

five minutes for checking from behind

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by [hollanov \(searchingforabiggersky\)](#)

Summary

Someone is following Shane on his evening run through the woods around the cottage. Paparazzi? A stalker? A crazed fan?

... Ilya Rozanov?

or

Ilya gets really into the concept of hunting Shane for sport and pleasure.

Notes

This is all consensual! I didn't write a pre-scene conversation because it felt more natural to just drop them into it, but this is a pre-discussed, pre-agreed upon scene.

Thank you as always to [Chavalala](#) for beta reading and for being my biggest cheerleader.

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

The cottage. 8pm on a Tuesday in September. No one around for miles.

Or so he thought.

The sun slowly creeps towards the horizon as Shane darts from the forest path into the treeline, his heart pounding in his chest. Someone is following him.

Scared isn't the right word; the emotion Shane is feeling is closer to *on edge* as he tiptoes through the trees. There's someone here who shouldn't be here, sneaking around in the relative seclusion of his private property. As the day fades into evening, the setting sun casts long, unsettling shadows across his home-away-from-home, creating pockets of darkness which could easily swallow up someone who doesn't want to be seen.

Shane nearly jumps out of his skin as his watch makes a loud beeping sound—a warning tone indicating a rapidly elevated heart rate. "Shit," he hisses under his breath, slamming his hand over the display to muffle the noise.

But it's too late.

A rustle of leaves, a startled bird taking flight, and the sound of hurried, heavy footfall heading in his direction. He spares a single glance over his shoulder, catches a glimpse of a broadly muscled chest, of thick, strong arms rivalling the surrounding tree trunks in their girth.

Okay, *now*, Shane is scared.

Years of cardio workouts have prepared Shane for this very moment as he turns away from the man and books it in the opposite direction, his footsteps crashing loudly through the underbrush. He can hear his pursuer following right on his trail, his breath panting loudly as he chases Shane through the trees.

And then he's gone.

The only footsteps Shane hears are his own. The only panting breath coming from his own slack mouth. He looks behind him, and there's no one there.

Spotting a shadowy cluster of trees up ahead, Shane makes a beeline for them, ducking into the darkness and dropping his hands to his knees, buckling forwards as he catches his breath. He knows he's not imagining things—the guy is still out here.

Squinting through the dense forest, he can just about make out the outline of the cottage, cast in a warm, orange glow by the setting sun. If he can just make it back there, he's—well, *safe* might be a stretch, with his three hundred sixty degree windowed walls, but he'll feel much more comfortable with a locked door between himself and this lunatic.

Shane flinches as he takes a step in the direction of the cottage and immediately feels—and more importantly hears—a twig crack under his shoe. His face scrunches up as he holds his

expletive inside, keeping his breathing as shallow as possible as he does his best not to make another sound, tiptoeing slowly towards the edge of the woods.

He reaches the treeline without incident, the cottage blissfully in his sights, and just as he's about to make a break for it, a loud twig snaps uncomfortably close behind him. Before Shane has a chance to react, a firm hand pushes hard against his back, causing him to stumble chest-first into a thick tree trunk.

"Fuuuuuck," the man behind him drawls, and Shane would know that voice—that thick Russian accent—anywhere. "Was a good chase. You are so pretty when you are scared."

"Rozanov?" Shane blinks, craning his neck to confirm that the man currently pressing him into a tree isn't some crazed fan, and is in fact his professional rival. Ilya's pretty blue eyes—which Shane has *never* fantasised about—stare back at him, twinkling in the soft sunlight. He twists against Ilya's hold, and Ilya lets up enough to allow Shane to spin on his feet, pressing his back to the tree instead, and Ilya's palm lands firmly in the middle of his chest, holding him in place. Shane's breath comes out in shallow little puffs as he eyes his opponent warily. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Running," Ilya shrugs, casting his eyes down at his workout gear.

Shane narrows his eyes, puffing his chest out against Ilya's hand. "This is private property," he says firmly. "Are you stalking me? I'll report you. This is harassment."

Ilya lets out a soft huff of a laugh, stepping in closer, crowding Shane against the tree with his body. His free hand slides slowly down Shane's torso until he's cupping the half-hard bulge of his dick through his running shorts. "Mm, I do not think you mind."

Embarrassment floods Shane's chest, the realisation that he's getting hard from this hitting him at the exact moment Ilya touches his cock. This isn't— He's not—

Refusing to stay passive under this—this *assault*, Shane lifts his hands and shoves hard against Ilya's shoulders, sending the other man stumbling back a few steps, giving himself just enough of a gap to slip past his attacker and make a break for the cottage.

Except Ilya is quick—a quick thinker, quick on the ice, quick on his feet—and he shoots a leg out as he topples backwards, hooking his foot around Shane's ankle and sending him crashing to the ground, landing heavily amongst the leaf litter.

"You think this is a game?" Ilya growls, finding his footing and stalking over to where Shane lies, crumpled in the dirt. He wraps a hand around Shane's bicep, harshly hauling him up and slamming him back against the tree, getting right up in his face. "Don't play with me, Hollander. I know you want this."

"I don't," Shane protests, trying in vain to push back against Ilya, but his opponent is prepared this time, his feet planted firmly on the ground, his body tilted towards Shane. "What do you want from me?"

"Same thing you want," Ilya rumbles, his hand sliding into Shane's shorts and curling around his embarrassingly hard dick, pulling a whimper from his throat. "Let me touch you, *da*? You are so hot. I cannot stop thinking about you."

Shane's voice sticks in his throat as a shudder runs down his spine, trying to twist his body away from the invasive touch. "R-Rozanov," he gasps, his hand grasping at Ilya's wrist in an unsuccessful attempt to drag it out of his shorts. "What the fuck?"

"I see how you look at me on the ice, Hollander," Ilya whispers, his mouth tucked uncomfortably close to Shane's ear as his dry palm slides over Shane's dick. "You want me, I know you do." He pauses for a beat before adding, "Is okay—I want you too."

Shane shakes his head vigorously, bashing it into Ilya's in the process and feeling the other man's soft curls brush against his cheek. His brain rattles, untethered in his skull, a soft ringing sound pulsing in his ears. "You're wrong," he says, though his cock betrays him, releasing a wet glob of precome against Ilya's steadily rubbing thumb.

Ilya heaves a huge sigh and rolls his eyes, dragging his hand back out of Shane's pants and popping his slick thumb between his lips. He moans exaggeratedly as he gets a taste of Shane's arousal, and Shane has to screw his face up to hide how much the simple move affects him. He's not into this. He's *not*.

"Enough of this," Ilya murmurs, and before Shane knows what's hit him, Ilya is bending slightly at the waist, pulling Shane away from the tree, and hoisting him over his shoulder in one slick move, as though Shane weighs nothing at all.

Suddenly and unexpectedly upside down, Shane feels himself go lightheaded as blood rushes to his brain. "What the *fuck*? Put me down," he yells, thrashing in place, feeling his hard dick rub embarrassingly against Ilya's shoulder. Shane's hands scrabble for purchase against Ilya's firm back, dragging the hem of his shirt up as his nails dig harshly into the bare skin beneath. "Help!" he chokes out into the impossibly still woodland, his throat burning around his futile cries.

Ilya huffs softly as he starts to walk out of the forest towards the cottage, leaves quietly crunching under his feet as he tightens his grip on Shane's squirming hips. "There is nobody here," he says darkly. "No one can hear you scream, Hollander."

A frightened sob tugs at Shane's chest, and he drags all eight fingernails brutally up the length of Ilya's back as he writhes on the younger man's shoulder, revelling in the hiss of pain his counter-attack drags from the Russian's lips. With a deftly placed knee to Ilya's chest, and just the right twist of his body, Shane manages to dislodge himself from Ilya's grip, tumbling out of his arms and landing painfully on his hands and knees like the world's largest and most uncoordinated cat. He scrambles to his feet, disoriented from being upside down, forcing himself to ignore the burn of his scraped-up skin, and *runs*. The only thing he knows is away—get the fuck *away*.

His ankle bends the wrong way under his weight as he bolts before Ilya can grab him, which, alongside attempting to run with a boner, hinders him heavily as he flees towards the cottage.

He can hear Ilya on his trail, his panting breath and the pounding of his runners against the gravel, right on Shane's heels.

"You think you can get away that easy, Hollander?" Ilya taunts, his fingertips brushing the back of Shane's workout top, a cruel laugh choking out of his throat as he chases Shane down. "I can tell what you are thinking. You'll never make it."

Shane swallows heavily, his arms swinging in time with his frantic strides. "Get the fuck away from me," he yells, flinching as he feels Ilya's hand glance his back again.

He already knows he's not fast enough. His twisted ankle throbs—not hurting enough to seriously worry about (he'll ice it later), but enough to slow him down. Ilya's hand finally grabs the back of Shane's tank and he tumbles to the ground, his already scuffed knees and palms scraping harshly against the loose stone path. He hisses through his teeth as Ilya crashes down on top of him, straddling Shane's torso and crushing him into the gravel, trapping his hard cock painfully beneath his hips.

Ilya's palm finds the side of Shane's head, grinding his face down cruelly into the path, his breath puffing hot against Shane's cheek as he leans down over him, basking in his victory. "That was fun," he whispers, licking a thick wet stripe up the side of Shane's face and blowing a cold stream of air over it, laughing sadistically when it sends a shiver through Shane.

Tears spring to Shane's eyes as the sharp stones covering the path dig painfully into his sensitive flesh, and he hears himself whimper pathetically into the cold night. There's something so much hotter about being caught knowing that he gave his all in fighting back. In knowing that he was genuinely bested. His cock throbs where it's trapped against the ground. "Please don't hurt me," he begs, his breath coming out in shallow little puffs, his lungs constricted by Ilya's weight.

"I never wanted to hurt you, stupid," Ilya's voice comes out softer, almost fond. "I just want your body."

Shane makes a soft, scared noise in the back of his throat, trying desperately to buck Ilya off to no avail, only succeeding in further scraping up his smarting knees. He's pinned. Trapped. Caught. "What are you going to do to me?"

Ilya's heft on Shane's back is a constant pressure, unrelenting and heavy, forcing him into the ground. He leans down over Shane's body, his hard cock rubbing filthily along the length of his spine. In a seductive whisper, he murmurs, "I am going to fuck you, Hollander. This is not obvious?"

The words definitely don't soak the inside of Shane's shorts in precome, because this isn't doing it for him. It *isn't*. "H-here?" Shane stammers, his teeth chattering against the cold Canadian night. He realises with a surprised blink that the sun has finally set, a cloying, chilling darkness swirling around them. In the distance, he hears a loon call—no longer a sound that frightens Ilya, no longer something that he could use to his advantage.

"No one will see," Ilya answers airily, as though that's the only possible issue here. "Stay still."

Ilya lifts his body weight, quickly clambering to his feet, and Shane categorically does not stay still. He scrambles against the ground in a desperate attempt to get up, only making it to his hands and knees before a foot lands swiftly in the small of his back, sending him crashing back into the gravel and knocking the wind out of his lungs.

Shane gasps for breath, his eyes watering as he finds himself suddenly unable to suck in as much oxygen as he needs with Ilya's heavy foot crushing him into the path.

"I said *stay*," Ilya growls, grinding the rubber sole of his shoe into Shane's back.

He can't breathe. Shane's chest constricts painfully as he tries and fails to draw in enough air. "Y-yellow," he forces out, the word coming out thin and reedy. "Wait."

Ilya's foot lifts from his back in an instant, and he scrambles around to the front of Shane's prone body, dropping to his knees beside his face. A gentle hand cups Shane's cheek. "You are hurt?" he asks softly, all traces of the monstrous predator gone from his voice. "Tell me, please."

Shane shakes his head lightly, rolling onto his back to suck in a deep breath without his lungs being crushed beneath his body. "Winded," he laughs softly, blinking up at Ilya as his boyfriend brushes away a tiny pebble embedded in his cheek. He doesn't miss the way Ilya's eyes flick to his cock, still obviously tenting his shorts in the dim moonlight.

"I am sorry," Ilya murmurs, watching Shane's chest rise and fall as he gradually gets his breath back.

"No no, it's good," Shane murmurs, reaching up to curl a hand around the back of Ilya's neck. "It's all good, I promise." He drags his boyfriend down for an upside down kiss, letting himself smile against his lips as they spend a few moments outside the bounds of the scene. "Don't do anything different, please," Shane begs as Ilya pulls back, their eyes locked in a hungry staring competition. "It's literally perfect."

Ilya slides a hand over Shane's heaving pec, petting him lightly through his sweaty tank. "Do you want me to fuck you out here, or take you inside?" He blinks up into the darkness. "It is getting cold."

Shane smirks softly, patting Ilya lightly on the cheek. "I guess that depends on if I manage to get away again," he murmurs with a wink. He takes another deep breath, nodding once. "I'm good now," he says softly, rolling back onto his stomach. "Green. Thank you."

With a lingering look at Shane's face willingly smushed back into the stone, Ilya stands and gets into position, kneeling over Shane's waist again, facing his feet. Two huge hands palm at Shane's ass through his shorts, and Ilya grinds his balls down against the small of Shane's back.

"You think you can deny me this?" Ilya groans, dropping back into character as he pushes the loose fabric down and squeezes Shane's glutes with cold hands. "So perfect, Hollander. Just made to be fucked." His fingers pet slowly inwards, and Shane struggles against the motion, wriggling futilely under Ilya's body weight, unable to get any real purchase.

"Leave me alone, Rozanov," Shane pants, getting his arms underneath himself to try to force his body up off the ground, letting out a loud grunt. He gets halfway up before Ilya's foot blindly sweeps at his arm, buckling his elbow and sending him collapsing heavily back into the gravel.

"I do not think is what you want," Ilya mumbles, his accent growing thicker as he gets closer to his prize. "We both know how quickly you got hard when you saw me," he says darkly, rolling his hips against Shane's spine. "I know you want my big cock."

A dry finger forces its way past Shane's tight rim and he lets out a strangled cry, bending his legs at the knee in an attempt to kick Ilya away. "Get the fuck away from me," he begs through tightly gritted teeth, squeezing his eyes closed against the shame and thrill of being violated. He can't do much more than swing his legs vaguely in the area around his ass, and Ilya easily dodges the attacks with a snide laugh.

"You are so tight," Ilya praises, sliding his finger in and out, the dry skin catching uncomfortably on every thrust. "Not many people get to fuck this hot ass, do they?"

"*Fuck you*," Shane spits angrily, feeling tears pool in his waterline as he clenches around the intrusion. "At least use lube, you fucking monster."

Shane can hear the smug smile in Ilya's voice when he responds, "Ah, so you do want it."

Growling in frustration, Shane reaches a hand out to the side to claw at Ilya's exposed ankle, drawing red trails of fire across his pale skin. "I want you to stop hurting me."

"Fuck, you are perfect for this, Hollander," Ilya rumbles, slapping his free hand harshly down against Shane's exposed ass cheek. "I knew you would be." His finger leaves Shane's body and the distinct, plasticky sound of a cap opening rings out loud in the still night air.

Of course Rozanov brought lube on a run—he fucking planned this. Stalked Shane. Found him in his safest and most vulnerable place. Overpowered him and forced him into submission. The realisation sets Shane's heart pounding at double speed, his muscles aching as he writhes desperately under Ilya, exhausted by his fruitless attempts to get away.

Two slick fingers delve back into his body, drawing a gasp out of Shane as they laser target his prostate with every thrust. Ilya's free hand curls around the fat globe of one of his cheeks, spreading him open to the cold night air as he scissors his fingers and forces Shane open around him. A thick gob of spit lands directly on Shane's hole, immediately getting pushed inside and swirling with the mess of lube filling his ass.

"You are such a fucking creep, Rozanov," Shane sobs, sliding an arm under his head and feeling overwhelmed tears soak into the skin of his forearm. "Stop this, please."

Ilya makes a soft noise of dissent in the back of his throat. "I saw you running and you looked so pretty," he explains casually, the softness of his voice belying the violence of his actions. "I had to have you. Is a compliment, no?"

Shane clenches hard around his fingers, his knees scraping against the ground as he tries in vain to buck Ilya off of him. "You're fucking insane, didn't your mother ever teach you any manners?"

He freezes. The words leave him on instinct—too into character to realise quite what he's saying, or to whom.

Before he has a chance to apologise, Ilya is replying, his voice coming out dark. "Mama is dead."

A third finger forces its way into Shane's body before he's ready, drawing a pained scream from his chest as his rim stretches wide around the intrusion.

"Rozanov—Ilya—please," Shane pants, shaking his head against the soft, wet skin of his arm. He snuffles, sucking in a breath. Maybe, just maybe, he can bargain with the man. "I'm sorry," he says quietly, his body stilling. "Look, you don't have to do this."

"I do," Ilya says simply. "I want you, and you will not give yourself to me willingly."

Shane takes a deep, steadying breath. "I will," he says, craning his neck to observe the long, heaving line of Ilya's back. "L-let's go inside, get out of the cold, and I'll let you fuck me however you want, okay?"

Ilya pauses, considering, and then his fingers slowly slide out of Shane's body.

Shane watches over his shoulder as Ilya picks up the discarded lube from the ground and slips it back into his pocket. "You promise?"

"I promise," Shane says, hearing the terrified tremor threaded through his voice and hoping that it isn't obvious to Ilya. That it isn't obviously a lie.

Ilya gets to his feet, warily watching as Shane pushes himself up onto trembling Bambi legs, the waistband of his shorts still tucked neatly under his ass cheeks. "You won't run?" Ilya asks, seeming almost small, defeated.

Shane shakes his head softly as he looks between them. Ilya's knees are grazed and bloodied beneath the hem of his shorts, but they pale in comparison to Shane's injuries. Looking down at his own body, he notices a trickle of blood running down the length of his shin, soaking into his white sock. His palms and forearms are covered in little red nicks and cuts, scraped up in the various scuffles. He touches gentle fingertips to his sore cheek, feeling dried blood crumble away from his skin and get swept up in the soft breeze off the lake.

Ilya watches him cautiously, his body tense, as though unsure what to do with himself now that Shane isn't fighting back.

"It didn't have to be like this," Shane whispers, his heart pounding heavily against the inside of his chest. *I would have said yes, if you'd just asked.*

He keeps his eyes locked on Ilya, though he's carefully scoping out the surroundings in his periphery, considering his next move. If he can just make it to the cottage door, he has a chance of getting inside and locking it behind him before Ilya can catch up.

"Okay," Ilya says softly, his accent thick. His eyes flicker towards the cottage, and Shane takes his chance, turning on his heel and bolting across the lawn, his exposed, pale ass no doubt shining like a beacon in the moonlight.

He doesn't get far—his twisted ankle significantly slowing him down—but at least he has the softer pillow of grass to land on when he gets tackled to the ground this time, a hand pressing down hard between his shoulder blades and crushing his chest into the perfectly manicured lawn.

"I never should have trusted lying slut like you," Ilya growls, his free hand dragging Shane's hips up off the grass. He doesn't wait, doesn't give Shane a chance to catch his breath. Within seconds, the blunt, dry head of his cock is pressing against Shane's fluttering asshole, forcing its way inside in one brutal push and punching a grunt out of Shane's chest.

Shane scrabbles at the lawn with curled fingertips, feeling mud cake under his short nails as he begs, "No, please, Roz—"

"Shut *up*," Ilya snaps, his words trailing off into a groan. "Uuunghhh, *fuck*, you are so tight for me," he rumbles, rocking in and out in a few shallow, experimental thrusts.

"Fuck," Shane chokes, his jaw clenching tightly around the word as he's forcibly stretched open. "Fuck, it *hurts*, please," he begs, trying and failing to wrench his hips out of Ilya's grip. "Please stop it."

"Does not hurt," Ilya dismisses, sliding all the way inside with a savage thrust, the sound of his hips slapping against Shane's ass ringing out loudly into the quiet night. He reaches a hand beneath Shane's hips, squeezing around the length of his achingly hard cock with a condescending laugh. "I do not think you would be so hard if it was very bad, ah?"

Pain sparks up Shane's spine, and he gasps around a shuddering cry, feeling his cock throb in Ilya's hand before being unceremoniously dropped as the tight grip returns to his waist.

Ilya's voice takes on a teasing tone as he fucks into Shane's trembling body. "Knew you would have good hole, Hollander," he says, his voice smug. "Is in your name, yes? Hole-ander."

Despite how much he wants to, Shane doesn't allow himself to laugh at Ilya's dumb wordplay. Instead, he lets a dramatic sob heave out of his chest. The evening dew on the grass soaks into his tank, rapidly chilling his body to the core. "Fuck off," he groans, squeezing his eyes shut tight. His hard cock pulses, trapped in the sticky, damp fabric of his shorts, of complete irrelevance to Ilya, who takes only what he wants from Shane's body, with zero regard for Shane's needs.

To his dismay, Shane realises that he's stopped struggling, a resigned sigh gusting out past his lips as Ilya relentlessly pounds into his body. The pressure, the steady rhythm, the hand forcing Shane's chest into the grass—they're grounding. What's the point in fighting any more? Rozanov got his prize.

A small, soft moan ekes out of Shane's throat, and Ilya groans deeply behind him.

"That's it—good slut. It feels nice, yes?" Ilya murmurs, petting at the nape of Shane's neck with his fingertips. "Let me hear you. Is okay, there is no one else around."

Shane screws his face up tight, not wanting to give Ilya anything he asks for, but unable to hold in the breathy grunt as Ilya's cock brushes his prostate just right. His face flames hot against the cold grass, a pathetic, needy shiver running through him as Ilya fucks him just the way he loves to hate.

"Taking me so well, you are good at this," Ilya groans, each thrust forcing Shane's body down into the lawn, blades of grass tickling at the bare skin of his arms. "Going to take my fat load, yes?" he drawls, his voice threaded with desperation. "Let me fill you up with come."

Shane shakes his head. "N-no, I don't know where you've been," he protests weakly, belatedly realising that Ilya is fucking him bare. Rozanov is a known playboy—who knows *what* infections he's carrying. "C-come on my back," he begs, trying one final time to drag his hips forwards out of Ilya's hold.

Ilya doesn't let him go, grinding deep and filthy in Shane's trembling body. "Are you going to come?" Ilya asks. "I do not have free hand, but is fine. I bet sluts like you can come untouched."

"No," Shane says firmly, as though his cock isn't jerking in his shorts at the thought. "I—I'm not getting off on this."

Ilya snorts, leaning down over Shane to breathe hot and nasty in his ear. "If you come untouched, I will pull out and come on your back, like you want," he offers—an ultimatum of sorts. "If you refuse, I will come inside you, and give you all my nasty diseases."

Shane whimpers, biting his lip. Inside of him there are two wolves. "C-can I touch myself?"

Ilya presses his chest harder into the ground. "No," he says firmly, leaning back up and resuming his brutal pace, his thick cock brushing Shane's prostate on every pass as he pounds ceaselessly into his trembling body.

Shane's breath comes out in pants, his body shuddering delightedly as a heat pools in his gut. Coming untouched is second nature to him at this point, and he lets out a breathy gasp at the familiar tug behind his balls. Pressing a hand over his eyes, he lets the feeling wash over him, his core drawing tight—his ass clenching tight too—and then releasing in a rush. His cock spills in pulsing, messy spurts against the inside of his underwear, the heady rush of his orgasm drawn out by each brush against his prostate, until he melts into the grass, sticky and sated.

Ilya groans deeply when Shane tightens around him, lifting his hand from Shane's spine and curling it around his other hip, halting his thrusts altogether and dragging Shane's limp, spent body like a ragdoll over his cock.

A high-pitched, horrified noise falls from Shane's lips as he feels Ilya spill inside his body, his mouth falling open around a stuttered "Y-you promised—" His chest clenches tight at the betrayal, even though Ilya hasn't given him a reason to trust a single word out of his mouth.

The sleepy, satisfied Shane slowly slipping out of the scene can't deny that he loves the feeling, though—loves that Ilya made that choice.

Ilya rocks down over his back as he pumps come into Shane's slack body, one hand curling under his chest, the other coming up to pet gently at his hair, carefully picking small twigs and leaves out of the strands.

He's the first to speak, a breathy "Fuck," right against Shane's ear. Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's shoulder, to his cheek, to his hair. "I love you," he murmurs, scratching lightly at Shane's scalp.

Shane thinks he might move his mouth in response, but no words come out, his whole being turned completely boneless under his boyfriend's grounding weight. He feels Ilya's body peel away, hears a pathetic whimper which must come out of his own mouth. His hole is suddenly empty, and the bracing wind stops battering his bare ass as Ilya pulls up his shorts. Cold air wraps around the rest of his body instead, and a deep tremor runs through Shane from his neck to his toes.

There's no way he can move himself, every muscle in his body turned to marshmallow, so he's thankful to be rolled over and lifted off the ground, the motions soundtracked by quiet, unintelligible Russian murmured softly in his ear. He rests his sleepy head against Ilya's firm shoulder, shuddering as he gradually absorbs a little of his boyfriend's body heat, warming through to his cold bones.

When he opens his eyes again, they're in the bathroom—the one with the big waterfall shower. Ilya sets Shane carefully on his feet, and he's just about able to stay upright if he rests his back against the wall. He helps Ilya strip him of his clothes, by which he means he doesn't resist as Ilya drags the tank over his head, as he lifts each of Shane's feet to tug his shoes and socks off, to step him out of the shorts pooled around his ankles.

Ilya manhandles him to the shower bench, letting Shane sit down, his body exhausted and his muscles worn out. The warm water feels glorious against his frigid skin, though it does smart as it runs over each of his fresh grazes. Ilya kneels in front of him—it seems he got naked at some point too—and runs his hands soothingly over Shane's skin.

"Still floaty?" Ilya murmurs, petting Shane's uninjured cheek with a soft hand, the other coasting gently down his arm. He doesn't make a move to start soaping Shane up, seemingly content to just sit with him, surrounded by the familiar, repetitive thrum of the shower beating down around them, their chilled bodies slowly warming as they come down from the high of the scene together.

"Mmm, mmhm," Shane manages, leaning into the touch. He can feel come oozing out of his body, soaking into the bench seat beneath his tender ass. "Feelgood," he slurs, the words merging into one. His slightly blurred gaze fixes on Ilya, on his wet curls sitting flat against his head, on his full, pink lips resting slightly open as he breathes in the steamy shower air. On the golden cross sitting around his neck.

The scene floods back to Shane in an instant, and he blinks a few times, feeling himself wake suddenly from his dreamlike state. He lifts a heavy hand to rest on Ilya's shoulder, his thumb sliding along the delicate chain of the necklace. "I'm sorry I brought up your mother," he whispers, his words fading into the sound of water pounding tile. "I wasn't thinking."

Ilya smiles fondly. "Welcome back, *malysh*," he murmurs, running a gentle thumb over Shane's cheekbone. "Is okay, was a good excuse to be even meaner to you." He doesn't seem too broken up about it, thankfully, hushing Shane when he tries to apologise further, chuckling softly under his breath and pressing a finger to Shane's lips, effortlessly pivoting the conversation away from himself. "It was okay?"

Shane sucks in a deep breath. "Fucking hell, Ilya," he laughs, kissing the pad of his boyfriend's finger. "It was *transcendental*." He uses the hand on Ilya's shoulder to drag him in, pressing their lips together under the shower spray. "I love you so fucking much."

He pauses a moment, rolling his foot against the tile. "By the way, I think I fucked up my ankle trying to escape," he says, letting his mouth form a small smile so Ilya knows it isn't too serious. He rocks forward to gently bonk their foreheads together. "I definitely need an ice pack when we're done in here."

Ilya looks down between them, rubbing a careful hand down Shane's hairy calf. "I hurt you. I will nurse you better," he promises, leaning down to drop a kiss to Shane's knee. "I will carry you everywhere you need to go until it is healed."

"Thank you for hunting me," Shane murmurs, petting a hand through Ilya's wet hair, unable to hold back the lazy, satisfied smirk tugging at his lips.

Ilya's returning smile twinkles in his eyes as he gently squeezes Shane's smarting ankle. "Thank you for trying so hard to get away. It made it much more fun."

Shane reaches for the shampoo, drizzling a small amount into his hand and threading it into Ilya's curls.

"Literally any time."

End Notes

Two CNC fics in a row I'm sorry/you're welcome. I promise this series isn't just CNC now, and the next fic will explore something different.

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