

Fight or flight or panic

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Fight or flight or panic

by [Unikum](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are finally making up for their honeymoon with a trip through Europe. After several weeks of exciting city breaks, they decide to spend a few more days relaxing on a secluded island.

A very secluded island.

The small stretch of beach in front of their vacation home reminds Shane of the vast woods behind the cottage.

And with that comes the memory of the new things he discovered there last summer.

This might just be the perfect place to experience them all over again.

--

Or:

Shane loves being hunted.

Ilya is more than happy to do the hunting.

Notes

I discovered a new kink. Please join me on my journey to explore it a bit :)

It's a veeeery slight case of con non-con, but they discussed everything beforehand and there are check-ins!

English isn't my first language.

Thank you for reading <3

Shane couldn't stop staring at the dunes in front of him.

The way the brownish grass blends into the sandy earth and then gradually rises to form dunes that lead down to the beautiful beach.

They had arrived at this vacation home three days ago, and the moment Shane had noticed the beautiful emptiness in front of the house, his mind had been racing.

It had been a while since they'd done this, almost a year ago, at the cottage.

And while Shane had enjoyed it a lot, he hadn't initiated it again; the need to enjoy their evenings at the cottage outweighed his need for this special kind of activity.

But now, after traveling through Europe for a month and arriving at their final stop on a remote Dutch island, it has suddenly become the only thing on his mind.

Their trip had been the best time of his life.

No Stanley Cup win came even close to spending time traveling with Ilya. In theory, this was their honeymoon, even though it was already a year after they got married.

But before they were outed, the riskiest journey they had dared to take together had been the cottage.

For this summer, Ilya had suggested that he would take Shane as close to his home country as possible. So they had started in southern Europe, beginning in Italy, and were now making their way north. For this vacation, they decided to focus on big cities, hopping from capital to capital, enjoying museums and food, and going almost completely unnoticed except for a few Canadian and American tourists here and there.

After the first week, Shane was already close to just ending his career over the phone and staying here forever.

A photo from his parents and Anya with the caption "We miss you so much" had reminded him that things were fine back home, too.

But Shane still really enjoyed their time together. And now that it was slowly coming to an end, he couldn't help but feel a mix of anticipation about returning to his normal, familiar life and sadness at leaving this little fantasy world, where he was alone with Ilya, behind.

The small dutch island had only made sense to be the last stop. No private cars were allowed, and so few people lived there that Shane had basically met everyone at least once over the past three days.

The other tourists seemed to be Dutch and German, and no one had recognized them yet. And no one had given them strange looks when they walked hand in hand or kissed on the beach.

Shane might as well have arrived in his own paradise.

He felt so safe and relaxed, something he hadn't felt in quite a while, which was probably why his imagination had started to run wild during their bike ride around the island yesterday.

They had spent half a day riding their bikes, stopping here and there to sit on a bench and eat something or visit a small maritime museum.

It had been lovely, it had been fun, it had been good cardio.

But most of all, it had been empty.

Of course, they had passed a few people on the narrow streets, also on their bicycles, making their way around the island. But aside from that, the emptiness of the area had been astonishing to Shane. Just empty fields, the vegetation consisting of bushes and just a few scattered trees, and the long stretches of sand with some rocks poking up here and there.

Their little house was also nearly a kilometer outside the main village, a precaution they had decided on in case anyone on the island recognized them. But Shane didn't mind the quiet after spending the last few weeks in so many bustling cities.

Now they spent their evenings sitting on the balcony of their house, drinking beer and just looking at the ocean that lay behind a small dune in front of them.

And there was no one here. It was basically a private beach, even though it wasn't officially part of their vacation home.

But sitting on that balcony staring into the nothingness and driving around the deserted streets gave Shane a powerful sense of open emptiness that he was only used to from the woods surrounding the cottage.

And when that thought struck him, he had to stop his bike, falling behind Ilya, who also stopped, a confused look on his face. But the intense heat of arousal that shot through Shane in that moment had been too much for him to safely ride even another inch.

He had quickly regained control of his body, but since then the thought hadn't left Shane's mind.

For the rest of the trip, their visit to the museum, their dinner at the lovely seafood restaurant, and now, sitting on the balcony as usual and playing cards, the thought was screaming in his mind.

The first time they'd done it had been nearly a year ago, and Shane had discovered it, like so many things he now loved to do with his husband, by accident.

Shane had been feeling extra bratty that day, teasing Ilya whenever he could just to see him get mad. So when he saw Ilya sitting by the lake on the deck, his feet dangling in the water, he had slowly approached him and pushed Ilya into the lake with one hard shove.

His husband had growled and pulled himself out of the water just as quickly, starting to chase Shane as he ran toward the cottage. It was only a few meters before he was caught and lifted

off his feet. Ilya had thrown him onto the couch in their living room and had flopped down on top of Shane, mainly just to get him wet too.

But Shane had met him by wrapping his legs around him and pulling him closer. Because those few steps of being chased, of running from his husband, had given Shane the hardest erection he'd had all summer.

It took him a whole day after that to work up the courage to ask Ilya if they could try it again. But this time, with a longer chase.

Luckily, Shane was blessed with a husband whose kink was to make Shane happy, no matter what idea popped into his head. So he agreed.

They set some ground rules, discussed off-limits topics, and Ilya made sure Shane's safe word was firmly etched in his mind.

What followed was such an exciting night that Shane could still feel a buzz in his chest when they returned home after summer.

But the thing was, being chased and fucked outdoors was a nice thing to do in the woods outside the cottage.

It wasn't an option in the heart of Ottawa, Ilya's new hometown. Even though Shane wasn't exactly opposed to the idea of doing this in some back alleys of downtown, the media coverage afterward would likely end their careers.

So they'd found a city-friendly solution by playing an exaggerated version of hide-and-seek at their houses every now and then as a special treat, and Shane was happy with that.

But now, sitting on this balcony in the setting sun, he could literally see all the possibilities spread out before him.

His eyes flicked over to Ilya, who was busy scanning through the cards in his hands. Would he be up to it?

Ilya had also really enjoyed it last time, and he'd even suggested playing hide-and-seek on his own every now and then. But this was a different situation. They didn't know the area as well as they knew the woods near the cottage.

They felt safe and alone out here, but there was a much higher chance of someone passing by and seeing them.

But Shane hadn't seen anyone on their part of the beach in the last few days. It was such a good opportunity; he didn't want to waste it.

Ilya looked up, and apparently Shane had been staring, because his eyebrows shot up and his head tilted to the side in confusion.

"Is everything alright, sweetheart?" Ilya asked, setting the cards down on the table.

Shane bit his lower lip. He couldn't take the tension building up inside him any longer.

"May I use the restroom, Sir?" Shane said, trying to keep his voice steady.

Ilya's mouth opened and closed as he needed a second to adjust to the change of scene. This was probably not how he expected his evening to go, but from the way his face darkened, completely changing from the confusion that had been there just seconds before, Shane knew Ilya was up for whatever he had in mind.

"Of course. But don't take too long. I want you on your knees in the bedroom in ten minutes."

Ten minutes wasn't much time, but Shane could make it work.

He nodded and quickly got up, walking through the glass door into the house.

With quick steps, he crossed the living room next to the balcony and entered the bedroom with the en-suite bathroom.

He pulled his hoodie over his head and resisted the urge to fold it, leaving it behind on the bed, and quickly put on one of Ilya's tank tops. Last time, his shirt hadn't survived this little adventure, and he really liked that hoodie.

Then he quickly grabbed the black velvet pouch from their luggage, taking it with him into the bathroom.

They hadn't brought many toys with them because Shane was worried about TSA inspecting their bags, but having a plug in while running would probably just slow him down. He glanced at his smartwatch.

8 more minutes. He had to hurry.

Shane pulled his shorts and boxers down just below his ass. He took the lube out of the bag and quickly started to work himself open, the anticipation making his movements sloppy.

Four more minutes.

They'd had sex that morning, which helped, but it wasn't enough; it would have to do. Shane was running out of time.

He pulled his pants back up, his heart already pounding in his chest even though nothing had actually happened yet.

With quick steps, he rushed down the flight of stairs leading to the open kitchen and the front door. He slipped into his sneakers and took his phone out of his pocket.

1 minute left. Perfect.

“I don’t really feel like going to the bedroom.” He texted Ilya and then set his phone down on the sideboard next to the door. Shane quickly left the house and jogged around it until he reached the side with the balcony. With the ocean behind him, Shane looked up and saw the silhouette of his husband against the soft light coming from inside the house.

“Shane?” He could hear Ilya say, his voice deep and his accent more pronounced than it usually was these days, a clear sign that he was getting excited for the rest of the night.

“I thought the weather was too nice to spend the night inside,” Shane said loudly, relieved that there were no neighbours around.

Ilya stood up and walked over to the railing, looking down at him.

“I don’t care what you think. I told you to go to the bedroom.”

Shane shrugged and exaggerated the movement a bit so Ilya could see him in the darkness.

“Well, I won’t.”

Ilya turned around and went back inside, and Shane knew it was on.

He turned around and started running toward the ocean.

How long would it take Ilya to go downstairs and put on his shoes? Probably only about two minutes.

There weren’t many trees or tall bushes to hide him. There were no clouds, so the moonlight was enough to see at least a few meters ahead. This would be different from last time at the cottage. Shane couldn’t rely on hiding; he had to outrun Ilya.

The ground got softer the closer he got to the beach, making it harder to run fast, but Shane wanted to try and head for the abandoned boat dock they’d seen on their walk the other day. It was his only chance to get at least a little cover.

Shane climbed over the dune and couldn’t resist looking over his shoulder. A big mistake.

He could see a shadow by the house running toward him.

Shit. He had less of a head start than he would have liked.

Normally he was faster than Ilya, but the climb and the sand slowed him down, and his heart was beating faster than usual after just a short time of running. But the excitement mixed

with the fear of getting caught was getting the better of him.

He had felt this way the last time, too, and hadn't really been able to recreate that feeling during hide-and-seek. His body felt as if he were in real danger. Adrenaline surging, his steps unsteady as he stumbled down the dune and onto the beach.

The water was calm, with gentle waves rolling in. It would have been a lovely evening for a late-night stroll along the water, but now Shane had to fight for his survival. At least that was what his body was telling him right now.

He ran toward the ocean, hoping the wet sand would give him a better grip. It helped a little as he dashed forward, water splashing up his legs and reaching the hem of his shorts.

For a few quiet seconds, he could hear nothing but his own breathing and the sound of his footsteps in the water. But before his heartbeat could even begin to slow down, his footsteps were accompanied by the louder sound of water splashing violently.

Shane couldn't look behind him, he would probably lose his balance, but he knew that Ilya had caught up and was right behind him.

Shane could see the outline of the boat dock ahead of him, barely visible in the moonlight. It was too far; he would not make it. His eyes flickered to the side, where some bushes gave way to a small grove of trees. This was his last chance; he had to take it.

With a swift motion, he turned to the side and ran toward the tree line. Twigs struck his bare arms, and bark brushed against him. He'd have scratches tomorrow, but Shane didn't really care about that, because the footsteps behind him had stopped.

Shane moved quickly through the trees, but the end of the small clearing was approaching fast. He dared to stop, his upper body falling forward instinctively as he caught his breath.

He looked over his shoulder, but couldn't see Ilya. Had Shane surprised him by running into the trees? Did he make it?

It was better not to take a chance, so Shane started to run again, toward the edge of the trees where he could see the moonlight glistening on the sand.

It would only be a few steps from here to the dock, the goal he had set for himself. He would make it. He had been faster.

Shane stepped out of the tree line, eyes fixed on the dock, when he noticed a movement out of the corner of his eye.

He managed to take three more steps when something hard hit him, sending him flying onto his side.

Shane landed on the ground with a soft thud, the sand cushioning his fall.

It still hurt, and Shane rolled onto his back, groaning in pain.

He felt a weight on his shoulders and hips as two hands pressed him down into the ground.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Ilya hissed above him, his voice low and dangerous. Shane’s mouth went dry with excitement.

One of Ilya’s hands moved from Shane’s shoulder toward his neck, gently pressing his fingers into the flesh.

“I asked you a question. You answer when I ask you something.”

Shane bit his lower lip and looked up at Ilya. His mind was screaming at him to submit, to follow the orders he was given.

And normally he would behave, loving the praise he would receive for it.

But right now, he was the prey, and there was no way he was just going to give up and accept his fate.

So he pushed his arms up against Ilya, using enough force to shove him off his lower body and onto the sand.

Thanks to years of training his legs for hockey, he managed to push himself back to his feet easily and took off.

He could hear Ilya cursing behind him, but Shane only tried to run faster. He had to reach the dock.

He felt the water again as he was back at the ocean, the docks getting closer, when something brushed against his back.

Ilya had caught up to him again and tried to grab him.

Just a few more steps—

Arms closed around Shane’s hips, and he was abruptly stopped as he was lifted into the air.

Ilya stumbled, and they both fell to the ground.

Shane could feel the cold water against his skin, quickly soaking through his clothes. He didn’t care. He had to try and get Ilya off him again.

But this time Ilya was prepared. With a quick move, he pinned Shane’s wrists above his head, pressing them into the wet sand. Ilya straddled his hips, using all his body weight to keep Shane down.

The weight was too much, and small stones and seashells dug into Shane’s back. He loved every second of this.

“I said,” Ilya growled, “What do you think you’re doing?”

He leaned down, capturing Shane’s lips with his own. They kissed passionately, Ilya biting Shane’s lower lip and pulling it up with his teeth.

Shane hissed in pain and decided he was close enough to the docks.

He’d been hard ever since he’d fingered himself open in the bathroom, and the rush of adrenaline coursing through him made it hard for him to think straight anymore.

He decided to give in.

“I’m sorry, Sir,” Shane whimpered, trying to move his hips a little to get some friction against his cock.

Ilya noticed, of course, and moved his hands, pushing Shane’s wrists down with his left while his right moved back to his throat. He pressed harder this time, and Shane’s eyes fluttered.

“You don’t act like someone who regrets what he’s done.” Ilya said, slowly running his hands down Shane’s throat toward his collarbone.

His eyes stopped at the hem of the tank top, and Shane could see a small smile on his face before Ilya could control himself, slipping out of his role for just one heartbeat. Ilya had noticed that Shane was wearing his tank top.

Ilya didn’t seem to care, though, as he squeezed Shane’s wrists.

“Keep them up there. If you try to run again, you’ll make me really mad. Do you understand?”

Shane managed to nod softly.

“Use your words.”

“I u-understand, S-Sir,” he stammered, concentrating really hard on forming the words.

“Good.” Ilya let go of his wrists, and Shane kept them above his head as he’d promised.

His husband leaned back on his heels, keeping his pelvis pressed against Shane’s hips, and moved his hands to the tank top.

The sound of tearing echoed loudly along the beach.

Ilya pulled the fabric away from Shane’s body, placing small bites and kisses along every new patch of exposed skin.

“You thought that you could run away from me. That you are fast enough”, Ilya said then, twisting the sad remains of the Tank top until it turned into a tight black rope. “But you lost. You are mine and there is no way for you to escape.”

He wrapped the fabric around Shane's wrist, testing with two fingers if the bondage was too tight, before he stood up. Ilya looked around for a few seconds, eyes landing on the dock.

He bowed down, pulling at Shane's tied wrists until he sat up.

Ilya squated in front of him and even though Shane had seen in their home gym that Ilya was able to lift heavy dumbbells, he still held his breath.

With one strong pull, Ilya hoisted him over his shoulder and stood back up without even breaking a sweat.

Shane felt like he was about to pass out as the blood drained from his brain and rushed down to his lower abdomen.

He tried to focus on the waves beneath them, the soft moonlight reflecting off the water. But his heart was racing faster than it had during the chase.

Shane was completely at Ilya's mercy. He was his.

They often did things that left Shane feeling vulnerable and out of control. And he loved the feeling of finally giving in, finally not having to think about everything every second but rather just being in the moment.

He was addicted to this feeling.

Ilya stopped, and Shane could see the wood of the dock beneath him. He was lifted off Ilya's shoulders and set down with more force than intended, judging by the look of concern that flashed across Ilya's face as he hovered above him. Pain shot through Shane's back, and he couldn't help but squeeze his eyes shut as the impact knocked the wind out of him.

"Color?" Ilya asked, and Shane took a deep breath, listening to his body.

"Green," Shane finally said, and Ilya's hands were immediately back on his body.

He pulled Shane's shorts down and off, throwing them into the sand behind them.

They'd probably be unusably dirty after this, but the trip was over in two days anyway.

Shane's focus snapped back to his still fully clothed husband towering above him.

"Look at that," Ilya said. "My beautiful prize, all laid out for me, left completely at my mercy."

He pulled his hoodie over his head and let it fall next to Shane onto the wood.

Tiny bits of sand rubbed against his back, and the wood felt disgusting, wet, and rotten. Just lying here was already uncomfortable, and Shane knew he probably wouldn't stay on his back like this.

He could use his safe word, ask Ilya to move the next part back into the house. But the moonlight was casting such a nice glow on Ilya, and even if he would only admit it after some punishments from his husband, he kind of had a thing for having sex in public.

There was absolutely no one here, and he could only see small lights far off in the distance. But this was exciting enough as it was.

“What should I do with such a lovely little catch?” Ilya crouched down next to Shane, his head tilted to the side.

Shane tried his best not to move a muscle, his arms stretched out above his head, his wrists tied together by the torn tank top.

Ilya moved quickly, forcing his hand under Shane’s back and flipping him over. Most of his body fell onto Ilya’s hoodie, but his thighs and arms scraped against the wood. He hissed in pain, but Ilya didn’t stop.

He pulled against his hipbones, forcing his ass up, while using one hand to push between Shane’s shoulder blades, keeping his upper body down.

“Stay,” Ilya said in Russian, making the word sound like a curse.

The hands left Shane, but he remained completely still.

He could hear the sound of fabric hitting the floor, and his cock twitched against his stomach.

“Look at how well-behaved you are, so fucking beautiful,” Ilya continued in Russian, Shane’s brain working overtime to translate the words while his breath came in short gasps.

The hands returned to his body, sliding over Shane’s shoulder blades, down his back, and onto his buttocks.

Ilya squeezed them hard, digging his fingernails into the flesh, before sliding his thumb down and pressing against Shane’s hole.

His thumb slid in easily, and Ilya let out a deep chuckle.

“Tzz, I’m starting to think you wanted to get caught. Look at that.”

Shane felt a shiver run through his body as Ilya began to push his fingers into him, testing if he was ready or needed more.

He probably could use a bit more stretching, but as Ilya leaned forward and bit into his shoulder, whispering, “You’re all ready for me,” he just nodded softly.

He could still stop Ilya at any second, but he wanted to try.

Behind him, Ilya shifted slightly and then grabbed his hips roughly, his fingers digging deep into the muscles, his fingernails scraping against his skin.

Ilya must also have thought that he really wasn't ready yet, pushing in much more gently than the setup of their scene called for.

But Shane wasn't having it, breaking character to push his hips back, forcing Ilya to sink into him faster.

His husband growled behind him, getting the hint and snapping his hips forward with enough force to push Shane forward on the wet wood beneath him.

It scraped across his arms and collarbones, adding to the pain he felt from being stretched too wide too fast.

Shane let out a low moan, unable to stop himself.

"Yes, let me hear you. Let me hear how good I am at taming you."

Shane tried to grab at something, anything to hold onto, but his tied hands only scratched against the wood, while he was left completely at Ilya's mercy as he fucked him forcefully, thrusting into him fast. The sound of skin hitting skin mingled with the rush of the waves next to them.

Shane turned his head to the side, trying to look over his shoulder.

Ilya was propped up on his knees, holding onto Shane's hip as he thrust forward. Shane couldn't see his face clearly in the darkness, but he could make out the way his husband's face was scrunched up, his pouting lip caught between his teeth.

Shane could feel his whole body tense up, his breath coming out in small puffs mixed with moans he couldn't even try to hold back anymore.

"Fuck," Ilya cursed behind him. "You're so good like this. Such an obedient little pet. You may act up, but at the end of the day, you know your place. You're mine."

"Yours," Shane managed to say, just as he had so often in recent years.

Ilya's hand reached out, his fingernails dragging along Shane's stomach muscles before Ilya found his cock, starting to stroke in rhythm with his thrusts.

"Come. Now."

Not a question, not a suggestion. An order.

Shane's eyes squeezed shut as he felt his balls tighten. Cum hit his chest from where he was still pressed down into the wood.

He felt the last bit of strength he had to push his hips up leave his body, leaving him limp. But Ilya's arms were there, still wrapped around him, holding him in place.

It's too much. Too much pressure and friction as his husband continues to fuck him, but speaking feels impossible right now. He moves his head to the side, just the tiniest bit to look at Ilya, but his husband saw it immediately, his movements speeding up for a few seconds until his hips stuttered and he stopped, pressing his face down into Shane's back. He's cursing, but Shane can't make out the words. Then his back is plastered with little kisses.

"You're going to kill me one day," Ilya mumbled against Shane's skin. "Making me do so much cardio without a warning."

He rolled off Shane, slipping out of him, and even though it had been too much just seconds ago, Shane immediately missed him, feeling empty and vulnerable. The fabric around his wrists was pulled away, and Ilya kissed the sensitive skin underneath. Then he flopped down next to him.

"Come here," Ilya said, pulling Shane over to him so he was halfway on top of him. He kissed the top of Shane's head, tracing small circles on his back.

"Do you think you can walk? Because you ran quite a bit, and fucking you has been really great but also pretty exhausting. I'm not sure I can carry you all the way."

Shane ended up walking nearly all the way, Ilya's hand around his waist.

It was cold now that the adrenaline had worn off and Ilya had made him put on his sweater, walking beside him in nothing but his sweatpants.

His hair was plastered to his forehead with a mix of sweat and salt water. He looked so damn good; Shane would love to push him into the sand and pull those low-slung pants off him for a second round.

But his whole body was aching and he felt sand in places where sand was never supposed to be, so he decided it could wait. They had two more days on the island; he could wait.

The climb up the dune was tough, but as soon as they saw the house, Ilya bent down to grab Shane under the knees and pull him up, carrying him the rest of the way.

"I'll get you in the shower now, and then we need to look at your arms, I'm afraid there are some scratches there from the wood. Maybe I should have put you down on the sand."

"Mmm, you needed a strong stand. That was important," Shane mumbled, growing sleepier by the second as he was held and gently rocked back and forth as they got closer to the house.

"You always think of everything, my love." Ilya chuckled, gently squeezing Shane's legs.

They went inside, and Ilya sat Shane down on one of the kitchen chairs to take off his shoes, shaking his head when he saw a large bruise already forming on Shane's right leg.

"You know what else I'm thinking about right now?" Shane asked slowly.

Ilya hummed and looked up as he pulled Shane's other sneaker off.

"We need to go to remote places more often. Maybe we could try a desert next!"

"Too much sand."

"True. I'll have to think about it more, I guess."

Ilya chuckled and pulled Shane's face down to meet him in a kiss.

"I think we should go to the shower first, my little pet. Okay?"

"Okay."

Shane sighed as he was picked up again and carried upstairs.

He couldn't wait another whole year until they were at the cottage to do this again.

He would come up with a plan.

He always did.

And until then, a shower sounded like the perfect place to be.

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