

With Bloodied Feet Across The Hallowed Ground

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With Bloodied Feet Across The Hallowed Ground

by [NoCoastPosts](#)

Summary

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Shane sinks into the dirt like a dead man, like a bird, like a bone, the pretty thing between Rozanov's teeth that makes his snarling spit turn soft pink in the light. It's horrible. It's nirvana.

Shane runs for his life. Ilya follows close behind.

Notes

This is my humble contribution to [Mean Dom Ilya Week 2026](#): Day Four: consensual non-consent | predator/prey | overstimulation

The title of this fic is from "Howl" by Florence + The Machine.

The poetry excerpts at the beginning and end of this fic are from ["Wishbone" by Richard Siken](#).

Endless thanks and love to the amazing [Sarah \(anincompletelist\)](#) for beta-ing and overall tremendous help.

This fic includes a few simple Russian terms, and a glossary is listed in the end notes.

Please carefully view all tags before reading; certain topics may be triggering for some readers. Additional warnings with spoilers can be viewed in the dropdown menu below. If you're not comfortable reading, please skip this one and take care of yourself first and foremost.

► Additional Warnings (Spoilers)

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

• ———— ·(♯)· ———— •

“Don’t you see, it’s like

I’ve swallowed your house keys, and it feels so natural, like the bullet was already there,
like it’s been waiting inside me the whole time.

Do you want it? Do you want anything I have? Will you throw me to the ground
like you mean it, reach inside and wrestle it out with your bare hands?”

• ———— ·(♯)· ———— •

Shane’s lungs burn painfully as he runs, dodging gnarled roots and weaving between the endless trees. He’s run for miles now, and there’s no end in sight. It was dusk when he took off into the dense woods surrounding the cottage. Now the moon illuminates the inky black sky.

His t-shirt and joggers are destroyed beyond repair. Threads unraveled from catching on twigs and branches, pants caked in mud and damp from the forest floor. His forearms are covered in abrasions from coarse bark; the bloody scratches leave dark streaks on the light fabric of his shirt.

He skids and slides repeatedly as he continues running. Shane’s lifelong dedication to fitness is the only reason he’s still moving; his skills at dodging are the only reason he hasn’t fallen. Still, he knows it’s only a matter of time until his body fails him.

His senses are more alert than ever. The dark greens and blacks of the forest glow vividly. The slightest movement of every broken twig and falling leaf catches his eye. The dim sound of birds and other small prey fills his ears like deafening thunder, making his anxiety spike even higher.

Is that him?

How close is he now?

Am I going to survive this?

He can’t be certain of anything, so he keeps sprinting deeper into the trees.

• ———— ·(♯)· ———— •

Shane pauses when he comes to the edge of a small clearing that is eerily silent. Maybe he should interpret the absence of wildlife here as some sort of warning.

Crossing through the space seems like the logical decision; going around the edges would take much longer. However, running through the clearing means revealing himself briefly.

He quickly weighs his options, trying to fight the urge to move on impulse alone. It's a foreign feeling to him when every choice, every word, every step he takes is so carefully planned. Unfortunately, time is not on his side. Spending too long calculating the best course of action could be fatal.

The decision is made for him when he hears a sudden flurry of motion from somewhere behind him. He darts into the clearing without further consideration.

As he moves, his mind is struck by the image of a frightened rabbit, frail and small and running for its life. He tries his best to ignore it and focuses on surviving the night.

• ———— ·(↑)· ———— •

Shane is halfway into the clearing when he hears the hushed sound of running water. It's nearly impossible to detect over the pounding of his heart and the wind whipping past him. He slows to a stop, tentatively hopeful as the noise grows clearer. After hastily catching his breath, he keeps running as the rush of pumping blood and wind fills his ears again.

Before he can resume his previous pace, a heavy weight collides into him. A strong forearm wraps around his throat; it's the only thing keeping him upright. He tries in vain to catch his breath, but the relentless hold tightens, making it difficult to give his lungs the air they scream for. Rozanov's other arm is tightly wrapped around his chest.

Shane's fear rapidly evolves into a vicious need to fight back. He's pinned awkwardly against Rozanov and has a limited range of movement. Shane acts reflexively and bites down on Rozanov's arm with as much force as he can muster. Rozanov yells and lets go of Shane in shock and anger, and Shane takes the opportunity to run. Rozanov's malicious bark of laughter echoes in the air around him.

It's a matter of seconds before Shane is slammed into from the back once more, and this time he goes sprawling down onto the forest floor, landing amongst the fallen leaves. Fingers thread through his hair to gain leverage, and his animal instincts flare hot from the threat. Shane bucks Rozanov off his back and blindly kicks with all his strength. His foot collides with Rozanov's body, but it doesn't deter him from climbing on top of Shane, shoving him onto his back.

Shane emits a noise that's somewhere between a shriek and a howl, pushing up forcefully in an attempt to throw Rozanov off of him. As soon as Shane's shoulders lift from the ground, Rozanov's elbow lands squarely in the middle of his chest. Shane wheezes raggedly, slumping back in frustration and defeat.

"Nice try, Hollander," Rozanov taunts. "Good effort." He captures both of Shane's wrists with one hand, pinning them above his head.

"Fuck you," Shane spits. "You just got lucky that I can't see shit out here."

"Are you saying that Canada's golden boy, Shane Hollander, is foiled by his own backyard?" Rozanov tuts. "What would people say if they knew? Hollander running scared like little bunny in his own territory."

Shane doesn't respond any further, and Rozanov doesn't seem to notice or care.

Rozanov presses himself closer so that they're chest-to-chest, nose skimming the expanse of Shane's throat. Shane feels him inhale deeply, taking in his scent like a bloodthirsty wolf. It sends an unbidden flash of heat down Shane's spine that he steadfastly ignores.

In other circumstances, he might enjoy this - Rozanov breathing in his scent while lying on top of him. But this is entirely different from their hookups when Shane is clean and prepared. He knows he reeks of sweat and musk and maybe something more. It'd be mortifying, if he himself weren't so desperate for those parts of Rozanov in return.

Rozanov runs his nose along the delicate spot beneath Shane's ear, eliciting a full-body shiver. Shane isn't sure what he expected to happen tonight, but it certainly wasn't this.

"Look at you," Rozanov's voice drips with mocking sweetness. "Not so put together now, *zaychik*?" he taunts.

"What do you want from me, Rozanov?" Shane barks.

He turns his face away, causing Rozanov to laugh at the show of defiance before sharply nipping his earlobe - the exact spot Rozanov knows drives him insane. Shane manages to suppress a groan and hopes the burst of goosebumps on his skin isn't noticeable.

He's surprised when Rozanov doesn't make a taunting remark or observation. Shane turns his face back, their eyes meeting again. Rozanov's face is neutral as he leers at him for a long moment prior to speaking.

"You know what I think?" Rozanov asks coolly. "I think you wanted to get caught. Wanted me to have you like *this*." He emphasizes the last word with a roll of his hips, pressing them against Shane's own.

"And I think you're fucking crazy," Shane spits. "I don't want you. I don't want this. I ran because you were *chasing* me!"

Shane tries his best to look affronted, but Rozanov is always so perceptive - it's typically a trait that Shane likes, but right now it's wielded like a weapon.

"You know what else I think, Hollander?" Rozanov carries on, seemingly ignoring Shane's response. He slides the hand he's got on Shane's chest down the length of his body, gliding over his stomach and stopping right above the erection tenting his pants. "I think you've never been more turned on in your life."

Gripping Shane's hard length, Rozanov confirms his assessment. Shane is repulsed at the way his body is betraying him, and it must show. He closes his eyes, unable to look Rozanov in the face.

"You're so hard," Rozanov coos. "What should we do about this?"

Rozanov fondles him through the fabric, and Shane does everything he can to appear unaffected. He tells himself it's just a biological response, that it's only happening because

his body is accustomed to Rozanov's touch in different situations. He repeats it like a mantra in his head and tries to will his erection away.

Shane's eyes snap open at the sudden sensation of his pants and underwear being yanked down, exposing him to the cool night air. He wrenches his wrists free from Rozanov's hold and swings his fist, landing a harsh hit to his jaw. His anger fuels him as he throws punch after punch, bringing his knee up swiftly toward Rozanov's stomach.

They merge into a single blur of action, desire wrapped in tense knuckles and bloodied teeth. He wildly scratches at Rozanov's face and arms, then drives his palm upwards, aiming to break Rozanov's nose. He narrowly misses his target, but it's close enough to still cause damage.

Rozanov shouts angrily and grabs him by the shoulders, slamming him into the ground. *Stay down.* Shane is winded by the impact but immediately bucks his body in an attempt to throw Rozanov off of him. *Stay where I put you.* Rozanov's fist flies into his stomach, then his chin, making Shane drop flat underneath him. *Be good.*

Shane is exhausted from the exertion, and Rozanov is not much better off, but neither of them is willing to give up. Shane claws at Rozanov's cheek. Rozanov yanks at a handful of Shane's hair. There's only so much Shane can do when he's stuck beneath Rozanov, but that doesn't stop him from trying.

An indeterminable amount of time passes as each of them tries to gain the upper hand. Shane thinks he may have succeeded when Rozanov suddenly slumps forward, pressing their chests together and going still.

Finally.

The moment of relief is ripped from Shane when Rozanov presses his teeth into Shane's neck. He punctuates the bite with a vicious growl but doesn't let the flesh leave his mouth. Shane sinks into the dirt like a dead man, like a bird, like a bone, the pretty thing between Rozanov's teeth that makes his snarling spit turn soft pink in the light. It's horrible. It's nirvana.

Maybe it's self-preservation that makes Shane give up, or maybe it's that he's incapable of fighting his deeply rooted submission - even here, even now. Somehow, this one primal act of Rozanov's has him giving in. Maybe Rozanov is right; perhaps a part of Shane *does* want this.

They stay frozen in their positions for several moments until Rozanov eventually removes his mouth from Shane's neck. Shane has no time to catch his bearings before a flash of silver illuminates the dark. The glint of Rozanov's hunting knife keeps Shane anchored in place.

"You're not in control here," Rozanov sneers, bringing the blade closer to Shane's chest, "I think maybe you need a little reminder."

"Wait, no, I-"

“*Zamolchi.*”

Rozanov slices Shane’s shirt open from the collar to the center of his chest. The fabric quickly gives, and he feels sharp, icy steel pressing insistently against him. Shane goes rigid, and he tries to shrink away, willing the earth to swallow him whole.

Rozanov glides the unforgiving blade from Shane’s sternum to the left side of his chest in one long, swift stroke and copies the action on the opposite side. The cuts don’t feel too deep, but a stinging sensation spreads through Shane’s chest instantaneously. He feels hot beads of moisture as blood blooms from each wound.

Shane lets out a muted sob of agony as pain floods more of his body, crawling from his ribs to the pit of his stomach. The dread keeps him still. Quiet. Good. *Be good.* Rozanov smiles wickedly at his reaction, his delight emblazoning his bright blue eyes in the pitch dark of the forest. Shane is horrified to feel his cock twitch in his pants, and he can’t tear his gaze from Rozanov’s face. His ears ring, his mind somewhere outside of his body watching the entire scene unfold.

Rozanov trails the knife from Shane’s chest up to his throat, only applying the barest amount of pressure. It almost feels like a caress, as if the blade is simply an extension of Rozanov’s fingertips and not a deadly weapon. He keeps tracing it over Shane’s upper body, sweeping over his collarbones and around his hardened nipples.

Shane feels sick with fear, anticipation, and shameful want. He has no idea what he looks like right now, but something about his expression must catch Rozanov’s eye. He briefly goes still before leaning down and crushing his mouth onto Shane’s. Shane instantly parts his lips, but what he’s given - what’s *taken* from him - can’t really be considered a kiss.

Rozanov nips his bottom lip then bites it hard and draws blood. The faint taste of iron seeps into Shane’s mouth, and he feels a hot trickle fall down his chin. Rozanov chases it with his tongue, licking the red trail away hungrily. He buries his tongue in Shane’s mouth, flooding his taste buds with a strange metallic saltiness.

It stops almost as soon as it begins. Rozanov pulls away, lifting the knife to finish cutting Shane’s shirt in two. He shoves it off on each side but leaves the sleeves intact, the fabric symbolically pinning Shane to the ground. With alarming clarity, Shane realizes what Rozanov wants and that he’s going to take it without hesitation.

Rozanov slices impatiently at the rest of his clothes until they’re just a mess of ruined fabric. He manhandles Shane and strips him naked, then flips him without ceremony onto his stomach. The familiar rustle of a packet tearing makes Shane’s heart hammer hard enough to feel it in his throat.

“Wait, Rozanov, stop,” Shane pleads frantically. “It doesn’t have to be like this.”

Rozanov hums quietly as if he’s considering Shane’s request. The silence is stifling, but Shane waits patiently and hopes against hope.

“*Da*, Hollander,” he finally replies. “It doesn’t have to.”

“Exactly,” Shane agrees hurriedly. “It’s not too late, we can just -”

A sharp crack across Shane’s ass cheek cuts him off.

“It doesn’t *have* to,” Rozanov murmurs condescendingly. “But I want it to. You always give it up so easily, such an eager *shlyukha*. Is nice, but this way is just *so* fun. I do not think I am ready to stop yet.”

Rozanov doesn’t give Shane a chance to reply. He bullies his legs open and nudges a finger into Shane’s hole, working fast and ruthlessly to stretch him. The sting is immediate, the modicum of added slick almost an insult. Shane tries to disregard the way his body interprets the intrusion as a prelude to the satisfaction it’s accustomed to.

It’s far too soon when Rozanov breaches Shane’s tight ring of muscle with another finger, not bothering with any pleasantries or concern. The involuntary whimper Shane holds back feels like self-betrayal. He’s completely exposed like a raw nerve, and he hates and loves it in equal measure.

“You look so pretty,” Shane hears Rozanov rasp from behind him. “Flushed and dirty,” he continues, thrusting his fingers purposefully. “No one else has seen you like this. Is all for me, *da*?”

“Please,” Shane whispers, half dread and half hope.

He’s embarrassed to feel his cock profusely leaking where it curves along his stomach. Despite their positions, Rozanov quickly notices it, too. He reaches around Shane and grips him firmly, drawing out a moan. His hips jolt forward to chase the feeling, and he’s surprised that Rozanov indulges him.

Finally, his body some kind of hunter of its own that’s trapped a bloat of sweet pleasure between the metal after a hard winter of only pain, Shane succumbs.

• ——— • (†) • ——— •

“Look at you,” Rozanov remarks sweetly, “acting like bitch in heat.”

His voice yanks Shane back into the present. He doesn’t know if it’s been two minutes or ten. As he shakes off his confusion, he registers what Rozanov said.

Bitch in heat?

Shane is suddenly, horrifyingly aware of the way his body is positioned, of the spread of his legs with his knees bent under him, of the eager arch of his back. Rozanov is right - Shane’s acting like a fucking *dog*.

“Fuck you,” Shane snarls, flailing a leg out to kick Rozanov away from him. He’s able to crawl mere inches before Rozanov captures both legs and hauls him backwards. He thrashes around desperately while screaming for help, fully aware that no one is coming to save him. Rozanov tries to climb on top of Shane’s again, but his stubborn and desperate shifting make it difficult. Shane subsequently gives up when he feels the blade of Rozanov’s knife against

his throat. Once he goes still, Rozanov shoves Shane's face into the dirt and plunges the knife into the dirt just centimeters from Shane's nose.

Shane is perfectly motionless as he watches his breath fog up the gleaming blade. The parts of his mind urging him to fight back go silent. The part of him that was a whisper now becomes a roar.

Submit. Yield. Obey. Be good.

Shane raises his hips impossibly slow, putting himself on display like before. He doesn't need to see Rozanov to know how smug he looks. He has earned Shane's resignation, the fight ultimately bled out of him, and all Shane can do is let Rozanov claim his reward. Shane is almost entirely past the point of shame now, not able to repress the want he's tried to tune out.

"Good boy," Rozanov mutters.

He wastes no time ramming three fingers into Shane, going deep and hitting Shane's prostate with no finesse. A strangled noise escapes from him, causing Rozanov to let out an amused chuckle.

Rozanov eventually stops his harsh ministrations and drapes himself over Shane's back. Shane feels Rozanov's thumb press into the broken flesh of his neck. The pain is white-hot as the wound splits open again.

Rozanov swipes a finger through the rising pool of fresh blood and pulls it away. Shane is paralyzed by an unmistakable sound, realizing with disgust and awe that Rozanov is sucking Shane's blood from the tip of his finger.

He's hardly able to process what's happening as Rozanov repeats the motion over and over. Warm liquid trickles down Shane's neck as the coppery scent floods his nostrils. Rozanov only stops to smear a thick line of crimson across Shane's cheekbone.

When he removes his fingertip from Shane's face, he replaces it with the flat press of his tongue. He drags it slowly across the blood-tinged skin, and it's clear he's doing more than just tasting - he's *consuming*. The realization makes Shane's aching cock drip onto the ground beneath him.

Rozanov huffs, muttering *fuck* and *perfect* as his body drapes over Shane's. He wraps a fist around Shane's erection, traitorous precome barely easing the roughness of each stroke. Shane jerks into Rozanov's grasp, twisted bliss sparking through him like a live wire. He hears the clink of metal and feels a surge of movement above him.

Rozanov presses his own hard cock into Shane's ass crack. He pushes against Shane languidly, matching the tempo of his fist working over Shane's cock. The feeling is delicious torture, and Shane can't help but revel in it - he doesn't have the strength to pretend he doesn't enjoy it. Doesn't know anything anymore except for how to give and be taken from.

"Look at me," Rozanov demands.

Shane turns his face and raises his chin meekly, the submissive gesture in stark contrast to Rozanov's unrelenting dominance. Rozanov's smile is utterly depraved, and it's the most beautiful and terrifying thing Shane has ever seen. It's *proud*.

"You're finally learning, *da*?"

Rozanov releases Shane's cock and catches the pad of his thumb on Shane's bottom lip. Shane darts his tongue out and tastes a mixture of his own dried blood and wet arousal. Rozanov gazes down at him and sighs, his steely expression turning manic and savage. Shane can't help the sick delight he feels at Rozanov's reaction, knowing that he's able to affect him this way.

"I need to fuck you," Rozanov says through clenched teeth. "*Now*."

"Please," Shane mumbles. Only hope, this time, everything else scraped out.

Rozanov blindly reaches for the half-empty packet of lube. Shane realizes there's hardly enough left for what Rozanov is about to do, but he can't bring himself to care as much as he should.

Rozanov grips the base of his cock and lines himself up with Shane's entrance. He fully lowers himself down on top of Shane - immobilizing, claiming - pressing his entire body flat onto the cold ground.

Shane's thighs are shoved wider, spreading apart until his muscles burn. He feels Rozanov's blunt cock head against his hole and scarcely manages to take a deep breath before Rozanov rams into him, burying himself to the hilt.

A frenzied scream is punched from Shane's chest. His fingers dig into the damp earth, and he grinds his teeth at the throbbing pressure and agonizing stretch. Rozanov ignores him as he draws back and brutally fucks into him over and over. Rozanov seems to grow even more ravenous from the anguish he inflicts with each noise he fucks out of Shane's pliant body, quickly setting a ruthless pace.

He licks the sweat from Shane's temple and nips the fragile spot beneath his ear. The unbroken skin of Shane's throat instantly takes to the imprint of his canines, leaving rapidly blooming bruises as he goes.

"*Ty moy*. Mine," Rozanov grunts, voice deep and rough, "your life, your body, your fear, your blood. All mine."

His teeth clamp down on Shane's neck again as he starts moving faster, plunging into him with punishing strokes. Each thrust draws feeble noises from Shane's core. The sound echoes around them, combining with the obscene slapping of skin against skin. Shane has never felt so debased, so wonderfully *alive*.

"I could kill you right now," Rozanov observes in between labored breaths. Shane watches his fist wrap around the handle of the knife, as if to prove his point. "Could slit your throat in seconds. There's nothing you could do to stop me."

Shane remains quiet, and Rozanov pulls the knife from where it's plunged into the earth.

"Say it, Hollander."

"Nothing I can do," Shane dutifully recites. "Can't stop you."

Rozanov continues describing in graphic detail just how he would take Shane's life - the way his blood would spray, how the light would drain from his eyes. Shane murmurs his assent, hanging onto each word like some twisted form of holy sacrifice.

When Rozanov touches Shane's cock again, it only takes two strokes until he's wracked by a forceful orgasm. His mind goes white as pleasure consumes him. He comes back to awareness when Rozanov brings a hand to Shane's mouth, feeding him his sticky release. Shane laves his tongue over Rozanov's fingers, tasting himself as his dick grows soft. His body tentatively relaxes, knowing all he can do is wait for Rozanov to finish.

The moment of respite ends as soon as it starts. Shane is horror-stricken when Rozanov grabs his spent, sensitive cock while still bullying his tender prostate. Dread and panic flood him from head to toe.

"Rozanov, please," Shane begs hoarsely. "Don't."

"You will give me one more," Rozanov replies casually. "Just one more before I come."

"I can't, I can't do it, I-"

"I believe in you, *zaychik*."

"No, fuck, please stop."

But Rozanov does not stop. He forces past Shane's clenched muscles easily, the tightness doing nothing to slow him down. Shane feels Rozanov's eyes burning into him, as he drags Shane's hips higher, fucking him meanly while continuously working his limp, aching cock.

Shane feebly tries to move free from Rozanov's touch - it's total agony, too much, too soon. He's granted a brief reprieve when Rozanov's dick slips out of him. He grabs Shane around the middle and effortlessly slams him onto his back. Rozanov roughly pushes his legs open again, and Shane doesn't bother trying to relent.

"Good boy," Rozanov says. "Taking what I give you."

He pounds back into Shane, deeper and more bruising than earlier, then resumes stroking him. Shane feels as if he's being cleaved into two with every thrust. He gnashes his teeth together and hates the way his traitorous cock slowly fills up again. He lies limply as Rozanov's movements become more volatile and urgent, playing dead while Rozanov keeps using him.

There's zero warning before Shane is hit with a second orgasm. His cock barely twitches from it, and he's unable to produce more than a weak spurt of come. His lungs are on fire as if he's suffocating, and his body trembles on the unforgiving forest floor.

Rozanov buries himself deep and rides out Shane's convulsions as he follows him over the edge. Rozanov's orgasm lasts for what feels like an eternity, spilling hot inside of Shane until he feels disgustingly gorged.

He's fading from the present; high-pitched ringing fills his ears as he distantly senses Rozanov's cock pulling out of him. Rozanov lies flat on top of him, pinning Shane in place efficiently. Shane hazily thinks about how soft Rozanov's hair is as wild curls fan over his cheek.

"Spasibo, moy lyubimiy." The hushed words are the last things he registers. *"Teper' ty v bezopasnosti. Spokoynoy nochi."*

Shane sleeps.

• ——— • (†) • ——— •

Early afternoon sunlight streams through the floor-to-ceiling windows near the bed, causing Shane's eyes to flutter open. He's momentarily disoriented but too tired to question it, sinking further into the mattress. The next time he wakes, it's to the smell of coffee and the sight of Ilya sitting on the opposite side of the bed.

"Hi, *moy lyubimyy*," Ilya smiles. "Feeling better?"

"A bit, yeah," Shane replies, stretching sluggishly. "I don't remember falling asleep, though."

"You passed out in the woods," Ilya says, somewhat proudly. "I carried you back home."

Shane looks down at himself and catalogs what he sees: a fresh pair of boxer briefs, carefully cleaned scrapes, and half a dozen bandages. A fond smile takes over his features.

"Thank you," Shane murmurs. He glances up at Ilya. "So. You caught me."

Ilya tilts his head to the side, meeting his tired but playful challenge.

"So I did," he answers.

"What are you going to do with me now?" Shane asks, helplessly drawn in as Ilya leans forward.

"Mm. I think I will keep you."

They meet somewhere in the middle. And this, Shane thinks, he would go willingly for.

• ——— • (†) • ——— •

"it's in the script, you want me to say *Lie down on the bed,*

you're all I ever wanted

and worth dying for too

but I think I'd rather keep the bullet this time. It's mine, you can't have it, see,
I'm not giving it up. This way you still owe me, and that's
as good as anything."

• ——— • (↑) • ——— •

End Notes

- zaychik - little bunny
- zamolchi - shut up
- shlyukha - slut
- ty moy - you are mine
- spasibo, moy lyubimiy - thank you, my love
- teper' ty v bezopasnosti - you are safe now
- spokojnoy nochi - sleep well

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