

been on a further level since you came.

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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
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by [Prettything_uglylie](#)

Summary

Still, the knife is a firm pressure into his lower back, his fists balling up at his sides, and his breathing irregular from the blade digging into his back. Behind him, a thick and velvety Russian-accented voice offers as he pulls the wired headphones out with a strange amount of something approaching care, “Perhaps, you are stupid for leaving door unlocked, Mr. Hockey Star.”

AKA: these two are fucking freaks and roleplay a break-and-entering uhuh non-con situation but they're both bad at being casual about it.

Notes

many of you may say 'hey, you haven't written for this fandom yet and you pop out with 13k of rape roleplay/cnc for them?' and i would respond, 'well yes, i have been taken over by the brainrot as well, you see! also get out of my house??'

anyways: hiii i have also been pulled into heated rivalry brainrot with most of the population and so here what i have to offer is! undernegotiated kink is sort of heavily implied because it's Hollanov but also, they're both freaks who are into it and into each other really badly so they like it. AND for the readers, there's some light cannibalism mentions in a romantic way (shane: i want to crawl into his skin ilya: yeah alright baby) and a necrophilia crack but nothing terribly graphic. they're just a little gross and a bit mean with each other. Also, Ilya definitely saw Shane folding laundry and his domesticity kink kicked in and cuteness aggression added to it until he was like: let me grab a knife and pretend to be my boyfriend's stalker.

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

Perhaps, it is Shane's fault a little bit - he's in the cottage, folding laundry while a soft purr of music comes through the wired headphones attached to his phone in his pocket. The pulse of music is a techno ambience that makes his heart beat at a heavier pace as though his brain remembers it primarily from runs he and Hayden tackle most mornings.

He had gone for a run this morning, moving through the time before the sun had risen and the weather had gotten too warm, before coming back here and continuing laundry. In many ways, he had excelled at his day already and it was just coming up to the cusp of noon: there was something satisfactory and brilliant about being productive, even on his days-off from hockey that he can't help but be a little giddy about.

Then, he feels *it*.

The blade can't be long, little more than four inches but the serrated edge of the kitchen knife is just long enough that Shane feels it press to the skin on the flank of his back, offering not a terrible injury but enough pressure that the threat lingers. There is an implication to the movements, to the moment, that has the man's breath hitching deep in his chest and Shane - Shane is usually better about these things, diligent and assessing his surroundings from years of paranoia and anxiety running the show.

Still, the knife is a firm pressure into his lower back, his fists balling up at his sides, and his breathing irregular from the blade digging into his back. Behind him, a thick and velvety Russian-accented voice offers as he pulls the wired headphones out with a strange amount of something approaching care, "Perhaps, you are stupid for leaving door unlocked, Mr. Hockey Star."

Shane's next inhale is shaky and, for a moment, he laments with the stranger in his home that the move is stupid, uncharacteristic, and bizarre. Sometimes, though as an opposition, he remembers that houses - and, clearly, cottages - in the depths of Canadian wilderness had been prone to a door-unlocked kind of neighborhoods. He had grown up in one briefly but after there had been a break-in with a minor theft at one of his neighbors, they had gotten a bit better about the safety portion of locking the doors.

Perhaps, too lax about quite a few things. Even as he stares up at the wall behind the dresser he had been neatly folding his clothes into, standing at his full height now while careful of the knife to skin he has situated, his swallow is loud.

It must tempt the intruder, enough that he seals a large hand around the column of his neck, approaching with his fingers squeezing the sides in a practiced move that makes Shane a little nervous and sort of lightheaded. Only for a moment does he allow the thought to cross his mind that he might die here.

He can't.

He has dinner with his parents and boyfriend tomorrow.

“Very stupid,” The voice pours into his ear, hot breath wafting onto the cartilage with the right amount of proximity to make Shane flinch at the feeling, tempted to squirm away, but impossible with the dresser in front of him and the stranger pressed to his back, “to do documentaries about pretty cottage that is findable easily. Very stupid to leave door unlocked on top, yes?”

The question is redundant, the man is a stranger, and Shane’s voice is lost on the ground right now same with the t-shirt he had been folding to go in the dresser next, so he doesn’t dare respond to the bait.

“I-” He breathes, finding his voice but not the shirt discarded, “You said it yourself, I’m a hockey player, I have money. Is that why you’re here?”

He had other options than beg, than to offer things he barely has stashed in his cottage as nothing there is terribly valuable, but Shane also knows that his boyfriend cannot be terribly far away, having left to get groceries, and the last thing Shane wants him to come on is his boyfriend bloodied up and, perhaps, taken apart by an intruder’s knife.

Even if the breath puffing into the skin of the back of his neck is hot enough to add moisture to his skin, even if Shane recognizes the feeling from the man approximately the same height as him pressing into his ass, even if Shane knows that he could potentially win that fight or go down fighting, he opts to think this may be the safer option.

Things can be replaced, his mother had firmed over after a different childhood’s neighbor’s house had caught fire on one tragic summer night, *people cannot*.

The thought sinks into him a little bit, swirling through his mind both as warning and as a heartfelt sentiment. Shane’s throat works under the stranger’s palm, a motion that makes the man tighten intermittently on each side of his throat to get him a little lightheaded enough to grab the edge of the dresser, before this man taunts, “Do not want money, *zvezdnoye modelirovaniye*, showing your little arch on TV, and then, not expecting Big Bad Russian to follow you home?”

Shane’s inhale is a noise brought to the front from the depths of his throat and desires, a whine relinquishing into the air between them, and the mystery man presses closer into him, knife still in his crest enough that Shane can really feel it. He knows what the pressure is, both knife and hardened cock against the swell of his ass, but his mind short-circuits a little bit. Enough that, for a second, he imagines fending off the intruder just long enough to make a run for it maybe, or to fight back.

“I-” He chokes out and, breath still wafting his cheek, the man laughs, a deep and rich amusement to the sound that spreads warmth down Shane’s spine, but the man does not interrupt, seems content to wait for Shane to speak. “Please, let me go.”

The groan that echoes through his ear and scatters a flush across his cheekbones makes Shane squirm in his spot, enough that this Russian man seals a messy kiss across the scattering of freckles that his boyfriend refers to, fondly, as *his stars*.

His mother had been terribly gushy in the kitchen to his father about the term, raving softly about how terribly in love they are despite Shane's annoyed little half-hearted protests. He decides that he, pointedly, does not want to think about his parents here, or maybe, even, his boyfriend.

In the moment, his world narrows down to the blade, his own body, and the man behind him. The man presses into him again, moving with such force that Shane has no options except to move with him or have the knife break skin, and pushes him stomach-first into the dresser he had been folding clothes into.

"You are easier prey than I thought you would be." The intruder groans, his voice smug but his actions lecherous as he moves his hand from his windpipe, allowing Shane the room to breathe properly again. His hand, free, whacks firmly enough across the sitting spot on the place where his ass and thighs meet with such force that Shane jerks forward and releases a small shout. The crash of his stomach into the wooden furniture makes him feel even more *prey* but he also feels the apples of his cheeks blush even heavier at the weird sting of humiliation to receiving the action. His brain spins the idea for a second that this man he does not know is treating him like a child. Between the condescending cooing in his ear and the swat on his backside, Shane feels the weird need to protest the treatment more than the actions.

"What do you want?" He breathes, blaming it on the fact that he had had pressure on the sides of his neck until moments before, but Shane knows. Deep down, he knows. The man seems to know too, pressing into him again, both knife and cock, and a taunting laugh still in his voice, his accent thick when he answers, "Oh, silly boy."

His smile is mean against his cheeks and Shane can feel it - this man who is about to decide his fate, grins against his cheek, pressing into the skin as though wishing to make a permanent mark there. Unbidden, Shane remembers the knife, imagines the scars it could leave on his skin if the other man just wanted to. His mind conjures those lovely and terrible horror movies he oddly likes - once, his boyfriend had inquired about it and Shane had shrugged, *it's an anxiety I can control*.

The man, his tone slightly darker with a growl made of gravel to it, continues firmly, "I don't want money or stupid car, I want *you*."

Shane's spine straightens even more, allows his eyes to widen and an odd jolt of something that Shane won't allow himself to label as arousal to hum through him. It can't be arousal, Shane knows, but it leaves the same taste in his mouth and feeling in his skin. His breathing is uneven and, with his removed hand, the stranger presses one hand to his chest, firm enough to hold his inhales and exhales in time with whenever the other man deems it steady enough. He isn't actually afraid but the reassurance in the grasp makes his stomach burn a little brighter.

The man behind him apparently decides his breathing is perfected before reaching down to pluck at Shane's nipple through the cotton of his plain t-shirt heard enough that Shane leans back into the knife a little bit. It doesn't break skin.

“You leave door wide open,” The man pants, as though his shallow humping against the seat of Shane’s running shorts, makes up for real physical connection, “You look so pretty in glass house, and you expect me not to take invitation? *Da*, sweetheart? Not very bright.”

Given the room and leeway to do what he wants by the knife in Shane’s back, the man flicks him in the temple hard enough to pull another noise from Shane that he won’t admit to later. The intruder laughs, apparently reveling in the way Shane flinches a bit when he comes up to coax what is likely a reddening spot - at least it won’t bruise, not like the chain of hickeys at his collarbones from his missing boyfriend.

Shane tries to tilt his hips away from the dresser, to get away or any space at all, before, pressing in taut, the trespasser’s head tilting against his cheek where he’s pressed as though attempting to crawl into his skin. The blade jumps where it’s pressed into him, enough to scratch but not enough to break skin before the prowler continues, “Remember knife. You want me to enter with knife first or cock?”

The words are stern, practiced but so unreal that Shane’s eyes widen, he imagines again, attempting an escape but he knows the last thing he wants his perfect boyfriend to see is him cut-up into ribbons. The little snuffle he lets out feels an understatement, even as he squirms a little.

The burglar seems to have no real interest in the cottage or anything inside, except him. It would be easier if he just wanted money, Shane thinks, vaguely peeved, but he doesn’t and it’s clear in his words and physical actions that money could never weigh up.

“I’d prefer cock,” his invader taunts, sounding cocky and sure enough that Shane can already see himself taking it, bent over a bed or, impossibly, this dresser he is pressed into at stomach-height. The man is his height, he couldn’t bend Shane over the furniture without it being an incredibly awkward angle for both of them, but the thought comes through his nervous system anyway. He laughs a little too, overjoyed and Shane does feel a bit like prey under this man’s interested gaze, “I think you would, too.”

Shane’s shake of the head is quick and perhaps a little too sure, enough that the man presses into him with the duller blade that he realizes with a startle must be their kitchen knife. He’s angry by Shane’s denial, by his immediate rebellion to the idea, and Shane almost wants to yell at him: *you have me at knifepoint, did you expect me to be excited?*

Except it wouldn’t be fair, maybe to either of them. It wouldn’t be fair because, pressed into the drawers, his cock is aching hard in the front of his running shorts. He is fairly certain that he doesn’t remember when it happened but he’s so hard and practically leaking through his shorts that he worries about the wood and the mark he may leave on it.

He would ask the question but he knows the answer is *yes*.

Shane wants for this, and, in a secret regard, he yearns for it in a large enough way that it lingers in his throat and dents his running shorts. The intruder grins again, seeming less miffed by Shane’s refusal before he says, “You will. Secretly easy, very slutty, probably needy - I’ve seen press, Shane Hollander, seen how you look at Boyfriend. You let him shove you full of cock?”

The sniff he lets through at the end is arrogant and a little mean, using Boyfriend like a name or title instead of his partner's actual name sends him a bit on edge, but the interloper offers him a moment. Enough of a second of reprieve when he pulls back enough to adjust his cock in his pants that the blade is gone from his skin. Shane seizes the opportunity, sending his elbow back into his gut rather than into bruised ribs, and begins to run.

Behind him, the man grunts, taking the hit with only a mild amount of profanity spilling from his mouth, but he seems to get his second wind long enough that Shane makes it up the stairs to the bedroom - to his and his boyfriend's bedroom, the windows in front filling it with daylight even as his intruder rounds onto the stairs.

The daylight feels odd on his skin, even as he stares at the blonde-haired and admittedly, terribly handsome Russian man making his way towards him as well. But he lingers on the idea that the man is counting on how desolate the cottage is, on how quiet his retreat is. The man knows that the only other person out here is his easily-dismissed and mentioned offhand, Boyfriend.

Still, Shane is resolute as he slams the bedroom door shut with enough speed and force that the frame shakes, that the noise makes him wince, and he's spinning the lock closed before the man can ascend all three stairs. His lock clicks but it is one of the privacy locks, easily opened and especially easy to undo with a knife, so Shane holds the handle, determined and hopeful that he can outmatch his prowler.

The words the other man offers through the door when his knuckles rap upon the wood reminds Shane of something playful, something centric to his own love-life, but his voice is light in its perversion, "Come out, pretty *kotenok*, you have things to answer to."

"You should come help," his self-satisfied and wonderfully Russian-sondered voice teases through the wood, "come make me cum, before Boyfriend gets home, *da*? Or I might have a meeting with him and my knife."

Shane's heart stops. His eyes widening and his hands twitch on the doorknob, a lingering motion that he's sure will catch him, but the other man doesn't seem to be pulling the handle or even, attempting to shove his knife into the lock to unlock it. He seems to be waiting Shane out, knowing the other man would not leave his boyfriend out in danger like that, but the thought, nonetheless, curdles logic in his stomach. Technically, there is the idea of not believing the other man would do harm onto someone who just so happens to cross his path, but even the perceived worry that his partner could be in danger is enough for Shane to unhitch the lock.

For a moment, only the sound of his heavy breathing and idle humming from his prowler on the other side can be heard - it might be seconds or minutes or hours but Shane's palms are so warm that he's sure they are practically boiling. He shifts on the other side of the door, waits for the crash of a maddened man to come through the now unlocked door, but nothing comes.

Nothing comes, at all.

If not for his persistent humming, Shane would almost think he had left.

Nervously, Shane worries they have been interrupted, before the dulcet Russian speaks again, “Open the door up, *dorogoy*, show me you can be good boy again.”

The noise that leaves Shane’s mouth is a whimper, undeniably, even as his eyes widen at the thought - the challenge itself is not hard, he’s opened a billion doors in his lifetime, but the concept of opening the door to a man who so clearly wants the advantage on him, to a man with a knife, and who wants to do whatever-he-wants to Shane burns bright through him, both humiliating and oddly arousing. His hand lingers on the knob, his heart racing again but his throat is dry.

He debates it for so long that Shane is almost surprised his prowler doesn’t grow frustrated, doesn’t do it himself, and seems careless about standing out there instead as he hums away. Shane can picture him swaying, knife in one hand and, maybe, his other hand adjusting the huge cock he had felt boring into his backside earlier. His mouth is already dry.

Shane’s hand shakes, his brain screaming at him away from the self-preservation instinct he has to fight back, as his hand pulls the door back in, stepping away enough for the prowler to tackle him or move as he wishes, to force him back onto the bed, but nothing happens.

Nothing happens, again.

The rush of disappointment at the aspect of nothing happening for a dragging second, confuses and disorients him - he should be thrilled that no more physical action has been taken against him, right? Right?

His prowler’s movements are too lax, too confident, as he walks towards the now-opened door, the knife still in his hand but prodded under the nails of the hand not firming digits around it. His smile is all-knowing, as though he has studied Shane thoroughly enough to understand what makes him tick, enough that his throat runs desert-dry and his eyes lower to the floor.

Shane’s feet guide backwards at the same time that the man’s step forward, creating the illusion of a game of chase, something that Shane is sure to assume that they technically just partook in. His prowler is too good at this, his eyes boring into Shane who wants to squirm under the microscope of his gaze, but, when he moves to make eye contact again, he is shell-shocked by the next action. The intruder’s hand is firm, a large thing and it hits as such, especially with the back of his hand splayed into Shane’s left cheek, collapsing him against the end of the bed.

The shock of it has him gasping and reacting more than the actual hit - he’s a hockey player, he’s been hit before, but never here, not like this.

His eyes must be wide and a little terrified when he glances up at the other man, his hand cradling his cheek from his position on the floor, legs sprawled beneath him and he would be on his back if not for his hand positioned between his shoulder blades on the floor to keep him rather centered. Enough that the intruder does not have him completely pinned down.

Something curls at the edges of the man’s lips, his eyes darkening for a moment, before he leans down, words soft between them, his voice is a heaven-sent, “Still okay, *velikolepnyy*?”

He's in a good enough place to admit that, perhaps, the movement hadn't been entirely thought-out, but something in the man's eyes is desperate to fix that moment. He nods, unsure if verbal confirmation is needed but the breath that releases from the blond man's lungs and untenses his shoulders, is a good sign.

It had been a surprise, but it had been a beyond-encouraged one.

He shifts slightly, nodding so empathetically that his lips curl into that same wide smile as the prowler reaches for him again, and Shane lets the hand gripping his hair coddle him into those arms. The prowler is strong, his arms well-built and his chest solid, but his voice is a stronger timbre through Shane's spine and body and maybe, a little bit of his heart too.

His hand strokes Shane's hair, both affectionate and almost-condescending, as he mutters thoughtlessly, "See, *lyubov*? You behave and I am not forced to be mean to you."

Shane's body wracks a soft shudder and he's so achingly hard in his shorts at this moment that he wants to ask to take them off, even if the prowler has shown he can be a little cruel. The thought of asking, like something easy as he had said earlier, brings a darker flush to his cheeks, but he remembers the interloper is holding a knife behind his back. With a certainty, Shane knows he would cut him out of his stupid shorts if he wants to.

His voice is somehow a mix between horrified and accepting when he breathes out, shakily but still present, "Who are you?"

The intake of breath into his hair as though scenting every part of him thoroughly speaks to someone who cares more than just an opportunistic chance to break into a cottage in the forest but the action - the slap - has disoriented him a bit. He had assumed that it was a stalker, perhaps, but hockey stars don't usually get those. Mostly reserved for movie stars or internet celebrities.

But -

The prowler pulls back from his embrace, this mimickry of a hug, when he positively grins, something both warm and proud, while still being on the edge of mean. His eyes are so blue it reminds Shane of hours spent outside, swimming at the river with his boyfriend, riding the tide and enjoying the time as one can when extremely wealthy in the love they have in life. His eyes are proud, like Shane has done something so undeniably good that he squirms under the other man's stare. Finally, and with a lot of fondness, the prowler rasps,

"I'm your biggest fan."

The swallow firms its way down his throat, his heart racing and he must look vaguely horrified or his self-proclaimed biggest fan has been stalking him enough to know what he looks like in his varying facial expressions - once, Hayden had told him affectionate and worried all in one, *man, sometimes I don't know what you're thinking at all*.

It had been after a Bad Night with 'Lily', which was to say they were young and dumb, in love but too stupid and too scared to say it out loud.

It is strange and more than a little scary to know that this man sees him so thoroughly, that, perhaps, they both see each other so thoroughly. It feels, unsolicited as the thought is to Shane, as if they were falling in love. The thought is maligned by the fact that they were mimicking a hug on his cottage's bedroom floor after the prowler had smacked him hard enough his cheek is a smarting red, that this is a man he doesn't technically know, who implies to have bad intentions with him - with a knife in hand, can see him more than anyone else.

His prowler gazes at him for a second before asking, voice an actual question rather than something rhetorical, as he leans into Shane's face. His mouth is hot as it ghosts over Shane's and it smells like banana, pineapple and jackfruit, which brings to the forefront of his mind a yellow gum package he can't place the name of at the moment. Shane, regardless of the situation they're in and the almost sickly sweet smell of the sweetener, wants to lean over to kiss him. The prowler must be able to tell - that damning all-knowingness - because his own lips pout just enough that Shane feels enraged and beyond tempted, "You want to put up fight again or you want to be good boy?"

The bastard must see something on Shane, perhaps his unreadable-to-Hayden face or maybe, in his eyes, as they flick from the ground to the jut of his lips to the window of this room. He smirks in his periphery, a man enthused by the reaction he retrieves as he leans in even more, mere millimetres between their lips before he ghosts,

"I think you will be good boy, yes? No more fight, right, *shchenok*? One good hit and you are back to good boy?"

Shane's voice shakes a minute amount, his lips quivering slightly and his cheek stings still when he asks, "Can I kiss you, *moya vladelets*?"

The pronunciation is probably bad, more than a little stilted as Shane has mostly read it and said it into his Russian learning app, but there is still something to the words that sparks a grin across those crimson lips and bright eyes. He looks terribly thrilled.

His prowler nods, fearsome in his enthusiasm as he leans in to catch Shane's lips in what he is fairly certain is the most aggressive kiss he's ever had, but the contact makes him loud - his mouth a wandering moan as his hands tuck around this deliciously cruel man's neck, fisting into beautiful golden curls. The man makes a huffing noise against his mouth, no longer an amused guffaw but something that curls in his ribcage as though he is trying to breath Shane in completely. His one hand curls around the front of Shane's shirt while the other precariously dangles the knife and, at the reminder, Shane slips a small moan into the kiss. The dangerous man takes this chance, always does, to put his tongue into Shane's mouth, licking around as though he can find a home in the slight gap between his second molar and his third.

There's something terribly incredible to the idea that he could, that he may want to keep the other man in the gapes of his mouth forever as well, and Shane has never really had the urge to bite, not really. Still, almost animalistic, he digs his teeth into the intruder's bottom lip when the other man moves away to breathe.

“Fuck,” he groans into Shane’s mouth and he feels himself become distinctly proud, the same way he does when he sucks cock, when his boyfriend clasps a hand in Shane’s hair and says, *fuck, you’re doing so well, da?*

The lip between his teeth slips from his grasp too easily, falling back to the other man’s mouth with a sharp snap, and Shane watches his beautiful, ocean eyes turn a bit dark.

The look of pride in the other man’s eyes is back and Shane revels in it, even as he leans back with faux apprehension on his face as much as he can bleed it in, but he remembers the knife suddenly, when his back hits the prone hand carrying it. It becomes a little easier to feel the apprehension, then.

“Silly boy,” his self-proclaimed biggest fan coos, running another hand over the left side of his face no matter how much Shane flinches at first, sure that it will hurt but his stalker’s fingers are gentle and it actually doesn’t. He knows, with an odd certainty, that this isn’t supposed to hurt. “So good, fuck, you will be so good, yes.”

It isn’t a question this time either. His prowler wants Shane to know that he knows Shane will enjoy this, will be good for him despite - despite - despite the fact that all of his *despites* seem a little flat right now and Shane is having a very hard time sparsing out a good reason why it’s not a good idea. He wonders what his mom or dad would think of him here, sprawled on his cottage’s floor with a man holding a knife hovering above him and his dick so hard he hurts, face still smarting - he tries to bury the thought lest the shame swallow him whole.

The prowler stands, a sudden enough motion with his hand still fisted in Shane’s shirt and the knife still close enough to his back that Shane knows he needs to stand too, even if the movement is awkward. His eyes are bright, a little meaner than the pride from earlier or the fondness he could see seeping in, but his mouth becomes a maw around the next words, “Strip. All of it. Do not want show but I do want to see you again.”

Again? The word trips Shane up so much he forgets his instructions, stilling in that way that likely reminds his intruder of a rabbit about to sprint off and it projects how Shane feels. No matter how much he’s not fond of being the rabbit.

“Again?” He croaks and the man’s lips curl for a second, eyes widening slightly as though caught or that he has made a mistake, before he gives a half-hearted shrug that Shane could never believe.

“I am your biggest fan,” he says this as though it adds context, before continuing, eyeing Shane assessingly, “Of course, I watch you.”

“Fuck,” the word should come out scared and startled but it verges too close to the edge of a moan, imagining the other man hunched in bushes or patrolling out of a car, eyes stuck to him whether it be in the lake or the glass house that is the cottage. Oddly hopeful, Shane trusts that he had been watching with one of those big hands down his pants.

His stalker grins before he tilts his head, “Get naked.”

Shane's still reeling a little bit, not just from the confession but also, the realization that he wants to have been spied on sexually by this man, so he startles quite harshly when he feels the extremities of the blade on his neck. He knows, in the only way you can ever know somebody, that the threat is not imminent, more a suggestion of defilement, even when he taunts, "I couldn't cut your throat, too messy. Terribly unfortunate, too. You'd be no fun as corpse - still pretty, of course."

Shane swallows, a heavy noise to his own ears and one that applies pressure to their kitchen knife. The joke is in poor taste and they both know it, but there is some odd swelter to the idea of this man wanting him so thoroughly, so completely, as to kill him, as to want to take his body apart still - it shudders through him as very hot.

"Pants first," the prowler taunts, even as his eyes glow at the way he has likely catalogued every thought Shane has had in the past few seconds, before his one hand tightens even further into Shane's shirt. It pulls him a little closer to the knife's edge and the man, and makes his footing a little less even.

His hands shake on the waistband of his shorts enough for both of them to see and he would feel a deep embarrassment if not for the way his intruder's breath hitches, murmuring something in Russian that sounds equally astonished and filthy. His boxers are a charcoal grey and, even as he slides the fabric of his shorts down his thighs, he knows that the spot beading at the front from his, frankly, leaking cock is enough to spark embarrassment all across his cheekbones and through his chest.

"Easy little slut, *da*?" The prowler taunts and Shane shrinks into himself a little, shoulders pulling into his ears a little before he feels a sharp but not anywhere close to as firm as the last, slap land on his thigh. It is more loud noise than it is an actual hit, enough to leave a red mark that fades in seconds as opposed to the mark that still stings on his face. Paranoid and insecure to no end, he wonders what kind of sight he makes right now: in his leaking boxers riding up his thighs with his shorts still around his ankles, his cheek bright red with the shape of his intruder's hand bore into, and his shoulders taut. The prowler grins, moving further into his space, "You ever fuck a girl, Shane Hollander?"

The words are confusing to him for a moment, allowing the crinkle of his brow and the look across his face to be easy to read for most, let alone a man obsessed with him as a stalker may be. His grin is still wide when he leans in, breathing across the throat with his smile sharper than any blade he may have in hand, "Probably not. Pretty whore you are, likely to only spread your thighs for a man."

The hand that moves to strike around his jaw to tilt his face where his watcher can read any microexpressions on his face and, perhaps, in the tangled web of his biggest fan's obsession and need, just to prove that he can.

"A big strong man, huh?" His man sounds a bit breathless as though all the talking is starting to tear at his throat but Shane knows better, he knows there's more lung capacity and, definitely, more monologue in this specific man. Finally, he finishes the leading question's train of thought, "Pretty girls love to have their panties around their ankles."

It isn't a statement that Shane doubts, his attacker nodding down to where Shane still stands in the mesh fabric of his running shorts at his feet, and, catching the implications leveled at him, he moves to step out of them. It sounds like a fact coming from this particular man's throat, an observation that he has taken note of so well it has become an indisputable fact. It still makes his flush fall down to between his collarbones. The man grins, leaning in again, even as he stands firmly around the discarded mess of his shorts to practically keep them wrapped around him in some sort of humiliating trap. Shane imagines, for a moment, that if the invader were to shove him back, he would be too caught in the cloth and his gaze to do anything but fall to the bed - for a moment again, he anticipates it.

"You want to have pretty girl intentions?" His stalker's hands find Shane's ass to pull him so close that their hard cocks find friction in each other and pleasure so hot it turns the back of his eyelids white, but maybe, it's also a bit of his words. The moan that tumbles from his lips must be equal measure, even as the man cracks his grin open to lick from his jaw to his temple with a tongue so hungry that Shane is worried he may have to add *cannibalism* next to *breaking and entering* and *burglary gone wrong* on his criminal's mental docket of crimes.

That train of thought is not helpful either, leaving him heaving for air and his cock twitching in his tented boxers. There is, perhaps and disgustingly, something oddly attractive to the thought that this man is so wholly obsessed with him to the point of cutting him into pieces and keeping him forever in the beat of his heart, in his bloodstream, in the pit of his stomach. Shane has never thought of the idea of being eaten as hot, but he's also never had a man break into his home, claiming to not want to steal anything except maybe, him. He chalks it up to a *first time for everything* sentiment.

His stalker bites, sudden and more noise than force again, against the side of Shane's jaw that he had nosed his way down when Shane had been spinning the concerning idea that his stalker is obsessed enough with him to steal away every piece of him. The action doesn't help his own torn and broken desires, before he grins, "Cat holding mouth, *dorogoy*?"

"I -" Shane swallows at the way his throat sounds raw and a bit more broken than he ever has to his own ears before, even standing in an expensive party's bathroom after an award show and prior six months of silence leading to yelling at the handsome man in front of him. Blonde hair, handsome, beautiful tide blue.

His voice is almost teasing, still a shade too dark to be playful, "*Cat got your tongue*, is the expression."

A smile crinkles the corner of his eyes where Shane allows himself to stare into the tide and get lost, swirled in and out of arm's proximity as he's both reachable and far from grasp. His biggest fan seems beyond fond of him in a moment that is soft enough for Shane to feel it in the gape between his second and third molars - he had once taunted his boyfriend that *at least I still have all of my teeth*. Here, it feels like a victory and a vulnerability: here, he almost wants his stalker to keep one like a prize.

"Quiet," the man seems to reach a height of his own patience, large hand moving to push but practically, throw Shane onto his back on the bed, blade pointed inward to his prowler. Shane is lost, however, in the idea that the man is about to take him - he's so shamefully aroused that being taken by anyone seems hot enough that he's gasping for air already.

Desperate for him, his boyfriend teases him sometimes but, at the thought, Shane feels a refueled desperation fill him. Enough that he leans up on his elbows from the sprawl he had been in, to, with wide eyes, inquire, “You’re going to...fuck me, right?”

Any other word feels unfair and untrue, and cruel for the dance they’re committing to - technically, there is another word but Shane cannot even pretend he feels violated in that sort of regard. Not when the man obsessed with him has been so gracious about the way he handles him. Unbidden, Shane remembers him waiting for Shane to open the door as humiliation and arousal eats at him, as though granting him the space to run.

The man arches an eyebrow up a bit, question written on his face before that everpresent grin widens impossibly, and he nods. There is no hesitation in the answer as much as curiosity in his train of thought, but it adds to the sinking hopelessness in his chest.

Shane’s cock twitches against the cotton of his boxers, leaking through finally with white speckling the charcoal material - it feels neither here nor there. Not really.

“Can you...” he swallows, voice taking on a honey-like sweetness to get what the desire burning his stomach a match, but he shifts a little closer to the other man, “can you fuck me please? Soon and fast?”

His man’s head tilts, clear in his confusion but there is that glistening pride back in his eyes, moving in with only the words on his mouth rather than taking up noise, *why?*

The word is not even spoken and, suddenly, Shane is eighteen years old again in a hotel gym with his handsome future-boyfriend sitting across from him, mouthing *more* and making Shane so desperate for approval and need to be quenched, that he had gone back to his room and jerked two orgasms out of his own cock until he had felt gross. He did not admit to his boyfriend, ever and under any circumstances, that he had been thinking about him pinning him down with his slightly larger frame to take and take and, maybe, pry him open by the jaw and make him take more. The water bottle situation had done irreversible psychological damage to him.

Whenever his boyfriend and future-husband brings it out of hiding to simply drink from, Shane is back to being eighteen and sprawled in his own hotel room sheets, imagining him hovering over him to press the plastic to his lips and say *more* with the force enough to make Shane swallow the cool water. He had imagined swallowing anything he had given him.

Shane’s head ducks a little, a habit when embarrassed but, through dark lashes and feeling vaguely coy, he says, “I want you to be done with me when my boyfriend gets home.”

His stalker’s inhaled breath is both impressed and aggravated, his ocean blue eyes pulling into the wide and dark expanse of his shot pupils, and he kicks his foot out from where it had been keeping Shane’s feet on the ground at the edge of the bed. His prowler’s face is so undeniably aroused that he almost looks enraged - maybe at the thought that he is not already inside of Shane, maybe at the fact that Shane talks to him and makes requests like this of him.

“I will not be,” his prowler growls, hand digging into the sides of Shane’s face again in a bruising and cobra-fast grip, and continuing to say, “*done* with you - ever. You will feel me

forever. Your floor boards here creak? Me. Your body hurts and your little boyfriend forgets how to fuck in anything but missionary? I will be in corner of your room. You stay here by yourself? You will be stuck on my cock, *da?*”

Shane swallows so loudly it echoes in his own head like a gunshot but he’s so close to just coming in his pants from some rough treatment and dirty talk feels so pathetic, enough to brink tears in his eyes. His inhale is also shaky, “Please.”

“Slut.” It is not a question either or even just to demean, he says it like it’s a fact that is also undeniable. He says it as though it is the final observation on a hypothesis he already had the answers to. With a firm, big hand though, his prowler taps once and then, twice against the skin of his right cheek, “Must prepare you so I leave you leaking for Boyfriend, yes?”

Shane feels a bit more ashamed at this part, genuine fluster hitting his stomach, before he admits, voice tiny and eyes squinted a little in the feeling. He allows himself to be submerged in the thoughts to temper his own arousal, “I’m... I’m open already.”

His stalker’s eyes widen, still dark and beyond aroused beneath his lust-heavied eyelids, before he tucks his knee onto the mattress between Shane’s thighs and presses him further into the mattress as a result, before asking, “You fucked yourself already?”

It doesn’t come out as cruel as it should but Shane attempts to chalk it up to a man obsessed with him, willing to do anything and lighting his approach enough to give Shane hope, to seduce him into gentleness.

For a possessive and obsessed intruder, he is oddly soft with Shane. He had wondered, pressed into his dresser at stomach-height with a knife in the crest of his pelvic bone, if the man remembers how to be this, an intruder who is cruel and in love in equal measure.

It is probably strange, to nitpick the idea that his stalker isn’t mean enough to him, but when he had pictured stalker stories, he had seen harsh ropes holding frantic hands behind backs, duct tape over pleading mouths and wet eyes. His man had seemed beyond all of that harshness, instead curling mind games into every edge of Shane’s brain with minimal physical force and maximum passion.

Shane had never thought that it could feel like love.

He shakes his head a little, admitting, as he leans into the prowler’s space a bit more than a man afraid should, “I have a plug in - my boyfriend likes when I’m ready for him.”

There it is again - the desperate and aroused inhale in his biggest fan’s breathing pattern, as though Shane has said something so agonizingly hot and tempting that his lungs forget to pull in air. Also, uninhabited, Shane remembers being eighteen on his knees for his man for the first time, hearing that noise and thinking *I could do this forever*.

His jaw and ambitious brain had protested the idea heavily, but his heart and heat in his stomach had whined for it.

He had longed for his man before he knew what to do with it - where to put it.

“Smart man,” He praises despite how poorly he had spoken of said man previously but he’s so close Shane can smell jackfruit again, before his prowler continues, “Do you think he will be smart enough to know that the cum you are full of is not his?”

“I don’t know,” it falls out of his mouth in the form of a tumbling gasp more than the actual words should. Even as his stalker’s hand moves back to his jaw to shake him around as though he is brainless or something worse, like he is his doll and that’s all.

The interloper shakes him so hard that the only thing Shane can truly recognize is the glow of white teeth smiling at him very mockingly, “You *do* know. He will pull your plug out of your stretched hole and see *my* cum leaking out, know that you were not full earlier. He will know that you slut yourself out for any mean man.”

Shane’s whine is high again, hitting the hand around his jaw in its motions, before his head hangs into that large right hand, melting into the weapon that had colored his fingerprints into the freckled skin of his left cheek. He feels spineless and floaty but the stalker seems thrilled by the loss of a struggle, by Shane’s brain falling to the floor with his clothes previously, because he presses his forehead against Shane’s, hand still gripping his chin.

Despite the proximity and how Shane is so close to him, his eyes feel so hazy that, if the police were to take report of him later, Shane still wouldn’t be able to describe his features as anything other than *handsome* and *dream-like*. *Fantasy-worthy*.

His hand is only pulled away, a thing that Shane’s words cannot even begin to complain about properly even if he could bring them to his lips so he makes a dejected sound, when he pulls back to undo his own pants, his belt becoming difficult for his eager hands and his stalker tears his own shirt off after taking a break from fumbling his stumbling. The Russian man seems only mildly amused and begrudging as Shane watches, cheeks dimpled a little with his own far-gone little smile and practically swaying. He leans over to pat Shane on the cheek before going back to his belt with more accuracy.

Shane’s smile is dopey at this point, even as he takes in the sharp ridges and the firm muscles lining his stalker’s entire torso, strong enough to really do whatever he must desire with Shane. He looks cut from stone, marbled and made with such accuracy that the idea that he was made with anything other than love in their hearts is egregious - is hard enough that Shane cannot truly swallow the idea. He refuses to, nothing this beautiful comes from cruelty.

It can’t.

He wonders if, in inverse, he could be just as obsessed with his stalker as the other man claims to be with him. If Shane could become so determined to be in his life and his bed and every fold of this man’s heart, that stalking almost becomes a secondary term - *lifeblood*, he thinks disturbedly.

Without much thought beyond wanting to, Shane leans forward enough from sitting on the edge of the bed to lick a line from the edge of his boxers through the coarse pubic hair of his happy trail, to stop beneath the divot of his belly button. The man above him has fisted a

hand in his head, so clearly overwhelmed by the act of raw worship, that his grip is a bit painful and he tugs until he can see Shane's blissed out face.

"Fuck, Shane," he breathes, openly, "You're killing me."

If he was a little more centered and in anywhere except that fuzzy and brainless space that he resides in at the moment, Shane would make a crack about how *really, his stalker might be the one to kill him.*

He doesn't. His brain and the part that makes dry comments is a billion miles away, in the tide of the lake as it brushes the sand near the dock and then back into a lake that gives everything else life.

Shane opens his mouth, perhaps to scold the break or to lick his tongue back up those abs and into his stomach, but he is grabbed by the nape of his shirt, tugging it over and off with little finesse. Shane has to admit to himself, far gone as he is, that he had forgotten he was even wearing a shirt - a thought that must play across his freshly-revealed face because his interloper leans in and winks at him.

Redoubling his overwhelming attack, the other man's hands fall down to pinch at his now-visible nipples with a mean tenacity - it's the first moment Shane notices his knife is gone.

It should make the idea of escape feel closer, but the pinches to his chest confirms to Shane that he doesn't want to be anywhere else except holding the belt-loops of his obsessive man's jeans and whining as he drops his gaze to watch him pinch and torture his nipples a bright red. There is something almost easy to watch the brown nipples turn a blushing and rosy red, where the prowler seems to take great enjoyment in watching - Shane imagines he does, always has by the way that he has stalked him for longer than he can even place a timeline to.

The spark of pain that lances its way into pleasure too harshly and easily, makes high and noisy mewls leave his lips, arching both into and away from the digits that seem more than intrigued to harm his chest. Naively and a bit torn up on the pressure, Shane wonders if tomorrow through the day, he will feel it all down his chest as his shirt brushes the tugged skin. The prowler leans into him a little more, pulling harshly enough on his nipples that Shane whines and squirms, knowing that the other man will not loosen his grip no matter how much he tries to escape.

"Such an easy boy." His stalker purrs, pulling harder and harder to ease the pathway of his own longing and Shane's eyes are half-lidded, leaving him feeling crazed, even as the man taunts, "I want you to lie back and make your pretty cock even more red, *da?*"

"You're -" He chokes a little bit, getting caught on the murmur of cooing his stalker's voice emits, both erotic and terribly condescending, and his eyes must be desperate because the other man presses one hand's pointer finger burrows into his furrowed brow. He seems content to wait though, in the same way that he had seemed fine with being locked out of this same room no matter how sacrilegious the idea has become too: the interloper's pretty eyes are glistening in amusement and an unexplainable pride when he waits.

There's a weird idea to a man out there willing to wait for him, willing to ride out anything that is hard and potentially damningly long, and that understands him well enough to know when he needs the room to breathe and to know when he's desperate for someone else to grab him by the throat and take him out of his mind, force him away from his concerns.

The shape of his cupid's bow is a large arch, reminding Shane in his forbidden category of thoughts, of the bend of the god of love's bow all the same, lanced through with overwhelming affection and aching longing. His voice is still small when he murmurs, "You're going to hurt me."

His man's lips stretch across his face again but his smile is softer than the grin he's enthused and gentler than any smirk he could level could ever be. He laughs a little but there isn't a shade of cruelty to it anymore, seeming entirely fond of Shane, "I will not hurt you if I cannot help it, *malysh*."

A shudder wracks through Shane again, always weak to praise and nicknames in the way that his boyfriend loves to exploit, but this man makes him so achingly desperate to get ahead with this criminal's plan.

His glorious interloper curls a hand under his jaw, lifting him up to assess the way that Shane looks at him with a brink of tears under the curl of his eyelashes and the rims of his own desperate eyes. His head tilts, his ocean eyes crunching with the warmth of it, "I want you to cum, *da?*"

"You're going to beg for it as well, I'm sure." He laughs, tapping once and then twice against the dimple of his chin to make him really feel the impressions of his fingertips, and likely to keep Shane's attention. He couldn't imagine being anywhere else.

Caught under the prowler's grasp, Shane wants to absorb into his skin. He wants to lie his face into the crook of his neck as he takes him apart, but his hands shake a little where they reside. His hands are in his belt-loops, steadying himself and also, pulling the invader's body closer to his - it feels beyond perverted but so does the fact that he's so achingly aroused and...

His man's head ducks down as though wanting to see every feature at the same height as Shane. With other people, it would feel like submission from the other, to lower himself where Shane sits, but somewhere in the curve of his back, in the rigidity of his hold, it feels embarrassing and hot and a little degrading. Shane is not a terribly small man, standing around the same height as the other man while also being an athlete, training his body to be a vessel for all of his ambitions, but the action makes him feel small and, perhaps, a little stupid. The criminal understands, face splitting into that grin that Shane knows what it means perfectly: *I know what you're thinking, I know what is running through that mind. Because you're mine.*

*I know what **you're** thinking though, too.* Shane almost says it and it's such a close thing that he sucks his bottom lip into his teeth as to not say it out loud like an idiot who has forgotten his script, a man who isn't stupid enough to ruin this in its trajectory. The prowler makes a warm noise, something between a growl but also appraising, reaching one of his large as a mitt hands up to pull the tier from Shane's own abuse.

It is a habit that his boyfriend carries. One that occasionally coincides with the whorls of his fingers being memorized by Shane's tongue, by the expanse of his mouth as both hot and wet. His boyfriend frequently relishes in the way that Shane loves to have something in his mouth.

The criminal's thumb lingers on his mouth as well, feeling the indents of his teeth into the skin, and Shane's head moves to take the digit into his mouth with desperation heavy in his chest. The other man removes his finger with haste, his eyes playful when he taunts, "No, I want your ass. Want to show you how a real man can fuck you."

Shane's shoulders hunch slightly at the removal of anything that he could put in his mouth while he pulls taut on the belt loops again, wanting desperately to pull his cock out of his pants and treat his biggest fan very well. He has a good mouth, a fact that his boyfriend is more than happy to indulge in, and the idea of treating the other man well enough that he cares to stay, fills him entirely.

His lips curl around the next words, eyes raising to glance up at the span of his wide chest before pulling him against as much as he can be in his man's space without crawling into his body. His chin sets on his stomach, the heavy and muscled span above the hard cock he can feel pressing the leaking tip into the adam's apple of his throat. He feels desperation sink deeply into Shane's very bones, the same way that makes him stupid and beyond himself, before his voice rasps, "Please, don't... I want to make my biggest fan feel good."

"You will," the criminal purrs, his hand moving to tighten into Shane's hair and pulling him away from the space there to rub against his scalp, pulling him away enough to really look at him. His harshities make up something that drives Shane crazy enough to want to plead for the man to just do whatever he wants to him. His ocean eyes are so soft, tugging once and then a second time tighter, "You're taking your biggest fan, yes? Your pretty ass will take my big cock so well, *da*?"

He taps Shane's shoulder, barely a shove back onto the thick expanse of their mattress before that same hand cups under his chin again, obsessed with the placement in the same way he is. Shane is almost surprised that he hasn't returned his hand placement to either side of his throat as he had earlier, cutting and allowing his breath back at his own will - the prowler grins, ghosting his fingers where Shane has thoughtlessly leaned into him. It's a terrible tease.

"Please." He mutters, eyes feeling so unfairly teary here but there is something about not letting them drop that means he isn't crying, even as the man flicks him gently on the chin. His shoulders curl in on himself as well, feeling the give of the bed as it is both firm and sinking into his spine, while he also chases any contact the burglar is willing to give to him, "Only my boyfriend is allowed to fuck me."

His man's hand is firm, striking out like a snake as he wraps it around Shane's expansive throat, not choking but maneuvering him how the other man wants him, his smirk mean, "I'm going to be your boyfriend now, yes, sweet boy?"

Shane leans into the hand so thoroughly that he feels himself whitening out at the edges of his vision, the other man grinning as though it is a sign that he gets to keep him forever or

however long he wishes to have him. Shane realizes belatedly and a bit ashamed, that he is the one who was hoping he would keep him forever.

“Yes,” He murmurs, voice so weak that his cock twitches pathetically between them enough that the other man smirks, hand reaching down to stroke a teasing swipe across the leaking member, “I’m yours now.”

“Oh, adorable.” The man taunts, leaning down enough to jerk his pants down his own thighs, desperate to fuck Shane through the mattress he’s sure of in a way that he’s not sure of a lot of things, “*Shchenok*, should I get you collar? Something nice ‘round your throat and kill your stupid boyfriend, to get to keep my puppy?”

The keening noise he makes escapes him as a desperate plea, both to be kept and to protect his missing boyfriend, while Shane’s instincts want to fight and submit, a nasty combination that makes the trespasser grin. Shane’s voice is soft, feeling his own eyes get a little wet, “Please don’t kill him.”

“But he has touched what is mine.” The criminal taunts, pushing him even flatter against the mattress, and kicking his pants off as though enraged by their mere existence. He has strong thighs, his boxers taut from the way that he’s wetting the fabric, and Shane’s mouth waters so harshly that he begins to lean forward, pressing into the prowler’s hand on his chest. His man laughs, voice carrying as he adds more force to that same palm while Shane’s throat climbs with a high whine. “I will fuck you until you don’t remember him, *da*?”

Shane follows when the man’s hands form over his hips to push him into the mattress until he attempts to turn over, his face burning at the prospect of being taken like this by his stalker. Said man stops him, hands burrowing into his hips so harshly that Shane would not be so surprised if there are bruises in the love-letter handshapes on his skin, while he hisses, voice so mean and almost a bit too obsessed - he is not surprised about it, not really, when the other man seeks to consume him so thoroughly that Shane feels a little nervous. “*Nyet*. Your face... I want to see every reaction pass through your face.”

The interloper’s hand traces a firm path across the bridge of his nose, to hover over his top and bottom lip in equal measure before falling into the dip of his chin, before he pulls Shane up by his jaw.

“I want to see you take *me*.” His voice is a possessive growl, a prowling that Shane knows the slinking around him metaphorically will present as behaviours that some could find concerning, that Shane should find concerning if not for the way it makes him feel achingly needed. Wanted, too, beyond measure and reason.

Shane’s hands are shaky, the man watching him with curiosity rather than outright disapproval but, because he does not swat him away or pull Shane’s hands back down to the mattress, he continues the motion to bury his hands in his curls. The prowler’s face twitches, something lighting up in his features as though he has turned on the lights in a dark house, but his hands, previously dug into his hips, trace up his sides worshippingly.

The interloper is entranced, his hands whispering affection across the skin while Shane purrs his voice out, “You want to take me? Then, take.”

His hands are cruel as they tear their way down to his own boxers, pulling hard enough that his cock hits his belly button in a wetting and loud slap that makes Shane's mouth water greedily, his stalker just laughs, likely knowing Shane is very aware of his large erect cock and his train of thought. He grins, pouring his fingers into Shane's desperate mouth again, and murmurs, "Fuck, *da*, like that, you are so good."

Shane has found a good rhythm where he curls his tongue around the digits, feeling over his ligament with desperation laced into his body, and leans into the body in front of him. The prowler has pulled himself into a lean and concise set of motions long enough to pull the fingers from his mouth and drape them over the freckles of his left cheek, needy and starved in his eyes - Shane is relatively sure that his own probably bear the same.

"Fuck," he growls and his fingers, still wetted by Shane's own mouth, dip a trail down his neck with soft fluttering motions, to the left side of his chest and flicking the sore nipple with a fingernail and enough strength to make Shane moan brokenly. His path pushes him over the cleft of Shane's hips to the underside of his ass, before his eyes widen, gaze hardening in his own arousal, "Are you wet for me already?"

Shane's words are broken, scattered and he feels like a nonsensical maddened man, "I'm not - not a girl, wet isn't - not for you, my boyfriend..."

The stalker shoves his fingers into Shane's already opened and damp entrance, his fingers firm and unrelenting on their persistence to find his prostate no matter how much he tries to angle his hips away from the chase. His other hand comes up to flatten Shane at the hips, eyes challenged but also amused, "So desperate."

"You do drip like a girl," the hand stretching across his stomach, skitters over to flick over Shane's leaking cock while the other hand dutifully pounds at Shane's prostate, sending him squirming and shaking, "and I will be better than your boyfriend can even imagine."

His hand is firm in its journey, intent to make Shane whine and move with his mean prods to his own need before he's writhing in place and he's terribly desperate with his hand moving heavy motions inside of him practically angry with it. His face is a cheshire grin with the hovering need to eventually take him apart - Shane's heart is a too-fast bullet and drum beat in same pounds.

His prowler has a large smile on his face, before pulling away and massaging that bundle of nerves inside of him until he's shaking and dripping, moving with the motion. Shane's mouth is a gaping gasp, his practical pleading without words, and there is a man above him, desperate to make sense of it while he pulls the fingers out with a final brush of his prostrate like a parting gift. Shane's throat releases a whine, attempting to lean back into that disappearing digit, making him eventually sob out softly, and his man teases, "So, so needy."

"You get cock now, my little star, is what you want?" He strokes his hand over his own cock, touching the hardened member with his spit and lube-soaked hand, and his stare is so hardened that Shane shifts in his place.

His lips are crooked when he tries to pull away slightly, watching Shane move back up their bed, dragging himself by the shaky muscles of his arms away from the man, who looks less

tense about the idea of escape from Shane. Then again, Hollander figures, there isn't much need to worry when he's still on the mattress, when the only thing he can really escape into is the headboard or the arms of his stalker.

"Please," he murmurs, remembering his role, his place, in the moment that his voice comes back, and he's aware that he's shaking everywhere, even more moulded for this than he is the sport that made him a star. Once, his boyfriend had ducked between his legs, running a hand across his thighs reverently, and said, *I should keep you like this. Little kotik like you, horny and desperate always, da?*

It had only been scary because he had been tied to the headboard, subdued.

It had only been *hot* because he had been tied to the headboard, subdued.

"Let me go," he pleads, mouth forming over the words awkwardly, because, in the most surprising twist of this scene, the last thing he really wants is for his man to let him go. Instead, he wants to be pounded into the mattress, to, perhaps, be tied up and owned like the man's eyes suggest he wants to do.

"My boyfriend!" It's all a false plea, landing on deaf ears but he clings to it desperately, even as his stalker growls as some type of possessiveness must lance through him, "He'll be mad if you take me like this. He'll be mad if you fuck me!"

His captor's eyes are thrilled, brilliance pouring back into them even as he secures one of his big hands around Shane's ankle and neutralizes it - he presses hard enough that Shane has to push his legs into the mattress lest the other man break something. He grins around the same time Shane realizes he could have kicked out at the man at least rather than just crawl up the bed, but he lets himself be careful over the idea that there is still the knife on the floor, blood in the air if he's not careful enough.

His interloper pulls him into his hands, shushing gently but firmly, greedy as he strokes his cock towards his hole, before the man shifts him into a proper position, pushing his legs around his hips. He curls the words around his lips, eagerness brimming in his voice, "Pretty boy, my hockey player, will keep you here, broken around my cock. Brainless, *da?* Make you a little housewife who sucks cock and begs for more."

His hand lines up enough for him to push his way into Shane, steadily but unrelenting, making a place for himself and Shane is certain that, without proper stretching, lubrication and experience, he'd be overstimulated at the slide. As it is, he feels like he is holding his brain in his hands and begging it to do anything other than take this all with his head thrown back and need making him drip pre-cum onto his stomach.

"Broken already?" But the man above him is also panting already, pumping his hips in and out of Shane with determination, every thrust impedes Shane's real ability to think or say words, instead lulled by the feeling of practical rocking hips and lit on fire by the pressure brushing his prostate, sparking flashes of white hot pleasure through him.

No matter how many times he does this, gets fucked so well and thoroughly he feels blind with it, he will never get used to the lancing pleasure that dances with every single thrust

from the man's strong body. Reverently in his own right, Shane's shaky hand moves from gripping the other man's biceps to press his right a few lingering brushes away from above his heart.

Even in his reaching motion, his man had watched him curiously, eyes stern and proud and analyzing in a blow so rough that Shane feels it feels like a body-check into the barricades of the arena. He blinks as his hand makes skin-to-skin contact, surprised by how far he's gotten without complaint, but he glances to the man's face, in the line of his brows and the shape his mouth takes. He's watching him like one does a growing planet, an animal, a baby - cataloguing moves with precision and understanding look into Shane's very being.

He wonders if the criminal thinks he's going to push him away when he's deep-seated inside of Shane that they're close enough to become one, and he is close enough to melt.

"Sir," he tacks on, only because he knows how crazy men go for it - knows that this man especially goes insane for the title. "I want..."

His man thrusts faster, hips moving with a tenacity that sends Shane keening with his left hand tightening on his bicep while his other curls vaguely on the pectoral muscle of the man obsessed with him. He fucks him like it too, hips rocking them both until Shane is relatively sure that he could put him through the mattress if he truly wanted to. The man curls a hand around the sheets above Shane's head, his face turning red with the extension of motion he shows and, maybe, the sight of Shane beneath him. His back is arched into his stalker, brain practically empty as he coos, "God, yes, you need harder, yes, *shlyukha*, you will get it."

Despite the condescension in his tone, there is a light in his eyes as he thrusts into him desperately and a fond roll of his hues, happy and amused. His hand lifts enough to scratch along the pec beneath his fingers, and he whines out, "Wanna cum."

The interloper's cock buries itself into his prostate with determination, pressing flush to his body with the motion and sending Shane tumbling over the edge of pleasure to linger in his cock. His teeth want to sink into the flex of his shoulder as he moves, pulling him into basically every thrust, before his tumbling noises leave his man fingering his way into the strings of his pleasure.

"Yes, yes," the stalker purrs out before sinking the hand previously in the sheets to snap Shane's head back with a grin on his face, cataloguing the every microexpression that crosses over his own face. Shane only wonders for a moment what he sees there, forcing him to remember how much bliss he wears on his face when he gets fucked like this - his noises make the man purr. Any other time, he would complain about the drip of sweat on his face from the other man's hovering but, here, he is locked into the moment so deeply he is only a thread of wanting.

The stalker pulls on his hair and murmurs, "Open."

He knows exactly where he's going with this but it wracks his body with a shudder all across his muscles, tightening his body enough that the man inside of him, on top of him, in his heart, swears a Russian word loudly. Still, he complies, jaw dropping open with a warmth in

his eyes that makes the Russian man curse again, nasty and he catches *shylukha* in the string of words again. He makes a mental note to search it up later.

The glob of saliva in his mouth is shot to the back of his throat like a bullet, pressing into the roof of his mouth when Shane closes his mouth with a moan, as there's nothing more to chase than the need to feel a little degraded and very owned.

"Fuck, Shane," *Ilya* groans as he cums inside of Shane, only shouting at the way Shane cums when he feels the way *Ilya* feels inside of him, unloading inside of him with an unrelenting pressure. Shane's rocking hips seem to milk *Ilya* dry in a way almost painful but his boyfriend falls into his chest when his arms give in. The cottage is hot, leaving them both panting and sweating into each other and the sheets beneath them.

He loves when *Ilya* fucks him, fills him so warmly, that the need for condoms is a rare thing, only extended to quick or clean sex, on things like away trips or closets at events. *Ilya* pulls away enough to look him in the eyes and say, "Are you keeping your stalker, then? Or should I expect police?"

"You're funny." He aims for his tone to be flat in disapproval but his lips are curled slightly at the edges and his eyes must be warm, *Ilya* smiling back at him very genuinely before one of his own shaky hand to rub his thumb across his freckles reverently, "Being jealous of yourself must be a new low."

Ilya's hum is thoughtless, shrugging his shoulders, and he considers the statement vaguely. He seems to mull it over before saying, "You make me crazy."

The kiss is a seal of satisfaction and their love, the understanding lingering like a physical presence between their tiers, and Shane is almost surprised about how chaste it is. He had expected something deep and passionate to his mouth that licks all throughout him and every crevice, but something about the light peck almost makes him feel like it is sweeter.

He leans into the contact, chasing *Ilya*'s mouth all of the same before his boyfriend's hand pets along his cheek again, firm enough as though he's - oh, he's searching for bruising, able to tell from his own experiences on the ice, but Shane wants to reassure him. A slap is probably the part that Shane was finding least disconcerting, more worried about how erotic he found the idea of being eaten by *Ilya* or the idea of the knife carving him a little.

"Are you okay?" *Ilya*'s voice is that very earnest and deep voice he brings out in the concern lighting his eyes as well, there is an emotion darkening his path - *Ilya* has a lot of concerns about his physical contact with Shane in the way of impact, even not terribly alright with laying his hands on Shane in a violent way: Shane had had to talk about wanting to be spanked and then, goad him into it a bit, until *Ilya* had broken and spanked him until he was sobbing when Shane's old (admittedly touchy) friend from high school became a point of contention. Shane still remembers his voice, remembers the gentleness in his touch and his firm need for aftercare with a purring, *you're mine*.

It had sounded a lot like *Ilya*'s softer nights, of him thrusting in and out of Shane with praise on his mouth and need lingering from him too as a physical touch would - the night that he

had purred, *you're mine, I take care of what is mine* into Shane's ear and he had cum all over himself embarrassingly quickly.

Ilya was firm and steadfast about taking care of him, especially like this, especially when impact was involved, and Shane kind of admittedly adored him for it. Ilya's gaze has not waivered, instead gentling but the caress is firm, "Should not have hit you without asking."

His accent is thick with emotion and Shane can't stop himself from pressing his lips to Ilya's shaking ones, reassuring and so terribly aroused by how protective and nurturing his boyfriend is with him that he rocks back a little on Ilya's softening cock. He had brought up the idea of Ilya letting him cockwarm him months ago and the blonde man had been eager, thrilled beyond reason, even if it never ended in just warming.

A shuddering laugh laces through him as he remembers just how often it is never left at cockwarming, but, instead of looking confused or annoyed, Ilya looks proud again, his eyes lighter and his mouth less wobbly. Shane's voice is firm when he promises, "I'm okay. I'm a star hockey player, right? I can take a hit."

He can - has, in fact, been slammed into the boards or outright had a punch thrown at him, even the former being an action that Ilya has done, back in their dumbest days, full of messy feelings and aching sexual tension.

The thought seems to bother Ilya again, his lips sloping downwards and his eyes glance away from Shane's face, hand still boring into his freckles with persistence, but they only trail over his cheekbones.

"I shouldn't be someone who hits you," Ilya's throat moves with a swallow, choking on his own emotions, but Shane moves in, nose brushing against his throat all the same because the angle he has he can't quite kiss Ilya now. Not without tearing off of his cock and the thought sounds painful for both of them.

"You're not," Shane tries to dismiss, his voice is a reassuring timbre just as it usually is when Ilya gets in on himself about this, about administering anything like impact, but his right hand moves to Ilya's curls, pulling until the other man angles his head back to look at Shane instead of the headboard. He watches, wants Ilya to look him in the eyes and see him when he reassures, "I wanted it. Badly."

"Should have asked -" Ilya tries again, continues to push and, with a certainty, he knows Ilya will be doting on him for the rest of the day and practically whining at his feet as though Shane is mad at him, as though he is trying to regain favor he never lost. Shane's tongue clicks at the idea.

"You know me." He firms, "You know what I like and you went off of observation. I liked it and I'd like it if you wanted to do it again in the future - if you don't, we call it a day and move on, okay?"

Ilya's head nods before he can do anything and Shane's hand slips from his hair with the movement, slides down to cup the back of his neck - the position, Ilya on top of him while he pets at the soft curls around his nape, will likely be repeated later tonight as he tries to

comfort his boyfriend away from his own self-loathing thoughts, one hand in his hair and the other rubbing his back. If Ilya doesn't insist on it then Shane will.

Shane next laugh is a little lighter, his eyes watching Ilya who takes him assessingly and way lighter than he has been most of the conversation, "I think we'll leave the explaining it to my parents to me then, if it bruises?"

Ilya's corresponding laugh is a little wet and he pulls his man into his chest again, lips lingering in his curls as he tries to outrun the feeling of mess on and in his skin - taking care of Ilya is more important than that at the moment.

You're mine, I take care of what's mine.

End Notes

hey Freaks, if you enjoyed this, write me a comment or i will take a bullet in real time. also, thank you for reading this long-ass fic! it was supposed to be like,, 5k? I have never been good at a word count limit in my life

edit: ohmygod i forgot to translate the russian one second!

da = yes/yeah (you know it)

kotenok = kitty

dorogoy = dear/darling/precious (technically, google translate says 'expensive' but i'm taking the other definitions)

velikolepnyy = gorgeous (technically google translate says 'fabulous' but i don't careee)

lyubov = love (hollanovs know this bad boy)

shchenok = puppy (ilya vs literal pet names for his boyfriend)

moya vladelets = my owner (little clunky but it translated better)

malysh = baby

nyet = no (that feels obvious too)

any problems to be given to google translate!

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