

Leave No Trace

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Leave No Trace

by [demonseas](#)

Summary

There's a bulletin in the newspaper delivered to the cottage on Sunday morning, a brief warning to locals and tourists alike.

Try not to go hiking alone. If you do, be sure to let someone know where you are and when you'll be back. You never know what could befall you—who you could meet—in the woods!

It's a shame Shane doesn't read the paper before slipping out in the predawn morning, Ilya fast asleep beside him.

Notes

Yeah, I know another hollanov sex in the woods outside the cottage fic... but this one is mine :)

Please enjoy! Not beta read, I was possessed by the spirit of this fic and woke up with it on my phone.

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

Chapter 1

There's a bulletin in the newspaper delivered to the cottage on Sunday morning, a brief warning to locals and tourists alike.

Try not to go hiking alone. If you do, be sure to let someone know where you are and when you'll be back. You never know what could befall you—who you could meet—in the woods!

It's a shame Shane doesn't read the paper before slipping out in the predawn morning, Ilya fast asleep beside him.

His favorite spot is about two miles from the cottage, a trek which requires a flashlight this early in the morning, the perfect place to watch the sun rise. Normally he'd beeline there for the best view, but today he takes his time meandering through the forest, wandering down a few side paths to listen to the frogs and birds and breaking to stretch his legs and back on one of the few benches. By the time he feels limber enough to continue on his way, he hears the crunch of leaves behind him. Shane's heart skips in his chest as he discerns a man's silhouette coming up through the trees on the path. The slowly brightening morning obfuscates most of the other hiker's features, only showing that he walks with a hiking pole. Why doesn't he have a light?

"Good morning," Shane says as the other hiker catches up to him.

"Hello," he replies with a grin. "Early morning?"

He's got an accent. A tourist, probably. His gear (small backpack, pole, boots, and tactical gloves with textured finger pads) is shiny-new, like this is his first day on a trail. *Definitely a tourist*, Shane thinks.

"Yep, heading to watch the sunrise," answers Shane, pointing in the general direction of east with his flashlight before he starts walking again.

The man's eyebrows go up a little, and he begins walking just slightly behind Shane. "Me too. Going to the lake."

"Oh, you don't want to go to the lake. There's always noisy people there in the mornings. I know a way better spot. It's a bit longer of a walk but the view is amazing, and it's enough off the path that no one bothers you."

The man makes a humming noise, some kind of affirmation. Shane turns for a second, catches the light flick off his pupils as he pulls up his gaze from Shane's ass. His eyes are blue, with the kind of gaze that strips layers from your soul until you've got nothing left.

"A-anyway it's only another ten minutes or so." Another thirty paces, and he can't help but ask: "By the way, what's with the gloves? The terrain around here isn't rocky enough to need to climb over anything."

The hiker hums again. “What is phrase? ‘Leave No Trace,’ yes?”

Shane wants to question this, to say that Leave No Trace relates to leaving garbage on the trails or stacking stones in the creek and upsetting salamander habitats, but stays silent. He prefers quiet during these hikes, the only sounds the birds waking up, the crunch of leaves and rocks underfoot, and his own breathing. Even the sound of a second person breathing and walking is starting to grate on him by the time he turns from the beaten path and onto what amounts to little more than a deer track heading off to the right.

The spot Shane loves is up a slope, past a stand of birch trees. There’s a break in the trees where from a certain spot you can see out over the lake, above the tree line, which perfectly frames the rising sun above the bottle brush pine trees on the other side of the lake. He’d love to sponsor a bench up here, but that would mean telling the parks department about the spot, would mean other people coming here. Nobody knows about this spot but he and Ilya.

And this random tourist, now remarkably silent.

As the bright sun pokes over the tree line on the other side of the lake, Shane takes a deep breath and closes his eyes, sighing heavily. The July heat won’t bear down for a few more hours, but he drops his small backpack and shucks off his quarter-zip anyway.

It’s just as Shane bends down to place his folded jacket in his pack that he’s grabbed from behind. One massive gloved hand covers his mouth as the other works at the button of his shorts.

“You know,” the gruff voice says right in his ear, “when I went out this morning I thought I’d have to find someone to knock out and drag somewhere. But you, you led me here. Like you were waiting for me.”

Shane whines as his fly comes undone and his shorts are shoved down just enough to expose him. He tries to cry out in protest, but the glove across his mouth muffles sound better than just a hand. He shakes his head *nononono* and tries to wriggle out of his captor’s grasp, but all he succeeds in is pulling them both to the ground, his knees crashing into the packed earth and sharp rocks. His steadily-hardening cock immediately starts to chafe on his dropped jacket, the zipper digging in near the base, sure to leave a mark.

A backpack unzips. Belatedly Shane realizes the bag the other hiker carried wasn’t nearly large or stocked enough for a day of hiking, but if tackling down unsuspecting men in the woods was his goal, he didn’t need a gallon of water and salty snacks. At the chilling sensation of lube between his asscheeks, Shane writhes violently, a desperate attempt to free himself.

The man anchors his knees into the backs of Shane’s thighs and shoves one gloved finger into Shane’s hole.

“Buck like that one more time and you will *not* like what happens.”

The intrusion brings tears to Shane’s eyes immediately. The textured finger of the glove feels so different inside than he thought it would when he spent 45 minutes in the sporting goods

store rubbing every glove between his fingers and against the delicate skin on the inside of his wrist and elbow. He tries again to shake his head, to free his mouth so he can scream, hoping someone down below at the lake or on the path hears him and comes running to try and find him, and is rewarded for his efforts with a second finger, this one even rougher than the first.

“You get fucked a lot.” Not a question.

Shane whimpers. The man chuckles, presses his fingers in deeper. Shane’s cock jumps in response, and he’s happy to be face down, where at least his attacker can’t see him leaking precum all over his soon to be ruined quarter-zip. Slowly the hand moves from his mouth, and, absurdly, his desire is to defend himself instead of screaming for help.

“I have a boyfriend.” Both a plea for the hiker to stop and some kind of explanation for taking his fingers so easily.

“Really?” The lube bottle is uncapped. “Must not care so much, letting a cockslut like you out of his sight for more than a minute.”

“I-I’m not a—“

In the same motion a third finger slides into Shane and the hand returns to his mouth, this time shoving two fingers in to gag him.

“No? Taking three fingers at five in the morning. I moved my hand and you didn’t even scream. Doesn’t sound like someone who doesn’t want it. You do this often? Leave your boyfriend behind to go fuck random men outside?”

Shane shakes his head no, chokes out an approximation of “Stop” around the fingers.

“No, I don’t think I will.”

Suddenly he’s empty. The next sound is unmistakable: a condom wrapper tearing open. It’s not long before there’s something else pressing into Shane’s hole, stretching him more completely than fingers ever could.

“Please... n-no...”

“Shut up,” the man barks, pressing his fingers deeper into Shane’s mouth. “Fuck, for a whore you are so tight.”

Now with a free hand, the hiker grips Shane’s hip, digging the lube-soaked glove in hard enough that Shane wonders what kind of mark will be left behind. A long slip of drool coats his chin around the fingers in his mouth, mixing with the dirt and leaves. He’s speared completely now, and the hiker picks up a brutal pace, fucking him like an animal in heat. Finally, mercifully, he moves his knees from Shane’s thighs, spreading him open and lifting his ass up in the air enough that his neglected cock—steadily leaking and hard as the packed earth underneath them—is no longer crushed under his weight.

“See?” Shane can hear the grin in the other man’s voice. “You are so hard and wet for me. Grinding your cock on the ground while I fuck you.”

Shane shakes his head no again, but it’s true. Now with nothing to relieve the ache he feels delirious, desperate. He knows he can come like this, untouched, and is frankly much closer than he’d like to admit, panting and doing his best to swallow the moans as his abused hole pulses in time with his hammer blow heartbeat. Just a little more—

The hiker scoffs, gripping Shane hard around the base of his cock. The pain sends a shock through his entire body, and his impending orgasm shrieks to a stop.

“Oh no. This is not for you. Why don’t you go ask your boyfriend to make you come? If he can stand to look at you after this.”

That alone almost gets Shane there anyway, but the grip around his cock is now so tight it’s making him nauseous. It stays there, harsh and unyielding, as the hiker builds to a final, jackhammering pace and comes with a groan.

“Stay quiet,” he orders, and pulls his fingers from Shane’s mouth, wiping the spit-soaked fabric over his swollen lips and snotty face. Shane wonders, from somewhere far away, when he started crying in earnest.

Finally the grip on his cock is loosened, and Shane collapses to the forest floor. His hole hurts, his cock hurts, his knees are bruised and likely bleeding. As he starts to come back from wherever it was he disappeared to, the hiker zips himself up and puts his backpack on, bending down near Shane’s face.

“Okay?” The voice is soothing, familiar. It’s his.

Shane nods weakly, still sniffing away the last of the tears. The hiker pats him twice on the shoulder and disappears into the trees without another word.

Shane lays on the ground for a long time, bringing himself back to his body. His hole hurts, his cock hurts, and his knees are scraped and bleeding, mud mixed with dirt. He finally sits up, looking at his hip. There's no mark from the gloved hand digging into him. No cum leaking down his thighs. What had he said? Leave no trace?

Bringing himself to standing, Shane gives a long look towards the path back to the cottage. He wishes he could say the worst was behind him, but now he has to face Ilya.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Bringing himself to standing, Shane gives a long look towards the path back to the cottage. He wishes he could say the worst was behind him, but now he has to face Ilya.

Chapter Notes

Please note the new tags that go along with this chapter. Ilya does not follow the hiker's advice.

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

It's over an hour before Shane spots the cottage at the end of the hiking trail. He'd washed most of the mud and blood off his legs with his water bottle, and had finally stopped limping around halfway through the trek, but he keeps a slow and steady pace to avoid opening the cut on his left knee again.

He opens the back door as softly as he can. A quiet morning, everything in its place except Ilya's upturned hiking boots next to the door, drying. Ilya sits at the kitchen table nursing a mug of coffee and inspecting the newspaper. His hair is damp and he's in nothing but the bath towel wrapped tight around his waist and his mother's cross.

"H-hey..."

"Hi." The sharp staccato of the word cuts Shane to the quick. "There was a note, in newspaper this morning. Don't go out hiking alone, or tell someone when you will come back. I woke up alone. No note. Where have you been?"

Ilya's eyes travel to the rapidly-purpling bruises on Shane's knees, the cut that keeps threatening to bleed again. His gaze softens, just a fraction. "What happened?"

The words crowd behind Shane's teeth. *It's nothing, I tripped, take me to bed please.* It would be so, so easy to lie about his morning. Ilya stands to pour himself another cup of coffee, pulling Shane's favorite mug from the cabinet next to the fridge as well, while Shane unties his shoes and leaves them next to Ilya's.

"There was... a man on the trail."

"Someone pushed you down?"

“N-not...”

“Tell me what happened.”

Shane knows he doesn't want any details spared. “I was going to watch the sunrise, and this guy came up and said he was going to the lake to watch. I told him he shouldn't go there, that there was a better spot, and he followed me to that outlook, you know the—“

“The spot you took me to fuck you? The spot where you said no one would hear you moaning like a whore on my cock? You took some random man there?”

Ilya's face is hard, but Shane is drawn to him like the pull of the blackest depths. He shuffles closer, until he's in front of Ilya, between him and the island. Shame burns hot on his cheeks, reliving the feeling of gloved fingers in his mouth and hole.

“I didn't think he would try to hurt me. To... fuck me.”

“And what, you didn't fight back?”

“He—he pinned me down.”

Ilya barks out a laugh. “You are 200 pounds of pure muscle, Shane. No one pins you down unless you want it.”

The flush in his face is starting to travel down to his collarbones, Shane can feel it. Ilya stares so directly to the core of him, knows exactly what Shane was feeling the entire time in the woods.

“Did you come?”

Shane's eyes lock into place from where he'd been studying whorls in the cabinet just to the left of Ilya's head. His boyfriend raises his eyebrows in expectation.

“N-no, he said—“

“Ah. So this is problem, actually.” Ilya steps forward, backing Shane against the island. “Not that you ran off without telling me, not that you got fucked by random man in woods, but that you didn't come.”

“That's not... he told me I should ask you.”

“Oh did he?”

“If... if you could bear to look at me.”

Ilya smirks, pulling off Shane's dirty t-shirt. “Oh, sweetheart. I can always bear to look at you. But I think you need a reminder of who you belong to.”

And just like that Shane's shorts and briefs are yanked down for the second time this morning. Ilya spins him around, bending him over the island countertop. A drawer opens

behind him. Shane keeps a small bottle of lube in the back of his junk drawer, hidden under the dishwasher and refrigerator manuals. He takes a centering breath. Ilya will fuck him, probably be a little rough like he deserves. Everything is fine.

Everything is fine until something that is very much not Ilya touches his ass, then comes down hard on his bare skin. The wooden spoon.

It was a gift from Shane's mom the first year Ilya spent the entire summer at the cottage. Shane thought it was silly—not to mention impractical—being heart shaped, but never one to turn down a gift he dutifully stocked it away with his other cooking utensils. Ilya found it while looking for the meat hammer a few weeks later and was immediately enraptured.

"I wonder if I could get a heart to show up."

Turns out he could.

Shane writhes violently, trying to turn around to face Ilya. He's slammed roughly back down.

"Put your hands on the counter. If you move again I get the belt."

The spoon swats down again and again, pain blossoming on Shane's ass and at the top of his thighs. Ilya hadn't asked him to count, but he kept track in his mind. *Eleven, twelve, thirteen.* The only solace he takes is the knowledge Ilya isn't hitting him as hard as he could be. They'd broken the first spoon that way.

Ilya stops at thirty. The spoon clatters down on the island counter next to him, nearly sliding into the sink. Another drawer crashes open. This time it's definitely the junk drawer—Shane knows he was deluding himself thinking Ilya would fuck him right away.

He does now, fucking into Shane with no preamble. His cock is barely lubed up and the tight, hot stretch buckles Shane's knees. Ilya presses one hand down in the center of Shane's back, pinning him fast to the countertop as he had been pinned to the forest floor. The other hand grips Shane's hip, digging little halfmoon indentations into the tender skin. Shane's palms are still flat on the counter, elbows pointed up to frame Ilya's chest. He hadn't been told he could move.

"Touch me," whines Shane as Ilya jackrabbits into him. "P-please."

His cock aches, hard and untouched, and keeps cramming against the cabinets with each snap of Ilya's hips. Ilya slides his hand from the center of Shane's back to the back of his head, pressing his cheek to the counter.

"No. You come like this or not at all."

Shane moans, trying to ignore the new shock of cold in his face as the rest of his body superheats. Ilya is even farther on top of him now, biting down on whatever part of Shane he can get his mouth around, leaving a wash of angry red marks on Shane's shoulders and back. The friction against the smarting skin on his ass and thighs is constant—Ilya is barely pulling

back anymore, fucking in tight thrusts that cram against his prostate in a way that turns Shane's brain to pudding. He barely registers drool pooling on the counter under his face as he finally lets go a long, loud moan and comes all over the island's lower cabinets.

"There. Isn't that better, hm?" Ilya hoarsely whispers into his ear, bites the shell of it.

Ilya fucks him hard through his orgasm, out to the point where it hurts, to where his brain shuts rational thoughts and emotions in favor of the kind of animalistic noises that can only be made when going from *human* to *thing*.

This is where Ilya likes him best. Not quite moaning, not quite screaming, not quite sobbing. Pliant. His. It's not much longer before Ilya's teeth find his shoulder again, biting down hard as he comes. His hand moves from Shane's hip to rake his nails down the broad expanse of Shane's back.

Shane shudders almost violently as he's released from Ilya's grip and guided to his knees on the kitchen floor. Every inch of his body aches, the kind he loves more than anything. The kind that means he's been used. He looks forward, sees the smear of drying cum on the cabinets. By the time he notices Ilya holding out a damp microfiber cloth for him, he's already licked most of it from the wood.

"My precious slut," Ilya says, a note of reverence in his voice.

Then a shower. Shane still had dirt on his knees, stuck deep. Once they're done, Ilya pulls a few band-aids and some ointment from the medicine cabinet to patch him up, kissing the bandages.

As they leave the bathroom, Shane catches sight of his back in the mirror. His skin is fiery red, especially on his ass where the vaguely heart-shaped marks are quickly forming welts. Five crescent moons stick out on his hip, long claw marks slip down one side of his back, and his shoulders wear a garland of circular bite marks and dark purple hickeys.

"Holy shit."

Ilya grins, leans in to place a kiss on one of the marks. "Leave no trace is only for things that aren't yours."

Chapter End Notes

In the words of our lord and savior Hudson Williams, we need some kitchen sex, we need some props.

[The Spoon](#)

Thank you for reading! Feel free to drop a comment or come chat with me [on tumblr!](#)

End Notes

Ilya's gloves: <https://www.academy.com/p/carhartt-mens-c-grip-pro-palm-work-gloves>

One more chapter to come of Ilya NOT following the advice of leave no trace.

I hope you enjoyed! Please leave a comment I would love to chat about my favorite pervs. Or follow me on tumblr @demonseas.

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