

Frostbite

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Frostbite

by Anonymous

Summary

‘What are you doing?’ Shane asked but Ilya spoke over him.

‘I want to fuck you.’

Shane rolled his eyes. ‘You can fuck me at home, not in the changing rooms.’

‘No, not in the changing room.’ Ilya pointed down to the ice beneath them. ‘Right here.’

Shane balked. His eyes widened in shock.

Or: They have sex on the ice rink.

Notes

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

Lily: Come to ice rink.

Jane: What, Why? It's ten o'clock at night?

Lily: Door is open.

Jane: What are you doing Ilya? We have a match tomorrow.

The three dots for a speech bubble, tittered on the screen. The grey bubble making Shane's heart thump.

What was Ilya going to say? Why did he want Shane to go to the ice rink? Matter of a fact, what was Ilya doing there?

Practise had finished hours ago, and Shane knew Ilya was going out to dinner with Svetlana.

Shane was holding onto his phone so tightly, the case creaked.

The screen flashed, the white clouded up Shane's eyes. The speech bubble disappeared.

Shane waited a minute, then ten. Sitting on his bathroom floor, face and body wet from the shower. He'd had Ilya's notifications on vibrate, and the buzz had interrupted his shower, soap suds still swimming in his hair. He'd jumped out, snatched the phone up and replied straight away.

It didn't matter that they were together, that Ilya was Shane's and Shane, Ilya's.

That pulsing need for Ilya had never left him, a cold fire that burnt within his system forever: an eternal flame.

So, it was only natural. On the eleven minute mark, that Shane rose from the floor, washed the soap out his hair in the bathrooms golden sink. Tugged on a tracksuit, and ran to his car.

Only a second later, when Shane's phone was safely tucked in the glove compartment. Did Ilya reply.

Lily: Want to fuck you. Will be fun.

Followed by a second text.

Lily: I promise.

The coldness of January seeped into Shane's skin. The thin tracksuit not made to withstand the Canadian winter. Shane pressed his hands together. Blew into them to warm them up.

He walked quickly towards the ice rinks glowing door. The yellow and orange light bouncing off a nearby snowdrift.

Shane pulled the door closed after him. Allowing only a sliver to remain open, a half portal into the night-world outside.

Blinking as his eyes adjusted to the bright lights. Shane looked everywhere for Ilya.

He started in the changing room. The benches were empty, no sign of the Russian. But a note was stuck to Shane's locker door.

'Get changed.'

Shane sighed. Ilya must want to practise for the game tomorrow. More than likely he wanted to ease the tension that swirled in both his and Shane's gut.

Ottawa Vs Montreal.

The thought of seeing his old teammates. The shame, it clung to him even though he wasn't ashamed. Shane knew who he was, who he had always been, and just because they didn't like it. Didn't make him worth less.

But it felt like it did. It felt like as soon as he would see his old teammates miles away on that stretch of ice, clad in his old colours.

Shane thought he was going to shrink.

He'd been pacing the cottage for weeks. His feet making a path in the worn wood.

Ilya had watched him from the couch. Occasionally throwing popcorn at him.

'Stop it Ilya.' He had said. Mouth blackened with the ash of dreaded anticipation.

'You are pacing.'

'Yes!' Shane said angrily, throwing his arms up to the ceiling. 'Obviously.'

'You are worried.' Ilya said, aiming another piece of caramel coated popcorn at Shane's chest. 'About Montreal?'

Shane didn't answer. He just looked out the window on his next lap. The noise of the television fogged up his ears. So he almost didn't hear it when Ilya said.

'Is ok. I fight them.'

Shane turned quickly on his feet, charging down the path he had create. 'No you will not.'

'Can't tell me what to do Hollander.'

The evergreen trees flashed out the corner of his eye as Shane looked at Ilya. He was sat in his underwear, the blue pair Shane had gotten him for Christmas. His hand stuffing a huge portion of popcorn into his throat.

Shane hesitated, walking slower now. 'You're going to ruin your body.' Is what he said.

What he wanted to say, was. 'Don't fight them. There's no point, you'll get hurt or carded or banned. They'll win either way. Taunting me or sabotaging you.'

Another, small part of Shane wanted to add. 'I can't let my mess hurt you.'

His gear was still sweaty from the afternoon practise and Shane cringed as he put it on.

The old sweat meeting the fresh skin from his shower.

He waddled out to the rink. His ice skates clinking on the matts.

The seats were empty. But Shane could imagine them tomorrow, filled to the busting. Half, fans who loved him, accepted him, saw him as a hero of the team, an asset. The other half, saw him as a traitor.

Shane shivered.

'Ice is meant to be played on Hollander.'

Shane's head snapped away from the glossy red seats. To the rink.

And there in the center, where he hadn't been before. Was Ilya.

The smile that curved up Shane's face, was wide and creased. An over excited animal.

Ilya was in his hockey gear too. The shoulder pads making his already strong shoulders look massive, imposing.

His helmet sat on the ice beside him. So Shane could see those golden curls.

He always blushed to see them. So many times had he touched them, grabbed at them. His own safety rock glued to the head of this man.

The fluorescent lights glowed down onto Ilya. Making his hollow cheekbones look even deeper. The divot between his lips and nose more prominent. The blue of his eyes, a winters storm.

'You want a rematch? I've beat you so many times, I thought you couldn't stand any more humiliation.' Shane called out to him.

'I like humiliation Hollander. Pick up your stick. Let me beat you.'

'You wish.'

Shane picked up his stick from where Ilya must've placed it, next to the ice rinks entrance. The black tape that stuck to it looked new. Shane wondered if Ilya had done it for him.

It felt firm in his hand. If Ilya was his safely stone, this was his touch stone. A brittle piece of him taken out his heart and made malleable.

His skates hit the ice. And that curling, cramping worry, took a hike.

It burned within him still. But only far off, like a mountain range beyond a dazzling lake.

Shane skated right up to Ilya, slowing the speed of his strokes so he could pull up close to him, nose almost touching nose.

Shane breathed Ilya in. Some expensive aftershave, the kits material, his sweat.

It was gross, Shane hated the smell of his own sweat, his own dirt. He did everything to make it disappear. Hours finding the best soaps and tablets. Weeks making sure the cottage stayed clean in between cleaners visits. His handy little vacuum cleaner so used to being in his hands, Shane worried it thought they were friends.

But Ilya's sweat, that was different, intoxicating on a level alcohol could never reach.

'You are sniffing me.' Ilya said, smirking delightedly.

Shane pushed away from Ilya, so a couple meters stood between them. 'No I am not.' He said decidedly.

'You are.' Ilya's eyes danced, the prospect of making fun of Shane presenting itself to him. 'You have sweat kink for me, so dirty Hollander.'

'Gross. Put the puck down, let's play.'

'You sure, you do not want another sniff of me?' Ilya asked. 'For good luck.'

'I don't need good luck.'

The puck dropped, and Shane's lunged for it, batting its black surface with his stick.

Ilya chased him as Shane speed up the ice. Skates kicking up shards. The faux wind streamed through his hair.

Ilya gained on him, drew up beside him. Their hockey sticks tangled for the puck. Shane keeping it in possession only through the tight concentration of his eyes.

One deft slice of Ilya's stick, that Shane did not see coming, stole the puck away from him. A kidnapped maiden.

Ilya swerved on the ice and sped his way to the opposite goal. 'Come catch me Hollander!' He taunted.

Shane made an angry noise through his teeth, kicked away from the ice with his skate, and chased after him.

The old faux wind regained its life from Shane's speed. But he did not care, had no time to enjoy its hands through his hair and the way it made him feel airborne.

Ilya was near the center of the ice. That red circle closing into view. And Shane was not going to let Ilya who had practically dragged him out his bed, win.

Shane pulled all his reserves of speed and bolted. Now Shane was close enough to touch Ilya.

Shane stuck his hockey stick out, clutching the tape in white knuckles and reaching for that black pearl.

Then, Ilya did something he did not expect. He twists, lets his hockey stick go and the puck float away on the ice.

He grabbed Shane and tackled him to the floor. Their body's crashing.

'What the fuck-' Shane gasped. His helmet hit the ice, the impact still making him jump. As he fell, Shane had let go of his own stick. It clattered down somewhere outside the red circle they now lay in.

Ilya bracketing his hands next to Shane's head. Looking down at him empirically.

'Ilya-'

Ilya put a finger up to Shane's mouth, stopping him.

Shane, too bewildered and winded from both the fall and the mad chase, let it happen.

Ilya took off Shane's helmet and his own, throwing them far, Shane heard them make a clinking noise as they hit the ice.

'Those are expensive.' He noted.

'I dont care.' Was the reply.

Ilya, face now free from the convinces of the helmet. Looked down at him.

He was panting, they both were. Both their breath puffing like steam in the freezing air.

'What are you doing?' Shane asked but Ilya spoke over him.

'I want to fuck you.'

Shane rolled his eyes. 'You can fuck me at home, not in the changing rooms.'

'No, not in the changing room.' Ilya pointed down to the ice beneath them. 'Right here.'

Shane balked. His eyes widened in shock.

Ilya laughed above him, the sound making Shane's breath stumble.

'I told you on text. We fuck now then?'

'What if we get caught.'

Ilya moved, sitting down on top of Shane. Which made Shane produce an 'Oough' noise.

Shane placed his hands on Ilya's padded thighs. 'You are going to crush me.'

'I am as slight as feather.'

'Feather of a whale maybe.'

'You mean to offend me. It will not work. I have dick size of whale too.'

Shane rolled his eyes. 'Why can't we have sex at home? Not good enough for you?'

Ilya smoothed a hand down Shane's chest, through the thick fabric Shane could barely feel it, yet little pricks of happy static still trembled up his body. 'Is very good for me Shane. But I want to enjoy you, right here.'

Enjoy

The word made red pool to Shane's cheeks. It made him feel like an meal, a delicious dessert you save till the end. The thought of it making your tongue slicken with spit.

'You like that?' Ilya asked, reaching out and stroking Shane's hair away from his face.

'Yes.' Shane said shakily.

Ilya's leant forward and pulled Shane's face closer by his hair. The sharp pain made Shane's body simmer, his mouth opened with an inhale and Ilya took advantage and stole his tongue inside.

It was both fierce and slow. The firm touching of lips. Ilya's plushy mouth meeting with Shane's. His tongue dipping in to tease, to press and then suddenly retract. Ilya would kiss his mouth, making Shane long for his tongue.

Pressing in, Shane gasped and moaned softly, the pressure made his eyes flutter, his hands slipping on the ice slightly.

When Ilya pulled away again, in that same routine, it left Shane chasing after him with his mouth.

Ilya yanked him back by his hair. Shane yelped.

'Will you do what I tell you?'

Shane felt unfocused, the only clear thing in his vision the outline of Ilya. His contours and details as clear as day compared to the fuzz of the stadium.

'Yes, anything Ilya, anything you give me.' Shane said it like a prayer, a wish to an unseeing god.

Ilya let go of Shane's hair. He pressed a last kiss to Shane's swollen lips, and got off him.

Shane, although his chest hurt from Ilya's weight. Felt empty without it there. A forgotten soda can in a ditch wishing it were full again.

Shane set his head down on the ice. His chest rose and fell quickly, his cheeks staying that crimson warm.

The touch of ice calmed his neck, the throbbing areas of his head where the hair had strained from Ilya's hard pulls.

Shane felt fucked out and they hadn't even started yet.

The ceiling of the ice rink was metal and tall. Up in it, Shane could see a thousand other nights like this, with Ilya. Spanning so long ago it hurt to think about. Quick nights, long nights. The ache of afterwards, wanting to stay. But not trusting yourself, not knowing how much you actually wanted it.

Shane heard the tell tale click of a lube cap.

He sat up, the loss of the ice at his neck making his skin flush harder.

Something about Ilya, skating back towards him, lube in hand. Was quite erotic.

'How are we going to do this?' Shane asked him.

'Follow my lead, if you need stop. Then say Ilya is sex god.'

'That's a long phrase.'

Ilya grinned. 'It's ok will work.'

A drop of lube spilled from its container and fell into the ice. In that moment, Shane felt his stomach drop too, heat licked up every inch of him. Hot want surprising Shane.

Having sex, on the rink. He shouldn't find the idea so attractive, yet.

Shane stood up and started to take his gear off.

A hand shot out to rest on his arm. 'Keep it on.' Ilya said, his eyes looked darker now, more commanding.

Shane swallowed and stopped trying to take it off.

'Get on your knees.' Ilya instructed.

And Shane did. Sliding down to sit below Ilya. The pads protected his shins. But Shane had never felt so vulnerable. On his knees in front of Ilya, In the middle of his hockey teams ice rink. Their hockey teams ice rink.

What if someone came in? What if someone saw? They would have no idea. The building was too big and a phone camera would make no noise if someone took a picture.

It would be splashed on the cover of every sports magazine. They would be slandered, called unprofessional, and even worse.

For some reason, the thought didn't make Shane get up and leave the ice, instead it made his legs lock into place and his cock harden to full mast.

Ilya looked like a king above him. And Shane a loyal subject. His eyebrows were knitted in concentration as he dipped two fingers into the lube. He recapped it and put it in his back pocket.

Shane watched the lube, transfixed as the white glistened in the fluorescent over head lights.

Another drip fell to the floor and Shane practically whimpered.

'It's ok. I've got you.' Ilya took Shane's chin carefully, and tilted his face up, holding it steady as he brought the lubed up fingers to Shane's mouth.

He coated Shane's lips first. The sticky stuff clinging to his flesh.

Two fingers outlined Shane's lips, mapping out the edges and the middle and then they pushed in.

Shane relaxed his throat, and stayed as still as possible. The cold air made his body sore but he couldn't move, had to be still for Ilya.

The two fingers fucked his mouth slowly, in and out, each time made Shane's cock shudder.

Then Ilya added in a third finger and then a forth.

Shane was full. His mouth stretching. Ilya reached in as far as he could.

It felt like a dick was fucking him.

'Ah-um-ugh.' Shane moaned, through the fingers and the lube. His eyes rolling.

'Hmmm.' Said Ilya, keeping his fingers firmly planted on Shane's chin. Holding him in place. 'Take it. Just how you are.'

Shane moaned again at the praise, body jumping with delight, those hot prickles of attraction lighting up his skin.

'Good boy, just like that.'

The fingers grew quicker in and out and in and out. A whirlwind of pressure and absence down his throat in his mouth.

'Can you come from this?'

Shane whined.

'No, I don't think so.'

Ilya stepped closer. Moving his leg so his right one was closest to Shane.

Shane caught what he was doing, embarrassment flushed through him. Anyone could come in, anyone could see. It would be bad if they were just having sex, it would be worse if Shane was humping Ilya's leg.

But he wanted it, Shane wanted it so badly. So he shuffled closer on his knees.

With the movement of Ilya's fingers down his throat, Shane humped his leg, in tandem.

The friction wasn't enough, too many layers. It was all Ilya would give him, and Ilya wanted him to come.

So Shane rolled his hips against the strong muscles of Ilya's legs. His groin ached, his cock twitched. Shane could feel the droplets of precum as they spilled out.

'Come on Shane, you're so pretty on ice.'

Shane's hips moved faster.

'I used to think of you like this. Each time we were competing. The puck was important, yes. But you on your knees for me.' Ilya's eyes shone. 'Desperate.' Shane's hips stuttered, those words pulsing through him like a vibration.

'So pretty for me, so good. In hockey gear, on ice, but all mine.'

Shane was gazing into Ilya's eyes, he saw a small galaxy in the blue tones.

The fingers fucked his mouth again in earnest, making spit and lube drip obscenely out his lips. It fell down his chin, marking the jersey, some even pooled onto the thin patch of ice that separated their bodies.

His throat felt so full, his hips had met with enough friction that Ilya's leg gave him, and Shane was full too with the look in Ilya's eyes: so honest, so clear, so in love.

It broke Shane. His body spasmed, his hips grew erratic, his cock spurted white come into his underwear. His fell against Ilya's leg, gasping.

Ilya still held him by his chin, drawing out his fingers carefully, rubbing Shane's cheeks and mouth as he did.

'Do you want to use your safe word?' Ilya asked him, his own voice husky. As if the sight of Shane orgasming did something to him.

Time always moved slowly after Shane came. The clock felt turned upside down. Each second lasted a year, and each year lasted a second. His thoughts felt like mud. He still murmured small moans.

Through this murky existence. Shane felt the shadow of Ilya stand tall above him. A steady presence. His hands still holding Shane's face, although very gently.

It took him a couple more inhales of air to answer. 'No. Again.'

'You want more?' Ilya said, his voice teasing.

'Ilya, I want all of you.'

The admittance came from somewhere deep within Shane. Yes they loved each other, yes they were dating, yes they had fallen in love so long ago he couldn't point out the moment when they did.

To love someone and to want someone, is a very different thing, at least to Shane. He loved Ilya for his humour, his lack of shame, his loyalty, his quick kindnesses, his face.

He wanted him for his soul.

So, now. Whatever aspect of Ilya he could give him. Shane wanted it and he wanted it all. A thousand snippets of Ilya, just for him.

Ilya pressed a sweet kiss to Shane's lips. Soft and soothing. A remedy to the harsh beating they had just taken. It made his lips tingle.

Then, Ilya put a hand on Shane shoulder, moved his body so he was facing away from Ilya and pressed his back down, until Shane was face first to the ice, ass in the air, knees still on the floor.

His arms were above his head, like how he slept. Although right now, Shane felt anything but sleepy.

The placement of Ilya's hand on his back, near his ass, felt like a brand.

If Shane could, if he wasn't a hockey player and had sponsorships, he would get it tattooed onto his skin. Ilya's hand, outlined in black ink forever.

His cheek rested on the ice. The cold making it hurt. But the coldness was welcome. Shane felt so on fire he was surprised he didn't set a blaze.

Shane looked back to Ilya, checking there was no smoke radiating off of him.

Ilya was focused on something, he must've felt Shane's eyes on him, because he looked up and smiled at him.

Shane was just smiling back. When Ilya pulled his pants down. The icy air hitting his bare ass.

Shane spluttered. He was face down, ass up. In the middle of an ice rink. Their ice rink.

He had to push his hands to his face, too embarrassed to look around at the stretching ice. God, just a few hours ago the whole team was here.

They could even be watching them now, from some shadowy corner.

It made Shane's dick take even more interest, it strained against its convulses, his pulled down pants trapping it.

'Ilya.' Shane said impatiently, voice on the edge of a pleading moan.

Ilya, not to be told twice. Reached around to gather some lube and spit from Shane's mouth, making him choke.

Two fingers circled around his hole. The glacier air seemed to make Shane's skin a lot more sensitive than normal.

Each nerve seemed to flare, Shane moaned into the ice, his cheek forced against its surface.

'You want these?' Ilya asked, making the circles around his hole smaller and smaller.

Shane felt like he was going to cry. Yes he wanted it, he wanted Ilya to fuck him, right here right now. And he wanted to tell him that. But the words were caught between moans and gasps, the ice catching each one that dropped out his mouth.

Each noise he made, reverberated through the rink. The tin walls perfect for amplifying sound.

Shane was on fire.

'Ye-ah-ah-ssss.' Was all that fell out Shane's mouth. The last syllable a hissing pant.

'What did you say?' Ilya asked, stopping the circling of his fingers. 'Did you say, stop?'

A tear slipped out Shane's eye. His need, his want, it was so strong now, it felt like a separate thing from him. A manifestation of a singular emotion.

'Ily-ah, Ple-eeah-sah.'

Ilya hummed behind him. He squeezed Shane's back down, making him bow lower. His ass even higher in the air, the tan flesh so exposed. His thighs shook slightly from holding the position.

More tears fell onto Shane's face, an open dam.

Ilya cupped Shane's ass. Stroked it. Returned the two fingers to Shane's hole, completed three more closing circles. Each drawing more hellfire from Shane's blood.

And then, miraculously slid the two fingers in.

Shane made a pleased strangled noise against the ice.

'Your ass loves me.' Ilya said. The two fingers moving inside Shane, his hole pulsing, loving their presence.

Shane moved his hips slightly, spread his legs further apart. It allowed Ilya's fingers more access, drilled them in deeper.

The lurid sounds of their movement pinged off the rink's ceiling, so Shane heard the lusty noises times ten.

Ilya scissored them inside Shane a few times and then pulled out. Shane whimpered at the loss.

'Is ok, will replace with something better.' Ilya promised.

Long and thick. Pressed against Shane's hole. He scrabbled for purchase on the ice. Short fingers sliding over the surface.

With no way to hold himself up. Shane was at the total mercy of Ilya's touch, his hands. One still held his ass in place. The other moved to hold his hip.

Fully in now. With Shane having to abandon his attempts to grip the ice. He was face down. His nose feeling numb with the sensation.

He felt so full, no part of him empty. Ilya paused when he was fully in. Adjusted his grip slightly and then slammed in and out.

It was like the kissing and the fingers to another extreme.

'Oh-Ah fuck!' Was beat out Shane mouth from the slapping of skin against skin.

'You say fuck a lot Shane.' Ilya's voice sounded unsteady as well. With each thrust, Ilya huffed hard. 'But I am doing what you wish. Is my dick too small for you?'

Ilya clearly expected an answer from the way he punched into Shane quicker. 'No-aah!'

'Tomorrow on ice. Against bad other team. You will remember this.' Ilya said, each end of his sentence, dropping lower in volume with his arousal. 'Me inside you. Taking you. Right here, right where it starts. Center.'

Shane was nodding against the ice, his cheek burning with the friction and the frost.

'You are good for me now. Tomorrow you will be good too.'

Ilya canted his hips so he hit Shane's prostrate perfectly.

'Yes? Are you good for me Shane?'

Ilya drilled into that spot, again and again. It was so much sensation that Shane felt like he was going to burst. 'I am-ah. I am.' His voice was wrecked, broken and lost.

Shane began to move back each time Ilya exited. Bouncing on Ilya's cock.

It was so good, he was so good. He felt so many things, it was too much, yet, just the right amount.

Shane was rocking back and forth. Each second he grew closer to coming.

‘Do you trust me Shane?’ Ilya growled.

‘Yes’ it was high and clear.

‘Good.’

It all happened so quickly. Shane rocked back, Ilya pulled out, Ilya pushed down on Shane’s back so his chest met the ice, ass still in the air. In the same motion, Ilya bunched up Shane’s top and gear and pushed it up.

In the end. Ilya’s dick thrust back into Shane’s sweet spot at the same time ice pressed against his nipples.

Shane sobbed. The ice on his nipples, the attention to his prostate. He came so hard, it spurted out his pulled down underwear and onto the ice.

When Shane’s hole fluttered around Ilya. Ilya pushed in a final time, and came deep inside him.

Ilya’s hold loosened. And Shane went limp, body unable to hold itself up. Muscles raw and spent.

His mind blurred. Each thought tripped over the next, all he could see was tv static.

Ilya kissed any part of Shane he could reach. They felt like ghost kisses against his dissociated skin.

After some time, Ilya moved Shane to a half sitting, half lying position. Shane still felt zoned out, his limbs like crumbling sugar, his eyes misty with past pleasure.

‘I am not going to beat Montreal up.’ Ilya said, making comforting movements on Shane’s side. Dragging a finger over his ribs.

‘Your not? Thank you.’ Shane’s voice was tired, but the words he said were true.

‘It is what you want Shane. If up to me, they would be dust.’ Ilya says and Shane frowned at him. ‘But’ Ilya continued. ‘I listen to you, respect what you say.’ Ilya paused. ‘You are less stressed now? About tomorrow?’

Shane laughed. ‘I think I will play my worse game ever tomorrow.’

And for once, that thought didn’t bother him. Why should it? He had his team who would love him if they never won anything again. He had his parents, who would always be in his corner. He had Ilya, who loved him before Shane even knew what that meant.

‘Don’t say that. We are going to win.’ Ilya pulled Shane in closer and Shane rested his head on his shoulder.

‘Fuck the Montreals!’ Ilya shouted.

‘Yes.’ Shane snorted. ‘Fuck the Montreals!’ he repeated.

The two shouts echoed off the roof, the statements made as loud as possible from the height at the top of the ceiling and then, they rained down upon the pair. They sat still on the ice, in the middle of the red center circle. Wet and sweaty. And loopy with burning fire and iced out minds.

Shane kept his head on Ilya’s shoulder, the padding providing a nice pillow, they had to move soon, get showered, get home, get to bed. But right now, Shane liked where he was, he tilted his nose slightly, the sweat from Ilya’s skin, meeting his nostrils. Clean and warm, and fully Ilya. Heaven right then, felt very close indeed.

Near the stands, something moved out of Ilya and Shane’s view.

A cleaner fell back into the shadow behind the changing room door. He’d just gotten quite the view of Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander having (quite kinky) sex on the ice rink.

The puddle of lube, spit and melting ice, that lay a little ways from where they were sitting, showed that much. His own cheeks felt hot, his body thrumming with both shock and desire.

He packed away his mop and bucket. They needn’t worry, he wasn’t going to tell anyone.

Well, except maybe his flesh light.

End Notes

I wrote this instead of sleeping. I now have a blood shot eye and a terrible sleep schedule, so I'm going to blame any spelling mistakes on that. Goodnight.

Also I have a summer (bible) camp au if you wanna check it out :)

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