

take what i want (and i want you)

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by [velvetkiwi](#)

Summary

"I want to not be me for a while. I want to reach a point where my 'yes' doesn't matter because you've already decided for me."

Shane Hollander is tired. Tired of the 'Golden Boy' mantle, tired of the Captain's "C," and tired of being the one in control of every single detail. He doesn't just want a night off; he wants to be dismantled.

He leaves the back door of his cottage unlocked as a silent invitation for a thief to take what he's no longer willing to carry. And Ilya Rozanov is more than happy to steal the one thing Shane has never been able to give up: his autonomy.

Notes

hey yall!

i was brainstorming what to write about next, and a friend gave me the idea of blindfolds and some sort of roleplay. my mind went straight to CNC i cant lie. i loveee writing fics focusing on kinks that are often shamed/misunderstood, and CNC was the natural next step.

i wanted to characterize shane and ilya accordingly and make sure that my work shows a full picture of CNC, including the setup and discussion on safety. i find the contrast between the safe/sane and pure filth super hot!

i hope you enjoy!

Chapter 1: The Terms of the Theft

The problem wasn't that the sex was bad. It was never bad.

Shane sat on the edge of the bed in their Montreal apartment, the sweat cooling on his skin as the heavy, familiar ache in his muscles provided a temporary anchor to the world. Beside him, Ilya was a warm, solid presence, his breathing slowly leveling out into the rhythmic pull of sleep.

They'd used the cuffs tonight. Ilya had been rough—his hands possessive, his weight a grounding force that usually silenced the white noise of Shane's anxiety for at least an hour. But tonight, the hum was still there, vibrating just beneath his ribs.

Shane looked at the metal restraints lying discarded on the duvet. They were familiar. They were safe. He knew exactly how much give they had; knew that if he asked, Ilya would let him up instantly. He knew the man beside him saw him as Shane Hollander: his partner, an equal.

And that was exactly the problem.

"You are quiet," Ilya murmured, his voice thick with post-coital laziness. He reached out, his fingers tracing the faint, blooming red marks the neoprene had left on Shane's wrists. "Did I do something?"

"No," Shane said, though his voice felt thin in the quiet room. He turned, catching the soft blue of Ilya's eyes in the lamplight. "It was good, Ilya. It's always good. I just..."

He trailed off, his gaze drifting to the dresser where a small, black bag sat—the one containing the spreader bar they'd only used twice. Even then, it felt like a performance. A 'spiced up' version of a Tuesday night.

"You want more." It wasn't a question. Ilya sat up, the sheets pooling around his waist, his gaze sharpening as he read the rigid tension in Shane's shoulders.

"I want to not be me for a while," Shane confessed, the words tumbling out before he could overthink them. "When we do this—even when you're rough—I'm still the one driving. I'm still the Captain of the Montreal Metros, just... in handcuffs."

He looked at his wrists, the pink chafe already beginning to fade. "It feels like a costume I can take off at any second. I'm always the one setting the pace. I'm the one who says 'yes' or 'more.' I want to reach a point where my 'yes' doesn't matter because you've already decided for me."

Ilya stayed silent, his large frame silhouetted against the dim glow of the city through the window. He was a powerhouse of a man, built for collisions and grit, yet with Shane, there was always a hidden layer of restraint. A carefulness. It was the natural fear of a man who knew exactly how much damage he could do if he truly let go.

"You want me to take it," Ilya said, his voice dropping into a low, rougher register. "Not because I am stronger, but because you are giving me the key to the door."

"I'm giving you everything," Shane whispered. He moved closer, pressing his forehead against Ilya's chest, feeling the steady, rhythmic thrum of a heart that never seemed to rattle. "I want to be overstimulated. I want to panic. I want to try to fight you and have you just... handle it. I want to wake up the next morning and know that for those hours, I was completely yours."

Ilya's hands came up, hovering for a heartbeat before settling heavily on Shane's shoulders. The grip was firm, the kind of pressure that reminded Shane he was pinned even when he wasn't restrained.

"It is a dangerous thing you ask, котенок," Ilya murmured. "To play with fear. You think you want to lose control, but when the breath is short and the mind is screaming, that is when you will want Shane Hollander back. And I... I do not like the thought of seeing you truly scared of me."

"That's why it has to be a character," Shane argued, looking up with a desperate kind of clarity. "Don't be Ilya. Be a thief. Be someone who doesn't know me—someone who doesn't care if I'm tired or if I have a game on Thursday. Use that control. Take the power I'm giving you and actually use it."

Ilya's thumb traced the line of Shane's jaw, a slow, possessive movement that felt like a brand. He was processing the weight of the request—the psychological burden of being the one to dismantle the Golden Boy.

"You want to be a prize," Ilya realized, his eyes darkening as the gravity in the room shifted. "A thing to be found and kept."

"Yes."

Ilya reached for his phone, the harsh blue light cutting through the amber warmth of the bedroom. He opened a blank note, his expression shifting into the focused mask he wore when analyzing game tape.

"If I am this man," Ilya began, "I need to know where the lines are. Because once the 'thief' is in the room, Ilya Rozanov does not exist to protect you from himself."

Shane shivered, the cold clinicality of it more arousing than any sweet talk. He sat back on his heels, his naked skin prickling in the sudden draft.

"No lasting marks above the collar," Shane said, his voice regaining its professional steadiness. "I have a press conference on Monday. And nothing that breaks the skin. Bruises are... fine. Expected."

Ilya's thumb tapped the screen. "Bruises are fair game. What about the tools? The spreader bar. The cuffs. The toys."

"Use them all," Shane whispered. "I want to be restricted. I want to be open. And I want... I want to be overstimulated, Ilya. I want you to use the vibrator and the dildo until I'm literally begging you to stop, and then I want you to keep going anyway."

Ilya's gaze snapped up, his pupils blown wide. "You want me to ignore your 'no'?"

"Only the 'no' that's part of the play," Shane clarified, leaning in until their chests brushed. "We use the traffic light system. Red is the only thing that stops the clock. If I say 'no' or 'stop', that's just the prey talking. You ignore it. You use it to fuel the scene. But if I say 'Red'..."

"Everything stops," Ilya finished, his jaw tight. "The lights come on. I am Ilya again."

"Exactly." Shane reached out, his hand covering Ilya's on the phone. "But I don't want to use it. I want to see how far you can push me before I even think about it. I want to be bad. I want you to punish me for trying to run. I want the intruder to treat me like a piece of property he found and decided to keep."

Ilya let out a long, slow breath. The natural fear was still there, visible in the slight tremor of his grip, but it was being overtaken by a dark, protective resolve. He understood now. The best way to love Shane Hollander tonight was to become the man Shane was most afraid of.

"And the crying?" Ilya asked quietly. "You always get... loud. If you start to weep, Shane, my instinct is to hold you."

"Don't," Shane commanded. "If I cry, it's because it's working. It means the facade is finally cracking. Use the crying. Mock me for it. Tell me how pathetic I look. That's the only way I'll actually let go."

Ilya nodded slowly, the final piece of the contract clicking into place. He tucked the phone away and stood up, towering over Shane in the dim light. The warmth was gone from his eyes, replaced by something cold and calculating.

"Ok," Ilya said, his voice suddenly hard. "Go to the cottage. Set your stage. But remember, Hollander—once I walk through that door, I am not the man who loves you. I am the man who caught you. And I will not give your power back until I am finished with it."

The chill that raced down Shane's spine wasn't fear—not yet. It was the relief of a man who had finally found someone strong enough to carry his soul for a night so he didn't have to.

"The cottage," Ilya said, the word sounding like a sentence. "Friday night. I will be there by ten. Do not wait up for me, котенок. I prefer my targets to be surprised."

Ilya's voice was the last thing Shane heard before he turned away, the weight of the promise settling into his bones. It was a contract signed in the dark, a silent agreement that the next time they saw each other, they wouldn't be 'them' at all.

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Shane didn't sleep well that week. It was a strange, vibrating kind of insomnia—not the kind born of anxiety, but of a starving anticipation.

Every time he closed his eyes, he saw the darkness of his bedroom transformed into the doorway of the cottage. He could almost hear the click of a lock that shouldn't be turning. He saw the shadow of a man—broad-shouldered, faceless, and utterly indifferent to Shane's status—looming in the corner of his vision. He was counting down the minutes until he could stop being the man the world expected him to be.

On Wednesday, during practice, he'd taken a hard hit against the boards. Usually, he would have come up swinging, his competitive fire a localized sun. But as the plexiglass rattled and the cold air of the rink bit into his lungs, all he could think about was the sensation of being overpowered. For a split second, he'd stayed pinned against the boards, his heart hammering a frantic rhythm against his ribs, imagining the heavy weight pinning him was leather instead of hockey gear.

"Hollander? You okay?" Hayden had asked, skating over.

Shane had blinked, the mask sliding back into place with a practiced, mechanical ease. "Fine. Just lost my edge for a second."

He moved through the team meetings like a ghost. He sat in the captain's chair, leading the power-play drills and answering reporters' questions with the disciplined, media-trained grace that had earned him his reputation.

But underneath the suit, his skin felt too tight. Every time he adjusted his tie, he felt the ghost of a leather glove against his throat, a phantom pressure that made it hard to swallow.

The discipline that usually defined him was starting to feel like a cage. He was tired of being the one with the answers. He was tired of being the one who kept the room together. He found himself staring at the clock during games, not counting down the periods until a win, but counting down the minutes until he could finally stop being the man the world expected him to be.

He avoided Ilya. That was the hardest part. They lived in the same city, shared the same air, but they kept the distance like a holy thing. They didn't text. They didn't call. Every time Shane's phone buzzed, a jolt of electricity shot straight to his gut, but it was never him. The silence was part of the contract. It was the starving period before the feast.

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By Thursday night, the craving had turned into a physical ache that localized in the small of his back and the hollow of his throat.

Even the simple act of getting ready for bed felt like a rehearsal. He stood in the shower longer than usual, letting the water scald his shoulders until his skin was pink and sensitive, his mind already drifting to the cottage.

He found himself touching his own wrists, his thumb tracing the blue veins beneath the skin, imagining the heavy, unyielding weight of the neoprene cuffs he'd already stowed in the bottom of his gym bag.

He thought about the spreader bar—the cold, telescoping steel of it—and the way it would force him to stay open and available, stripping away the ability to hide or curl into himself. It was a terrifying thought, and it made his breath hitch in the steam of the bathroom.

It would force him to be honest in a way words never could. It would turn his body into a map that Ilya was authorized to redraft.

He wasn't just going to the cottage to have sex. Sex was something he and Ilya did on Tuesday nights after a win.

This was different.

He was going there to be hollowed out. He was going there to let a 'thief' steal the burden of his own identity—the Captain's "C," the media-ready smiles, the relentless discipline—leaving nothing behind but the raw, screaming reality of his own body.

He wanted to reach a point of such total overstimulation that "Shane Hollander" ceased to exist, replaced by a pulse, a scent, and a desperate, frantic need to be handled.

**

When Friday finally arrived, the drive to the cottage felt less like a trip and more like an escape. As the skyline of Montreal vanished in his rearview mirror, Shane felt the first true breath of air reach his lungs in days.

He was leaning into the curve of the highway, his foot heavy on the gas, escaping the world where he had to be the captain, the golden boy of hockey, the saint. He was shedding the expectations, the responsibility, and the exhaustion of being a masterpiece everyone wanted to touch but no one dared to break.

He was driving toward a dark room and a man who wouldn't recognize any of it. He was driving toward a man who would only see a prize, and Shane couldn't wait to be stolen.

Chapter 2: Controlled Demolition

The cottage was too quiet.

That was the first thing Shane noticed once the adrenaline of the drive from Montreal had finally ebbed away. It was that thick, rural silence that seemed to press against your eardrums, broken only by the occasional distant, lonely cry of a loon out on the lake.

Shane stood in the kitchen, staring at his reflection in the darkened window. He looked... normal. A little tired around the eyes, maybe, but otherwise, he was still Shane Hollander: captain, golden boy, the man with the disciplined routine and the carefully curated life.

But underneath the skin, he was vibrating.

He'd spent the last few hours preparing. It was a clinical, almost obsessive process. He'd checked the locks on the back door (leaving them unlocked, a thrill of secondary fear spiking in his gut as he did it).

The click of the lock was a small sound, but in the oppressive silence of the cottage, it felt like a heavy iron gate swinging shut. Shane's fingers lingered on the brass knob, his skin prickling. By turning that lock to the open position, he wasn't just inviting Ilya in; he was inviting the idea of a stranger. He was purposefully dismantling the one thing he had spent his entire life building: security.

He stood there for a long minute, his heart a frantic rhythm against his ribs. He imagined a real intruder; someone who didn't know his safewords, someone who didn't care about the gentle way he liked to be held after the fire died down.

That spike of secondary fear wasn't a deterrent. It was the fuel. It made his stomach flip in a way that was sickeningly sweet.

He walked away from the door, but his mind stayed there, anchored to the three-inch gap between the wood and the frame. He felt naked already, even with his clothes still on. Every shadow in the hallway seemed to stretch toward him, testing his resolve.

He was Shane Hollander, a man who never left a detail to chance, and here he was, leaving the ultimate detail—his own safety—up to the whims of a 'thief' who was currently driving through the dark toward him. The vulnerability was a physical weight, making his breath come in short, jagged bursts that fogged the air in the unheated mudroom.

He'd laid out the tools in the bedroom; the neoprene cuffs, the spreader bar, and the lube hidden just enough to feel like a secret, but accessible enough for a thief to find.

The bedroom felt different tonight. It didn't feel like a place for sleep; it felt like a stage.

Shane moved to the dresser, his hands trembling slightly as he reached for the gym bag he'd brought with him. He pulled the items out one by one, laying them across the duvet with the

reverence of a priest preparing an altar.

First came the cuffs—heavy, black, and smelling faintly of chemicals and newness. They were thick enough to protect his skin but sturdy enough to remind him exactly who was in control. He ran a thumb over the polished metal D-rings, the clink they made sounding dangerously loud in the quiet room.

Then, the spreader bar. It was a cold length of steel wrapped in black leather. Shane felt a rush of heat to his face as he adjusted the length, the scrape of the metal echoing off the walls. He knew what he would look like attached to it. He knew the way it would force him to stay open, to stay available, stripping away any last vestige of modesty.

He tucked the lube into the second drawer of the nightstand, hidden behind a stack of hockey magazines—a deliberate breadcrumb for a thief who was looking for valuables. He wanted Ilya to have to search for it. He wanted the humiliation of having his secrets discovered.

He wasn't just setting a scene; he was building a trap for himself. By the time he was finished, the room felt charged, the air thick with the unspoken promise of what was to come.

Every object was a silent command, a testament to the fact that tonight, Shane didn't want to be a captain, or even a hockey player. He wanted to be a prize. He wanted to be used. Finally, he'd gone to the bathroom. He'd showered until his skin was pink and sensitive, then pulled on a single, fluffy white towel. On a whim, he'd perched his glasses on the bridge of his nose—the thick frames felt heavy, a stark contrast to the state of his undress. He left the empty leather case open on the marble counter, a silent invitation for Ilya to notice the detail. Shane's breath hitched as he looked at himself. He wasn't just curated for a scene; he was staged for a takeover. The glasses weren't about looking "sweet"—they were about the blur of his peripheral vision, making him feel smaller and more confined. Every time he blinked, the cool plastic reminded him of the role he was slipping into: a man who had no business being this unprotected in a place this isolated.

He had spent ten minutes just adjusting the lighting. The golden glow of the bedside lamp was designed to catch the planes of his muscles, to make his skin look soft and inviting while leaving the corners of the room in deep, menacing shadow. He wanted to feel the darkness creeping in. He wanted the environment to feel as if it were conspiring against him.

Even the towel was a choice. It was too soft, too white, and far too easy to lose. He'd practiced the way he would clutch it, the way his knuckles would turn white against the terrycloth when the 'intruder' finally appeared. His skin felt hyper-reactive; the air moving through the room felt like a physical touch.

He was a masterpiece of manufactured vulnerability, a high-end target just waiting for a predator to notice the 'unlocked' sign he'd hung on his own life. The vibration under his skin was a low-frequency hum of anticipation that made his teeth ache. He wasn't just ready; he was starving for the moment his control was stripped away.

"Get a grip, Hollander," he muttered to his reflection.

He padded out into the living room, his bare feet silent on the hardwood. He made a show of settling in. He turned on a lamp by the bedside, dimmed the kitchen lights, and moved with the practiced ease of a man who thought he was entirely alone. He even picked up a book, though the words blurred into meaningless shapes.

The hardwood was cool beneath his soles, a grounding sensation that felt dangerously at odds with the frantic, electric hum vibrating in his chest. Shane moved through the cottage like a ghost in his own life. He reached for the lamp beside the bed, his fingers brushing the pull-chain with a deliberate, slow grace. The click was tiny, but in the thick silence, it felt like a heavy bolt sliding home. The amber glow spilled across the duvet, catching the metallic glint of the cuffs he'd laid out earlier, a silent promise of what was coming.

He moved back to the kitchen, dimming the overhead lights until the room was a sea of soft, bruised shadows. He was performing for the empty air, practicing the way he would lean against the counter, the way the towel would slip just an inch lower if he moved just so.

He finally settled onto the sofa, picking up a discarded paperback. He opened it to a random page, his eyes tracking lines of text that refused to resolve into meaning. His brain wasn't processing words. It was processing the house.

Every sense was dialed to eleven, tuned to a frequency of pure, raw static. He was a human lightning rod, waiting for the strike. He listened for the metallic click of the back door latch—the one he'd left unlocked like an invitation to a sin. He imagined the sound of a heavy boot hitting the porch, the slow, rhythmic creak of wood under a weight that didn't belong here.

He felt the air in the room shift, or perhaps it was just the phantom pressure of his own imagination. His skin prickled, the fine hairs on his arms standing up as a cold draft seemed to snake around his ankles. His pulse wasn't just a beat anymore; it was a physical thrum in his throat, in his wrists, in the sensitive skin behind his knees.

He shifted on the cushions, the movement causing the terrycloth of the towel to rub against his thighs. The friction was a sharp, localized heat that made his breath hitch. He was a masterpiece of agonizing expectation, a man holding his breath until his lungs ached, terrified and desperate for the moment the silence would finally, violently break.

He wanted the intrusion. He wanted the heavy tread of a stranger to shatter the "Golden Boy" persona he'd curated, to walk into his light and claim the vulnerabilities he'd so carefully laid out on the altar of the bedroom.

Then, he heard it.

A floorboard creaked in the hallway. Not the house settling. This was deliberate. Weighted.

Shane's heart didn't just beat; it slammed against his ribs like a trapped bird. He froze, his fingers tightening on the edges of his book.

This is it.

The transition from Shane Hollander: Captain, to Shane Hollander: Prey.

He forced himself to wait. He didn't turn around immediately. He wanted to feel the shadow fall over him first.

"Who's there?" Shane's voice came out higher than usual, thin and reedy. It wasn't entirely faked; the lizard brain didn't know the difference between roleplay and a home invasion.

There was no answer. Only the sound of a zipper, the heavy, metallic slide of a gym bag being opened.

Shane whirled around, the towel slipping dangerously low on his hips.

A man was standing in the doorway of the bedroom. He looked massive. The dark fabric of his hoodie swallowed the light, leaving only the predatory gleam of his cold blue eyes visible beneath the brim. He held a heavy canvas bag, his frame filling the entrance with the terrifying promise of an avalanche.

"Oh," he said, his voice a sandpaper grate that didn't sound like Ilya at all. "Hello there."

The words felt like a physical weight. It was the tone of a man who owned the floorboards beneath him.

Shane took a stumbling step back, his heels hitting the edge of the bed. "Who... how did you get past the gate?"

He felt his pulse spiking in his fingertips. The sight of Ilya—this hulking, nameless version of him—made Shane's fight-or-flight response scream in a way that wasn't entirely acting. "I was looking for anything worth breaking a window for," the intruder said. He didn't move toward Shane yet. His gaze traveled with slow, agonizing deliberation over Shane's damp skin, lingering on the frantic pulse in his throat before dropping to the precarious knot of the towel. "I see the lights on from the tree line. I think, maybe there is some money inside. Some jewelry or a fancy sports car. Maybe a safe full of things someone is too scared to lose."

Shane shook his head, his breath coming in shallow hitches. "There's nothing here. You can take the car keys and go. Please."

"Ah, a pity," the thief mocked, taking a slow step in. The bag hit the floor with a dull, metallic clank. "I wanted something with a bit more... value. But I think the view here is worth more than a car."

"The locks were bolted," Shane whispered, his back hitting the headboard. "You shouldn't have been able to—"

The shadow shrugged. "Locks are just suggestions for people who don't want to be lonely. Especially out here in the middle of nowhere."

"My boyfriend is coming back," Shane blurted out, the lie feeling heavy and desperate. "He's—he's a big guy. He'll call the police."

The assailant stopped. He tilted his head, the movement slow and serpentine. He laughed—a dark, melodic sound that set off every instinct Shane had.

"A boyfriend?" The man looked around the room, his eyes mocking the empty space. "Where is he? Hiding in the closet? Or is he just the kind of man who leaves his most precious things unlocked and unattended?"

"He's not—he's coming back right now!" Shane snapped, his chin lifting in a defensive reflex. He tried to project strength, but he was shivering—not from the cold, but from the sheer, suffocating gravity of Ilya's presence.

Shane's voice sounded thin to his own ears, a high-pitched franticness that betrayed him even as he tried to summon the authority he portrayed on the ice. He felt the heat crawling up his neck, a sharp, blotchy flush that he knew Ilya was tracking with those dark, predatory eyes.

Shane let out a shaky breath. It was a reflex. It was the only armor he had left now that he was standing in a dim room with nothing but a damp towel and a lie. He tried to square his shoulders, to project the kind of physical presence that usually commanded respect on the ice, but here, in the heavy silence of the cottage, it felt like a pathetic performance.

He was shivering, a fine, rhythmic tremor that started in the small of his back and radiated outward until his knees felt like they might buckle. It wasn't the draft from the hallway; it was the intoxicating, suffocating weight of being found. He felt as if Ilya's gaze were a physical hand, stripping away the layers of his reputation until there was nothing left but the raw, pulsing center of his own desire.

The invader took a half-step closer, his heavy boots sounding like a death knell on the hardwood. The scent of him—cold air, leather, and that sharp, metallic edge of the night—flooded Shane's senses, making his head swim. The thief looked around the room again, his lip curling in a way that made Shane feel small, fragile, and utterly inconsequential.

"Such a brave boy," the man looming over him mocked, his voice a low-frequency vibration that Shane felt in his bones. "Defending a man who isn't here. A man who left the door unlocked. A man who let a stranger walk right into his bedroom while his pretty little thing was waiting for him."

Shane's fingers curled so tightly into the towel that his knuckles turned white, the terrycloth rough against his sensitized skin. Every instinct he had—every year of training, every ounce of hockey-player grit—told him to fight, to flee, to protect himself. But the vibration under his skin was screaming something else. It was screaming for the moment he didn't have to be brave anymore.

"I don't..."

He was trapped between the lie of his strength and the truth of his submission, and the friction of it was a heat that made his breath come in jagged, broken hitches.

He looked up at his captor through the silver frames of his glasses, his eyes wide and bright with a terror that was rapidly, dangerously, turning into an invitation.

"Whatever you say, котенок," the stranger said, his voice dropping into a dangerous purr. He reached into his pocket and pulled out Shane's cell phone. He tossed it onto the bed, just out of Shane's reach. "But nobody is coming to save you tonight. It's just you and me."

He stepped closer, closing the distance until Shane could smell him—leather, cold air, and that distinct, spicy scent that was just Ilya. He reached out, his thumb catching Shane's chin, forcing him to look up.

"Stay," the man murmured, the command snapping like a whip. "Are you going to make this easy? Or are we going to do this the hard way?"

Shane's breath hitching in the silence of the room was the only warning. He didn't think; he just bolted. It was an instinctive, explosive movement, the same twitch-fiber reflex that made him one of the fastest skaters in the league. He feinted left, toward the nightstand, then pivoted hard on his heel to dive for the open bedroom door.

For a split second, the cool air of the hallway hit his face, and he thought—maybe. Maybe he was faster. Maybe he could actually make it to the porch.

For that one, crystalline second, the hallway was a tunnel of salvation. The air there was thinner, smelling of old pine and the damp floorboards of the mudroom, a stark contrast to the heavy, musk-laden atmosphere of the bedroom Shane had just fled. His heart was a drum, a frantic, rhythmic pounding that seemed to vibrate in his teeth.

Go. Go. Go.

His muscles, honed by thousands of hours of explosive starts on the ice, responded with a violent, beautiful precision. He felt the snap of his tendons, the burn in his quads as he pushed off the rug. He was Shane Hollander, the fastest player in the Eastern Conference; in his mind, he was already halfway to the porch, already fumbling for the car keys he'd strategically left on the hook, already hearing the roar of the Jeep's engine.

The "maybe" was a physical sensation—a lightness in his chest, a desperate, gasping hope that made the hallway feel miles long. He could see the blurred shadow of the front door, the frosted glass of the window casting a pale, moonlight glow on the floor. He was a streak of white towel and tanned skin, a masterpiece of kinetic energy.

But then, the air behind him didn't just move; it displaced.

He heard the heavy, rhythmic thud of a boot—not a frantic scramble, but a calculated, powerful stride. It was the sound of a predator that didn't need to sprint because it already knew the geometry of the kill.

The realization hit Shane before the hand did. He wasn't running toward freedom. He was running toward the end of his tether.

The hallway, once a path to the outside world, suddenly felt like a trap closing. The cool draft from the mudroom wasn't an invitation; it was a reminder of how isolated he was. There were no neighbors to hear him, no sirens in the distance, no "boyfriend" coming up the drive.

There was only the sound of his own ragged breath and the terrifying, silent shadow of the man who was currently closing the gap with the casual ease of a god.

Shane's fingers brushed the doorframe of the hallway, a micro-second of contact that felt like a goodbye to his autonomy. The "maybe" shattered like glass, leaving behind only the raw, electric reality of the chase. He wasn't faster. He was just being given enough rope to hang himself with, and the drop was coming.

He didn't even take three steps.

"Not so fast," the voice was a low, amused rumble behind him.

A heavy, leather-clad hand clamped onto Shane's shoulder and spun him with enough force to make the room tilt. Shane let out a sharp, choked gasp. He tried to claw at the bicep trapping him, but it was like trying to move a mountain. Shane was one of the strongest skaters in the NHL, a man built of dense muscle and explosive power, but against Ilya in this headspace, he felt helpless.

"Where are you running, little one?" The voice murmured into the shell of Shane's ear. "The woods are dark, and I've already caught you. You're way out of your depth."

Shane's feet left the floor for a terrifying micro-second as he was hauled backward. He felt the sheer, overwhelming mass of his captor's chest hit his back—a wall of solid muscle and cold, outdoor air.

The smell of the intruder flooded his senses: the sharp, metallic scent of the winter night, the heavy musk of the black hoodie, and underneath it all, the terrifyingly familiar scent of the man he loved, now twisted into something predatory and strange.

The rough fabric of the hoodie was like sandpaper against his sensitive nipples, a brutal friction that sent sparks of unwanted heat directly to his groin. He was trapped between the unyielding strength of this stranger's bicep and the hard, unforgiving line of a man who was playing for keeps.

Shane's mind raced, his thoughts a chaotic jumble of *this is too much* and *don't you dare stop*.

He felt the zipper of the hoodie—a cold, jagged line of metal—pressing into his sternum, a physical reminder that he was no longer the one making the rules. He was being held by a force of nature, his own strength rendered pathetic and small by the man who had decided, quite clearly, that Shane was the most expensive thing in the house.

His other arm snaked around Shane's waist, hauling him flush against the rough, cold fabric of the black hoodie. The contrast was agonizingly sharp: the chilled polyester and the biting metal of the zipper pressing into Shane's sensitized, naked chest.

"Let me go!" Shane cried out, his voice breaking as the thrill of the chase turned into the reality of being caught. He bucked his hips, trying to free himself, but the stranger just tightened his grip until it was hard to draw a full breath.

"You wanted to run?" The invader asked, his grip tightening until Shane was fused to his chest. "I like the pursuit. It makes my prize feel earned."

Shane didn't stop. He couldn't. The script demanded resistance, and his body was flooded with enough adrenaline to power a stadium. He shoved his palms against the thick forearms trapping him, trying to pry the massive hands away, his muscles straining until they trembled. He managed to twist halfway around, his glasses sliding further down his nose, eyes wide and frantic behind the lenses.

For a moment, he was face-to-face with the thief. Up close, he looked terrifying. The dilated black of his pupils had almost completely swallowed the blue, leaving two dark voids that tracked Shane's every flinch with predatory hunger.

"Please," Shane wheezed, his hands bunching the fabric of the intruder's long sleeves. "I'll... I'll give you money. Just don't—"

"I don't want your money," the stranger interrupted, his voice a jagged rasp. "I told you. I found something better."

With a sudden, violent grace, the man shifted his weight. He didn't just hold Shane; he overpowered him with the casual ease of a man moving furniture. He hooked a leg behind Shane's knee and swept.

Shane let out a strangled yelp as gravity took over. He went down hard, but he didn't hit the floor. His captor guided the fall, driving Shane face-down onto the mattress. The bed groaned under the double weight as the larger man surged over him, pinning Shane's hips to the duvet with the sheer mass of his thighs.

Shane scrambled, his fingers digging into the pillows, trying to crawl forward, but a heavy hand came down on the back of his neck, shoving his face into the fabric.

"Don't move," the voice commanded as he loomed over Shane's pinned form. It wasn't a request.

Shane bucked his heels, his legs flailing, but the towel, his only shield, finally gave up. It slid down his thighs, pooling uselessly around his knees, leaving him entirely exposed to the cool air of the room and his tormentor's burning gaze.

Shane froze. The sudden vulnerability was like a physical blow. He felt the goosebumps erupting across his backside, the frantic heat of his own skin clashing with the stillness of the room.

"Oh, look at that," the man breathed. "All those threats about a boyfriend, and here you are. Trembling for a man who just walked through your door."

"Stop it," Shane sobbed into the pillow. "Just... take what you want and leave."

"I intend to," the thief said. Shane heard the distinctive, heavy rattle of steel as Ilya reached into the bag. "But I think I'll take my time deciding what you're worth."

The first click of the metal ratcheting shut against Shane's wrist made him jump—a final, definitive sound that meant the game was over and the sentence had begun.

"Shhh," the man hissed, the sound vibrating against the back of Shane's neck. "The more you jump, the tighter I make them. You want to be a good boy, don't you? Or do you want to see how I treat a brat?"

Shane felt his left wrist being yanked upward. The metal of the headboard clattered as the first strap was looped on. The reality of the situation—the physical loss of his hands—sent a fresh wave of heat through Shane's belly. He was face-down, his vision restricted to the pattern of the duvet and the blurred edges of his own glasses, which were now hanging precariously off one ear.

"Ilya, wait—" Shane started, his voice muffled by the pillow.

"Who is Ilya?" The weight on Shane's back increased as the intruder leaned down, his voice a dangerous, low-frequency growl. "I don't know this name. I think you are confused. You are all alone, remember? And I am the man who broke in."

The second cuff snapped shut around his right wrist. The clink of the locking mechanism was the sound of a door slamming shut. Shane pulled, a reflexive test of the restraints, and the padded neoprene bit into his skin, firm and unyielding.

"Now," the intruder whispered, his hand sliding down Shane's spine to the small of his back, where the skin was still damp and shivering. "Let's see what else you have hidden for me."

Shane felt the man's weight shift, leaving his back only to return a moment later with something heavy and cold. It was the spreader bar. Shane heard the slow, deliberate sound of the telescoping metal being adjusted—a sharp, mechanical schwing that made his pulse thunder in his ears. He was face-down, his cheek pressed into the duvet, his vision limited to the blurred pattern of the fabric and the edge of the nightstand.

He felt the thief's weight leave his back, a sudden absence that made the cool air of the room feel like a slap.

"Legs," the voice commanded. It wasn't loud, but it had the weight of an ultimatum.

Shane squeezed his eyes shut, his fingers curling into the pillowcase. "No," he whispered, a reflexive protest that sounded weak even to him. "Please, don't do that. You don't need that."

A sharp, stinging slap landed on the meat of his left buttock. The sound of it—a wet, echoing crack—was followed by a blooming heat that made Shane's breath hitch.

"I didn't ask what I needed," the intruder hissed. He grabbed Shane's left ankle, his grip like a shackle. "I asked for your legs. Do you want the other cheek to match, or are you going to behave?"

Shane let out a broken, shuddering breath. He went limp, a surrender that felt like falling off a cliff. He felt the heavy neoprene cuff wrap around his left ankle, the Velcro rasping loudly,

then the right. There was a moment of fumbling, the metallic clink of the bar being attached to the rings, and then—

The pull.

The assailant adjusted the bar, forcing Shane's legs wide. It wasn't painful, but it was absolute. It was the feeling of being dismantled. Shane's hips were tilted up, his thighs strained, his most private, sensitive parts exposed to the dim lamplight and the thief's dark, scouring gaze.

"There," the man murmured, his boots thudding as he walked around the foot of the bed to admire his work. "Look at you. Spread out like a feast. I bet your boyfriend never sees you like this. He probably treats you like a porcelain doll."

Shane's face was buried in the pillow, his skin burning a deep, shameful crimson. He felt the weight of his own arousal, heavy and pulsing against the sheets, and the cool draft crossing his exposed skin. He felt like a specimen.

"Stop, please! I... I hate this," Shane lied, his voice muffled and thick.

"Your body is a very bad liar, pretty boy," the thief mocked. Shane heard the sound of the nightstand drawer being jerked open. The tools were being discovered. "Oh? What is this? Lube? And a toy? You were waiting for someone, weren't you? Dreaming of a man who would actually take what he wanted instead of asking for permission."

Shane felt a cold, gloved finger trace the line of his spine, moving down, down, until it reached the sensitive dip at the small of his back. Then, the weight returned—that massive chest pressing him into the mattress, his hands pinning Shane's wrists to the headboard.

"You've been very bad," the intruder whispered into his ear. "Trying to run. Lying to me. I think we need to make sure you're properly... prepared. And I'm in no rush. I could stay here all night just watching you twitch."

He started with the skin, treating Shane not as a person, but as a collection of textures to be cataloged.

The black leather of the gloves was a sensory nightmare, a smooth, synthetic chill that seemed to suck the heat right out of Shane's flushed marrow. Those fingers didn't just touch; they explored. They traced the heavy muscles of Shane's back—the physical evidence of his athleticism—with a clinical, mocking slowness.

"So much muscle," the man murmured, his voice a low vibration that traveled through the mattress and into Shane's chest. "All of this power, and look at you now. You are just a collection of pretty lines for me to touch."

He touched Shane everywhere except where the ache was the loudest.

It was a psychological siege.

His captor followed the line of his spine, the blunt tips of his fingers dipping into the shallow valley of each vertebra, making Shane's breath catch in a rhythmic, broken cadence.

The gloved hands then moved to the sensitive dip of Shane's waist, where the skin was thinnest. The invader sank his fingers into the soft flesh there, a firm, possessive squeeze that forced a high, thin sound from Shane's throat.

He didn't stop there. He moved lower, the leather dragging with agonizing friction over the swell of Shane's glutes, circling the blooming heat of the slap mark from earlier. His tormentor traced the hard, defined quads that Shane used to power through defenders on the ice, his delicate touch mocking their strength.

"So reactive," the low voice murmured, a dark vibration against the back of Shane's head. "I can feel your heart beating through your skin, like a trapped bird."

To prove the point, he ran a single finger behind the back of Shane's knee, a spot so tender it made Shane's toes curl against the bar, and then dragged it upward, stopping just an inch short of the goal. Shane's entire body lurch against the spreader bar. The metal-on-metal clack of the restraints was a sharp, cold punctuation to Shane's muffled whimpers.

Then, the hand moved upward again, tracing the inner seam of his thigh, stopping just a hair's breadth away from the friction Shane was silently begging for.

He moved to Shane's neck next. The leather was a shocking contrast to the frantic, visible pulse thrumming there. The stranger didn't choke him; he simply rested two fingers over the carotid artery, measuring the speed of Shane's terror. He leaned in closer, the rough fabric of the black hoodie brushing against Shane's shoulder blades, a coarse, woolen irritation that set his nerves on edge.

"You're vibrating," the man noted, his breath a hot, humid ghost against Shane's ear. "Is it the cold? Or are you just realizing how little your Captain title matters in this room? Here, you're just a body. My body."

He began to use his teeth—not a bite, but a grazing, scraping pressure along the tendon of Shane's neck. The scraping of stubble and the cold slide of leather combined into a sensory overload that made Shane's vision swim behind his lopsided glasses. He felt the weight of his tormentor shifting, a heavy, deliberate pressure that ground Shane deeper into the mattress, making him feel infinitesimally small.

Every touch was an appraisal, a silent reminder that Shane had been taken the moment he left the back door unlocked. By the time the hands finally moved toward the nightstand for the lube, Shane wasn't just ready; he was physically weeping from the sheer, agonizing weight of the anticipation.

Shane let out a low, vibrating groan, his forehead grinding into the pillow. He felt the silver frames of his glasses tilt further, one lens pressing into his cheek, but he didn't care. He was drowning in the sensation of being handled.

"You like when I am rough, yes?" The voice dropped an octave, becoming a jagged rasp. "You want me to leave marks so you can look in the mirror tomorrow and remember that a stranger was here. That a stranger owns this body."

The stranger leaned forward, his mouth hovering just over the sensitive skin of Shane's nape. He didn't kiss him. Instead, he simply breathed, the hot, humid air of his lungs puffing against Shane's damp skin. The anticipation was a physical ache, a tightening in Shane's gut that felt like a pulled wire.

Every inch of his skin was hyper-aware, pulsing with a desperate, localized heat. His carefully crafted persona was gone. There was only this shivering, wide-open thing on the bed, trapped in a cage of neoprene and leather.

"Please," Shane finally broke, the word a ragged, wet sound. "Please, just... touch me. Properly. I can't... I'm going to jump out of my skin."

The stranger chuckled, a dark, melodic sound of triumph. He shifted his weight, and for the first time, Shane felt the cool, slick slide of the lubricant against the thief's palm.

"I think," the man whispered, "that you haven't even begun to jump yet."

Shane felt a sudden shock of cold—the lubricant, chilled from the night air, being drizzled in a slow, viscous stream over the head of his cock. He let out a high, broken keen, his hips bucking instinctively. The spreader bar rattled, the metal-on-metal sound echoing his desperation.

"Don't jump," his captor scolded, a sharp, open-palm slap landing on the inside of Shane's thigh. The sting was a beautiful, grounding contrast to the slick wetness. "I haven't even touched you yet."

Shane let out a filthy moan that he tried his best to conceal, but it was useless. Every nerve was a live wire, and this stranger was holding the switch.

"You're going to stay right on the edge," the man looming over him promised, dropping to a low-frequency vibration that Shane felt in his bones. "I want to see how long it takes for your composure to completely shatter. I want to hear you beg for it, then I am going to make you wait some more."

The silence that followed was worse than the words. It was filled only by the wet, rhythmic sound of his captor slicking something up with the chilled lubricant, a sound that made Shane's stomach do a slow, nauseating flip of pure anticipation. Then came the soft, electronic chirp of a button being pressed.

The low-frequency hum of the motor started—a steady, predatory thrum that seemed to vibrate through the very springs of the mattress and into Shane's locked, straining thighs. Shane's eyes blew wide behind his lopsided glasses, his fingers digging into the duvet as the shadowy figure shifted, moving between his wide-spread knees.

Then came the toy.

It wasn't a mercy. It was an invasion.

It wasn't a full thrust but a tease, the blunt, vibrating tip of the blue dildo Shane had bought, pressing firmly against the sensitive seam of his entrance, circling the rim with a low-frequency hum that made Shane's vision blur behind his glasses.

Every time Shane tried to press back into it, seeking the friction his body was screaming for, the invader pulled it away.

"Please," Shane sobbed, his forehead digging into the pillow until his skin hurt. "Ilya, please, I'm right there. Just...give it to me."

"I told you," the voice whispered, "I don't know this Ilya. But I think I know what this pretty little thing wants."

The thief's gloved hand finally closed around Shane's length, the leather a sensory nightmare of cold, smooth friction against Shane's heated flesh. He began to work with a maddening, agonizingly slow rhythm.

He would build the sensation up, his thumb circling the head until Shane was arching off the bed, his toes curling against the spreader bar—and then he would stop.

He would pull away completely, leaving Shane shivering and hollow in the silence.

"Not yet. We're going to do this until you forget your own name. Until the only thing in the world is the sound of my voice and the fact that you can't have what you want."

The cycle repeated. Five minutes. Ten. Twenty. The room felt like it was shrinking, the air thick with the scent of salt, lube, and the raw, desperate edge of Shane's restraint.

He used the leather to create a friction that was too intense, too fast, bringing Shane to the very precipice of a climax—the kind that makes the muscles lock and the breath stop—and then, just as Shane's hips began to jerk in the first throes of a release, it all stopped.

The hands didn't just stop; they squeezed the base, a sharp, restrictive pressure that sent the pleasure curdling into a desperate, aching thrum.

"No," Shane gasped, a real tear finally splashing onto the sheet. "No, no, no... don't do that. Don't stop. Please, I'll do anything. I'll be good."

"You think you're in charge of when you finish?" The invader leaned his full weight over Shane, his chest crushing Shane's lungs, his breath hot and smelling of the cold woods. "You don't get to come until I've taken everything else. Your voice. Your pride. I want to see you completely broken first."

The man began a rhythmic, agonizingly slow torture. He would use the vibrator on the most sensitive spots—the tip, the frenulum—building the sensation until Shane was screaming into the pillow, his toes clawing at the air, his thighs shaking so hard the spreader bar hummed. And every single time the climax peaked, his tormentor would withdraw, leaving Shane hollowed out and gasping, his body a raw nerve.

Finally, the dam broke. Shane wasn't fighting the thief anymore; he was fighting himself. His breaths turned into high, thin keens. His muscles were rigid, his thighs trembling against the bar.

"Ilya, please," he finally wept, the name slipping out in a broken, wet sob. "I'm... I'm going to break. Please. I'll do anything. Just... please."

The man paused. He leaned down, his lips brushing the wet track of a tear on Shane's cheek.

"Ilya isn't here," he whispered, though his touch softened just a fraction. "But if you're going to cry for me... maybe I'll let you have a little taste of what's coming."

Shane was no longer playing a victim; he was a victim of his own biology, trapped in a cycle of overstimulation that was turning his brain to static. The ugly crying started then, the jagged and uncoordinated sobs of a man who had been pushed past his limit. His glasses were lopsided, his hair a mess of sweat and damp curls.

He looked wrecked. He looked perfect.

"Good," the intruder whispered, his hand returning to the lube, his voice finally dropping the mocking edge for something darker, more final. "Now that you're crying... now we can really start."

Chapter 3: The Size of a Heartbeat

Chapter Notes

this isn't an april fools joke i promise!

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

The world narrowed down to the size of a heartbeat.

Shane couldn't see much past the salt of his own tears and the lopsided frame of his glasses, but he could feel everything. Every hair on his arms stood up; every inch of his skin felt raw, as if the air itself was abrasive. The thief didn't give him a moment to recover from the sobbing. He didn't offer a gentle word or a steadying hand.

Instead, there was the heavy, rhythmic clink of metal.

The spreader bar was adjusted, a cold jolt of steel that forced Shane's legs even wider, locking him into a position of total, agonizing vulnerability. He was a masterpiece pinned to a board, and the man looming over him was finally ready to begin the dismantling.

"You're so loud now," the man murmured, his voice a low vibration that seemed to bypass Shane's ears and go straight to his gut. "Weeping like a broken toy. Do you like how it feels to have nothing left to hide behind? No dignity, no captain's jersey. Just a mess on my sheets."

Shane couldn't answer. His throat was too tight, his lungs hitching in the aftershocks of the ugly crying. He just shook his head blindly, his wrists straining against the cuffs—a pathetic, instinctive urge to curl inward that the restraints wouldn't allow. He was forced to be an open book, and the thief was reading every desperate line.

Then came the invasion.

It wasn't a slow entry. It was a blunt, slick intrusion. The dildo was thick and unyielding, a foreign weight that stretched Shane until he felt like he might actually split. He let out a choked, high-pitched sound that wasn't even a word, his back arching off the mattress as his body tried to process the sudden, overwhelming fullness. It felt like being claimed from the inside out, a cold, plastic permanence that didn't care about his trembling.

"Stay down," the intruder commanded, a heavy palm slamming into Shane's chest to pin him back against the pillows. The weight of it was grounding and terrifying all at once. "You asked for this. You wanted to be handled. So take it."

He didn't move the toy with the rhythm of a lover. He moved it with the mechanical, punishing steadiness of a machine. It was deep and relentless, hitting the same hypersensitive

spots over and over again until Shane's brain began to spark with static.

And then, just as the friction started to turn from pleasure into a white-hot ache, the man added the hum.

The vibrator was pressed firmly against the most over-taxed nerves of Shane's anatomy. The sensation was immediate and catastrophic. It wasn't good anymore; it was total. It was a sensory overload that felt like an electric current being forced through a wire meant for half the voltage.

Shane's heels drummed against the mattress, his head thrashing from side to side as he tried to escape a sensation that was happening inside his own skin.

"Ilya—stop—no, please!" Shane scrambled for words, his mind a frantic mess of blurred lines. He didn't say the safeword—that tether was the only thing keeping him from drifting away entirely—but he was close.

"Not yet," the man hissed, his thumb catching a stray tear and smearing it across Shane's cheekbone with a touch that was almost cruelly possessive. "You don't get to run. You stay right on this edge. I want to see you completely hollowed out before I let you go."

Every time Shane felt the crest of a forced orgasm approaching—that desperate, electric climb that made his vision go dark—the man would pull back just enough to let the peak pass, leaving Shane stranded in a state of high-voltage frustration. It was a special kind of agony, the feeling of the drop without the release.

He was being rewritten. The disciplined athlete, the captain, the golden boy—they were all drowning in the dark, replaced by a sobbing, twitching creature that only knew how to ache.

The sensory overload was no longer a flicker. It was a constant, blinding hum. Shane's world had compressed until it was nothing but the scent of salt and the mechanical, buzzing vibration that seemed to have settled into his very bones. His ears were ringing, a high-pitched whine that synchronized with the toy inside him, making it impossible to tell where his body ended and the invasion began.

Every time the thief shifted his weight, the leather of his gear creaked—a sharp, organic sound that sliced through the static in Shane's brain. The air in the room felt heavy and humid, sticking to his damp skin, making every minute movement of the intruder's gloved hands feel like a lightning strike against his over-sensitized nerves.

Physically, he was fraying. The spreader bar was no longer just a restraint; it was an anchor of dull, throbbing exhaustion. The muscles in his inner thighs were beginning to twitch and seize, the constant tension of being locked open causing a deep, structural ache that radiated into his hips. His wrists felt thin and fragile against the cold bite of the cuffs, the skin there chafed raw from his earlier, panicked struggling.

His body was a map of mounting pressure—the sharp restrictive squeeze at the base of his length, the fullness in his gut, and the agonizingly high-voltage buzz against his frenulum.

He was vibrating. Literally vibrating. His vision was a wash of gray and white sparks, his breath coming in shallow, jagged hitches that never seemed to provide enough oxygen.

"Shane."

The voice wasn't the man's cold snarl. It was lower, steadier—a tether dropped into the middle of a storm. A hand, minus the glove now, pressed firmly against Shane's sweat-soaked forehead, grounding him.

"Look at me. Give me a color, Shane. Right now."

Shane's eyes rolled back, struggling to find focus. The lopsided glasses were a barrier, a smudge of light and shadow. He felt like he was drowning in gray and white static.

"I think...yellow," Shane rasped, the word breaking on a sob. "Yellow. Too much. Everything is... it's too much."

Ilya didn't hesitate. The vibration stopped instantly. The silence that followed was deafening, a sudden vacuum that made Shane's head spin. He felt the weight of the dildo being eased back—not removed, but shifted so the pressure wasn't so punishingly direct.

"Deep breaths," Ilya commanded softly, his thumb wiping away a fresh track of tears. "I'm right here. I've got you. Feel better?" Ilya stayed close, his thumb tracing the line of Shane's jaw while the hum of the room returned to a heavy, oppressive silence.

He didn't unclip the restraints, but he reached down and unlatched the spreader bar just enough to let Shane's legs lose that screaming, rigid tension.

Shane let out a long, shuddering exhale that sounded like a leak in a pressure valve. He was still open, still exposed, but the invasion had ceased. He lay there for a moment, his chest heaving, his eyes squeezed shut behind his glasses. The absence of the vibrator left a phantom sensation behind, a ghost-buzz that made his skin feel like it was still crawling.

"You with me?" Ilya asked, his hand sliding into Shane's hair, tilting his head back to check his pupils.

"Yeah," Shane wheezed, a fresh tear leaking out. "Just...give me a second. My brain went static. Everything was too loud."

"Take your time," Ilya murmured. He waited, his presence a cooling balm against the heat of the scene. He watched the way the tremors in Shane's thighs slowed from violent shudders to a fine, electric quiver.

But as the overstimulation receded, it left behind a raw, gnawing void. Without the distraction of the toy, the ache at the base of Shane's length became the only thing in the world. The silence of the room was suddenly louder than the hum had been, amplifying every heartbeat and every ragged breath.

Now that he wasn't fighting the sensory flood, the sheer, unadulterated need for release surged back with a vengeance. It felt like a physical weight, a heavy, pulsing pressure that

made his hips stutter-twitch against the sheets in a blind search for friction.

He looked up at Ilya, his eyes blown out and pleading. He felt stripped bare, more vulnerable in this quiet, expectant pause than he had been when the toys were screaming. The thief was still watching him, but the man underneath was waiting for Shane to find his footing.

"Ilya," Shane whispered, his voice cracking. "I can't... I don't want to stop. I just—please."

Ilya's expression shifted. The softness didn't vanish, but the coldness began to bleed back into his gaze—that dark, predatory focus that told Shane the reprieve was over.

"You want to finish?"

Shane nodded frantically, his wrists straining against the cuffs again, this time in a plea for contact. "Please. Just let me come. I'm going to lose my mind."

"I think you already lost it," Ilya muttered, leaving a gentle kiss on Shane's cheek.

He didn't reach for the toys, however. He reached for Shane. His bare hand closed around Shane's length, the warmth of his skin a shocking, grounding contrast to the cold leather from before.

Shane let out a broken moan, his hips jerking upward instinctively, seeking that solid, human friction.

Ilya began to work him. It was a fast, heavy rhythm, the kind Shane had been starving for. It was pure, focused, and relentless. Shane's vision began to tunnel; his breath turned into a rhythmic, high-pitched keening. He was right there. The peak was a towering wave, and he was finally, finally about to crest it.

"That's it," Ilya hissed, leaning down so his lips were brushing Shane's ear. "Take it. Give it all to me."

Shane's body locked. His toes curled, his back arched into a bow, and his eyes flew wide behind his glasses as the first surge of release hit him. It was a violent, full-body explosion that made his voice fail, leaving him gasping into the silence.

But Ilya's hand didn't stop.

As the first wave of the climax began to subside into that ultra-sensitive afterglow, the rhythm stayed exactly the same. Fast. Hard. Relentless.

"Wait," Shane gasped, his voice thin and panicked. "Stop, I'm—I'm done—it's too much."

"I didn't say we were done," Ilya whispered, his grip tightening just a fraction.

The pleasure didn't just fade; it soured. Because Shane had already peaked, his nerves were now exposed and raw. Every stroke was no longer a build-up but a direct assault on a system that was already overloaded. It was the feeling of a bruise being pressed, or an exposed nerve being touched.

Shane's legs began to thrash against the bar. He wasn't seeking the friction anymore, trying desperately to escape it. His body was twitching in a series of uncoordinated, agonizing jolts.

"Please!" he sobbed, his head whipping back and forth. "It hurts—it's too much! Ilya, stop, I already came, I can't—"

The relentless friction of Ilya's hand faltered, but didn't fully stop. The silence that rushed back into the room was heavy, broken only by Shane's jagged, desperate gasps. He felt like he was hovering a few inches off the bed, his nerves singing a high, distorted note.

Ilya leaned in, his shadow eclipsing Shane. The darkness was still there in the set of his jaw, but his eyes were scanning Shane's face with clinical, unwavering precision.

"Color?"

The word was a sharp command, a lifeline thrown into the static.

Shane's chest heaved. His legs were still twitching against the spreader bar, his skin flushed a deep, mottled red. He looked like a man who had reached his breaking point—wrecked, sobbing, and physically overtaxed. He swallowed hard, the salt of his tears stinging his lips.

"I..." Shane choked on the word, his eyes fluttering behind his glasses. He felt the phantom pulse of his climax still echoing in his gut, clashing with the raw ache Ilya was still inducing. It was too much. It was agonizing.

And he didn't want it to stop.

"Green," Shane whispered, the word barely audible. He squeezed his eyes shut, a hot flush of embarrassment creeping up his neck that had nothing to do with the physical exertion. "I'm... I'm green."

A dark, slow smirk ghosted across Ilya's lips—a look of terrifying satisfaction. He liked knowing that beneath the protests and the tears, Shane was still right there with him, begging for the very thing he was terrified of.

"Green," Ilya repeated, his voice dropping into that terrifyingly calm register. "Good to know."

He used his other hand to pin Shane's shoulder down, the weight of his palm grounding Shane even as it trapped him. He didn't give Shane a second to recover from the admission. His hand resumed that hard, rhythmic pace, forcing Shane's sensitive nerves to fire all over again.

"You're going to stay right here," Ilya commanded. "You don't get to drift off just because you've had your fun. We're going to see exactly how much this 'pretty little thing' can take before he breaks for real."

The cycle was starting over, but this time, there was no build-up. There was only the white-hot, agonizingly sensitive 'after' feeling that Ilya was forcing back into a 'now.'

Shane let out a sound that was half-scream, half-sob, his fingers clawing at the sheets. He was drowning in his own skin, trapped in the shaking, electric hell of a body that couldn't stop reacting even when it was screaming for mercy.

Every stroke felt like a physical weight, a crushing pressure that made his vision blur into streaks of light. He was being dismantled, layer by layer, until there was nothing left but the raw, pulsing need to endure whatever Ilya decided to do next.

The air in the room was thick enough to taste, a heavy cocktail of ozone and desperation. Shane was no longer making coherent sounds. Every time Ilya's hand moved, Shane's body jerked in a violent, involuntary arc, his heels drumming a frantic, arrhythmic beat against the mattress.

"Look at me, Shane," Ilya commanded. It wasn't a request.

Shane's head thrashed, his glasses finally sliding off entirely, clattering onto the floor somewhere. Without them, the world was a blur of shadows and the terrifying clarity of Ilya's face hovering inches from his.

"I can't," Shane sobbed, his voice a dry rasp. "Ilya, please... I'm gonna break."

"That's the point," Ilya whispered.

He didn't reach for his belt. He didn't reach for the lube. Instead, he reached for the toy again—the heavy vibrator—and thumbed it to its highest, most punishing setting. The roar of the motor filled the room, a predatory snarl that made Shane's eyes go wide with genuine terror.

"No, no, no—not that, not again—"

"Shhh," Ilya soothed, though his eyes were dark with a fierce, mounting heat. "You're green, remember? You wanted this."

Ilya didn't use it for a slow build. He pressed the vibrating head directly against the underside of Shane's length while his other hand maintained that brutal, rhythmic friction. It was a pincer move on Shane's nervous system.

The result was catastrophic.

Shane's scream was cut off by a hitch in his throat as his entire body went rigid. It wasn't a normal climax; it was a forced, secondary explosion that felt like his nerves were being shredded. His vision didn't just blur—it went white.

The world vanished, replaced by a screaming, electric static that vibrated through his teeth and down into his bones.

He was twitching, his muscles locking in a series of agonizing, high-voltage tremors. His chest was heaving so hard the spreader bar rattled against the frame of the bed.

Ilya watched him with a hungry, focused intensity. He didn't need to touch himself; the sight of Shane—the man who was always in control—completely dismantled and sobbing under

his hand was enough. Ilya's breath hitched, his grip tightening as he watched the exact moment Shane's mind finally let go.

Ilya felt his own release hit him with a sharp, jagged force, triggered entirely by the raw, primal power of the moment. He let out a low, guttural growl, burying his face in the crook of Shane's neck, his teeth grazing the sensitive skin there as he rode out the wave, a sticky patch soaking through his briefs and the rough denim he still wore.

For a long minute, the only sound was the dying whine of the vibrator and the wet, ragged sound of Shane's hyperventilation.

Shane didn't move. He couldn't. He lay there, his limbs heavy and useless, his wrists still cuffed, his legs still locked wide. He felt hollowed out, a burnt-out shell of a man. The invader had taken everything—his pride, his voice, his very ability to feel anything but Ilya.

Ilya finally pulled back. The thief was gone. The cold, mocking edge had vanished, replaced by a quiet, heavy tenderness. He reached down, unlatching the spreader bar with a soft click and finally, mercifully, undoing the cuffs.

Shane's arms fell to his sides like lead weights. He didn't even try to cover himself. He just lay there, staring at the ceiling with blown-out pupils, a single, silent tear tracking into his hair.

"Shane," Ilya whispered, his voice thick and warm. He climbed fully onto the bed, pulling Shane's limp, trembling body into his arms, tucking Shane's head under his chin. "I've got you. It's over. You're okay."

The silence of the room was no longer oppressive. The invasion was finished, and all that was left was the slow, steady heartbeat of the man who had just broken him—and the man who was now going to put him back together.

Ilya didn't move for a long time.

He just held Shane, his fingers tracing slow, grounding circles into the damp skin of Shane's shoulder. The room was cooling, the frantic heat of the scene dissipating into the quiet of the night. Shane's breath was finally leveling out, the jagged hitches replaced by a heavy, exhausted rhythm.

"Shane?" Ilya whispered, his voice rough and laced with a lingering trace of concern. He pulled back just enough to look at Shane's face. Shane's eyes were red-rimmed, his cheeks tear-stained, and his hair was a wild, sweaty disaster. He looked genuinely wrecked. "Talk to me. You were... you were sobbing, Shane. Really sobbing. We need to check in."

Shane let out a soft, broken-sounding huff—not a sob this time, but a laugh that was weak and dizzy. He turned his head into Ilya's palm, nuzzling the skin like a bruised animal seeking warmth.

"I'm okay," Shane murmured, his voice sounding like he'd swallowed glass. "I'm better than okay. I... I think I needed that. To just let go completely."

Ilya frowned, his thumb brushing away a dried salt track near Shane's ear. "You looked terrified for a second there. When I brought the toy back after you came, I almost called it myself. I don't want to actually break you, моя любовь."

Shane shifted, his muscles protesting with a dull, satisfying ache. He looked up at Ilya, a tired but genuine spark returning to his gaze.

"You didn't break me. You just emptied me out. It was perfect." Shane reached up, his fingers still a little shaky as he found Ilya's hand and squeezed. Honestly? Next time... we could probably go even freakier. Maybe more restraints. Or more toys."

Ilya stared at him, a mix of disbelief and dark amusement crossing his face. "You're a masochist, you know that? I just spent an hour treating you like a piece of property, and you're already placing an order for round two."

"I'm a masochist who knows exactly who's holding the leash," Shane countered, a slow, sleepy smirk spreading across his lips.

He let his head fall back against the pillow, watching Ilya's face. He could see the tension leaving Ilya's shoulders, the worry fading as he realized Shane was truly, safely back in his own head. But Shane couldn't let the moment pass without a little bit of his usual bite.

"Besides," Shane teased, his voice dropping to a playful, raspy whisper. "I'm not the only one who got carried away. I seem to remember someone losing it completely without even touching himself. Was I really that good to look at, Ilya? Or did the 'thief' just have a very low threshold tonight?"

Ilya stiffened, a rare, dark flush creeping up his neck. He looked away, clearing his throat, but he didn't let go of Shane.

"The sight was... effective," Ilya muttered, his Russian accent thickening the way it always did when he was flustered. "It's hard to stay objective when you're screaming my name like the world is ending."

"I knew it," Shane chuckled, closing his eyes and finally letting the exhaustion pull at him. He felt safe. He felt seen. He felt completely, utterly cherished. "Next time, I'll try to be even louder. Just for you."

Ilya just groaned, the sound vibrating through his chest and into Shane's cheek. For a long moment, he just squeezed Shane tighter, his nose buried in Shane's damp hair as he waited for his own pulse to stop racing. The intruder was gone, but the possessiveness remained, simmering into something quiet and protective. He let out a long, heavy sigh, his hand sliding down to rest on the small of Shane's back, feeling the way Shane's muscles were finally beginning to uncoil.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, солнышко," Ilya eventually said, his voice a low rumble. "You have to be able to breathe to scream, and I think I took most of the air out of your lungs ten minutes ago."

He pulled back just an inch, his eyes dark with a mix of lingering heat and reluctant responsibility. He looked down at the state of the bed—the tangled sheets, the discarded gear, and the sheer amount of slick, cooling evidence of their evening.

"Shower," Ilya murmured against Shane's temple, though he didn't seem to want to move any more than Shane did. "You're covered in cum and lube. If I let you sleep like this, the sheets will be ruined, and you'll wake up feeling like a dried-out husk. And I am not dealing with a grumpy, sticky captain in the morning."

Shane groaned, a low, muffled sound into Ilya's chest. "My legs don't work. You broke them. They're decorative now."

Ilya huffed a laugh, a genuine, warm sound that vibrated through Shane's ribs. "I didn't break them. I just...overtaxed them. Come on. Up."

It took a monumental effort, but Ilya managed to maneuver Shane off the bed. Shane's knees buckled the moment his feet hit the hardwood, and Ilya had to catch him around the waist, hauling him upright. Shane leaned his full weight into Ilya's side, his head lolling onto Ilya's shoulder.

"See?" Shane whispered, his voice still raspy. "Useless."

"I've got you," Ilya promised.

He led Shane into the ensuite, the tile cold under their bare feet. Ilya turned on the water, letting the steam begin to billow out and cloud the mirror. He didn't just point Shane toward the shower; he stepped in with him, the warm spray hitting them both with a sudden, grounding shock.

The water felt incredible. To Shane's over-sensitized skin, it was like a thousand tiny, soft fingers massaging away the lingering electric hum. He stood with his forehead pressed against the cool tile, his eyes closed, while Ilya took the soap.

Ilya's hands were different now. There was no leather, no crushing pressure. He was meticulous, his palms sliding over Shane's shoulders, down his back, and over the flushed, mottled skin of his legs where the spreader bar had left faint, pale marks. He washed away the slick residue of the lube and the sweat of the "ugly cry," his touch lingering on the places he'd been the most brutal.

"Look at this," Ilya muttered, his thumb tracing a faint red pressure mark on Shane's wrist from the cuffs. His voice held a trace of that lingering guilt again.

Shane opened one eye, looking at his own wrist, then up at Ilya. He reached out, his hand wet and slippery, and cupped Ilya's jaw.

"Ilya. Stop," Shane said, his voice firmer now. "I like the marks. They're like... a souvenir. Don't go soft on me now just because the lights are on."

Ilya let out a long, slow breath, leaning into the touch. "You're impossible. Most people want flowers. You want bruises."

"I want you," Shane corrected, pulling Ilya closer until their chests were pressed together under the falling water. "And tonight, I got exactly what I wanted. Even the part where you finished without even touching yourself. Honestly, I'm never letting you live that down."

Ilya groaned, tilting his head back into the spray. "I should have gagged you. You talk too much."

"You love it," Shane teased, his fingers tangling in the wet hair at the nape of Ilya's neck, leaning in for a soft kiss.

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They finished cleaning up in a comfortable, domestic silence. Ilya dried Shane off with a plush towel, wrapping him up like something fragile before leading him back to the bedroom.

The bed had been stripped and remade with fresh, cool sheets while Shane was perched on the edge of the sink, meticulously applying a hyaluronic acid serum to his face.

Despite the fact that his thighs were still trembling and his voice was a wrecked rasp, Shane wasn't about to let a little psychological dismantling ruin his complexion. He tapped the product into his skin with practiced precision, his glasses—now cleaned of any tears and cum—perched back on the bridge of his nose.

Ilya stood in the doorway, a clean pair of sweatpants in one hand and a look of sheer, baffled disbelief on his face.

"You were just screaming for your life, Shane," Ilya said, his voice flat. "I thought you were going to go into shock. And now you're... what is that? Green goop?"

"It's an antioxidant recovery complex, Ilya. Keep up," Shane muttered, squinting at his reflection to make sure he'd gotten his undereye area. "Stress causes cortisol spikes. Cortisol causes breakouts. You did this to me; the least you can do is hold the moisturizer."

Ilya just shook his head, a huff of laughter escaping him as he walked over. He didn't take the bottle, but he did wrap his arms around Shane's waist from behind, resting his chin on Shane's shoulder. He watched in the mirror as Shane finished his routine, the domesticity of the moment a sharp, grounding contrast to the chaos of an hour ago.

Ilya was efficient even when he was exhausted. He'd swapped the dirtied bedding for crisp linen in the three minutes it took Shane to find his toner.

When they finally climbed back in, the atmosphere was entirely different. The darkness was no longer a stage for a thief; it was just a quiet room shared by two men who knew each other's deepest, darkest corners—and their preferred skincare brands.

Shane curled into Ilya's side, his head finding that perfect spot on Ilya's chest. He felt light, empty in the best possible way, his skin smelling of expensive botanicals and the lingering warmth of the shower.

"Ilya?"

"Mm?"

"Next time...let's try the blindfold too."

Ilya let out a sound that was half-laugh, half-surrender. He tightened his arm around Shane, pulling him impossibly close.

"Sleep, Shane. We'll talk about how much more of a mess I can make of your cortisol levels in the morning."

Shane smiled against his skin, the rhythm of Ilya's heart lulling him into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Chapter End Notes

sooo thats the end of this story! (unless i get more inspo for another scene 🥰). i hope this met and exceeded your expectations! i really appreciate all of the comments yall have left me, it truly makes my day!

on a side note, anyone catch the connor storrie verizon ad? im gagged oml

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!