

Can't Take My Eyes Off You

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Can't Take My Eyes Off You

by [theuniversedoesnotscream](#)

Summary

A hooded figure watches the light from the bedroom go out from where he waits. The man is filled with glee. He can hardly believe he found Shane Hollander. Now it was time to make Shane his. He lost him once before. He will treat Shane with nothing but respect and love. After tonight, Shane will realize that he is the one Shane wants. Not that idiotic Russian.

Notes

Hi everyone!

I cannot express my gratitude for your support on my first Hollanov fic. I had a plan of writing a completely different story and this took over my brain instead.

Warning: This fic contains depictions of consent-non-consent and rape roleplay that may be triggering. Please take care of yourself & read with caution <3

*self-edited so mistakes are my own

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

The sun is setting over the water as dusk gives way to night. Shane puts the car into park as he lets out a sigh of relief. Shane and Ilya have been looking forward to spending the month of July at the cottage before heading back for hockey camp in August. After the high of winning Shane's fourth, and Ilya's third, Stanley Cup with the Ottawa Centaurs, Shane was more than eager to spend some alone time with his husband.

Shane glances at the empty passenger seat with a small sigh. Ilya wasn't coming until tomorrow because of a campaign shoot that wrapped tomorrow afternoon. It's silly, Shane thinks to himself. He's a 32-year-old adult who is fully capable of spending 48-hours away from his husband. It's been a question asked before in the many post-game interviews they've had since they were outed and again when Shane signed with Ottawa. Do you ever get tired of each other since you are always together?

Truthfully, Shane couldn't get enough of Ilya. After spending a decade hiding each other, and eventually their love, Shane is thrilled to be able to see Ilya anytime he wants. To be within arms reach is an unadulterated joy Shane doesn't take for granted. The weeks they spent apart when they were 'rivals' were unbearable. Seeing each other through a phone screen did nothing to dull the painful ache in his chest. As if even breathing hurt when they were apart. Frantic, hurried sex and rushed goodbyes gave way to slow mornings wrapped around each other. Whispered confessions turned into loud declarations of love.

Shane shakes his head as he steps out of the car. He grabs his bag, locks the car door and heads inside. The scent of the cottage releases the tension out of Shane's shoulders. Shane flips the lights on and takes his shoes off before placing them on the shoe rack by the front door. Shane makes his way into the kitchen. Opening the fridge has the hairs on the back of Shane's neck stand up. Not because of the cold air blowing from the fridge but because there's a can of Coke missing. Shane glances around the kitchen but there is no trace of the drink anywhere.

Biting his lip, Shane closes the fridge slowly. Shane knows how insane he would sound if he told anyone this. But Shane knows exactly what he left at the cottage in preparation for their vacation. 12 cans of Ginger Ale and 12, no 11 now, cans of Coke were lined on the bottom shelf of the fridge. A mixture of Shane's food and food he knows Ilya will actually eat fill the other shelves. Knows that there are two cartons of eggs on the shelf above the drinks next to a bunch of grapes, a bag of kale and tofu. Condiments line the fridge doors by height and condiment type. None of those things were touched. Maybe Ilya had taken one and Shane hadn't noticed.

Shane's phone lights up with a notification and an involuntary smile crosses his face. Lily's name pops up with a message that says to let him know when he made it safely. Shane fires off a quick text, omitting the missing Coke mystery, to let Ilya know he made it and he misses him. Shane knows his husband will only worry and there is nothing he can do when he's in Toronto. Shane pulls out a Ginger Ale and takes a sip to calm his nerves. He can't shake the feeling that someone was in his home. No one has access to the cottage besides Ilya and his parents. But his parents are currently visiting Rome for three weeks and Ilya isn't here.

The call of a loon from outside scares Shane out of his train of thought. “Motherfucker,” he mumbles to himself as he moves to take his bag to their bedroom. Shane steps into the room and instantly knows something is wrong. The bed is made immaculately, and the dresser and end tables are dusted and clean. The dreaded feeling fills Shane’s stomach as he peers around the room.

It takes Shane a minute too long to realize what’s wrong. The chair that normally sits innocently in the far corner of the room has moved four inches closer to the bed. Shane knows for a fact that he had moved the chair back into place before leaving last time. His face flushes warmly as he remembers why it was moved in the first place. Ilya had taken Shane apart with his fingers while Shane read his book.

Instinctively, Shane peers out the window and across the property. The property is blanketed in darkness. The only light is the moonlight illuminating off the lake. Shane’s phone buzzes with an incoming call. Shane doesn’t recognize the number but decides to answer it in case it’s important.

“Hello?” Shane asks as he sits down on the edge of the bedroom. Silence greets him. Shane pulls his phone from his ear to look at it and brings it back to his ear. “Hello? Is anyone there?” More silence. And then the sound of heavy breathing filters through the phone’s speaker. “Who is this?” Shane tries to keep the tremble out of his voice. “Okay, I’m hanging up now.” After ending the call, Shane shakily dials Ilya’s number before pressing call. Not a Facetime call. Shane doesn’t want Ilya to know how rattled he is.

“Hi *moya lyubuv*,” Ilya’s warm voice greets Shane. “Hey baby, how is the shoot going?” Shane aims for casual but knows he missed it by a mile when Ilya doesn’t answer right away. “Shane...what’s going on?” Ilya questions. Shane shrugs even though Ilya can’t see him. “Nothing. I just missed you.” Ilya hums but stays silent. Ilya knows that if he waits it out Shane will eventually tell him what’s wrong. Shane hates (loves) that he knows that. “I just... okay don’t laugh, okay? But I think someone robbed us.”

“What do you mean robbed? Are you safe? When did this happen? Are you hurt?” Ilya rapid fires questions and which Shane answers dutifully. “I’m fine. I’m not hurt. This is going to sound insane, okay? I know it does but remember we drove up a few days ago to leave groceries for us?” Ilya agrees. “Well one of the cans of Coke is missing,” Shane says. The line is silent for a minute before Ilya lets out a bark of laughter. “It’s not funny!” Shane hisses, “The chair in the bedroom also moved closer to the bed.”

“Sweetheart, I took one with me when we left. I was thirsty. As for the chair, I am not sure. Maybe I moved it looking for my socks,” Ilya says, his tone filled with amusement. Shane’s shoulders sag in relief. “Oh,” Shane says quietly. He feels stupid. He also feels bad about bothering his husband over something so mundane. “No robbing has occurred,” Ilya says more seriously. “But make sure you turn security system on, *da*?” They had it installed last year when a fan tried to break in. “Yeah. I’ll do that. I’m sorry I bothered you,” Shane mumbles. “No. You do not apologize for this. If I can help, I will help. Is my job as your husband.” Shane doesn’t know how he got so lucky. They spend another 10 minutes on the phone before saying goodbye.

Taking a deep breath, Shane stands up and starts his unpacking routine. Clothes are hung in the closet by type and colour. His toothbrush, toothpaste and skincare line the left side of the bathroom counter. Once everything is put away, Shane heads back to the kitchen as his stomach growls. Luckily, Shane had prepped some food and left it here, knowing he would be too tired to cook when he got here. After heating the food up, Shane meanders over to the couch and sits down. Shane goes to turn on the lamp and freezes. The lamp is already on. Shane knows he didn't leave any lights on when they were here. He had been the last one out of the cottage. He hadn't even gone into living room.

Shane throws on a documentary to fill the room with sound but he's not really paying attention. The food tastes like sawdust in his mouth. The hair on the back of his neck is still stuck up. Goosebumps run along his forearms. Shane looks out the window again and doesn't spot anything unusual. But the feeling doesn't dissipate.

After washing his dishes, Shane does his nightly locking up routine. He dutifully turns on the alarm system and checks the front and sliding door locks three times before heading to their bedroom. Shane pulled his hoodie and sweatpants off. He hesitates before slipping off his underwear along with his sweats. It isn't often that Shane slept naked, preferring the comfort of his boxers and Ilya's T-shirt. But part of him felt a little reckless.

The hockey season is over. Shane's strict control over himself has loosened half a degree. Slipping under the covers, Shane grabs his book and sits with his back against the wall. An hour later, the words are blurring and Shane's eyes are growing heavy. He puts his book down and turns out the bedside lamp. Shane rolls over onto Ilya's side of the bed and snuggles against the pillow. Shane never sleeps well without his husband. Maybe it was the fresh air. Maybe it was his pure exhaustion. Maybe it was the notion that the faster he sleeps the faster Ilya gets here. But Shane is pulled into a deep sleep mere minutes after turning the light out.

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A hooded figure watches the light from the bedroom go out from where he waits behind the treeline. The man is filled with glee. He can hardly believe he found Shane Hollander. Now it was time to make Shane his. He lost him once before. He will treat Shane with nothing but respect and love. After tonight, Shane will realize that he is the one Shane wants. Not that idiotic Russian.

To be safe, the figure waits another 45 minutes. He's waited nearly nine months, so 45 minutes is nothing. Once the 45 minutes are up, he slips silently through the trees and over the grass. The man tiptoes up the steps toward the backdoor of the cottage. Pressing his ear to the door, the man strains to hear any sounds of life. Silence wraps around him. Perfect. He sneaks around the side of the cottage and toward the garage. Pulling out his phone, the figure hacked into Shane's security system and turned it off. He picks the garage door lock with a bobby pin and grins to himself as he hears the click. The man quickly steps into the garage and closes the door behind him. Turning his flashlight on, Ilya spies the garage door entrance that leads to the main entrance of the house. Bingo. A smirk spreads across his face as he realizes how close he is to claiming what is his. Oh baby, you have no idea what's coming.

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Shane wakes up with a startled gasp. The sound of creaking wood wakes him up. Shane groans lowly. He reaches up to turn the bedside lamp on and frowns when it doesn't work. He touches the lampshade again but the light stays out. Shane shuffles across the bed to try the other one. No luck. Shane grabs his phone and turns on the flashlight. Quietly he slips out of bed and heads toward the bedroom door. He tries the overhead light and ice freezes his veins. Shane realizes two things immediately. The power is out and someone is in his home.

Shane flies back to the bed and dives under the covers. Shane's fingers are shaking so badly that he drops his phone twice before he can unlock it. Shane goes to call 911 but as he's about to press call his phone dies. Shane can only stare at the darkened screen in horror. Oh god. This is how he's going to die. He needs to get out of here. The closest neighbour is a few kilometres away. Shane has run the loop between his cottage and his neighbour's many times and knows it will take him 10 minutes to run there.

Shane stood on shaky legs as he blindly reached for his clothes. Shane slips his hoodie back on and his underwear. Shane peeks his head out of the room and starts moving down the hall. Sliding silently to the front door he misses the shadow falling across the kitchen counter. Shane jams his feet into his sneakers and struggles to tie his laces. A low laugh startles him. Shane whips his head up to find a shadowy figure standing *inside* the backdoor.

The figure does nothing as Shane scrambles to his feet. Shane doesn't wait for the intruder to attack. He wrenches the front door opens and runs into the summer night.

Shane's heart is beating in his throat as he runs. The sound of the front door closing sounds like a shotgun in the dark. Shane is nowhere near the road so he opts to dart into the trees instead. Before long, Shane's lungs are burning and his legs ache but he doesn't stop. If he stops, he's dead.

Sweat pours down his back as he runs through the forest. Shane slows down to try and hear if the intruder is following him. Shane hides himself behind a large tree as he tries to catch his breath.

"Oh Shane," a voice rings out in a sing-song tone, "Where are you?" Shane gulps down another lungful of air and he's off again. Shane stops running as he bends at the knees. He's exhausted. Even though he's in top physical condition, he can't run forever.

The snap of a branch catches Shane's attention. He looks around wildly, trying to pinpoint where the sound came from. Shane backs up slowly until he hits the trunk of a tree. Except the bark doesn't dig into his back. No, the tree trunk is warm?

Shane realizes a second too late. A strong arm wraps around his waist and the other fits snugly against his neck. Shane struggles desperately against the man's hold but it's no use. "My, my aren't we in a mood?" A dark chuckle sinks into Shane's ears. "Fuck you!" Shane spits out. "Oh I plan to. You're going to be aching by tomorrow." A sliver of fear slams into Shane. This can't be happening. "Look I haven't even seen your face so let me go and I won't say anything. I swear," Shane chokes out.

"Do you think I am stupid?" The man asks with a growl. The man flips them and presses Shane's front against the tree. "No. You will go run to your stupid Russian boyfriend." Shane

doesn't bother to correct the man as he shakes his head vehemently, "No! I swear I won't. Just let me go." The man contemplates the request for five seconds. "No. I lost you once. I am not losing you again. You are mine now." Shane can't stop the sob that escapes him. His only thought is Ilya and how he wished he'd taken his husband's offer to join him at his photoshoot instead of coming to the cottage early.

"What are you going to do to me?" Shane whispers. Shane feels the man's hot breath against his ear before he bites down on his earlobe. Shane lets out a pained gasp. "Mm so many things I want to do to you. Take you apart with my fingers. My cock. Make you beg until you are delirious with need for me. Fuck you stupid so you only remember the feeling of my cock in your tight ass." Shane lets several tears fall. He doesn't want this. He wants warm hands and soft touches. The smooth Russian lilt of his husband's accent in his ear. Anya curled up at the end of the bed. Anything other than this.

"Please don't. M-My husband..." A slap echoes loudly in the trees and Shane lets out a strangled scream. The man had smacked his ass. "Don't say his fucking name," the man snarls. "He does not deserve you." That's where you're wrong, Shane thinks silently. It is Shane who doesn't deserve Ilya. Ilya who moved to Ottawa for Shane. Ilya who puts up with his neuroticism and quirks. Ilya who loves Shane because of who he is, not in spite of it.

Shane slams the heel of his foot into the man's calf. The man yelps in surprise and Shane takes advantage of the loosened grip and slips out of it. Shane loops back through the forest and bursts into the clearing of his backyard. He took the long way around with various dekes in hopes of throwing the man off his trail. Hurriedly, he runs up the side of the cottage and jumps up to the windowsill of the bathroom. Shane's arm protests as he lifts the window up and crawls through. He drops down on the toilet before closing the window as quietly as possible.

Shane's heart is hammering in his chest. Panic grips him as the reality sets in. He has no way of communicating to anyone. The power is out. His phone is dead. He's so fucked. If he was going to die, he wanted to be near his husband in some way. Fucked up? Probably but no less true. As he slips out of the bathroom and toward the bed, Shane hopes Ilya will forgive him for leaving this world without him.

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The man easily tracks Shane back to his cottage. His head shakes in disbelief. After he claims his prize, he will make sure Shane knows how stupid it was to go back. The man heads back to the garage, finds the power panel and turns the power back on. Slipping in through the garage door with ease, he makes his way silently down the hallway toward the master bedroom. The door opens quietly and the man walks in, eyes immediately drawn to the bed.

His prize is laid out for him so beautifully. Black boxers cover the magnificently sculpted ass underneath. His strong muscles hidden tragically underneath an Ottawa Centaurs hoodie. Glassy eyes stare at him in fear as he scrambles toward the head of the bed. "Please. I'll give you money. Whatever you want. Just plea-" The words die in Shane's throat as the man kneels on the bed. The man's eyes are darkened with lust and Shane can see the outline of his cock through his jeans. "What I want is to fuck that ass open. Get you addicted to my cock so

that no one will compare to me. You will be begging me to come and give you only what I can. Not that awful Russian. He cannot satisfy you.”

Shane trembles at the heavy threat in the man’s voice. Unfortunately, his cock has other ideas. A wet spot is visible on his boxers and he knows the man sees it. A feral grin spreads across the man’s face. “I knew you wanted it.” Shane shakes his head quickly, “No I don’t!” The man catches Shane before he can fall off the bed and pins him underneath his weight. “Stop it!” Shane cries as he struggles against the man. “I don’t think is what you want hm?” The man says lowly in his ear before kissing down the side of his neck.

An involuntary moan falls from Shane’s lips. His neck has always been especially sensitive. “You want it. You want *me*. You are too scared to ask. So I answer.” The man grinds their cocks together and moans loudly. “Get off me,” Shane tries to yell but is cut off with the sensation of their cocks touching. “Look at you. Getting yourself off on me,” the man chuckles, “So desperate for it. Practically gagging for it.” Shane spits in the man’s face, “You’re sick.” The man pauses and wipes the spit off his cheek before shoving his spit covered fingers in Shane’s mouth. Shane chokes on the intrusion of fingers.

“Suck,” the man commands as he starts fucking his fingers into Shane’s mouth. Shane whimpers. He wants this to be over with. He wants the man to leave. Maybe if he plays along the man will leave him alone. So, Shane tentatively sucks on the man’s fingers. “Fuck...” The man groans loudly. “Your mouth is good. Taking my fingers so well,” the man croons.

Shane can feel himself getting harder at the praise. Shane loves when his husband’s praises him. How he calls Shane his *moy malen’kiy shchenok* (*my little puppy*) and *Krolik* (*bunny*) and pets his hair. He shouldn’t like how this man, this *intruder*, is praising him. It shouldn’t send shivers of pleasure down his spine.

The man takes his fingers out of Shane’s mouth and Shane gags and tries to inhale. “Close your eyes.” Shane slowly closes his eyes, “Fuck. So good at listening to my instructions. Follow like a good puppy.” Another whimper falls from Shane’s mouth. “Yeah? You want that? To be my puppy?” The man’s voice is thick with desire. Shane shakes his head again. The man slaps him across the face and Shane lets out a cry. “Do not lie to me Shane Hollander.” Shane’s eyes rip open at the mention of his name. “You are surprised I know who you are?” The man questions. “I know everything about you.” Shane shudders. “Close your eyes.” Shane glances toward the door. He’ll never make out of the room before the man inevitably brings him back to the bed. A slap to his chest has Shane gasping. The man pinches Shane’s nipples hard. “Listen to me you fucking whore.” Shane’s eyes flutter close at the mix of pain and pleasure. “That’s my puppy. What a good boy. Here I will give you treat for being so well-behaved.” Shane hears the unmistakable sound of a belt being taken off.

“Open.” The command comes out gravelly. Shane stubbornly refuses. His husband is the only man Shane has ever been with. Shane has no desire to sleep with another man. To touch another man. He doesn’t want another man to have what he gave his husband. The man grabs his jaw roughly and Shane’s mouth opens automatically. Before Shane can speak, the man feeds his cock into Shane’s mouth.

The man lets out a punched-out moan. “That’s it baby. Take my cock.” Shane chokes on the length of the man’s cock. The man thrusts deeper into his mouth. Shane bites him. The man

pulls his cock out and slaps him across the face. Shane prays there isn't a mark there tomorrow. There is no way Ilya can find out about this. "I will let this pass once. If you do it again there will be consequences. Maybe I will wait for your husband to come home and have a little fun with him." Horror spreads through Shane's body. No chance in hell can Shane let that happen. "I won't. I'm sorry," Shane says softly. Pliant. Submissive.

"That's okay. My puppy just needs to learn manners. Back in your mouth." Shane quickly takes the man's cock down his throat. "Such a fucking cockslut. Your husband know you are a cock hungry whore?" The man asks but continues to talk, "You get turned on with any cock in your mouth. Does not matter who's it is. Maybe I get my friends to come and have their turn," the man chuckles darkly. Shane feels tears leak down his cheeks at the suggestion. "You are lucky I do not share my property," the man says before twisting Shane's nipples painfully. Shane moans involuntarily around the man's cock, sending vibrations up his cock. Damn his super sensitive nipples.

The man runs his hands through Shane's hair before yanking his head back. "Tell me who you belong to." Shane swallows hard, "My husband." The man snarls and manhandles Shane onto his stomach in the middle of the bed. Several spanks are made across Shane's ass in quick succession. Shane tries to squirm away but it's no use. The man holds him down as if Shane weighs nothing. Like Shane is nothing more than a toy to be played with and broken.

"Try again. Who the fuck do you belong to?" Tears fall freely down Shane's face, "You." The man grips Shane's hair and pulls him up. "What was that? Speak up." Shane whines at the pain of his hair being pulled. "I'm yours. I'll be good I promise." The man reaches down and squeezes Shane's cock, "Good puppy." The man shoves him back down on the bed, "Hands and knees puppy. Present that slutty hole to me."

Shane scrambles to obey. His thighs are shaking so much he can barely hold himself up. The man rips Shane's boxers off with his hands. "Fucking perfect ass. All mine." Shane yelps as the man bites into the plush of his left cheek. "You are going to beg for me to lick your hole." Shane breathes heavily, "And if I don't?" A finger presses itself past Shane's rim dry. A cry escapes his lips at the burn. "Then I call your stupid husband and make him listen to me fuck you." *No*. "You do not want me to call? You beg for me."

Shane takes a shuddering breath, "P-Please," he whispers. "You can do better than that. I have heard all the dirty things you have told your husband. How badly you want to be split open by his cock. How desperately you need to be filled all the time. How you would do anything for his tongue in your tight hole." Shane's eyes widen. "How have you heard us?" Predictably, the man doesn't answer his question. The man brings his hand down directly on Shane's hole and Shane falls to his forearms. "I will not ask again," the man says as he lifts his phone for Shane to see.

"Please eat me out," Shane whimpers, "Need it so bad." Shane prays Ilya understands why he's doing this if he ever finds out. "Keep going," the man says as drizzles lube onto his fingers. "Want to fuck myself on your tongue," Shane squirms at the cool feeling of lube on his hole as the man drizzles some over his rim. "Mm I will get you nice and wet and open for me. Then I fuck you," the man says with a glint in his eye before diving into Shane's hole.

Pleas, whimpers and moans fill the room as the man assaults Shane's hole with his tongue. "Oh fuck!" Shane cries out as the man adds two fingers alongside his tongue. The man pulls back, "Knew you wouldn't be able to resist me. Your slutty hole needs to be filled constantly. Unlike your husband, I would keep you full. Have you constantly filled with my cum and plugged so you can feel it sloshing around inside you when you move." Shane moans and he can't even pretend it's not because of the man's words. He and Ilya had talked about keeping Shane plugged all day but it hadn't happened yet. Shane's cock is hard and leaking all over the sheets. God, this was so fucked up.

The smirk on the man's face is devilish before pressing his face against Shane's ass and eats him out like a man starved. The man reaches forward and starts jerking Shane off in time with his licks. Big fat tears roll down Shane's cheeks. A mix of shame, guilt and overwhelming pleasure. He's so fucking close. But he wouldn't. He wouldn't give this man his pleasure.

The man sucks on Shane's rim before plunging back in. His hand jerking him off faster. "Come for me puppy." Shane sobs as his cum spurts on his chest and the sheets. The man sits back on his calves and pulls Shane up. The man presses his mouth against Shane's and forces his tongue inside. The man licks around every crevice in Shane's mouth. When the man pulls back, Shane is covered in his own cum and spit. "Please let me go," Shane's voice is wrecked. "I don't want this. I won't say anything." The man rolls his eyes and picks up his ruined boxers and shoves them in Shane's mouth as a makeshift gag. "You talk too much." The saltiness of the man's precum hits Shane's tongue and he moans at the taste.

"Perfect little cumslut," the man praises, pressing three fingers inside Shane's hole. Shane cries out at the stretch. "You are going to have to do better than that to take my cock," the man says as pushes his fourth finger in. "No! I don't want...please! I can't!" Shane sobs, his throat raw from crying. "You do not decide what you want. I decide what you want because I own you. You do not make decisions. You do as I tell you." Shane tries desperately to move away but the man holds him down by his hips and slams his fingers hard into Shane's wet hole. "You let me fuck this pretty fuckhole and I will never bother you again. But if you don't..." Shane sees the man holding his phone with Ilya's number already pulled up. "I do not think your husband will take kindly to you cheating on him." This isn't cheating, Shane thinks desperately.

Shane spits out the gag. "Will you wear a condom at least?" Shane asks timidly. The man straight up laughs in his face before pressing the wet material back into his mouth. "No. Because when I fill you with my cock and my cum, I want you to know exactly who's it is and how much you begged for it." The terror in Shane's eyes only seems to spur the man on as he jerks his cock above Shane's hole.

The head of the man's cock presses inside and Shane gasps. "God, I wish you could see this. Your hole is swallowing my cock. Fuck. Still so fucking tight," the man groans as he bottoms out. The man doesn't wait for Shane to adjust to his size before he slams into him repeatedly. Shane's cries are muffled by the ruined underwear. "That's it sweetheart. Taking my cock so well. Can never get enough of this ass. Want to stay in you all the time." Shane lets out a guttural scream as the man abuses his prostate.

“Cum for me. I want you to cum on my cock while I breed this slutty hole. Fall apart for me,” Shane shatters as his second orgasms tears through him. “Fuck!” The man moans as he bends down and sucks on the side of Shane’s neck. The man thrusts a few more times before spilling himself inside Shane.

The man pulls himself out and Shane feels the man’s cum seeping out of him. “You were good fuck. Since you decided to behave, I will not kill you...tonight. Say anything about this to anyone and I will pay your husband a visit.” Shane tries to tell him no. To leave Ilya alone but his head is fuzzy and his tongue feels heavy. “I’ll be seeing you again Shane Hollander.” The man’s footsteps fade as Shane distantly hears a door close. He’s alone. A sob wrenches through him as the reality of what just happened set in.

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Shane is sure he’s hallucinating. He can hear the sweet familiar cadence of his husband’s voice. But that doesn’t make any sense. His husband is over 5 hours away from him. Shane blinks heavily as he tries to move. Ilya’s voice grows louder. Shane wants to dissolve into it. Doesn’t care if his husband sees the state he’s in. Just needs his husband *here*.

Speaking is the most difficult thing Shane has done. It takes all of his energy to turn his head toward the voice. “Ilya?” Shane rasps and winces at how ruined he sounds. “I’m right here, sweetheart. I got you. You did so good for me. My perfect boy,” Ilya praises as he gathers Shane in his arms.

Shane melts into his husband’s touch. Feeling Ilya’s heartbeat gives Shane something to anchor to. “I am so proud of you. You were such a good boy for me. Listened so well.” Ilya continues to murmur sweet nothings in Shane’s ear. Shane feels like he’s floating down a lazy river. Warm and content. He never wants to leave. “Shane, *moya lyubuv*, come back to me,” Ilya whispers gently. Shane whines as he snuggles impossibly closer against his husband. If Shane could fuse their bodies together he would. “I know sweetheart. It’s okay. You’re safe. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

Shane’s eyes flutter open and Ilya’s face comes into view. A fresh wave of tears coat Shane’s eyelashes as he throws his arms around Ilya and buries his face in his neck. Ilya holds him tightly as Shane cries it out. Eventually, Shane calms down enough to take deep, shuddering breaths. Ilya guides him through their standard breathing exercise.

“Okay?” Ilya’s eyes are searching Shane’s for signs of discomfort and pain. Shane kisses him softly, “It was perfect,” he whispers. “It was not too much? Did I hurt you?” Shane can tell how anxious Ilya is. Shane holds Ilya’s head in his hands, “You were perfect. All of it was incredible. Better than I could have imagined. You are so good to me. Thank you. *Ya tebya lyublyu*,” Shane says earnestly. He needs Ilya to realize how much Shane loved this and how proud Shane is of his husband for stepping out of his comfort zone.

When Shane originally brought up the idea of CNC, Ilya was extremely unsure. Ilya has never been one to intentionally inflict pain on his husband. It went against everything he knew. Shane is his world. Ilya never wanted to hurt his husband. He couldn’t understand why people liked being hurt. Shane didn’t press the subject and it was forgotten about for a few weeks. Until Ilya finds a video by a kink creator talking about CNC. He held his breath the

entire video but by the end of it, Ilya knew two things. One, CNC was nothing like he believed it to be. Two, he was painfully hard.

So, Ilya broaches the subject again that night. What follows is lengthy discussions on safewords, limits, boundaries aftercare, and kinks. They researched and planned the scene down to the second. It made both of them feel better going into it. Ilya had a near panic attack the first time he spanked Shane. They had decided it was best to ease into the more painful aspects of the scene to see if it was something Ilya could handle.

Seeing his handprint on Shane's ass made him sick. All he could think about was that he hurt his husband. Shane reassured him that he liked it, loved it even, but he wouldn't push Ilya if he was uncomfortable. The second time Ilya spanks Shane, his cock is leaking within seconds. A mixture of guilt and arousal swirling around in his gut. While inflicting pain isn't something Ilya would like to do every time, he's grown to appreciate its use and the blissful way Shane looks after being thoroughly spanked.

"Baby?" Shane's worried voice brings Ilya back to the present. "*Ya tebya lyublyu*," Ilya murmurs as he rests his forehead against Shane's. "Thank you for trusting me," Ilya says as he squeezes Shane's hand. "Thank you for going along with this. I know it isn't exactly your thing..." Shane's face flushes. "Mm no. Not my thing all the time but maybe sometimes." Shane's eyes widen in surprise. His eyes searching Ilya's own. "Really?" Ilya nods. "But for now I want to take care of you."

Ilya needed to take care of Shane as a way to apologize for what he put his husband through. While he understands he didn't really hurt Shane, that his husband wanted this, Ilya needed to make it up to Shane for himself. "You're going to have to carry me. I think you broke me," Shane murmurs with a laugh. "I'll carry you anywhere," Ilya says seriously.

Ilya fills up the bathtub and throws in Epsom salts to help Shane's body relax. He dims the lights and helps his husband into the warm water. Ilya takes his time washing every inch of Shane's skin. Ilya flinches at the bruised finger marks on Shane's hips. "I'm really okay," Shane whispers as he looks up at Ilya. "I love how you mark me. Claim me." Ilya kisses Shane's forehead gently, "How did I get so lucky?" Shane shrugs, "Met a boring Canadian, fell in love and the rest is history."

Once the water starts to get cold, Ilya helps Shane out of the tub and into a fluffy, warm towel. Shane had bought a towel warmer when he was drunk seven months ago. They use it constantly. After Ilya dries Shane off, he dashes into their bedroom to find clothes before heading back. He helps Shane into a pair of sweatpants and Ilya's Raider's shirt because he knows Shane loves to be surrounded by Ilya's scent after a particularly rough scene. Ilya guides him to the kitchen and helps him onto one of the bar stools. "There's a frozen pizza in the freezer we can heat up," Shane says and Ilya turns to stare at his husband. "Did I fuck you too hard? Where did my healthy husband go?" The tone is teasing and Shane laughs along. "Your husband just burned about 3000 calories and wants some fucking pizza." Ilya throws the spinach and feta pizza into the oven before heading back to their bedroom. He strips the sheets and replaces them with fresh ones. "Baby, pizza's done!" Shane calls and Ilya definitely does not run to his husband.

The rest of the night is spent trading kisses for bites of pizza and snuggling up on the couch watching re-runs of the Bachelor. When they fall into bed that night in a mess of tangled limbs and laugh-filled kisses, Shane and Ilya fall asleep to the sound of each other's heartbeat.

End Notes

I've always wanted to write a stalker roleplay fic and here we are! I would love to know your thoughts

As always, comments and kudos mean the world <3

You can find me TikTok https://www.tiktok.com/@theuniversedoesnotscream?_r=1&_t=ZS-9467BgsFotF & Tumblr <https://www.tumblr.com/blog/theuniversedoesnotscream5>

See you on the next one <3

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