

Hurt You

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Hurt You

by [ompalompap](#)

Summary

“Shane- Hey. Hey.” His voice cracks. A tremor runs through his hands as he turns Shane carefully onto his side, supporting his head so it doesn’t flop. The warmth of Shane’s skin is still there, but it feels wrong now, like a warning instead of an invitation.

Fuck. What the hell just happened?

He tries to steady himself, but his hands are trembling so badly that they fumble over Shane’s body, checking for any sign that he’s okay. A pulse. Anything. His head is racing, his chest tight with panic.

When he finds the pulse, fast, irregular, but there, Ilya exhales shakily. But it doesn’t help the wave of dread crashing over him.

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Shane passes out during sex, and it freaks Ilya out.

Notes

Hi, sorry, I'm obsessed with them, it's unhealthy actually. I have no idea where in the timeline this takes place, maybe like at the cottage, or in the Long Game somewhere. Idk man.

Shane comes with a broken moan, his entire body screaming with pleasure. Ilya always jokes about how fast he comes, but he can't help it when Ilya's pounding into his nerves as if his life depends on it. Shane lets his head fall between his shoulders, trying to gather himself from his high.

Ilya doesn't slow down, rather speeds up. Shane is quickly overwhelmed.

His body feels like it's on fire, every nerve ending alight with sensation. It's almost too much, too fast. The relentless pressure Ilya's putting on him, the way his movements are pushing Shane toward the edge, it's like a storm crashing over him, all-consuming, blinding. He can't even keep his thoughts straight, and his breath is shallow, catching in his throat as a soft, strangled noise escapes him.

Ilya's thrusts are relentless, like they usually are whenever he's chasing his own release. The room is filled with the noise of Ilya's groaning and the sound of skin slapping skin.

"Ilya- Wait," Shane manages to gasp, but his voice is little more than a whisper, barely audible over the pounding of his own heart.

His body trembles, muscles straining against the pressure, the overwhelming stimulation that makes him feel like he might snap in half. He tries to move, to pull away, but it's impossible. He's trapped in this dizzying spiral, his body screaming to get away, but his limbs betray him.

His hands, weak from the tension in his body, try to push against the bed, but they give out before they can even gain any leverage. The next thing he knows, his face crashes into the pillow, only deepening Ilya's access.

Everything around him goes dizzy, swirling like he's trapped on a rollercoaster. His head feels like it's full of static, his body sinking into the bed like it's lost its strength entirely.

"Ilya," he gasps again, but his voice is thinner now, desperate, and his body goes limp beneath the weight of it all. The last thing he feels is Ilya's grip tightening around his hips,

keeping him in place, but even that doesn't feel real anymore.

And then, everything goes dark.

—

God, Ilya has missed this, missed him. The closeness, the warmth of Shane's body under his hands, the way Shane always went pliant when he trusted him. There's something almost addictive about how soft Shane's skin is, unnaturally smooth, like he was carved to be touchable.

Ilya's palms move over him with a sense of familiarity that's almost reverent, drinking in the feeling of having Shane this close again, of being allowed into his space, his body, his breath.

"God, Shane," he moans out, hoping to get the usual response from the man underneath him when he uses his first name.

He's so focused on the heat of Shane's skin, the rise and fall of his back, the small sounds he'd been making only seconds before, that it takes him a moment too long to realize something has changed. There's nothing, no movement, not even a small whimper from Shane.

Ilya stills instantly. His fingers, which had been tracing the line of Shane's hips, freeze mid-touch. A cold spike of confusion cuts through the haze in his mind as he looks down, expecting to see Shane shifting, maybe catching his breath.

But Shane isn't moving. He's completely limp.

"Shane?" he says, breathless, his voice hoarse for a very different reason now. He leans forward, hands slipping down the arch of Shane's back down to his shoulders, giving a small shake. Shane's head lolls, unresponsive, his cheek pressed into the pillow in a way that makes Ilya's stomach twist violently.

No. No, no, no. Ilya is quick to pull out and crawl over to the unconscious Shane.

“Shane- Hey. Hey.” His voice cracks. A tremor runs through his hands as he turns Shane carefully onto his side, supporting his head so it doesn’t flop. The warmth of Shane’s skin is still there, but it feels wrong now, like a warning instead of an invitation.

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Shane shouldn’t be like this. He shouldn’t have lost control like that. Ilya has never experienced this, knocking his partners unconscious during sex. He has heard it can happen, but it never happened to him. He has no idea what to do other than panic.

“Hollander,” he whispers, his voice breaking, before pulling Shane onto his side with desperate care. He presses a hand to Shane’s back, feeling the heat radiating from his skin. His breath is labored, his chest tight, but there’s no movement, no response.

God, what if he fucked up? What if Shane is actually hurt? What if he’ll never trust Ilya again?

“Shit, Shane I’m sorry,” Ilya murmurs, the words barely audible through the pounding in his head. He can’t leave him like this. He won’t. “Wake up.”

His eyes never leave Shane's face as he softly brushes a strand of hair from his forehead, his fingers trembling as he watches, helpless. The weight of the moment presses in on him, suffocating, and he swallows hard, trying to find some way to calm himself enough to fix this.

For all his bluster, for all the cocky, confident exterior he tries to keep up, this is the one thing he can't control. And it terrifies him.

—

Shane comes back slowly.

It's not like waking from sleep. It's like dragging himself out of deep water, heavy and disoriented. Sound reaches him first, the uneven, shaky rhythm of someone breathing too fast. Then warmth. A hand on his cheek. Fingers brushing his hair back.

Then a voice. Cracked. Panicked. Familiar.

"Shane?"

He blinks, just barely, his eyelids feeling glued together. The world swims into focus in fragments, the dim light of the room, the worry in Ilya's face hovering above him, the tension in his muscles replaced by a strange, hollow weakness.

"Ilya?" Shane whispers, or thinks he does. His voice is nothing, barely air.

But Ilya hears it. He jolts like he's been shocked, his hands immediately cupping Shane's face more deliberately.

"Jesus, Hollander." His voice breaks on the name, relief and fear colliding. "You fucking scared me."

Shane shifts, wincing as his body protests. “Wait, what happened?”

“You passed out,” Ilya says, still breathless, still hovering as though afraid Shane will disappear again. “You went limp. I tried to get you to respond and you—” His voice catches, and he looks away, jaw tight, eyes burning. “I thought you were not breathing for a second.”

Shane’s chest tightens at the thought of Ilya panicking, of him finding him like that. He reaches weakly for Ilya’s hand, brushing his fingers against it.

“I’m... okay,” he murmurs, though he’s still dizzy, still floating in the aftermath.

“You’re not,” Ilya snaps softly, but there’s no anger behind it. Just fear. Too much fear. “You scared me Hollander. I did not know what to do. I have never made someone... pass out. I didn’t know if you hit your head or if you could not breathe or—fuck.”

He breaks off, running a hand over his face. He looks shaken, truly shaken, in a way Shane has never seen.

Shane swallows, tugging at his hand to get Ilya to look at him again. “I’m okay,” he repeats gently. “I think... I think I just got overwhelmed. Or something.”

“That’s not good enough,” Ilya says, sounding torn between frustration and worry. “You didn’t just get overwhelmed. You were gone. I thought I hurt you.” His voice cracks again. “I would never forgive myself if I hurt you.”

Shane’s heart squeezes. Despite the lingering fog in his mind, he manages to nudge slightly closer, brushing their foreheads together.

“You didn’t hurt me,” he whispers. “You didn’t. I’m okay.”

Ilya takes a shaky breath, steadying himself. “I’m running you a bath,” he says, more to himself than to Shane, as if clinging to something he can control. “You’re not moving until I check you over. And you’re drinking water. And we are talking about this.”

Shane lets out a weak, breathy laugh. “Bossy.”

Ilya shoots him a look that’s somewhere between exasperation and heartbreak. “You were unconscious, Hollander. I get to be bossy.”

He scoops an arm under Shane’s shoulders, supporting him slowly, carefully, as if he’s afraid Shane might break. Shane doesn’t protest, his limbs feel like wet sand. That is, until Ilya brings his other arm under Shane’s knees and scoops him into his arms. Shane yelps, clinging into Ilya’s shoulders as he’s lifted from the bed.

“Fucking- let me down Rozanov. I can walk,” Shane groans, glaring at Ilya.

“No.”

Shane shuts his mouth with a huff, realizing Ilya won’t change his mind about this. They make it to the bathroom, Ilya gently putting Shane down and heading towards the bathtub. In the bathroom, the light is soft, warm. Ilya turns the taps to the bath with shaking hands, testing the water obsessively, adjusting it by a degree at a time.

Shane watches him through half-lidded eyes, the fog in his head clearing bit by bit. Ilya’s entire body is tense, his expression clearly bothered. Shane feels bad that he feels bad.

“Ilya,” he says quietly. “Come here.”

Ilya hesitates, then moves to his side. Shane reaches up, touching his cheek clumsily but deliberately.

“I’m okay,” he says again, softer this time. “Really.”

Ilya swallows hard. “Just let me make sure.”

He walks with Shane into the bath with slow, steady care, watching as Shane settles into the warm water. Shane sighs, the heat loosening the tightness in his chest, in his limbs. And then, without being asked, Ilya climbs in behind him, pulling Shane gently back against his chest.

Shane melts instantly, the butterflies in his stomach going crazy. Ilya’s chin rests on his shoulder, his arms around Shane’s torso in a protective hold, not possessive, not heated, just grounding. Safe.

Shane tilts his head, brushing it against Ilya’s temple. “It wasn’t your fault,” he murmurs. “I should’ve said something sooner.”

“No, I should’ve noticed sooner,” Ilya murmurs, guilt heavy in every word.

Shane’s fingers find his forearm, tracing lightly. “Ilya... you couldn’t have known. Hell, even I didn’t know what was happening.”

Ilya breathes out slowly, his chest rising and falling against Shane’s back. He combs a hand through Shane’s hair, drawing out a soft sigh from the man.

“Just... tell me next time,” he whispers. “Before it gets that far. Tell me when you’re overwhelmed, or uncomfortable. Tell me to slow down. I’ll listen.”

“I will,” Shane says.

“You promise?”

Shane tilts his head back with a small smile, looking up at him. “Ilya. I’m not planning on terrifying you again.”

“That is not a promise.”

Shane sighs, nudging his forehead against Ilya’s jaw. “Fine. I promise.”

Ilya relaxes, not completely, but enough for some of the tension in his arms to ease. He shifts slightly behind Shane, running slow, careful fingers through his damp hair.

“Am still not letting you walk,” he mutters after a moment.

Shane snorts. “You going to carry me everywhere now?”

“If I have to.”

“That sounds exhausting.”

“I am very strong.”

Shane laughs softly, the first real laugh since waking. It pulls at something deep in Ilya, something fragile and devoted and terrified.

Shane turns slightly, enough to rest his temple against Ilya’s chest, hearing the storm of his heartbeat gradually calming.

“Ilya?” he murmurs after a while.

“Mm?”

“Thank you. For taking care of me.”

Ilya presses a slow, deliberate kiss to the side of Shane’s head, gentle, reverent, nothing heated about it. “Always,” he whispers. “You hear me?”

Shane closes his eyes. The water is warm, the hold is safe, and the fear is finally fading.

“Yeah,” he breathes. “I hear you.”

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