just bump into the hand he still has laid out over the side of Shane's head. He refuses to move it, because he knows it puts Shane at ease, to have nowhere to go.

It's true. He could've backed Shane into the cold tiles of the communal shower, back in their rookie year, could've sealed his mouth over his weak little protests and swallowed them all up. Ilya wouldn't have fucked him there, without lube and condoms, but he could've pressed their bodies together, stomach to stomach. Could've taken both their cocks in his hand to force a blinding, overwhelmed orgasm out of Shane. It would have been so easy, with how disoriented and out of his element Shane was back then.

"Thought about it a lot, sweetheart? When you went back to your hotel room, waiting for me so obediently? Did you spend the evening thinking about how you wanted me to make you cum all over the shower wall while you cry, holding you still? How the big bad Russian you chose did not deliver a mean enough performance?"

He's just rocking into Shane now, barely half an inch of his cock moving in and out. If he spends too long being less inside Shane than is physically possible, he will very likely wither and die miserably.

The movement and attention is still too much for Shane, apparently, because he is twisting around weakly under Ilya like a captured prey animal.

"Did you think about it when I backed you into the hotel room wall? Is this what got you so pathetically hard?"

He smacks his head down on Shane's cheek, not too hard, but audible. Then, he presses his thumb under Shane's cheekbone, digging into the tense hinges of Shane's jaw, where he stores all his emotions.

"Tell me," Ilya orders.

"Wanted it," Shane whispers. His words come out muffled and a little like hiccups, like every syllable had to be individually shaped and forced out of his wet and open mouth with inhuman effort.

"Want it now," he adds, eye flicking up to look at Ilya.

The eye contact is deadly. Ilya cannot be done yet, so he puts some distance in between them, pulling his torso upright.

The vision he is presented with is more than any mortal man could withstand.

Shane is stretched out below him. The back of his crumpled and sweaty shirt reads *Rozanov, My Captain!*. Shane's lower back, covered in sweat that pools in his lower back dimples, is bent into a needy arch that is pushing back against him subconsciously, like he doesn't even do it on purpose. He is gasping and panting under him because he let Ilya keep fucking him even though he must be miserably overstimulated.

Then, Shane with his flushed cheeks and teary eyes and freckles, adds: "Always want you, Cap'n."

Ilya could punch the ground and shatter it all the way through to the core of the earth right now. He would take the hot, molten lava there and eat it, because even that would cool him down with how fucking hot he suddenly is. He needs to get out of his stupid sleep shirt, now. He needs to use what is left of his brain to think of a way to really fuck Shane up badly, without impacting his body too much. He needs him to cry and to whimper and to beg.

The shirt goes first, thrown across the room. He will fold it, later, to see the pleased smile on Shane's tired post-sex face.

His hands move second, lifting Shane up to straddle him, stomach to back. His cock slips deeper, like this, becomes more inevitable, too, and Shane moans, predictably.

Next, his arms settle in a boa constrictor grip around Shane's entire form, arms pinned to his sides, and squeezes him tight. He has enough strength in his arms to keep Shane locked in safely while still being able to move his hands freely from the wrist down. He makes sure he does, when he trains. Imagines Shane, wrapped up in his arms securely, every time the weight feels too heavy to lift another time.

'The fuck is he training for' someone had once captioned a secretly filmed workout video of him in a public gym. Well, he's training for this. Shane might want to escape him, one day, but Ilya will make sure he can't. Shane will take what he gives.

Free hands mean free access to Shane's chest. Ilya can't fuck him hard, but Shane doesn't need his nipples pain free tomorrow. So Ilya traces his fingers over them until Shane moans quietly, then pinches the length of his fingers together tightly, knuckles squeezing around his nipples. Shane's body locks up as he whimpers, lifting himself up off of Ilya's lap as far as he can go in the process.

Then, he falls back down onto Ilya's lap, cock buried all the way inside of him again.

"Make me cum," Ilya smiles into Shane's ear. His fingers are back to moving gently across Shane's pecs. He's being so nice.

"Can't," Shane huffs, a spark of brattiness in his voice. The poor thing can barely move, and Ilya really is a terrible, mean bully for making him do anything in that state. For not laying him out sweetly on the sheets and cooing how pretty he is, how good he is.

It could work, still, with Shane's whole scenario, but Ilya wants to see how far this goes. Whether Shane just wants to have his complaints ignored, or if he genuinely wants to be pushed beyond what he thinks he can take. Wants to say no, and mean it at least a little seriously, and have Ilya do it nonetheless.

"Yes, you can, look at you," he takes one hand to pet over Shane's trembling quads. He turns his voice condescending and sweet.

"C'mon."

Shane moves miserably little, with how weak he is and how tight Ilya holds him. He can barely get up, and falls down on the entirety of Ilya's cock immediately.

But, well, it's going to be enough for Ilya. It's so hot to see Shane struggle against his hold, struggle to move, to please him.

The reward for the first minute of Shane's effort comes in the form of three of Ilya's fingers lodging tight in his open mouth. He can sense the wet breath coming out of Shane's mouth as he fucks himself into what must be unbearable overstimulation and pain in his legs.

It's beautiful.

"No, no, don't stop."

"Can't!" Shane shakes his head from left to right, frantically. Ilya grabs his face and turns it towards him, mockingly imitating Shane's head shake of refusal with a small, played-up pout on his lips.

"No? You can't? Don't want to?"

He sees a little fucked-out smile tugging at the corner of Shane's mouth before he can hide it, and it's beautiful. Ilya grins, burying the warm and fuzzy emotion into Shane's neck. It feels not unlike cuteness aggression, the way he wants to squeeze Shane until he pops like a fresh, under-ripened sour blueberry.

“Don’t wanna be a good little housewife?” He kisses into Shane’s neck, then, using his tight grip on Shane’s torso to grind him down on his cock. Every time, without fail, having Ilya’s entire cock buried inside of him, moving, stretching and caressing inside him, makes Shane curl his toes and whimper and scrunch his face like he has invented a new type of orgasm.

“Don’t wanna bend over and get on your knees and ride me whenever I tell you to? Do your job well?”

He closes a hand over Shane’s mouth and nose, just for a second, but Shane immediately fights against it and lifts himself up a little in the process.

“See? There you go.”

Like a little miracle, Shane manages to move. It’s uncoordinated, and without rhythm, and it really shouldn’t feel like anything to Ilya, but it does. He whimpers every time he pushes up, straining to push against Ilya’s unforgiving grip, and every time he drops down, like his puppeteer just cruelly cut his strings and left him for dead. Again, and again, and it’s really just a barely perceptible movement, but by god, Ilya is absolutely going to come like this.

It’s so sweet, how hard he tries to do as he is told, even though he can’t. Like he is going to die trying.

“All that talk about *can’t* and *won’t* and *just the tip* and here you are, no? Hopeless slut, mhm? Need someone to tell you what you need. What’s good for you.”

This time, Shane doesn’t fight him, and just keeps moving up and down Ilya’s cock, millimetres at most. Words have left him, but he nods his head this time, sniffing a little through his clogged up nose. He must’ve been close to crying for a while. Ilya hates that he can’t see it, so he blindly swipes a finger under Shane’s waterline and brings his dampened finger back to his mouth to swallow down his unshed tears.

“I know it hurts, sweetheart. And it’s so hard. But if I do it, I promise it would be so much worse for you.”

Shane whimpers, nods.

Ilya licks over his cheek, then, as a reward. Big and sloppy. He did good, if Shane looks like this. He swipes up another tear, and feeds it into Shane’s open mouth, kissing the corner of his pulled open lips.

“So pretty. So good. So gorgeous, when you let me make you.”

Shane just murmurs out little far-away *mhm*, *mhm*, *mhm*’s.

He barely even notices his own orgasm rolling through him, because it’s high is barely distinguishable from the slow, torturous buildup and lacking the degree of stimulation he is used to. And Shane is right there, looking so pretty, so lovely, it’s hard to notice anything else.

He holds Shane fully down and still for a moment, but his grip loosens quickly because he just has to put his hands all over him, petting over the skin, trying to absorb the beauty that is radiating from his husband while he comes inside of him.

For a while there is just breathing and stillness.

Then, Ilya catches the familiar bunching up of Shane's cheeks. A full smile, then, unhidden, and he grips Shane's face in his loving hands to turn his head and witness it fully. Shane's eyes are closed, still, surrounded by small tear tracks, face flushed underneath his freckles.

This is Ilya's reward. He did well. He worked hard. He got it right. Showed Shane he chose right, that there will never be someone better at Shane than Ilya.

He stays buried inside of Shane for minutes, while he slowly comes back to himself. Ilya encourages Shane to return to full consciousness with kisses all over his face, slow and gentle and loving. The ones on his eyelids are particularly gentle, and particularly coaxing. He moves to lay little open mouthed kisses all over Shane's shoulders. His hug is so tight, still, despite his moving hands, because he hopes it translates to *I love you, I have you, there's nowhere else you need to be right now.*

He knows how angrily embarrassed Shane will pretend to be about this, in about two and a half minutes when he fully regains self-awareness. He knows that Shane will smack him a little and tell him off. Call him an irresponsible asshole. Glare at him when Ilya points out how he came from being slapped and spit on like a little pervert freak.

Most importantly, he knows Shane will wait, grumpily, for days and maybe weeks for Ilya to do it again.

But Ilya considers challenging Shane's mind-games monopoly. For days, he will back off immediately whenever Shane tells him to, like a good boy, until Shane inevitably explodes, yells at him, all offended and acting like a scorned wife while smelling of the same shampoo and laundry detergent as Ilya.

Ilya has beautiful, joyful weeks ahead of him.

A lifetime ahead, even, with Shane, just like this.

He buries his nose in the sweat on the nape of Shane's neck, inhales deeply, licks it up responsibly because he put it there, cleans Shane up, and bites.

Favour can be regained.

End Notes

Kudos, comments and bookmarking notes are my beloved morning newspaper and soooo appreciated.

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