

Chain Your Heart To Mine

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Chain Your Heart To Mine

by [blueelvewithwings](#)

Summary

Rozanov has a new pet, and spends the morning breaking him in. His pet might just enjoy it, too.

Notes

All the fics in this series are meant to be in the same verse, but can all be read as standalones.

Written for Day 6 of Mean Dom Ilya Week: Anything You Like

Chosen Kink: Chains

Ilya took a deep breath and checked the mirror a last time. His hair was perfectly slicked back, and his suit was on point. Tailored to perfection, with expensive silk fabric on the lapels. Perfect. He nodded at himself, then turned and walked the few steps over to the playroom.

When he opened the door, Rozanov was faced with a lovely sight. He'd set his sights on a new plaything a few days before, and of course, when Rozanov wanted something, his men would get it for him, no questions asked.

So now, his new pet was waiting for him. Naked, and chained to the wall, of course. Rozanov loved the combination of soft, vulnerable, naked skin, and the powerful metal chains that held the body in place. And the light reflecting off the metal the same way it played with the big, brown eyes looking at him... a piece of art, really.

He didn't say anything as he stepped forward, towards his pet crouching in the corner. He looked like he wanted to hide from Rozanov. He chuckled to himself. As if. He bent down, and without saying anything, firmly grabbed the jaw of his pet, causing him to make a sound somewhere between a whimper and a gasp. Rozanov tilted his head this way and that, looking him over. He had a pretty face. Big eyes full of unshed tears, cute freckles all over his nose and cheeks, and lips that Rozanov could imagine very well stretched around his cock. Good.

“Yes. You'll do”, he remarked, and let go of his pet's face. He loved seeing his fingerprints still on the man's skin for a few moments, before they faded. Maybe he'd need to give him something more permanent at some point. Make sure he knew who he belonged to.

“Please don't hurt me”, the pet whispered, and Rozanov glared at him.

“I didn't say you could speak, pet.”

Immediately, his pet's lips clamped shut, and he averted his gaze down to the floor. Oh, Rozanov loved a quick learner. “That's better”, he told him, and ruffled his hair for a moment. Positive reinforcement was good as well, after all. He liked it when his playthings were scared of him, but not so scared they wouldn't cooperate. He hated having to use more force on them than necessary.

He stepped away, over to the shelf where some of his favourite toys and tools lay. The chains were ankered into the mostly empty wall, so that his pet would face the rest of the room – the comfortable armchair in the middle of the room, the king sized bed against a different wall, the shelves lined with all the good things Rozanov had discovered on his search for the most pleasurable experiences. He felt his new pet's eyes on him, and wondered if he'd been looking at Rozanov's collection. If he'd been wondering how many of the tools would be used on him. Would he respond better to the nipple clamps, or would it be more fun to watch him squirm on one of the oversized vibrators? Well, Rozanov figured, he would find out for sure.

“What's your name?” He asked, conversationally, as if his men hadn't found out every detail about his pet for him before they'd brought him here.

“Shane”, came the murmured answer, and Rozanov turned around, one eyebrow raised.

“Shane... Sir?” his pet tried, and Rozanov simply continued looking at him.

“...Master?” Came the next try, and Rozanov nodded.

“You are a quick learner, Shane.” He grabbed a gag from the shelf and stepped back towards his pet. “I will call you whatever I want to.”

He grabbed Shane's chin, forcing him to look up at him. “I am going to have so much fun with you, pet. You see, sometimes it gets boring, being the most powerful person around. When I am bored, I need a distraction. A distraction, and pleasure. And you will do anything that I ask from you to please me. Understood?”

He could see fear in his pet's eyes, and allowed himself a little smirk. He liked it when they were scared. But despite his fear, his pet gave a little nod, as much as Rozanov's grip on him would allow. “Yes, Master.”

“Now”, Rozanov continued, without acknowledging Shane's response, “have you ever pleased a man?”

“No, Master”, came a whisper, scared, as if he would be punished for his inexperience.

“No matter”, Rozanov told him, and used his free hand to open the button of his suit pants. “I will teach you.”

He showed his pet the gag he had chosen, and let go of his chin. Shane stared at the contraption with wide eyes. Rozanov loved this one. It was designed not to muffle, but to spread. It was made of metal bars, meant to insert into the mouth and keep it as far open as it would go. “Will you need this, or will you open up for me on your own?” He asked, pushing down his pants and underwear just enough so he could take out his cock, giving it a few strokes even though it was already hardening fine on his own.

His pet bit his lip for a moment, then shook his head. “I will open up for you, Master”, he murmured, eyes switching between the gag and Rozanov's cock.

“Good pet”, Rozanov praised him, and tossed the gag on the chair behind him. “Get on your knees now.”

It took a beat, but then Shane started shuffling himself from his crouched position up to his knees, and Rozanov could finally see all of his pet. He took note of the fact that his cock was far from soft, and raised another eyebrow. “You into fear, huh? Or am I just that good looking?”

His pet simply blushed, and chose not to answer. Rozanov decided to let it go that once. He let Shane shuffle about and make sure he wasn't kneeling on any of the chains before stepping forward, crowding him against the wall. His cock was directly in front of Shane's

face, and after what seemed like a big breath, Shane opened up, and took the tip of Rozanov's cock into his mouth.

“Yes, just like that. Open wide”, Rozanov instructed him, and Shane obeyed immediately, opening wider. “I'm going to fuck your face, and you are not going to struggle.”

He grabbed his pet's face with both hands, holding him against the wall. He looked down into those eyes, watched as fear and confusion started to mingle with lust in there, and grinned. “You like that, don't you? Maybe this is where you belong in life...” His eyes wandered down, and oh, yes – those lips did look amazing wrapped around his cock, stretched almost obscenely.

He started to thrust, letting out a sigh. Yes. It had been way too long since he'd had a good mouth around him. He let himself starting to move, carefully at first – just making sure his pet didn't get any ideas about trying out his teeth. When the only reaction he got was a moan from his pet, he started moving faster, and deeper. Shane stared up at him from where was pinned against the wall, trapped by bricks and Rozanov's hand and unable to do anything but take what Rozanov was giving him.

It was heady, having this power over his pet. Being able to do anything he could think of to him. Being able to bury himself inside of him like this, to watch him take it. Watch him obey Rozanov's command and not struggle, as instructed, but just open up and take it. Take anything Rozanov would give him.

He saw that his pet had started to touch himself, as well, stroking his own cock. Rozanov kicked at his hand, without breaking his own rhythm. “Stop. I decide when you get touched.” Or pleased. Or punished. Or ignored.

Shane whimpered around him, but obediently pulled his hands away, balling them into fists at his side. “That's it, good pet”, Rozanov panted. The mouth on this one really was good. He would make frequent use of it, he was sure.

He continued fucking his pet's mouth until he felt himself getting close. He stilled, and then pulled out with a sigh. If he came now already, he'd have to wait for the next part. He took a step back, letting go of Shane's head. Shane just continued to stare up at him with hazy, clouded eyes, fists still balled at his side. Rozanov grabbed his hair and gave it an experimental pull, and Shane moaned, a shiver running through him.

“Oh, you like that, don't you, little slut? That's good to know”, he hummed.

He took the few steps into the middle of the room, and let himself drop into the armchair, legs spread. He pointed down at his cock, still covered in his pet's spit. “Come here. And make it good.”

He knew that the chains were measured to allow his pet to come into the middle of the room. They were just long enough to allow access to the armchair and to the bed. There was no point in fixing his pets to the wall completely, Rozanov found. That way, he had to undo the chains every time he needed his pets. No, it was more fun like this – five individual chains, all ending in cuffs: two around the wrists, two around the ankles, and of course the one

around the neck. Chained hand and foot, and yet his pets were allowed to move. But only enough to allow Rozanov to take his pleasure from them. He wanted them to figure out that their freedom of movement was not for them – it was only for Rozanov's convenience and pleasure, like everything else in their lives.

Shane seemed to have figured out that his restraints were long enough to allow him to reach the armchair, and he started crawling over. What a good boy, already realising that he would not be standing up in Rozanov's presence.

He reached Rozanov a few moments later, and sat up on his knees between Rozanov's spread legs. He seemed to contemplate his cock for a moment, but before Rozanov could urge him on, or just grab his hair and push his head down to continue fucking his mouth, he leaned in, and licked up a long stripe up Rozanov's shaft. Rozanov sighed, and rested his hand in Shane's hair. Not controlling this time, just resting, guiding him closer. Shane took the hint – his pet was learning quickly! - and shuffled a little closer, kissing along his cock, then kissing the tip. He made eye contact with Rozanov as he did that, and Rozanov loved to see the way his eyes sparkled. He loved inspiring fear in his pets, and he loved arousing them so much that their stupid little brains leaked out of their ears. Shane would do just fine. He'd be Rozanov's favourite in no time, probably.

Shane gave him little kitten licks around the head of his cock, and then moved to take him in his mouth again. He didn't go down deep, but made up for it by wrapping his hand around the base of Rozanov's cock and started to stroke in time with the bobs of his head. He was not afraid to put the work in, Rozanov noted. “You like that, huh, little whore?” Shane made a little noise that Rozanov couldn't quite parse, but it didn't matter. The chain attached to Shane's wrist made little clanking noises, and Rozanov could feel the cold metal against the inside of his thigh, but he didn't mind. It made him feel more powerful, somehow. He wasn't the one pulling on the chains to get his pet to where he wanted him to be. His pet was following his orders all on his own accord, just to please him.

Rozanov started moving against him, humping up into his hand and mouth. Fuck, his pet really had the best mouth on him. He looked down, watching Shane kneel there with one hand and his mouth on Rozanov's cock, his other hand resting on Rozanov's thigh. His own cock was standing at attention, leaking even, but he ignored it, just as Rozanov had commanded him to.

Rozanov grunted, and pulled back, pushing Shane's head away as he reached down, grabbing Shane's arms, and dragging him up into his lap. “Fuck, pet”, he hissed, wrapping his arm around his pet's chest. He reached down, to where he knew his men had prepped him, and indeed, found the base of a plug there. He made quick work of removing it, ignoring his pet's moans, and then took hold of his hips and lined himself up.

“Fuck yourself on me”; he growled, even as he used his gip on Shane's hips to slam him down. His pet made a garbled noise, that may or may not be agreement, but he started using his thighs to move himself, immediately, like the good little plaything he was. He let his head fall back until he was leaned against Rozanov's shoulder, and started fucking himself on Rozanov. Both of them looked down, watching Shane's cock bob in front of him, neglected and red and hard, and Shane moaned.

“Fuck, Ilya.” Ilya bit his lip, giving himself a second to not burst out laughing. He loved it when he fucked Shane brainless enough to break character. Then he gave his head a little shake, and continued their game.

“You like bouncing on my cock, huh? Is like you were made for it”, he growled, and used his grip on Shane to hold him as he started meeting his thrusts. “Stroke yourself. Get yourself off. I want to feel you get tight around me.” He started fucking Shane harder, and watched him start to furiously stroke himself. He seemed desperate, poor thing.

“What are you thinking of?”, he asked, and then sunk his teeth into his pet's shoulder. He bit down far enough that he was sure there would be an imprint left. He loved marking up his pet. There should not be a single moment where they weren't sure that they were *his*.

“Ah- you”, Shane sighed, voice strangled. “Mas-ah!”

He was flushed all over now, and was clearly getting close. “Yes. Come for me”, Rozanov told him, and that was all it seemed to take to topple his pet over the edge. With a shout, he started coming, and he clenched up so deliciously that Rozanov followed him shortly after, shooting his load deep into him.

For a few moments, both of them were just breathing. Rozanov looked at his pet, his abs covered in his own come, sweaty and flushed and still sitting on Rozanov's cock. After a minute or so, he pulled out, and watched his pet's hole quiver and drip.

“That was a fun first time”, he told Shane, and pushed him off his lap. Not quickly enough though, as there was now a glob of come on his suit pants. Well. He'd get them dry cleaned.

“Next time you drip on me, you lick it clean”, he announced, standing up and tucking himself away. He bent down and ruffled Shane's hair again, this time a reward for a job well done. “And make sure to put that plug back in, I want you to always be open and ready for me.”

He smiled down at his pet, with his flushed face and rumpled hair, covered in both of their come, cock softening against his thigh, eyes still hazy and unfocused from where he was kneeling on the ground. “Good job, pet”, he told him, and gently slapped his cheek before stepping over him and walking to the door. As much as he would love to spend his whole day fucking his pet, he had other, more important things to do.

When Ilya came back into the room a few minutes later, suit and shirt and shoes tossed haphazardly away towards the laundry, with a soft Centaurs T-shirt and his boxers on and armed with several warm, wet washcloths, he found Shane already on the bed. Some of the chains were off, but clearly he'd given up trying to reach his ankles.

“Ilyaaaa”, Shane sighed, and Ilya abandoned all plans of immediate cleanup and chain removal to climb onto the bed himself and lean down to give his beloved a soft kiss. Shane sighed happily, and wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck.

“You're gonna hate the mess if I don't get you cleaned up”, he murmured, and Shane acquiesced, letting his arms drop.

“That was so hot”, he murmured, staring dreamily at the ceiling. “Good idea, Rozanov.”

Ilya chuckled, and gently started to wipe Shane down. He loved it when his fiancé was fucked out enough that he didn't insist on doing the cleanup himself. “You'd make a good pet”, he hummed, and tossed the first washcloth aside before he moved to Shane's ass. “Might be boring without you running your mouth though.”

“Mh, I thought I just say boring things”, Shane hummed, rolling onto his side so Ilya could reach.

“Not as boring as you saying nothing.” Ilya gently finished his clean-up job, bending down to kiss Shane's ass cheek as he winced a little. “Sorry.” He tossed the second washcloth in the same plastic bucket as the first one (Shane would never speak to him again if he discovered the wet cloths lying on the carpet) and then made quick work of the cuffs on Shane's ankle. He gathered all five of them up and cleared them out of the way just enough so there wasn't a tripping hazard. He could do proper clean-up later.

Tidying-up job done, he finally flopped down onto the bed himself, and pulled the blanket over them. “Feeling good?” He ran his hand through Shane's hair, and got a happy sigh in response.

“Really good... I liked that game.” Shane looked at him as if Ilya had hung the moon into the sky, and Ilya couldn't help but to lean in and kiss him again. They kissed for quite a while, Hands running over skin, mouths exploring dips and valleys. He loved this. After an intense scene, to just lie here with Shane and kiss. Just kiss, and revel in the love they shared.

“I love you”, Shane murmured, as if he'd guessed Ilya's thoughts. “I love you so much.”

“And I love you, my Shane”, he responded, taking Shane's face into his hands again, gently this time, to kiss his lips again, trying to convey just how much he loved him. Beyond words, beyond even what Ilya could conceive.

“Can you-?” Shane gestured to himself, and Ilya chuckled. Sure, asking him to chain him to a wall and fuck his brains out, complete with the surrounding scenario, that seemed to be no problem for Shane, but to ask him afterwards for that deep pressure he liked so much to come down from a sex high? That still seemed impossible.

He really was too damn cute.

“Sure” he nodded, without pointing out his thoughts, and moved to lie on top of Shane, spreading his weight so he was pushing him evenly into the mattress.

“Yes, that's good”, Shane murmured, arms wrapping easily around Ilya's shoulders. “Thanks.”

“Love you”, Ilya simply said, and nuzzled into the crook of Shane's neck. It really wasn't a hardship to cuddle the man he was going to marry the way he wanted to after trying out a fun new sex game together.

“Mh... gonna float a bit, yeah?” Shane mumbled, eyes already closing. Ilya simply kissed the side of his neck and settled in, ready to hold his Shane for as long as he needed.

Preferably for the rest of his life, actually.

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