

Hunting

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75906381) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75906381>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Rose Landry , Ilya Rozanov & Svetlana Vetrova , Hayden Pike/Jackie Pike , Rose Landry/Svetlana Vetrova
Characters:	Rose Landry , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Svetlana Vetrova , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike
Additional Tags:	BDSM , Predator/Prey , Alternate Universe - Office , Inspired by The Devil Wears Prada , Inspired by The Secretary , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Dom/sub , no hockey au , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Porn With Plot , Hurt/Comfort , Angst , When they said get freakier I took that personally , no beta we take the 9 inches like Shane did , Secret Relationship , Affairs , Sexual Roleplay , Shane hollander centeric , CEO Ilya Rozanov , Power Dynamics , Power Imbalance , sub space , Jealousy , Teasing , Self-Discovery , Angst and Feels , Miscommunication , Time Skips , Racism
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-17 Completed: 2026-01-06 Words: 26,387 Chapters: 13/13

Hunting

by [VeryBadVampire \(Bellboyloser\)](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander finally gets the perfect job at Rozanov Enterprises as a personal assistant.

What he didn't account for, is becoming his boss's—Ilya Rozanov—prey.

Notes

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

Chapter 1: A Lone Lamb

Chapter Notes

This fic came to me like a vision when I was studying for my economics final exam

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

Prey; a creature that is hunted and killed for food by another animal.

“To Shane’s new job!” A voice shouts, shot glasses clink against each other, followed by a stinging in Shane Hollander’s throat.

He sits at an old bar somewhere in Montreal, at a table with garbage still on it from the customers before. Across from him is his best friend Hayden, who now has an arm around his wife. It’s a small gathering of people, all here to celebrate him. Or rather, the job that he has been needing for over a year. Finally, he would no longer have to live in Hayden’s guest room, and that was very appealing.

To his left is his other friend Scott, he grips Shane’s shoulder. “I still remember having to sneak you into bars, Hollander!” He shouts, his voice only slightly higher than the blaring music and TV volume.

He nods in response, offering a half smile. While the entire hangout and celebration is something he appreciates, the noise and crowd are not. Come to think of it, bars like this have never really been Shane’s slice of cake.

“Thanks again.” He says, now looking around the small table.

His hand moves slightly to grab after his glass of ginger ale, washing down the taste of the shot. Jackie—Hayden’s wife—stood up, she pointed to each group member at the table and recited their order before going back over to the bar.

Shane would never admit it out loud, but Jackie was his favourite partner of the group. Out of all the women Hayden and Scott had, Jackie has been the one he connected most with. Maybe it was her kindness, always sticking her fridge with ginger ale for him. Or, taking him on shopping trips, asking his opinion for outfits. In the past, Hayden’s other girlfriends did not enjoy Shane living in their spare room. He can’t blame them, it’s not perfect. There were times when he’d stay at a hotel for a few days, hoping not to bother them. However, Jackie was never like that. Even when he offered to leave for a few days, she insisted he stay.

“Keep looking at my wife like that, and I might have to kill you, Hollander.” Hayden’s voice perks up, followed by a deep laugh.

“Don’t worry, she is all yours.” Shane states, attempting a chuckle.

The evening continues on, Jackie returns with the drinks and sorts out who’s is who’s. As the night progresses, so does the group’s intoxication. Jackie now clings to Hayden’s arm, while whispering sweet nothings to her. Scott has wandered off to who knows where, and Shane silently sits watching the show on one of the big TVs. Apart from the celebratory shot he had taken earlier, all he had to drink was his ginger ale. Which means he is once again in charge of ensuring everyone returns home safely.

The first task was attempting to find Scott, who has a habit of finding the weirdest places to hide. Shane shifts his body off the high up chair, and taps the table in front of Hayden.

“I’m finding Scott, you two stay put.” He instructs, his eyebrows narrow and eyes stare at the couple.

Hayden laughs, but agrees to stay put. It’s only then, Shane wanders deeper into the bar.

It takes a while, but eventually Shane spots Scott slumped against a wall. Beside him is a slightly shorter man, who he clunks glasses with. They look deep in drunken conversation, with Scott using his free hand to illustrate whatever it is the two are speaking about. For a moment, Shane questions going to intervene. Scott is all smiles, and the man he is with doesn’t look like he’d drug him. Then, he remembers he has to be up early tomorrow for his first day, and pulls himself together before walking towards the two.

“-and then I—,” Scott cuts off, his head turning and eyes looking at Shane as he comes close.

“—Hey Hollander, just telling my friend here all about my glory days.” He explains, a drunk smile plastered on his face, his eyes full of excitement.

A groan escapes Shane’s lips, and he glances between the two men. “Come on, I need to get everyone home. I have an early morning.” He says, before attempting to grab at Scott’s arm.

“Rude, let me say goodbye to my friend.” Scott whines, slightly pulling back from Shane’s grasp.

Thus, he is stuck standing there watching Scott exchange phone numbers with the man. The two giggle and whisper words that he is unable to hear, and he feels lucky for that. Eventually, Scott turns his attention back to him. It’s only the the two march back through the bar and to find Hayden and Jackie. The two are still in the same position they were when Shane left, though a glass of water is now in front of Jackie.

At the table, Shane reaches into his jacket pocket. He snatches up his phone and quickly orders Scott an uber, feeling a bit of relief that the uber is only five minutes away. Then, he makes sure everyone has gathered their things. After the glass of water, Jackie is a bit more functional and assists Hayden in putting on his coat. Shane checks Scott, and ensures his wallet and phone are on him. Once it is clear everyone is ready, the small group leaves the bar.

With an arm over his shoulder, Shane helps Scott stay standing as he searches for the uber. Eventually, he spots the small red Sudan, and assists his friend in getting in. After seeing him off, he regroups with Jackie and Hayden, heading towards their car.

A white SUV, bought roughly a year ago. At the time, Hayden had confessed to Shane that the car was bought with the hopes that one day soon a car seat would sit in the back. For now though, in the back is Jackie and Hayden.

Shane barely drove, something about driving filled him with unprecedented anxiety. He didn't trust anyone else on the road, he had seen those stupid driver videos plenty of times. Of course, this situation did not leave him much of a choice. So, he sits himself into the driver's seat and hopes the roads are empty tonight.

Rozanov Enterprises is located in downtown Montreal, in one of the many glassy buildings. It's easily recognizable from the skyline, and sits tall enough to touch clouds. What started as a Russian company, became an internally recognized wonder of the world.

Shane pushed through the glass doors of the building, following the small crowd of business formal people inside. They all stop at a security desk and swipe a badge located somewhere on them, a badge he had yet to obtain. He moves away from the small line forming to scan badges, and approaches the desk beside the scanners. Eventually, a middle aged woman in a security uniform offers him a slice of attention.

"Vistor, broken badge or other." She asks firmly, her fingers tap away at a keyboard in front of her.

"Other..?" Shane answers, his voice breaking slightly.

"What is your business here then? No meetings are scheduled for this morning." She reports, now looking between him and the screen in front of her.

"I'm a new hire, I don't have a badge." He replies, trying his best to not give off stalker energy to this security person.

"Mm, I need to see some ID." She claims, her eyes now refocused on the screen and her fingers tapping away.

Shane pulls at the backpack on his back, and shuffles through it. Eventually, he pulls out a brown leather wallet and grabs his ID. He reaches up and places it onto the desk before standing back up to meet her. She stares at the ID, and then him. It takes a moment, but she nods and slides the ID back to him. Shane watches as she moves to the right of the desk and starts going through a cabinet. While she does this, he puts his ID and wallet back, placing his backpack back on.

Soon enough, she returns with a badge and puts it in front of him. "It's a simple system, scan the badge when you enter and exit." She explains, and Shane's hand slowly grabs at the badge.

With the new badge in his grip, he prepares to go over to the scanners. Before he can reach the line the security woman catches his attention again.

“Oh, I called up. Rose will be waiting for you on floor sixteen!” She calls after him, and he nods now joining the line of bodies waiting to scan their IDs.

Floor sixteen is...empty? There is a short hallway with two separate offices, Shane chooses the right office to investigate first. Inside there are desks, two to be exact. It looks like two man areas, one with two desks and another with a solo desk. Notably, the solo desk room seems larger than the two desk rooms. However, as Shane ventures into the office space he quickly comes to realize he is the only one on the floor. He approaches one of the desks, where a notebook and pens sit. A purse is on the floor next to the desk and a jacket slung over the back of the chair, clearly someone else was here.

On the walls are framed pictures of articles featuring the company. They mention the victories of the company, the purchase of a large quantity of stock in the MHL. As Shane stares at the framed news articles, the elevator dings.

“Shit, shit, shit.” A woman rushes in, a tray of coffee in her hands.

Silently, Shane watches as she rushes over to the solo office and places a coffee onto the desk. The woman is frantic as she rushes around gathering random papers and books, placing them neatly onto the solo desk. Her fire kissed brown hair bounces with her movements, the slight curls staying perfectly in place.

At some point, she slows down and leans up against the desk with the items around and on it. She looks up, and her eyes contact Shane's.

“Who are you?” She asks, her eyes beginning to examine him.

“Shane Hollander, I’m the new hire.” He explains, once again he attempts to look harmless.

“Oh thank the heavens.” She sighs, and turns from her position.

The woman grabs at something on her desk, a small beige folder. She then approaches Shane and hands it over to him.

“I’m Rose Landry, I’m Ms. Vetrova’s assistant. We’ll work close together, Mr. Rozanov and her are quite fond of each other.” The woman—Rose—explains, she moves to behind the second desk and grabs out a laptop from a drawer putting it on top.

“That file contains all the information you’ll need to use our online services. It also contains the number you’ll use to contact Mr. Rozanov with.” Rose continues, tapping the chair behind the desk.

Following her lead, Shane takes a seat on the chair and opens the file. It all seems simple enough, a username and password. Then, at the bottom of the page was a phone number. He opens the lid of the laptop, and—with Rose over his shoulder—he inserts the username and

password. When he successfully gets into the program, Rose returns to her desk and slowly stays to gather her things.

“You’re leaving?” Shane questions, watching as Rose puts the last of her things into her purse and rises from her chair.

“Obviously, don’t worry I’ll be close. Ms. Vetrova’s office is next door. I was simply stepping in while they found a replacement.” She offers reassurance before grabbing for her coat, and heads for the door.

“Oh, and Shane.” She speaks up again, half out the door.

“Make yourself invisible.” With that, she leaves, closing the door behind herself.

Suddenly, an uneasy feeling begins to fester in his stomach. Being invisible wouldn’t be hard for him, but why? He would take Rose’s advice by all means, but couldn’t grasp what she meant. At least he uncovered a mystery, who he was actually working for.

Quickly, he opens google and types in ‘Rozanov Canada Enterprises.’ A few search results pop up, all mentioning a mid twenties man. First name, Ilya. Apparently he overlooks the Canadian division—and parts of the USA division— of the company. According to google he is twenty-five, and the more promising son of the company head.

Before he can search further the elevator dings once more, and when Shane looks to see who it is, it happens to be the very man he was googling seconds before.

Chapter End Notes

Fair warning, I have no idea when the next chapter will be out lol I’m hoping soonish but life

Chapter 2: Enter The Wolf

Predator; a creature that hunts and kills other creatures for food

A chill breeze follows the man as he walks through the office into the bigger solo office, Shane does not look up from his laptop.

Instead of greeting him, Shane closes his tabs on the man and starts to look through the office program. Slowly, a tension fills the office space, one guided mostly by Shane's own mix of confusion and fear. For an hour, he sits in this unbearable silence. He attempts to distract himself by playing with the program. Stumbling across new buttons and functions he hadn't expected.

"New hire!" A voice hollers, and Shane jumps to his feet.

As he rushes around his desk, he grabs a notepad and pen. Quickly, he enters the solo office, where Mr. Rozanov sits. The man is looking down at some of the photos and papers on his desk, his eyes scanning each inch of the page. At some point, he looks up to Shane.

"Send these back to the design department, tell them these are disgustingly disgraceful." Mr. Rozanov snarls, pushing the papers towards the end of his desk.

Shane can't help but notice the thick Russian accent, and the moment between when we found the right words to describe his disappointment. With a swift hand, he grabs at the pages and books it to the door. He holds the papers close to his chest, one hand clicking the elevator button. As he waits, he curiously peaks at the pages.

Each page highlights different design concepts for next year's seasons, some list models or designers as well. Scribbled with red pen on the sides is fresh handwriting, a mix of English and Russian. Small red arrows pointed to flaws in the design, but in all honesty, Shane thought they all looked nice. When the elevator doors open, he steps inside. It's only then he realizes he doesn't exactly know where the design department is located.

His eyes dart around the small elevator until he finds a badly maintained floor map. One of his fingers runs along the plastic casing, until he finds the department. Only then does he descend down to the tenth floor.

The tenth floor is a stark contrast to the sixteenth. A busy open concept floor plan, with people rushing around. Fabric and paint cans lay on tables, while voices argue over who knows what. People rush around, the distinct sound of heels stepping against the wooden floor echo through the room. The lighting is similar to the type of LEDs found in school gyms, and it shines a bland white glow across the room.

All Shane can do is freeze. It is more than a lot to take in, the sounds, the colours. His head feels like it is spinning, he can't make sense of his surroundings. The white flow from the

lights makes his head hurt, as if someone is stabbing him. He stays frozen there for who knows how long, but eventually a man with kind eyes approaches him. The man looks him up and down, and then clearly spots the papers.

“Uh, are those for us?” He asks, pointing at the papers in Shane’s hand.

Shane can only nod, and pass the papers over to the man. He watches as the man’s eyes scan the page, and then as he lets out a loud groan. As he slowly retreats back to the elevator, he can see the man rejoin the crowd of people, seemingly now getting their attention. Suddenly, he tosses the pages onto one of the tables, and starts to shout about needing creative ideas.

“Who submitted these?! I demand to know who let Mr. Rozanov see these horrid things!” He shouts, and the room falls into a deadly silence, and before the elevator can come to free Shane the man stomps over to him.

“Did you see who it was?” He demands, waving his hands in his face.

“Back off, no. Another assistant had them this morning and put them on his desk.” Shane reasons, though a spot of anger starts to form.

The man laughs, a deep chest laugh. “Another fucking assistant? Who? Was it Kip? Someone find me that intern!” He shouts, turning back to face the crowd that is now scattered to find whoever Kip is.

“No, it wasn’t Kip. Rose Landry, she was working on behalf of Mr. Rozanov the last few days.” Shane explains, and the man’s face goes from red to white.

The man says nothing else, but lets out a defeated sigh. He retreats back into the office space, and looks over the papers. Finally, Shane’s elevator arrives and he wastes no time getting on. Two hours in, and he has learnt another piece of useful information. Rose Landry is apparently all powerful, and the closest thing to an apex predator in this food chain.

Just as the elevator dings to signal that Shane has arrived at the sixteenth floor, his phone buzzes in his pocket. He reaches into his pocket and grabs the small device to see it’s the fake number Mr. Rozanov uses. It’s a short and direct message, a simple coffee and lunch order with specified restaurants. He sends. Thumbs up and steps off the elevator into the office, he goes over to his backpack that is on the floor by his chair and opens it. He searches for his wallet until the brown leather ends up in his hands, then zips the bag up.

As heads back for the elevator, a voice calls to him. “New hire, here now.” The Russian voice snarls at him, and Shane does a one-eighty.

He slowly approaches the office, clutching his wallet in his left hand. The leather is soft against his palm, a choice that he purposefully ensured when buying. He peaks into the office to see Mr. Rozanov staring at his computer, his eyes locked on the screen.

“Do you have my lunch?” He asks, his eyes not leaving the screen and his fingers typing on the keyboard.

Instinctively, Shane shakes his head. “No, I’m just leaving to grab it.” He responds, apart of his voice is firm

“Jesus, stay here. Order it up from devilery, I have a meeting in five minutes and you need to attend.” Mr. Rozanov announces, still not looking up from his computer.

For a moment, Shane stands there. He plays with the wallet in his hands, his eyes staring down at the floor. Then, he slides a hand into his pocket and grabs out his phone, looking for the restaurants and how to order from them. By the time he figures out how to input Mr. Rozanov’s complex orders, he is attempting to keep up with Mr. Rozanov as he heads to the elevator. Shane follows behind, even as they wait for the elevator he is five steps behind his boss.

The Russian man does not look at him, and instead is staring down at his phone. His eyes glaring at the screen, his teeth clenching. Even when the elevator opens, he does not look up from his phone, and just steps inside. Shane follows, but repositions himself so he is in the back of the elevator to the left of Mr. Rozanov.

His boss groans at his phone once more before shoving it into his pocket, he looks up and turns around to face Shane. “It was rude of me to not ask your name earlier.” He states, his eyes connected to Shane’s.

“Shane Hollander.” He replies, quickly darting his eyes away from Mr. Rozanov.

“Hol-land-er.” Mr. Rozanov repeats, his accent makes the sounds come off slightly wrong to Shane, but he dares not correct.

The elevator feels smaller, as if it’s just big enough for the two of them. Shane presses slightly against the wall, trying to keep the pre-established distance from him. Yet, Mr. Rozanov seems to be keen on closing the distance.

He steps forward slightly, hands in his jacket pockets. His eyes scan him, searching Shane’s body for God knows what. Shane can smell the man’s cologne, it’s a scent that is barely strong enough to mask the smell of cigarettes that is fresh on his body. If he had to guess, it was some Dior cologne. For a moment, he thinks he might choke on the scent of the man. It isn’t intentional, but he starts to hold his breath.

It’s only when the elevator dings, that Mr. Rozanov moves and turns back around. Letting Shane breathe.

Shane arrived home at approximately ten at night, the sun long gone. When he enters the home, he can see the main lights are off, but lamps illuminate the house. Before walking further in, he stops to take off his shoes and hang his jacket. As he puts his coat into a hanger, puts his backpack on the bench nearby, his mind wanders.

The elevator. The gap between himself and his boss. Had it been inappropriate? Or rather a test of his ability to keep his work professional? Honestly, he didn’t know. The confusion only made the thoughts run more rampant in his mind.

Continuing to walk further into the house, he spots Jackie on the couch. She is spread across a few of the cushions, with the TV on an old hockey game. Shane tries to be quiet as he enters the kitchen in search of a meal, he opens the fridge and instantly Jackie perks up.

“I left you some of the soup I made, I thought coming home to a pre-made meal after your first day would be nice.” Jackie explains, moving to leave the couch now.

“Yeah, thanks.” Shane replies, grabbing for the white bowl in the fridge.

Jackie approaches, and leans up against the island. “So, how was it?” She questions, her eyes follow him as he goes to the microwave.

“It was...good?” He supposed, before popping the door of the microwave open and putting the bowl in.

The two stay in silence as the soup slowly warms up. As he waits, his phone buzzes from his pocket. Shane moves his hand to grab at his phone, pulling it close to his face. A text from Mr. Rozanov appears.

‘Coffee, two milk, one sugar. Six am. From Laura’s.’

Shane shakes his head slightly, and sends a thumbs up back. The microwave beeps, and he shoves the phone back into his pocket. Carefully, he takes the bowl from the microwave and puts it on the counter. During his search for a spoon, he remembers Jackie is still up against the island. He can feel her eyes following his every movement.

Sliding a spoon into the soup, Shane takes the bowl from the counter and moves to sit at the island near Jackie. She flashes him a small smile, and grabs out her own phone. After a few sips of soup, he starts to wonder if it is appropriate to ask Jackie about weird boss behavior.

By the time he decides to ask, the soup in his bowl is gone. And like the soup, Jackie has left. She retreated upstairs for bed merely five minutes earlier.

This left Shane alone in the kitchen, which he didn’t mind. Actually, he didn’t really like their kitchen. It is a plain white kitchen, one that reminds him of an outline of what could be rather than a finished product. He knows he doesn’t have much room to complain, he quite literally paid bare bones rent and got fed. Still, he hopes one day when he moves out he can find a home with more personality than theirs.

He stands up from his seat, and takes his bowl to the sink. Come to think of it, he can still pinpoint the exact moment he realized he hated the kitchen. It had been a few years back, the woman Hayde dated before Jackie had made a comment. Something along the lines of it being ‘mature and fit for children’. Shane disagreed with both statements. Mainly, because he knew what she was implying, but knew better than to cause a scene over hurt feelings. Or, that is what he grew up being taught.

That night, an itch keeps Shane Hollander awake. An itch that slowly crawls towards his loins, and makes itself known in a hard way. It seems even his mind has betrayed him, as no

amount of tossing or turning gets rid of Mr. Rozanov's face.

Chapter 3: A Scented Den

Chapter Notes

I want to apologize really quickly. For some reason the placeholder for chapter 4 posted



I must've accidentally hit post instead of save draft, if you happened to have seen that I'm so sorry. But don't worry, the only thing that came with it accidentally posting was the chapter title not the actual written chapter

Innocence; a freedom from sin by being unacquainted with evil

“Hollander!” Mr. Rozanov’s voice rings through the office, echoing to Shane’s desk.

After a few days of this, routine has set in. The moment Mr. Rozanov’s voice rings through the office, Shane is on his feet. As such, he is now currently standing in front of the man’s desk. A pen and notepad in his hands, prepared for whatever instructions are to come.

Hungry eyes glare at Shane, lust for more than what a simple day job can offer. He had seen this look in Mr. Rozanov a few times now, though he has never commented on it. Mostly, because he does not wish to be chewed out for making an inappropriate observation.

“Has anyone ever mentioned, you’re western clothing is very...ugly?” Mr. Rozanov declares, now moving up from his desk.

He walks around the desk, and breaks the five step rule that Shane has created. His hands pull at Shane’s tie, and lift his coat. His fingers examine the fabric of the coat, and the material of his button down shirt. Eventually, his hands fall back to himself and he reaches into his pockets, grabbing at a cigarette and lighter. He holds an extra in his hand towards Shane.

For a split second, they feel equal. A split second that makes Shane wonder what sort of experiment he has stumbled into, and if Rose had been in on it. Carefully, he clears his throat.

“No thanks, sir. I don’t smoke.” Shane denies, stepping back slightly, a lousy attempt to keep the five step rule.

“Bummer.” Mr. Rozanov replies, putting the extra cigarette away and lighting his own.

They stand in silence for a moment, Mr. Rozanov blows a few clouds of smoke. His eyes scan Shane’s body, analyzing every last bit of his being. Honestly, it freaks him. Personal space seemed nonexistent to this man, and privacy a fantasy. At some point, he watches as his

boss grabs a notepad and opens it himself. Seemingly, he starts to write down notes onto the page.

Shane wants to question him, to call out his lack of professionalism. However, a part of him buried deep inside himself, wants to see how far this can go. How often would this man's hands trail his body? Would he dress him up like a doll? Or strip him naked like a sex toy? Would Mr. Rozanov put his cigarette out on him, letting the skin beneath it burn until it leaves a mark? It all felt thrilling.

However, reality has a way of playing tricks on people. And, instead of some fantasy, Shane gets a hand sending him back to his desk. That is where he sits until he is told to grab coffee and lunch, which is also the same every single day.

Lucky for him, around noon an email came though. It explains that in a few days he would join Mr. Rozanov for his visit to Boston, and to prepare his things. The email informs him that food, lodgings, and travel would be set up and covered for him. Attached in a file at the end of the email is a colour coded schedule, it details every little thing. Some events do not call for either men to attend, and Shane notes those events down. Once done reading the email, Shane instantly prints off two copies of the schedule.

With the laminated schedules in hand, Shane enters Mr. Rozanov's office around three in the afternoon. There is a certain amount of pride that he carries himself with, as if he has discovered sliced bread. He approaches the desk and places the schedules down in front of Mr. Rozanov. Shane has made a tiny change to the schedule, he has taken the liberty of adding in required vs non-required appearances of Mr. Rozanov.

"For Boston, I wanted to ensure we both have schedules." Shane informs the man, who looks up from his computer and grabs at the paper.

"I added in when you will be required at certain events as well." He continues, his arms finding a place behind his back.

"Good idea, do the same for Svetlana and Ms. Landry." He demands, before putting the paper down and going back to typing on his computer.

Shane does a 180 turn, and walks out of the solo office. A small smile is pastured on his face as he returns to his desk. He quickly takes a seat and starts to prepare to print off two more copies of the schedule, this time he adjusts it to show when Ms. Vetrovan is required at events. Once done, he clicks print and gets up to gather the papers and laminate them.

As he walks toward the printer, he spots Rose nearby. At first, he can't see what she is doing. However, upon closer inspection, she has a cup of coffee in her hands. Her mouth twitches between sips of coffee, and she stares out a nearby window. Shane can't place what exactly she is feeling, maybe some mix of tense and anger.

When he reaches the printer, he clicks a few buttons and the papers start to print. The noise attracts Rose, who now looms beside him. Her fingernails tap the coffee mug in her hand, the noise stings Shane's ears in a bad way. As if reflex, he steps to the right a bit away from her.

“Are you on break?” Shane finally asks, his eyes not leaving the printer.

“You could call it that. What are you doing?” Rose replies, and she stops tapping her cup and takes another sip from it.

Shane reaches into the printer and pulls out the two sheets of paper, and shows them to Rose. “Mr. Rozanov thought my idea of a laminated schedule was a good one, so he made me make them for you and Ms. Vetrova.” He explained, pointing at the coloured areas.

The two exchange a look before Rose reaches out and grabs at the pages, she examines them thoroughly. It’s hard to read her expressions, and it’s something that leaves a small bit of anxiety within Shane. She looks back up at him, and nods. Without another word—with the papers in hand—she walks back towards her office.

Suddenly, Shane is alone in the printer room? Really it was a small area at the end of the hallway that had a printer and small kitchen. Surprising, the bathroom was on the opposite end of the hallway. Over the past few days of him working here, he had learnt that the only people using this makeshift break room are him and Rose. It seems Mr. Rozanov is above slumming it in the break room, which isn’t as surprising as it sounds.

He inches towards the coffee pot on the old counter top, and searches the cupboards until he finds a clean white coffee mug. Carefully, he reaches for the mug and places it down in front of himself. There is still a half pot of coffee left over from Rose, and he assumes she wouldn’t find him taking a bit of it. With the pot in hand, he pours the dark brown liquid into the white mug. The smell isn’t the best, it reminds him of a chalky medicine he had to take as a child.

Now—with coffee in hand—he returns back to Mr. Rozanov’s office. As he enters, he realizes nothing has changed. Mr. Rozanov still sits at his desk, in the same position he had been early. There is nothing wrong with routine, actually he finds it quite nice.

Shane takes a seat at his desk, putting his coffee to the left of him. Swiftly, he opens his laptop and gets to the emails section. He stays to reply to a few of them, and gets into a slight rhythm. Just as he hits send on an email to Rose, the black landline phone situation on his desk rings. One of his hands moves from the keyboard to the phone, he lifts it up and to his ear. The phone sits in between his head and shoulder as he now opens a notepad on his laptop.

It’s a basic call, some big shot wanting to set up an appointment with Mr. Rozanov. Shane switched from his notes to the schedule on his laptop, and started negotiating. He makes it clear that in about two days time Mr. Rozanov will be in Boston for around a week, and until then, he is quite packed. Finally, after ten minutes, the person on the other line agrees to meet with him once back from Boston.

Placing the phone down, Shane inputs the meeting into Mr. Rozanov’s online schedule. He pushes himself back from his desk, and stands up. On the second day of working for him, Shane had learnt that his boss seemingly no longer checks his schedule. Which mostly meant he was in charge of leaving sticky notes and texting him when and where he had a meeting.

He enters the office, and goes directly to Mr. Rozanov's desk. His hand moves from his pocket to a pile of yellow sticky notes on his boss's desk. With a quick hand, he picks them up and grabs at the pencil next to them. Shane jots down the basic, 'who, when, where' of the meeting and then peels the yellow sticky note off from the rest of the pile.

"Hollander, who was that?" Mr. Rozanov inquires, the distinct noise of his typing now coming to a halt.

"Mm? Oh, here." Shane replies, passing the sticky note off to his boss.

The man takes the note, and reads it over. His eyes attach to Shane's, and he shakes his head slightly. Disapproval, something he had yet to experience from Mr. Rozanov. Suddenly, his throat feels tighter, and every fantasy he has thought of becomes lost in the dark reality.

"I did not ask for this note, I asked you." He grumbled, his accent more noticeable as he tried to recall the word for the sticky note in his hands.

Maybe it had just become unbearably hot in this office, but Shane could feel a cold sweat dripping down his neck. He wants to run, to pretend like he didn't just mess up. Instead, he is frozen in shame and fear. Unable to move even if he wanted to. He is so out of it, he doesn't notice Mr. Rozanov leaves his seat, nor does he notice him standing close to him. Mr. Rozanov's neck is at eye level with Shane, and his chest is slightly puffed out.

Gently, Shane feels Mr. Rozanov's left hand fall down his side. His hand slides down until he curves around his hip, and finds its way to his ass. He doesn't react to the touch at first, not until Mr. Rozanov's hand pats his behind. Then, his eyes shoot up to look into his boss's. He gives him a pleading look, as if an apology.

"Hollander, learn from your mistake." He whispers, his mouth now against Shane's ear.

It's a light and quick spank, but it's enough that Shane notices it. He steps back, breaking the small embrace like position they were in, and he does a 180 out of the office and back to his desk. As he sits at his desk, he can feel Mr. Rozanov's eyes on him. He can sense the hunger, the lack of innocence in his eyes.

With nothing left to lose, he turns his head slightly. He purposefully ensures his boss does not break eye contact, and he kisses his hand, then waves the kissed hand towards him. That is all, nothing more, nothing less. Yet, it's enough for a shift to happen, a shift that he can't quite place yet.

Later that night, Shane sits on his bed. He is busy organizing his suitcase, putting in clothes and folding them nicely. He hums to himself a small song, and successfully finishes packing his suitcase. Climbing off the bed, he zips up the navy blue suitcase. As he places it on the ground of the bedroom, he suddenly realizes what has shifted.

No longer is Shane just the new hire, he has now entered a game. A game that relies on his ability to outsmart the big bad wolf—Mr. Rozanov.

Chapter 4: A New Hunting Ground

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry if this story ever seems rushed, I find I have a difficult time writing Hollanov. I do intend to try and improve as chapters go on

Sin; an immortal act, that estranges one's self from God.

The sun has not yet risen on Thursday morning, when Shane exits the taxi at the airport. Himself and Rose are on an earlier flight to Boston, with them the luggage of their respective bosses. The idea was simple, they arrived early with the luggage and get everything to the hotel in one piece, then returned to the airport to meet the bosses.

Shane opts to grab one of the luggage carts sitting outside, and loads his and Mr. Rozanov's luggage onto it. He tips the Uber, and then heads inside the airport. It takes a few minutes of walking, but eventually he spots Rose near the check in line of the airline. As he makes his way over, she waves towards him. She has a backpack slung over one of her shoulders, and her hair is still in curlers. Similar to Shane, she too grabbed a luggage cart and put all the suitcases and bags onto it.

"Please tell me you're excited for Boston, because I am not." Rose claims, a yawn escaping her mouth.

Shane was indeed not excited for Boston, it's cruelly early to be excited for Boston. Instead of saying this to Rose, he just offers a slight nod as they walk into the check in line. There aren't many people in front of them, only maybe two small families. Which meant things were moving rather quick for an early morning flight.

When they reach the front of the line, the woman behind the checking counter looks at his and Rose's tickets. She makes a small noise, and picks up a phone on her desk. Shane watches as a small group of airport personnel come over and double check their tickets.

"You two will go through the staff security line, and once you reach Boston someone will be waiting to take you to a private baggage claim." She explains, then taps away at the computer.

Mountains of baggage tags come pouring out of the printer. The small group of airport personnel assist her in sticking them on, and putting them onto the conveyor belt.

Rose seems unbothered by the entire ordeal, as she does something on her phone. Shane grabs at his airplane bag, and tosses it over his shoulder. He follows closely behind Rose, as

they are taken through a door and down back hallways. They go down a flight of stairs to a basement level, where a small security line of workers are lined up.

As they join the line, Shane has still yet to catch up to what is going on. He has travelled a good amount in his life, and yet somehow this does not beat every time. It gets out beaten by the time they pulled him and his mom out of the security line, and questioned if they were part of the Chinese communist party. His mom is Japanese and he is a mix of Canadian-Japanese, he still doesn't get that one. He understood the racism aspect, the assumptions, but he couldn't understand why the guard kept pushing. The older he got, the more he understood why his father had to intervene to get the problem to stop.

Upon approaching the front of the line, Shane comes to realize there is no rush. No officers are yelling about instructions, or pushing him to hurry up. It was weirdly peaceful, and honestly he thinks Hayden won't believe him when he tells him about it.

On the other end, Rose grabs the two bins with their bags inside. They both toss their stuff on, and are led up and out of the private security area. The airport personnel take them to a private lounge, where they sign in. They are guided to a table and sit down, given paper menus. The lounge is cozy, and dimly lit, though that could be due to the sun still not having risen yet.

"This feels really formal for an airport. I was expecting to spend ten dollars for a two pack of Oreos." Shane states, and Rose looks at him and laughs lightly.

"Ms. Vetrova would dare to dream about letting me—and in turn you—go through such a thing." Rose claims, now opening the menu and scanning the page with her eyes.

"Especially if she wishes to keep me as her assistant." She adds, but does not look up from her menu.

Shane follows her lead, and grabs at the menu. It lists a variety of breakfast options, drinks, snacks and on-the-go options. It was almost overwhelming. Airports always feel so stressful, yet choosing a breakfast is the most stress he has faced so far. His eyes glance around the menu, noting down his interest in warm pancakes and fresh fruits.

Soon enough, a man comes over and takes their orders. Shane lets Rose order first, more so to feel the waters of what he should actually indulge in.

The first day in Boston passes quickly, by the time Shane and Rose land and arrive to the hotel, it is half past noon. It takes them another hour or so to check into their rooms and prepare their bosses' items. Around two, they both head to a small restaurant nearby, and take a seat. A late lunch never hurt anybody.

The restaurant is not exactly high fashion, but a small hole in the wall. As much as Shane had enjoyed the nicer food from the airport lounge, smaller restaurants came with less choice. The menu had a good variety still, just less. The inside of the place was older, and had posters on the walls from the 80s, some which were now peeling away. There are few customers in

the restaurant, but far too many waiters. In all honesty, the entire place reeks of cheap perfume. As if the scent it supposed to drown out another terrible one.

Shane quietly watches as Rose adjusts herself, and fixes her hair. They had ordered food not long ago, and their conversation was fleeting. It's then something catches in the light of the restaurant. On Rose's left ring finger is a diamond ring—it's too fashionable to be a wedding band—, it glimmers against any light that reflects off of it.

"Your ring is gorgeous." Shane starts, breaking the quiet between the two assistants.

Rose lets out a small chuckle, and moves her hand so Shane can get a better view of the ring. "Ms. Vetrova brought it back for me from her trip to... I don't even remember. She said she saw it and thought of me." She explains, as Shane takes her hand into his.

His eyes look at the diamond, a sense of amazement comes over him. Both because of the ring, but also because he hadn't realized how close Rose and Ms. Vetrova are. He'd known Rose was above most of the other staff, but didn't realize this status could possibly come from her relationship to Ms. Vetrova. A thought starts to loom over him, what if Rose and Ms. Vetrova are in their own game? Somehow. Shane doubts this slightly. If that were to be the case, he thinks Human Resources would've split them apart long ago.

Eventually, their food comes and the ring becomes a thought in the back of Shane's mind.

Later into the evening, the duo is ushered into a black SUV. They are brought back to the airport, and are left to wait in the arrivals area for their bosses. Lucky for them, the wait was not long. Unluckily, the moment Mr. Rozanov steps foot into the arrivals area, cameras start to flash and a small rush of people come forward. Rose reacts first and separates from Shane to find Ms. Vetrova.

Mr. Rozanov pushes through the crowd, and Shane slowly joins him at his side. Though annoying, they make it back to the SUV in one piece. Shane assumes they will wait for Ms. Vetrova and Rose, but instead they start to pull away. Before he can question the action, Mr. Rozanov laughs.

"You look like you see murder." Mr. Rozanov grumbles out, his attempt at English semi-failing.

"I thought we'd wait for Rose and Ms. Vetrova." Shane explains, his eyes looking out the window to see if the crowd is following.

"Ah, no. Another car will be pulled around for them, much more safe." He informs him, and grabs out a cigarette.

The window slowly comes down an inch as he lights his cigarette, Mr. Rozanov looks almost peaceful. It was truly an odd sight, for all the times Shane had seen this man stressed or full of lust, he had never seen him at peace. Even the peace he shows now, it feels almost false. It's as if he is looking at a cloud of smoke and mirrors, all in an attempt to sell him peace.

He doesn't say anything to him, not even as the smoke lingers in the car. Shane knows that it is not his palace nor status to do as such, and would like to keep his job. Instead, he pulls out his phone to look at emails. He had been neglecting this aspect for his job for a few hours now, mostly because Rose had kept him entertained and busy.

Each email he reads he wants to roll his eyes, some questions are directed at him, others at Mr.Rozanov. Then, there is a big group of questions he cannot answer, he is of the technology department, nor marketing. Yet, he gets these stupid emails begging him for help. He always sends a kind email back rerouting where the question should actually go to. However, for the questions that are actually related to him, he tends to have to reply with more information. Right now, most emails he is receiving are about Boston. Some ask he Mr.Rozanov arrived ok, while others ensure his attendance at events.

"Hollander, ensure my schedule is empty tonight. I will...entertain a guest." Mr. Rozanov declares, Shane notes it's not a request.

He wants to ask who, to peak a tiny bit into the man's life. However, he does not, instead he nods and offers a muffled 'Mmm'. The sounds are clear as day. Mr.Rozanov tosses his cigarette out, and then the window slowly closes. His body shifts around on his seat, the fabric of his clothes rubbing against the leather. It only takes a second for his hand to reach out and force Shane to put his phone down on his lap making his eyes connect to his.

"You need more training than what has been lead on." Mr.Rozanov determines, his hand now moving from the phone up to Shane's left cheek.

"I won't let you fuck me—Physical or metaphorically." Shane replies, slightly pulling back from his hand.

Mr.Rozanov smiles, and nods. "Not even a bit?" He teases, his body moving closer to Shane now.

Before he can reply, the car comes to a gentle stop, and a bellboy reaches to open the car door. And just like that, Shane Hollander manages to outrun the big bad wolf once more. Narrowly, but he did.

As the sun sets over Boston, Shane sits in his hotel room reading a book. His reading glasses are slightly low on his nose, and his eyes reading each page thoroughly. With Mr.Rozanov being busy this evening with a private guest, Shane has successfully obtained the first night of his life unbothered by the man. For some reason, it seems even with that being the case, his mind keeps going back to him.

He can't help but think of what types of training the two would do together, apart of him thinks no matter what he does with Mr.Rozanov, it will be sexual in nature. His body acts before his mind and he puts the book he is reading aside, taking his glasses off as well. His hand slides down his pant line, and into his boxers. Gently, his palm wraps round his cock, and a small motion starts. When he first starts, he can only think of Mr.Rozanov's face. The way his lustful eyes glaze upon him at times.

Then, his mind wanders. He thinks of him being tied down, and turned into his next meal. Mr.Rozanov's hands exploring his body, and marking him with bites and bruising kisses. He'd leave undeniable marks that Shane is his. The motion of his hand increases as he thinks of Mr.Rozanov's cock pressing into him. The feeling of each thrust pushing into him, of the dirty words that would accompany the action.

His body seizes up slightly, as he feels the small bit of liquid escape himself. Before he can fully recover, his phone buzzes on the table next to his book. He grabs after it to see a message from the very man he had been fantasising about. It is a breakfast request for tomorrow, but it breaks the fantasy Shane had. For under the regular order is another order, one he has not seen before.

'For my guest,'.

Chapter 5: An Opposing Encounter

Chapter Notes

If anyone is curious I'm at roughly the halfway point of writing this fic (not posting it).

Also, Merry Christmas/Christmas Eve to everyone!

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

Loathing; an intense feeling of absolute hatred, used to disguise jealousy.

If being forced to wake up early wasn't cruel enough, Shane has also been sent half way across Boston to get Mr. Rozanov and his guest's breakfast. When he returns to the hotel around eight, Rose is just waking up. She sends him a text about ensuring Mr. Rozanov is ready to leave by ten. Which, he already knew, he read the schedule and kept track of it.

He approaches the room Mr. Rozanov is in, and knocks on the door. When no one answers he knocks again, followed by him saying 'it's Shane'. Still, nothing. He continued to knock, and then called his cell phone. It seemed endless, and for another ten minutes, he tried and tried. Until, eventually he could hear someone stomping towards the door.

The door handle turns and in the door way is Mr. Rozanov. Embarrassingly, the first thing Shane notices is his lack of shirt, and really lack of pants. He's in a deep red pair of boxers, and small marks of love line his chest. Mr. Rozanov yawns and then looks at Shane, with glaring eyes. As Shane holds out the food and coffee, someone appears behind his boss.

The man is shorter and less built compared to Mr. Rozanov, his hair is a chocolate brown. He is in a black silk robe that ties around his waist. One of his hands guides Mr. Rozanov's arm around his hips. Shane tried to look into his boss's eyes, to see if there was any sign that he hated the situation. Instead, he continues to glare at Shane.

"Breakfast?" The man ask, his Russian accent thicker than Mr. Rozanov's.

Shane nods, and holds out the items once more. As the man takes the items, he turns to Mr. Rozanov, and speaks in Russian to him. The two exchange Russian words, all of which Shane has no idea what they mean. It felt humiliating standing in that hallway, as if he had interrupted them.

"Mr. Rozanov, uh, please be ready to go to the charity event by ten." Shane speaks up, and watches in slow motion as Mr. Rozanov's attention turns back to him.

"I'm aware of this, my friend Sasha will join." Mr. Rozanov replies, before Shane can speak any more the door is shut on him.

For some reason, his spirits broke a little bit. He had been a fool to think that Mr. Rozanov took interest in only him. Come to think of it, Shane is simply the guy to keep him entertained at work. They hadn't even kissed, so why does Shane feel territorial about the man? He had no claim to him, if anything it was inappropriate for him to even care about his love affairs. Yet, here he is, in the hotel hallway second guessing everything he thought he understood about their game.

At 10, Shane makes his way back up to Mr. Rozanov's hotel room. He is dressed in a fine suit, and keeps his phone ready for anything that could happen. With a firm hand, he knocks on the door. Like last time, no one answers. Shane knocks again, this time for aggression is behind the knock.

Still, nothing.

A part of Shane is annoyed, but a small bit of him is concerned. If he can't get Mr. Rozanov—and Sasha—to the charity event on time, will he lose his job? Could they ban him from working for any other company? This concern slowly turns into anger as he realizes how immature Mr. Rozanov must be so disrespectful towards him.

"Mr. Rozanov, open the door or I'm calling security to break it down." Shane finally speaks through the door, which seemingly works, as he hears footsteps.

Quickly, the door whips open. As expected, there stands Mr. Rozanov. He has on his suit pants, but his top is missing. His hair is a mess, and it becomes very clear what he and Sasha had just been doing. If Shane had it in him, he would drag this man by ear down to the lobby just like this. George, he also values the paycheck this job offers.

"You're supposed to be ready." Shane firmly claims, he doesn't leave room for any form of fun or teasing.

"It too early, I'm the boss. The charity event can wait." Mr. Rozanov slurs, as much as his Russian accent peaks through at times, his words felt different.

The smell hits Shane like a bus, pure Vodka. Standing in front of him is his very much drunk boss. It's ten in the morning, and he has been drinking. Shane can think of a thousand different words to describe how terrible this situation is, he could call Mr. Rozanov all the names under the sun. But, he just sighs.

"Stop look sad, too pretty to be sad." Mr. Rozanov slurs, Shane groans and pushes his way into the hotel room.

Sasha is on the bed, covered only by the thin white sheets. He walks past, and towards the small bar, grabbing after a glass. Both men are calling after him, Sasha saying something in Russian. Shane ignores the both of them and fills the glass with water, then marches towards Mr. Rozanov, and hands the glass to him.

"Drink." Shane instructs, and he does.

He half expected that Mr. Rozanov would fight back, rejecting the glass entirely. Yet, he stands in front of Shane drinking it all like a dehydrated puppy. It was a sight to see. When he finishes the cup, he holds it out to Shane. He sighs, and takes it from his hands.

“Get your shirt on, I’ll get more water. I need you to be sober by noon, can’t have you like this at the charity event.” Shane explains, and goes back to filling up the cup.

Mr. Rozanov complies, searching the room for the rest of his clothes. Sasha does not move from the bed, he groans and tries to hold onto Mr. Rozanov, speaking once again in Russian to him. Eventually, Sasha comes out of the bed and starts to prepare himself too. All while Shane watches the two with a watchful eye.

It takes about twenty minutes for them to get their things together, as such, Shane texts Rose saying there was a delay. She tells him she and Ms. Vetrova left, and another car will come for them. Shane considers this the best possible solution, and hurries to get the duo downstairs.

Shane once again felt out of place. The charity event is less like a good cause, and more like an event for the rich to show off their wealth. It’s held in an old building, with chandeliers made from gold and crystal. The entire building is frozen in time, unchanged but maintained. The laughs of the rich echo through the estate, and Shane stays close behind Mr. Rozanov and Sasha.

Luckily for everyone, Mr. Rozanov had sobered up on the drive over. Based on his expression between talking with small groups of people, he was unhappy. He recoiled if he looked into the light for longer than a second, and he kept rubbing his forehead. Still, the moment he entered a group, he put on a devilish grin. His voice becomes formal, and he manages to control the entire conversation perfectly.

Sasha is the opposite. The man hangs near the bar any chance he gets, he was nowhere near sober. When he wasn’t indulging in the bar, he was clinging to Mr. Rozanov’s arm. Honestly, to any onlooker, he looked like arm candy. A smaller frame and pretty face, it made Mr. Rozanov look sexy. That wasn’t just Shane’s own bias...he hopes.

Suddenly, his phone buzzes in his suit pocket. He picks it up to see a text from Hayden, it’s simple. Just a nice ‘how are you?’, and hoping he is enjoying Boston. Shane wishes he could text back that he has hated it so far, and tell Hayden all about the disaster his boss and his guest have caused. However, he knows that will make for a better story in person. He shoots a quick text back,—nothing fancy—before shoving his phone into his pocket once more.

As he follows closely behind the duo, Shane realizes he has yet to see Rose. The building is massive and crowded, but usually he and Rose had a way of finding each other naturally. Even if she was only a co-worker, she is the closest thing Shane has to a friend in the office. Mr. Rozanov is a whole can of worms, and the only other person he has met is a man named Kip. Kip is nice, but he works in a different department entirely.

Shane wonders if a reason he is missing Rose also happens to be, because he hopes she would be out of place too. That way he wouldn’t feel nearly as awkward as he does currently.

He knows it's a selfish desire, to want someone else to suffer with him. Yet, he can't help but feel the thought brings him comfort.

"Hollander." Mr. Rozanov calls, and Shane refocuses onto him.

Mr. Rozanov steps back, invading Shane's bubble. He leans down close to him, his mouth at his ear. Sasha watches the affair with curious eyes.

"Make an excuse for me to leave." He demands, before stepping back and returning to Sasha's side.

An excuse. That should be simple enough, just claim illness. Then, it hits him, why can't Mr. Rozanov just walk out? He doubts anyone would stop the man, question it, sure. With this in mind, he texts Rose a simple message about Mr. Rozanov falling ill and needing to head to the hotel. She sends back a thumbs up emoji, and thus the plan goes into action.

Slowly, Shane approaches the duo in front of him. They had just stopped speaking to one of the small groups of people, and looked done. Shane comes to his side, and leans in close, causing Mr. Rozanov to stop.

"We can leave now, look sick." Shane whispers, and Mr. Rozanov nods.

As they leave, Mr. Rozanov plays the part well. A man comes up to him but shakes his head, he groans about feeling wrong, and Shane says he has a fever. People make way for them, and security helps the three into a car. The moment the door shuts, Mr. Rozanov drops his act and leans against the leather seating.

Shane remains silent, but Sasha takes this opportunity to start kissing the other man's neck. Mr. Rozanov's hand lands on his back, and travels up to his head. He grabs his hair, and encourages the action. Shane moves slightly, now pushing himself up against the car door.

Another two days pass, and the last full day of Boston is upon them. Shane Hollander can officially say he hates the city.

Right now, Shane and Mr. Rozanov sit in a restaurant together. It's a private establishment, and had been Mr. Rozanov's choice. Shane was shocked when he insisted it be the two of them, but claimed it was a business related lunch.

The restaurant's lights are low, and candles sit on the tables. When menus are brought over, Shane quickly comes to the realization that he is unable to read the menu. He sighs, and grabs out his glasses, which causes Mr. Rozanov to give him a look.

"You wear... eye glass?" He asks, his hands do a motion to signal he doesn't know or remember the English word.

"Glasses, and yes." Shane replies, now looking at the menu.

"Close enough, they are very flattering." He comments, but Shane does not look up from the menu.

It felt both childish and inappropriate, but Shane can't help himself. Over the last few days Mr. Rozanov has tested him with less and less respect. He half expects for this lunch to end with him getting his two week notice, and at this point he wouldn't mind that. Boston has been a test, and one that Shane feels he has failed.

A waiter comes over, and drinks are ordered. Mr. Rozanov gets something on the rocks, and Shane gets Ginger Ale. In a sick and twisted way, the difference of drink choices reminded Shane of their status. Both as employee and boss, but also as ultra rich and low-middle class.

"What will you be eating, Hollander?" Mr. Rozanov questions, a tint of actual curiosity in his voice.

"The green salad." Shane nods as he speaks, and Mr. Rozanov lets out a noise.

"Boring." He claims, and flips through his menu, suddenly no longer taking a suggestion from Shane.

That part hurt, just a bit. Shane assumes this was not covered by the company, and as such, he can't afford anything else. He isn't sure what he expected from the man, but this was becoming less of a game and more of a humiliation job.

As the waiter comes back and puts their drinks down, Shane feels Mr. Rozanov's foot gently tapped him. It's a weirdly gentle gesture from the man, something he wouldn't expect given the recent problems they had encountered. They order their food, and once the waiter has gone off, Shane finally looks at Mr. Rozanov.

The man flashes him a cocky grin, as if he has won. Shane moves to take off his glasses, reaching up onto his face. As his hands shifts to take them off, he feels Mr. Rozanov's hand on his arm. It causes him to stop the action, like some robot.

"Keep them on, they are nice." He states, his cocky grin turning into one of need.

For a moment, he considers keeping them on. His body hungry for any approval he can get from Mr. Rozanov. Instead, he continues to take them off. He stuffs them into his bag, and goes back to ignoring the man in front of him. His one act of defiance.

"You wound me." Mr. Rozanov dramatics spark up, pretending his heart has been shot.

Shane does not reply, instead he just nods.

Chapter End Notes

I'm packing for the cottage btw

Chapter 6: A Taste

Chapter Notes

The last episode drops today and I'm so excited omg!

As a treat I'll be dropping this chapter and chapter 7 tonight/early morning tomorrow

Lure; to tempt an animal by offering a satisfying reward.

Neither man speaks a word, lunch has been quiet since Shane took his glasses off. Dessert comes, while for Mr. Rozanov not Shane. He hides his inability to afford the luxury as a diet. His eyes watch as a chocolate brownie with a small scoop of ice cream is placed in front of Mr. Rozanov. He thanks the waiter and grabs after his silver spoon.

Mr. Rozanov takes a bite, and licks the spoon clean. It felt embarrassing, mostly because Shane really wanted a dessert now. Mr. Rozanov takes another spoonful, this time the spoon goes directly in front of Shane's face. He plays with the spoon near Shane's mouth.

"Awww, one bite." Mr. Rozanov insists, and Shane complies.

It tastes beyond good, it's a perfect balance between chocolate and vanilla. The brownie is moist, and warm. Still, Shane attempts to keep a neutral face. He doesn't want to let his guard down around this man, not given the fact that he thinks he is willing. Instead, Shane nods and grabs at a cup of water. The water clears away any of the taste he once had, leaving his mouth sad and bland.

Before, he can put the cup back down, Mr. Rozanov groans. He pushes the desert towards Shane, and places the spoon next to the plate. His hand moves to his pocket and he pulls out a cigarette, he lights it in one swift motion. When done, he crosses his arms.

"Eat." He declares, as if he is a king at the head of a table.

Shane attempts to open his mouth to argue back, but is stopped. "I don't care what American diet you on. In Russia, we savour gifts." Mr. Rozanov claims, and then, he takes in the cigarette.

Shane can feel the man's eyes in him, they watch him thoroughly. Slowly, Shane picks up the spoon and scoops up some of the brownie and ice cream. It's only when the spoon enters his mouth that Mr. Rozanov's expression changes, his eyes soften ever so slightly.

That is how the two sit for a while, Shane eating while Mr. Rozanov watches. At first, he considers it could be a kink or fetish of the man to watch someone eat. However, the way Mr.

Rozanov's eyes softened, it felt more kind-hearted. It felt like no matter how hard Shane tried, the mixed signals from his boss continued to worsen.

When Shane finished the desert, Mr. Rozanov puts out his cigarette on a nearby ash tray. He requests the bill, and soon after the waiter walks over. Shane is prepared for this, he knows exactly what he ordered. He reaches into his bag and grabs out his wallet, the waiter taps something on the small machine.

"Will this be together or separate?" The person asks, looking between the two.

"Together." "Separate."

And like that, they stare at each other.

Shane Hollander had never given a blow job to someone before. He had kissed people, did some light touching, but never given a blow job. Yet, he currently is nearly choking on a dick. In particular the dick belongs to Mr. Rozanov.

The two had returned back to the hotel an hour ago, the two had gone up to Shane's hotel room. Honestly, they were searching for something, and then...Shane can't even remember how he ended up on his knees.

It felt spontaneous, or like a hidden urge. He can't stop, he doesn't want to. Mr. Rozanov's hand is gripping his hair, assisting in stabilizing his head. He thrusts in and out, small groans escape his lips. Shane's hands move up his body, until they are firmly against the man's hips. To be honest, he isn't sure whether or not he is doing good. However, Mr. Rozanov has yet to complain, or pull away.

As he sucks, he wonders if this means Mr. Rozanov has won the chase. If he is now declaring victory in his head, while he watches Shane choke on his cock. It felt too easy, as if he hadn't led the man on for long enough. The chase is the fun part for him, it's the part that lets him be playful. Somehow, the chase had only lasted about a month.

"Eyes up, lamb." Mr. Rozanov demands, and Shane's eyes flicker up to his.

It was a weird feeling to watch his face as Shane sucked on him, it wasn't a bad feeling. He can feel that Mr. Rozanov is getting close to finishing, his thrusts have become less about speed and more about hitting a certain point over and over again. Shane lets out a small noise as the man's cock hits the back of his throat.

That noise let loose the flood gates, and with one more thrust he felt liquid pour into his mouth. It's a salty taste, and as Mr. Rozanov pulls out of his mouth, he takes a string of saliva with him. His hand moves from Shane's head to his face, he grips it softly.

"Swallow." He demands, and Shane obliges. In a gulp, the salty liquid runs down his throat.

It's only once he shallows that Mr. Rozanov helps him up, he leads him to the bed and plots Shane down. At first, he expects the man to strip him naked. However, they just lay there.

Mr. Rozanov gently holds Shane close to him. Shane can feel the man's hand playing with his hair, then lowering to rub circles on his back. Everything felt calm, as if this moment was purely theirs alone.

However, Shane can't help himself. He still isn't content, not with Sasha or the way he has been treated. Did Mr. Rozanov sleep with him, because Sasha simply wasn't readily available?

"Excuse me for this, but are you and Sasha a couple?" Shane finally asks, he moves slightly out of Mr. Rozanov's grip.

Mr. Rozanov laughs, as if Shane had just told the world's funniest joke. He shakes his head, and takes a moment to regain himself before replying.

"No, never. Sasha is...friend." He replies, a hint of laugh still in his voice.

"I'm no good in relationship, too lustful." He continues, his eyes now staring above Shane.

It's as if the man is embarrassed by the confession. "I imagine you'll need to get married at some point, family business and all." Shane argues, and his boss groans.

"A marriage of...convenience?" Mr. Rozanov questions, and Shane nods to let him know he is right.

A silence falls over them after that, unlike before, it is not comforting. Shane is ok with the uncomfortable silence,—which doesn't happen often—it's his way of trying to be here for Mr. Rozanov. The man doesn't seem mad that he asked about Sasha, or that he had to explain his future. Rather, he is deep in thought. Shane doesn't know what about, but can tell it's something that is more than simple.

Suddenly, Mr. Rozanov pats Shane's head and sighs. He shifts upwards, and sits on the side of the bed. It causes the bed to limp down slightly.

"I go, we have a busy morning." He grumbles, and stands up from the bed. He stops by the bathroom mirror before leaving the room.

The next morning Shane wakes up at an ungodly hour, he gets dressed and prepared to meet Rose in the lobby. When he makes his way into the lobby Rose is standing with a few bags, Ms. Vertrova is next to her. The two seem to be engaging in a chat, though they are whispering as to not bring attention to them. As Shane approaches, Rose looks up and spots him. She waves him over, and Shane follows her instructions.

Before they can speak to each other, Mr. Rozanov leaves the elevator. Sasha is once again beside him, but time wears a look of anger. His mouth is curved down, and his eyes narrow. He does not walk beside Mr. Rozanov, nor does he cling to him. Instead, he is marching in front of him. His shoes hit the ground with a smacking sound. He walks past the three others, without a word. Shane's eyes follow Sasha as he exits the building entirely.

Once he has left, Mr. Rozanov joins the small group. He massages his temples, exchanges a look with Ms. Vetrova. Based on everyone's faces, this is not the first time something like this has taken place. However, Shane recognizes that he does not have time to unpack the situation. As such, the group heads outside.

Hotel workers assist himself and Rose, in putting the bags into the back of a black SUV. The two bosses already sit inside the car, Shane notices they are whispering between each other. This does not stop Rose from finding a seat in the car, she sits behind Ms. Vetrova. Shane follows and sits behind Mr. Rozanov.

As the car starts to move, Mr. Rozanov looks back at the two. Shane follows the man's eyes down to Rose's hand, he watches as the man looks at the ring.

"Ms. Landry, the ring?" Mr. Rozanov questions, he takes her hand into his and analyzes the jewelry.

Shane watches as the two speak about the ring's details, sometimes Mr. Rozanov switches to Russian. The entire situation was almost humorous to watch, as Rose can only nod anytime he says something in Russian. Sometimes, Ms. Vetrova would whisper what Mr. Rozanov said in English to Rose.

"Mr. Hollander, are you person of jewelry?" Mr. Vetrova asks, her English is similar to Mr. Rozanov's, however hers is slightly more broken.

"No, Hollander too boring for jewels." Mr. Rozanov replied for him, this causes a small fit of laughter to spread throughout the car.

The plane ride back is interesting to say the least. Shane and Mr. Rozanov are seated together next to a window, in the most expensive section. This also means they get basically a small room that can only be seen into by a door which shuts. This also means, when they are about twenty minutes in the air,— and the seatbelt sign has come off—Mr. Rozanov makes his move.

"Hollander, have you—."

"What happened between you and Sasha?" Shane interrupts, and Mr. Rozanov looks taken aback.

Shane watches as he recovers, he clears his throat. His hands adjust the clothes he is in, and he seems almost unable to answer. As such, the two sit in silence for about five minutes. For a moment, Shane wonders if Mr. Rozanov is mentally preparing his letter of firing for him.

"Sasha, said something. I choose to handle." Mr. Rozanov grumbles, he doesn't look at Shane.

His eyes face the screen in front of him, and suddenly Shane feels as if he is being purposely kept in the dark. He wants to ask, wants to know. But, he doesn't. There is something about

the way Mr. Rozanov is behaving that tells Shane that whatever Sasha said, hit somewhere deep. Perhaps, getting him to repeat the offense isn't the best idea.

Shane shifts in his seat, he leans back against the chair. He didn't mean to bring up a harsh topic, but curiosity got to him. His eyes shut, and he thinks through all the things he'll need to handle when he lands. Before his mind can wander too far, he feels a hand gently rub his thigh. His eyes open to see Mr. Rozanov's hand, when he notices Shane's eyes on him, he smiles.

Gently, Mr. Rozanov moves Shane's head to his shoulder, he pets his hair carefully. Shane can't tell who is winning at the moment, but he seems he is. The domesticness of the action, it makes his mind almost turn to mush.

Slowly, Mr. Rozanov's hand moves upwards, and then sneaks down Shane's pants. He only stops when he reaches his cock, his hand grasping it.

"Forgive me for Boston, Shane." Mr. Rozanov whispers, and Shane's head doesn't move.

"Mr. Rozanov—." Before Shane can respond, his body reacts to the sudden jerking of his cock.

Somehow, Shane thinks that for a moment he has reached heaven.

Chapter 7: The Passage Of Time

Chapter Notes

My plan for this fic is to release 1-2 chapters daily. The 15 chapters may end up only as being 12/13, I've realizing as I write that my outline could merge chapters to make the fic flow better lol.

My hope is to have everything published my late next week!

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

Nature; the inherent characteristics or basic conditions of a being.

A year past since Boston, and Shane finds himself still seated at the desk outside Mr. Rozanov's office. He also finds that the two have become more...involved.

Like right now, when Shane is bent over Mr. Rozanov's desk. His ass up, his body begging for more. Each thrust feeling like a taste of freedom, and pleasure. He tries not to moan, or at least to keep the moaning quiet. However, it doesn't help that Mr. Rozanov keeps trying to encourage him to be louder.

Sex has become part of the job, or rather Shane's life. It hasn't been unusual for Mr. Rozanov to sneakily book a hotel room once and awhile. He isn't sure whether it's embarrassment or respect that keeps Shane from spilling the beans to anyone, but it also seems Rose may be catching on.

So, as he feels Mr. Rozanov finish inside him, he is slow to rise. The man's hands help Shane up, he sits into his chair and then brings Shane down into his lap. He kisses his neck, then his cheek, and then his lips. He whispers words in Russian that Shane knows he should translate, but never does.

The moment doesn't last long, and Shane stands up from the man's lap. He grabs after his pants from the ground, and fixes his shirt. Mr. Rozanov's eyes trail him, watching his movements as they happen with a certain amount of analysis. Shane has become used to this routine, leaving after sex and having his boss watch him as he changes back to regular clothes.

"You get better and better, Shane." Mr. Rozanov comments, only then he adjusts his shirt and pants.

Mr. Rozanov sits up in his chair, and brings himself forward to his desk. "You have a meeting soon." Shane replies, turning back to face him.

Then, he turns and returns back to his own desk.

“You seem anxious.” Hayden speaks up, putting his beer down on the bar table.

Shane shifts in his seat, his mind stops dreaming about Mr. Rozanov. He had nearly forgotten that he is currently at a bar with Hayden, and not in Mr. Rozanov’s arms. It takes a moment for him to regain his senses, but he clears his throat and grabs at the ginger ale in front of him.

“Just thinking, work has been...busy.” Shaw mumbles, before taking a sip of his glass.

Hayden hums, and picks his beer back up. “What did you invite me here for? We barely go out together now.” Hayden laughs, and sips at his drink.

The last year has been a lot for Shane to handle,—and apart from his affair with Mr. Rozanov—he also now had something else. Admittedly, when he first took the job his goal was to just pitch in more money to the Pike’s household. Now, he can confidently say he has enough to officially find a decent place of his own.

“Actually, I have big news. I’ve been apartment searching and found a place, lease is signed and everything.” Shane announced, and he watches as Hayden’s face morphs from confusion to joy.

What follows is congratulatory conversation, and proud remarks. Hayden questions where the apartment is, and when the house warming party would be. He claims Jackie will miss Shane as a roommate, but both will always be there for him. It felt like parents finally seeing their child off after years of raising them, and it fills Shane with a warm feeling in his chest.

In all honesty, Shane had been hesitant about moving out at first. Going in, he knew what type of apartment he was looking for, but wasn’t sure how much of it existed. However, Rose had suggested an agent that was kind and listened to his requests.

They had tried two types of loft apartments first, though Shane knew going in a loft wouldn’t be for him. The second one was nice,—and decently priced—but he couldn’t bring himself to rent a loft. From there, it was mostly apartment searching. He required little things, like easy access to buses. The price slowly became less of a concern as he received his first pay increase.

He ended up finding a nice apartment near downtown, a bus to Rozanov Enterprises. It is small, but big enough for the single living life of Shane Hollander, who truly spent most of his days tending to someone else. When he signed his name on the lease, the only thing he could think about is whether Mr. Rozanov would like the place enough to stop by.

It felt crude, to have based such an important choice off of his boss. The man’s opinions shouldn’t impact Shane as deeply as they do, but they do.

“I’m moving in over the weekend, do you mind helping?” Shane finally asks, putting down the empty glass of ginger ale.

“Yeah man, no problem.” Hayden answers, his eyes wandering to the hockey game on the TV.

“P-please...” Shane mains quietly into Mr. Rozanov’s ear.

Both men were increasingly close, and each thrust into Shane made him feel an endless amount of pleasure. As Mr. Rozanov finished, he let out a low groan. His thrusts slow down and become more like tired movements, just enough to cause Shane to finish too.

As is routine, Mr. Rozanov sits in his chair and pulls Shane into his lap. His gentle hands cradling him from anyone else who may want a taste.

“This might be a bad time.” Shane starts, his eyes move from looking up at Mr. Rozanov to across the room.

“But, I’m going to a house warming party tonight with a few friends, and I just thought you might like to partake.” Shane explains, his voice a bit dry from sucking Mr. Rozanov off pre-anal.

A silence falls between the two, and Shane takes this as both a ‘no’ and a sign to leave. He sits up from Mr. Rozanov’s lap, his body aching slightly. He searches the room for his clothes and shoves them back on, he doesn’t make eye contact with Mr. Rozanov again. Instead, he quietly returns to his desk.

A step too far, he is his employee. At best, Shane Hollander is just prey for Mr. Rozanov to sink his teeth into. He feels like a stupid lamb that has sent himself to the slaughter, willingly being eaten by his predator.

His hands open his laptop on the desk, and he requests a form of address change. Shane fills it out swiftly, at least he can say he accomplished one thing today. Then, he starts to distract himself by making lists of things that have to get done. When the list is finished, he responds to emails and answers phone calls. At some point, Mr. Rozanov grabs his coat and briefcase and leaves the office for the day, he simply flashes his eyes at Shane as he leaves.

Shane considers this an early day's end, and packs his own stuff up. He stalks near the window in Mr. Rozanov’s office, his eyes looking down below. Eventually, he spots Mr. Rozanov’s car pulls away and Shane deems it appropriate to leave.

Shane is slicing up cucumbers when the apartment buzzer goes off, he approaches and the voices of Jackie and Hayden peak through. He lets them up, and unlocks the apartment door, then returns to cutting up vegetables. Shane softly hums to himself, and pours the cut up vegetables into different containers for people. Jackie and Hayden are early as usual, no thanks to Hayden.

When they knock, Shane yells to let them in and they enter. He puts aside what he is doing and goes to the door, Jackie carries a large bottle of Ginger Ale. The two fall into a short hug, before she gives the bottle to Shane.

“I thought you wouldn’t drink wine.” Jackie explains, and Shane nods.

“You guessed right, please come in. Just leave your shoes there, and put your coats here.” Shane says, pointing to the ground with the small coat closest.

Both do as asked, while Shane returns to the kitchen to finish setting up the small amount of food and drinks he has decided to put out. There is a certain amount of pride in seeing it all come together, something he did for really just himself the others can also partake in. This isn’t for Mr. Rozanov, and that adds something to the fire burning within him.

He puts the Ginger Ale down, and Jackie sneaks up behind him. Hayden has collapsed onto the couch and already grabbed after the remote, he flicks on the hockey game as usual. Shane knew this routine too well, the way Jackie is cornering him. He knew exactly what she was about to ask about, and dreaded offering a reply.

“So, now that you live alone I bet you will be able to invite people over more often.” Jackie starts, she leans up against the counter.

“Perhaps.” Shane replies, he knows what she is implying.

Usually, Shane wouldn’t even know the undertone of this sort of conversation. However, it happened so often over the time he has known Jackie that he eventually consulted Google and then Hayden. He knows that she is preparing to set him up on a blind date with one of her friends. However, he has no interest in any of them, or really any woman that tries anything.

Thus, the two make conversation about one of Jackie’s friends. Shane puts up with it, given that she helps with the last few things needing to be set up. He is only free fed once Scott arrives, Hayden helps him with his coat and then both men settle down on the couch.

“Can I get you guys anything?” Shane asks, his voice echoing from the kitchen to the living room.

Both men groan back the response of beer, and Jackie looks like she might kill Hayden. “Hayden can get his own beer!” Jackie yells back, before rolling her eyes.

“What about you? My mom dropped off some wine yesterday.” Shane asks, he moves towards one of the cabinets.

Jackie shakes her head, and then carefully pulls Shane in close to her. Her eyes dart around the room, before she finally speaks to him. She places a hand into her stomach.

“Don’t tell Hayden I told you, but I’m two months along.” Jackie announces in a whisper, and Shane whispers back a congratulations.

The two end up slowly moving to the living room, and joining the others. The group spends about two hours chatting away, they play a round of ‘Heads Up’. The hockey game still continues on in the background, it catches Shane’s attention every now and then.

When Shane stands up to go and cut some more cheese, someone knocks on his door. He makes his way over, and when he opens it he sees a small bouquet of flowers. He picks it up slowly, and turns it around until a card appears.

‘For Shane,

Sorry I cannot make an appearance, I hope the flowers match your apartment.

-Mr. Ilya Rozanov’

Chapter End Notes

His chapter is a bit shorter (less than 2000 words), mostly because this is supposed to set up the next 2-3 chapters a bit.

Updating this just before the season 1 finale!! Let's hope it's a good one

Chapter 8: The Line Between Sex And Nature

Chapter Notes

Chapter 9 will come out today as while most likely. Saturday/Dec 27, I will likely not update, I will post chapters 10-11 on Sunday!

The hope is this fic will end by Monday/Tuesday.

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

Temptation; The strong desire to do something unwise.

Shane Hollander faces a problem, a major one. The flowers that Mr. Rozanov had gotten him to sit on his dining room table, in light of the sun. He watches them closely everyday as he eats breakfast and dinner, and waters them routinely. At work, he can't keep his mind from straying away from actual business to Mr. Rozanov.

The problem he seems to be facing is his uncontrollable behaviour of falling in love. It has become undeniably hard to not fall in love with Mr. Rozanov, the man had a way with Shane's heart. A mix of emotions found their way into Shane, he didn't care that he is gay. Rather, he is concerned by the complexity that is being in love with his boss, and the man he is fucking for fun.

"Earth to Shane." Rose's voice perks up, she stands in front of Shane's desk holding a few folders.

"Oh, sorry. What's up?" Shane asks, snapping himself back to reality.

Rose hums, and places the stack of holders onto his desk. She sorts through the pile, until she eventually pulls one out. With patience, she opens it and then turns it to show Shane the contents. Inside, are several different things. The title page reads 'Boston Trip'.

Shane goes through the folder, and sees half done schedules. There is also outfit concepts for Mr. Rozanov, alongside possible speeches for him to give at some events. Everything has a certain amount of roughness to it, clearly not the finished product. Shane looks at Rose who sighs.

"The Boston trip is in three weeks, you need to get Mr. Rozanov to agree upon things in this folder within the next week." Rose explains, she points at the pages.

"He needs to choose an outfit theme, and then solo outfits. Also, he'll need to practice and finalize the speeches." She continues, now flipping the page to the outfits again.

“Okay, but why didn't I need to do this last year?” Shane finally asks, Rose giggles.

“Last year, I had already done it all. By the time you were hired and trained, there wouldn't have been enough time.” She explains, and grabs after the pile of folders.

Shane hums a reply, and pulls the one folder closer to himself. He continues to go through it, even as Rose excuses herself back to her own office. The folder is decently sized, and it doesn't shock that Mr. Rozanov has yet to make choices about Boston. Honestly, Shane had forgotten about the trip all together.

Later that day, Shane works up the courage to take the folder into Mr. Rozanov's office. The man sits behind his desk, his fingers tapping the keyboard of his computer. He looks up from the screen to meet Shane's eyes, and his eyes go down to the folder in his hand. Mr. Rozanov lets out a groan, sitting back in his chair.

“They weaponising you now?” Mr. Rozanov questions, and Shane laughs before putting the folder down.

“Is picking between choices that hard for you?” Shane asks, putting the folder out his desk.

Mr. Rozanov replies by rolling his eyes, his arms then swift upwards. His body demands for Shane, and he follows. He moves around the desk, and finds a spot where his arms wrap around him from behind. Shane looks over Mr. Rozanov's head, as the man starts to read the folder.

At some point of him reading through the folder, Shane moves and grabs at a pen. He forces the pen into Mr. Rozanov's hand flashes the man a teasing smile. In return, he gets an unappreciative groan. That noise ends up becoming common over the next hour of Mr. Rozanov going through the file.

Shane watches over the man's head as he marks the page, he writes small notes on the sides. It is nice to watch him work, to go through things. He works in a way that Shane seems a bit chaotic, as he flips between pages with no reason or pattern. It's as if the man had a light bulb moment about a page he glanced at, and must drop everything to get to it.

At some point, Mr. Rozanov shuts the folder. He looks up to Shane, who has made himself decently comfortable in his position. Slowly, he turns in his chair, until Shane is in front of him. Then, his hands glide up, and they find a spot at Shane's hips. He rubs circles on his hips, and then moves his face close to his hip line. It tickles as Mr. Rozanov places careful kisses along his hip line, his kisses trialing upwards.

“How to work, when a beauty is near?” He asks between kisses, and pulls Shane in closer to him.

Shane ends up in his lap, and can feel Mr. Rozanov's erection through his pants. His erection pokes Shane's thigh, and the man lets out a pleading moan. Mr. Rozanov looks at him, he smirks before starting to kiss his neck.

Slowly, their pants come off. Shane mounts his boss, and goes up and down. Mr. Rozanov's hands take a firm grip on his hips, controlling how often he goes up and down. After a few thrusts, Shane's mind has turned to mush. His body is under the complete control and influence of Mr. Rozanov, and he wouldn't have it any other way.

From there, things happen quickly. That's the thing about sex with Mr. Rozanov, it's always quick. Shane wishes it wasn't. If Shane could have it his way, the two would spend hours slowly teasing and building up to sex, then fucking. Each being able to embrace the moment, neither feeling rushed.

However, that is not the case they are in, they are in a rush for a reason. At any moment, someone could walk in. Someone could see them and expose their secret. While Mr. Rozanov would recover, Shane would likely not. It has always been part of the sex, part of letting Mr. Rozanov fuck him. It also happens to be the part that became more and more boring, until it became an annoyance.

He feels Mr. Rozanov finish, followed by his own orgasm. Shane removes himself from the man's cock, and sits in his lap normally. It feels domestic the way that Mr. Rozanov rubs his back, and kisses at his cheek and chest. This happens to be one of the many reasons why Shane believe he loves Mr. Rozanov, even without the sex, he would embrace a day to day life of this.

"This is nice." Shane whispers, his voice slow and quiet.

"Mm, you should get dressed. I have meeting." Mr. Rozanov claims, though Shane knows said meeting does not exist.

Shane slides out of the man's lap, and grabs his clothes. He shoves them back on quicker than usual, and does not make a peep upon leaving. Unlike the many times before, Shane does not turn back to Mr. Rozanov. He does not even think about trading the man, or implying he enjoyed being tossed away.

As he sits down at his desk, there is a certain pain in his chest. Rejection. Is he prepared to give up his whole life to an affair? An affair where he is forever the weaker of the two? Shane isn't sure, he isn't even sure whether he can fuck the man anymore.

Once, Hayden had said love is complicated. At the time. Shane didn't grasp what he meant. If two people love each other it should be easy. He didn't consider the idea that only one may love the other, and the problems that arise with it.

Shane lays on his parents couch,—as is tradition—him and his family sit around watching the playoffs. His dad sits next to him, he nurses a beer. His mother on the other hand left a few minutes ago to take a call, which at this time was unlike her. Boston scores which causes Shane and his dad to let out noises of disappointment.

It's then, his mother rejoins them. She plots herself on the couch near his dad, and lays her head on his shoulder. Shane looks over, and can see her eyes are unreadable.

“Who was it?” Shane asks, and his mom perks up.

“Oh, just some family in Japan.” She answers, her words rolling off her tongue quickly.

“They keep asking if you’ll ever go over there, they’ve only ever seen photos of you.” She continues, a look of longing in her eyes.

Perhaps it’s wrong to say, Shane has never really had a longing to go to Japan. Sure, it would be nice to see his family and connect with that part of himself. When he was a kid, his mom would tell him stories about herself growing up in the country. Somehow, the story would always end with her moving to Canada.

It seemed like even through memories, Japan is far away. When Shane would dread doing homework in middle school, his mom would tell him about how hard she worked. How she had to learn English, and get into a top school so she could immigrate to Canada. In a way, Canada is his mother’s pride.

“Shane, your father and I, we’ve been thinking.” His mom starts again, and Shane snaps back to the task at hand.

“We think it is time you take a trip to Japan, meet some of your family. I could show you the village I grew up in, and we could visit temples.” His mother explains, with a hint of excitement behind her voice.

“Mom, Japan is a two week trip. I don’t exactly have the ability to take two weeks off work for a vacation.” Shane replies, his voice is dry.

From there, it becomes somewhat of an argument. His dad stays out of it and continues to watch the game, as the two bicker back and forth. His mom argues he works too hard, that he is sometimes even busy at night. Shane argues it part of his line of work, and something he has to do. Somehow, it spirals into an argument about his education.

In the end, Shane goes home that night saying he will think about the Japan trip. Which really meant, he would not go.

As the moon hangs high in the air, Shane sits awake in his bed. His laptop is open, and he is responding to emails. He has already received the message about Mr. Rozanov’s breakfast for the morning. Nothing about today felt right or good, actually every part of it made Shane want to hide in his bed.

It feels like no matter what he is at a crossroads. He can continue to fuck Mr. Rozanov, keep lying to everyone around him. A part of him can’t imagine life not working for Mr. Rozanov. The idea floats around in his head as he finishes off sending an email. He wonders if Rose ever feels this way, if she too struggles with a life work balance. Or if this imbalance is self-inflicted.

He shuts his laptop, and puts it onto his nightstand. All he can do now is sleep, and keep hoping.

Chapter End Notes

With season 1 being over and a 1-1.5 year wait until season 2, I want to say my hope is that I will write more Hollanov. I'd like to invest the time of close to two years to do a longer more detailed fic for them, while also doing smaller one-threeshot works for them too!

I have lots of ideas, and I hope I have the motivation/time to write them all out.

Chapter 9: Bitten and Marked

Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter took forever!! I've been a bit busy.

Chapter 10 will be out within the next day or so!

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

Escape; the failure to take notice or be remembered by someone.

“Shane! Over here!” Scott’s voice shouts, and Shane snaps his head to the voice.

When he spots the man’s arm up in the sky, he nods his way and starts moving over. The nice part about Scott is the fact he is older than everyone else around Shane. He is slowly reaching the age of not caring, which makes him the perfect person to ask for advice.

Shane takes a seat across from Scott, the booth is small. “I already ordered drinks, I got you a Ginger Ale.” Scott tells him, putting down his phone.

“Thanks.” Shane responds, his eyes glance down at the table.

Honestly, he almost wants to question how Scott found this bar. Not to offend the man, but he isn’t really in the bar hopping age anymore. Then again, he is more so thankful that this isn’t the usual spot. God forbid, if Hayden or Jackie spotted them or overheard the questions he needs to ask Scott today.

They sit in silence, until a waitress brings their drinks over. Shane opts to take a sip of his drink before speaking, hoping maybe to choke and die. That seems like an easy way out of this situation. Sadly, that does not happen. Instead, he shallows and puts his glass down. Scott is now staring him down, he can hear the older man’s foot tapping impatiently.

“I need to ask for your advice.” Shane starts, his tone shifts to a more serious one.

Scott leans in slightly, his hand still on his cup. “What’s wrong?” He asks, an almost fatherly kind of tone appears.

Shane instantly regrets comparing Scott to his father. The idea of explaining to his father his sexual affairs, and complicated feelings for his boss felt mad. In any case, the thought made the entire situation worse for him. Suddenly, he regrets calling Scott for help.

In the end, he decided that perhaps he can go about it differently. Focus less on the sex, and more on the entire work life balance part. That part felt easiest, mostly because he knew Scott

would poke around any further than Shane told. Though, if he somehow managed to tell Jackie, she might. God, he hopes he doesn't spill the beans.

"I'm having a hard time checking out of work." Shane admits, now taking a drink from his glass.

"Oh, the good old imbalance." Scott laughs, he leans back in his seat.

Scott looks more relaxed, and less fatherly. "My advice is to get a work phone and a personal phone. Your boss doesn't need your personal number." He claims, his eyes looking at Shane.

The two continue to speak, Scott makes several suggestions. Shane attempts to memorise them, but in the end deems it pointless. Mr. Rozanov is simply an aspect of his life, a reminder of where he stands as a human. It feels like loving a god, a person so out of reach that others would laugh and ridicule you if they found out.

Following the rejection from Mr. Rozanov a day ago, Shane wonders if this is all still a game. Does the game ever end? Will he ever win? If he is prey, then is he destined to always lose? The worst part of it all, is that he doesn't know. He has no answer, he wants to. At the very least he can try, test the waters once more.

Before Scott can order another round, Shane stops him. He pulls out a bit of cash and puts it on the table. He thanks the older man for his advice, and goes off.

The next few days at work turn a bit into chaos. Mr. Rozanov has people coming in and out constantly, all demanding his attention. Apparently, Boston this year is more than just appearing and saying words. It seems this year Mr. Rozanov is going to announce the official Boston branch, alongside his take over of the US based operations.

This also meant Shane has been busy, signing people in and answering emails. There are multiple times that he is on a call while also answering emails. It's tiresome, and not nearly as organized as it should be.

At one point, it got so bad that Rose offered her assistance. So now, she sits across from Shane. She works on signing people in and out, and helping them with any follow up issues. Meanwhile, Shane is on email, phone and personal needs duty. Even busy, Mr. Rozanov manages to find a way to call upon Shane. Not for sex, but for quick heated makeout sessions.

So, as the last bit of people leave the office,—and Rose heads back to Ms. Vetrova's office space—Mr. Rozanov wastes no time in calling upon Shane. When he enters, he sees him standing looking out the window. The man holds a glass in his hand, and the smell of vodka is distinctly in the air.

"It's been busy." Shane comments as he walks to the desk.

Shane grabs after some unorganized files, and starts to sort them into a neat pile. He wipes erase bits onto the floor, and puts all of Mr. Rozanov's pens away.

“This like children playing, Boston will be busy.” Mr. Rozanov claims, his voice looming in the room.

Mr. Rozanov moves away from the window, he walks to his desk and places down his drink. It’s only then that he makes his way to Shane. When he reaches the man, his arms wrap around his waist. He hugs his hips, and brings him close to his chest. Shane’s face pushes up against the man’s shirt, and Mr. Rozanov’s lips start to peck at him.

“Did you finish picking things out?” Shane ask, his hands find a spot on Mr. Rozanov’s shoulders.

“Yes, Jesus.” Mr. Rozanov stops kissing and groans into Shane’s neck.

“Will Sasha be there?” Shane questions, or rather fails to create a sexual situation.

“Da, he sleep in my hotel.” Mr. Rozanov announces, and almost instantly Shane pulls away from him.

“Wait, really?” Shane looks at him, and he nods.

“He friend.” He claims, and suddenly any sort of sexual tension in the office dies.

Shane Hollander is a fool, a stupid lamb. Did he truly believe they were exclusive? That Mr. Rozanov loves him the way he loves him. Truly, he is just a play thing. It’s sick, it twists Shane’s stomach into knots. His hopes are gone, his desire diminished.

As Shane keeps spiralling, he feels Mr. Rozanov’s hand reaches out and grabs his own. Maybe it’s romantic, it doesn’t feel romantic. Instead, it feels like the man telling Shane to keep his panicking down. His gentle hands feel like they will leave markings, and any sense of comfort they once thought had been replaced with anger.

“We can’t keep doing this.” Shane says, now slightly turns away from his boss.

“Doing what?” He asks, his voice almost has a hint of innocence.

“Sex, being around each other. Denying what is in front of us.” Shane continues, and he finally looks to see Mr. Rozanov’s face.

“It’s just sex.” Mr. Rozanov declares, as if his word is fact.

Shane can’t say he has ever felt his body shatter like glass, until now. “It’s not just sex to me...it was more. It *is more*.” He replies, a few tears start to form in his eyes.

A sour taste appears in Shane’s mouth, as the admission leaves his lips. Mr. Rozanov stands there, he doesn’t react. He just stares at Shane, as if he is a ghost haunting him. There is no sound in the office, apart from their breathing. Shane didn’t mean to say it aloud, he wishes he could take it back.

He watches as Mr. Rozanov steps back from him, he doesn’t have a readable expression or body movements. The man is frozen, turned to ice by some spell Shane has put upon him.

Shane knows what this means, he has seen people act like this before in movies.

Without another word spoken, he exits the office. He doesn't sit back down at his desk, but goes to the small break room area. His heart pounds as he prepares the coffee machine to make himself a cup, his hands are shaky as he grabs after a cup.

That night, Shane looks at his suitcase from his bed. It's shoved in his closet, empty. Yet, it stares back at him. There is a solution to his problem, one his mom had offered before it became a problem. Shane opens his phone, and texts his mom.

'Hey, I checked the bank. I've decided I want to go to Japan for a bit.'

It ended up being surprisingly quick and easy for Shane to obtain tickets and lodging in Japan. He had his entire schedule planned out, or at least the first few weeks. Honestly, he isn't sure how long he will actually be in Japan. In a way, he hopes he falls in love with the country and wouldn't want to return.

Everything felt set in place, and with a single day left until the trip, Shane had to act. He sits at his desk, still keeping a distance from Mr. Rozanov. There had been attempts by his boss, attempts at forging forgiveness. Flowers, chocolates, weird fancy Ginger Ale. Shane wanted none of it.

The sun is setting outside, and the work day is slowly coming to a close. Beside him on his desk is a paper, he isn't giving Mr. Rozanov two weeks notice. Actually, their contract encourages him not to. Instead, the man will either read it before he leaves today, or come into work tomorrow without his beloved coffee. Either way, Shane is done.

At five, Shane watches Mr. Rozanov grab after his coat. He stops in front of his desk, his hands firmly placed in front of Shane. Shane looks up from the laptop, but before he can tell the man off Mr. Rozanov swiftly grabs the paper beside him. Shaw watches in horror as he reads it, his face going from slight sexual perversion to hurt.

"What is this?" Mr. Rozanov asks, his voice livid.

"Today is my last day." Shane swiftly replies, he almost stumbles over his own words.

"No shit, why?" He questions, he puts the paper back down.

Their eyes connect, and Shane realizes how unreadable Mr. Rozanov is. "I want to go to Japan." He claims, and Mr. Rozanov rolls his eyes.

"After Boston, I take you." He tries, but Shane denies him by shaking his head.

"No, there is no me going to Boston. I'm done." Shane informs the man, his voice direct.

"Shane, please." Mr. Rozanov begs, and Shane slowly stands from his desk.

He starts to gather his things, he tries his best to ignore the pleas. It's hard to not take notice of the man's begging, mostly because of how rarely he does it. Any business partner of Mr. Rozanov would say he never begs, he waits for the other to beg for him. Yet, here he is, begging for Shane.

Chapter End Notes

Would anyone here be interested if I made a tumblr? I'd update one where I am writing my Hollanov fics, answer questions about the fics, and toss around ideas. Let me know if there is interest.

Chapter 10: New Ecosystem

Chapter Notes

I have a tumblr now (<https://www.tumblr.com/verybadvampire?source=share>)!

I'll share updates, ideas, answer questions, etc!

I created it mostly because once this fic ends---which is soon---It will be a bit until I post another long fic. I'll make oneshots, but I know my next fic will be longer and take a good amount of time to write/post.

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

Isolation; The separation of one thing from others.

Two months in Japan, and things are bad. Worse than bad, horrid. The first week or so, Shane hadn't recognized the problems. However, as time goes on, he realizes that something about him in Japan isn't working.

"Hello...do you...know where...-." A woman, clearly american starts.

"I'm Canadian, I know english." Shane replies, trying not to roll his eyes at her.

This is one of the many problems, people seem to have this idea that Shane does not know english. He would understand this more when he was in his mom's rural village, but he is currently in Tokyo. It gets annoying after a while, having people come up to him speaking broken English. Every now and then, a white person will come up to him and try to speak Japanese. All he does in that case is offer a blank stare, then ask if they know english.

Arguably, it's worse when he goes into restaurants and gets the tourist treatment. He is instantly handed an English menu, and spoken to in English. It seems stupid,—but even though he doesn't know Japanese—he wants to be treated as if he is native.

When he first arrived with his mom, the village life was nice. She took him around, introduced him as her son. It wasn't perfect, but people accepted him easier than now. When his mom left after the three weeks, Shane then decided to go into the bigger cities.

Back in Canada, there was always the quiet—sometimes loud—sentiment that he was different. He is not fully white, not Japanese. He sure as hell didn't pass as white either. In a way, it's an isolating feeling. A part of him truly believed Japan would be different.

He knows he could go home, go back to regular life. However, that isn't what he is doing. Tonight, Shane will go to a convenience store for a cheap dinner, then find a cheap hotel to

stay at. And when tomorrow comes, and the cycle of isolation repeats. Perhaps then, he will do something.

Shane searches the convenience store, he grabs after a cheap ramen bowl and a thing of sushi. Then, he grabs water. As he makes his way over to the check out, a stack of magazines checks his eye. In the middle—slightly hidden—familiar face pokes out at him. His hands shake slightly as he reaches out and snatches the magazine.

The front cover is a photo of Mr. Rozanov and a woman Shane has never seen. It's a sexual photo, of them both sitting. The woman on his lap, and his hand around his hip. In big letters along the side it reads, 'Millionaire Ilya Rozanov announces girlfriend to the world! Exclusive interview'.

Stepping out of line, he flips through the pages. Eventually, a spread of the duo is in front of him. The details given are odd, mostly being answered by the woman. Over the course of the year or so Shane worked for Mr. Rozanov had learned about the commonness of public relation relationships. However, for him to be in one means something big is about to happen.

From his understanding, the Boston trip had gone off without a hitch. Mr. Rozanov made his announcement, got applause. Currently, he is in Boston overseeing it all.

Swiftly, Shane pays for his items and rushes out of the store. He rushes to the cheap hotel room he had bought, and searches for his laptop.

It's wrong, he knows it is. However, he opens his laptop and starts to dive into gossip sites. Sites that talk about celebrity affairs and mishaps, ones that have leaked information a bit too real.

He knows it isn't his job to be concerned about Mr. Rozanov, but he can't help it. He had spent so much time with him, intimate time. It's like being unable to turn off this part of himself, it's undeniably terrible. His eyes scan the gossip site, until Mr. Rozanov's name appears.

The website lists off a few things, one confirms his relationship is a PR stunt. Another one states it's due to rumors he was caught sleeping with a man in Boston. Before Shane can even be upset he scrolls to see someone has corrected it, stating it was not this Boston trip he slept with the man. Rather, the man—who Shane assumes is Sasha—is now threatening to expose their sexual relations.

Shane can't even start to imagine how that type of rumor would impact his relationship with Russia, and his ability to operate. His entire family is Russian, and as Shane learned through talks, his brother is police.

It feels wrong feeling bad for Mr. Rozanov. After everything that happened, Shane thrust believed the man didn't deserve his pity. Still, he can't help but wonder if perhaps this isn't him giving the man pity. Rather, it's concern. Concern that if Sasha exposed his sexual reactions to Mr. Rozanov, he would follow. Although, Mr. Rozanov hadn't ever said what

made him ditch Sasha in Boston a few years back, he always believed it had something to do with himself

But what can Shane do? He can't go running back to the man. He also can't stay here anymore.

Ilya Rozanov despises this public every aspect of his life is. His home is in the center of downtown, with large windows, his love life out in the public. At this point, he wouldn't be surprised if his dick length is public knowledge too.

"I could've been your cover." Svetlana says, she moves around his kitchen.

His long time friend, the only one who actually knows him. She had come over after the article went public, bringing vodka from back home. She now is in search of glasses for them, and ice. All Ilya can do is sit quietly at the table, he stares out the window at the city scape. He doesn't want to be in Boston, nor go back to Russia. He wants to be back in Canada, in Montreal.

His home there is just as public, but feels less like a movie set. He had gotten to design most of it, choosing soft lighting.

He also wants to be in Japan, exploring the country with Hollander. But that is a thought he doesn't let Svetlana know about.

"No, you have Rose. She would not approve." Ilya replies, his voice monotone.

Svetlana chuckles, and moves towards him. "That is secret." She claims, moving down and kissing his cheek.

She placed the two glasses on the table, and poured the clear liquid into them. If there was one job Svetlana could never have, it would be a bartender. Ilya has always noticed how anxious she gets when she pours alcohol. He doesn't blame her, Russia had been just as cruel to her as it was to him.

"Sasha is dick." She proclaims, and takes a seat at the table.

Carefully, Svetlana slides one of the glasses towards Ilya. He takes it into his hand, grasping the cold glass. His eyes move from the window to staring down into the glass of vodka, he can see some of his reflection in the drink.

"Sasha is problem." He replies, before lifting the glass to his mouth and taking a drink.

The burning in his throat is fast to come and go. The vodka is good, real Russian vodka. It's the type that always got him in a good mood, and reminded him of the few good times in Russia. The times when he and Svetlana would sneak out, hide somewhere, and drink.

Those were simpler times, when all they worried about was asking their parents' for money. However, it didn't last long. Childhood has ended, and with it adulthood has become a weight heavy to carry. Reputation is all that matters now, and to be an embarrassment is suicide.

“You suggesting Russian contact?” Svetlana questions, raising her own glass to her mouth.

“Maybe.” He tells her, sitting back in his chair.

Hollander would’ve known what to do, he would’ve solved this before it even became a problem. At the very least, he would be here now. Likely, he’d be in Ilya’s lap, his head against his chest. Ilya’s hand would gently go through his dark hair, and his eyes would focus on his freckles. For a moment, the predator would succumb to the prey.

Falling in love with Shane Hollander is the easiest thing to have happened to him. Somehow, it also manages to be the hardest part of his life.

It has been two months, his heart hurts when he thinks of Shane. He never spoke about it to anyone, not even Svetlana. Ilya knows that she wouldn’t judge him for falling for a man, but she would blame him for losing him. Shane was simple, even boring. That is what made him appealing. He was normal, not trying to climb the social ladder.

However, he can’t deny that some of it is because he was paid to be around him. Any sweet gesture could’ve easily been to ensure a pay raise, the sex could’ve been his way of ensuring a secure job. In their little game, Shane could’ve easily won. Yet, he stepped back. In the end, they have both lost.

“You’re crying?” Svetlana asks, and Ilya realizes some tears have escaped his eyes.

“No, Russians do not cry.” He responds, and Svetlana slowly nods.

“I cry.” She informs him, it pains Ilya to hear this.

By two in the morning, Svetlana has fallen asleep. This leaves Ilya awake to himself, he sits in his living room scrolling on his phone. His finger clicks on saved numbers, and he scrolls through them. He has few saved numbers, but one name lingers just above his brother’s.

Would it be unprofessional to call him? He would need some sort of reason to call Shane, something that sounded believable. Right now, he is too drunk to think of an excuse. He knows if he were to call now that Shane would instantly realize he is drunk calling him and hang up. Shane Hollander is smart, even smarter than himself.

Instead, he tosses his phone aside and lays on the couch. His eyes stare up the ceiling.

Now, Ilya Rozanov is not a religious man. He hasn’t been since his mother’s death, and nor has anyone in his life. But at this moment, he whispers a quiet prayer in Russian. A hope for Shane—not for him to return—but for him to find a home in Japan, a community he feels alive in.

He wants Shane to find someone who makes him feel as alive as he had made him feel.

Shane doesn’t tell anyone he is returning to Canada. He has been paying rent for his apartment still, asking for Hayden or Scott to stop by and make sure no one has broken in.

So, when he returns, he realizes how cold the apartment has become. As he enters, he can see the dead flowers on his table. The petals, brown, have now fallen from the flower.

He decides he will handle the clean up in the morning, knowing the flowers are the least rotten thing in the apartment. Shane is about 90% sure he left milk in his fridge, and is too scared to check. Instead, he hauls his suitcase to his bedroom and shoves it into his closet.

For now, he will sleep. Tomorrow he will fix up the apartment, and the next day he will look for a job. He hopes to contact Rose soon, he had sent photos to her while in Japan and the two had kept in touch a bit. Maybe, he can play off his return as a surprise. That would be nice, it would make significantly less questions arise from people in his life.

Flopping onto his bed, Shane approaches the comfort. After living in hotels for the past month and a half, his actual bed has never felt so nice. With his embarrassment being put aside until morning, Shane lets his eyes get heavy. He drifts off to sleep quickly, preparing for all that is to come. He hopes Mr. Rozanov will be in his dream, one last comfort.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed! I'm sorry I don't reply to all comments, I get nervous about replying sometimes lol. I do enjoy reading them!

Chapter 11: The Chase

Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter took longer than usual, I am hoping to have chapter 12 within the next day or so

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

Deja Vu; The feeling one has lived through the present situation in the past.

Rose looks happier than when Shane left. Her hair looks fresh, and her skin flows ever so slightly. Even as she is sweating in her workout gear, she seems better than she had been. Shane jogs beside her, the two running along a path. It has been Rose's idea to go for a jog, something about helping Shane get over his jetleg. He couldn't deny her, given his return is supposed to be her surprise.

"How has work been?" Shane asks, finally breaking the noise of heavy breathing between them.

"Good, I recently got a pay raise." Rose replies, though this news does not shock Shane.

If there was one good aspect about working at Rozanov Enterprises, raises came easily. Especially, for those close to Mr. Rozanov and Ms. Vetrova. He knows in his case that the raises and gifts he received from the man could be considered inappropriate, but it's hard to deny his kindness.

They continue their jog, and start to slow down near a river. The water runs blue, and splashes against rocks. Birds chirp overhead, and there is a certain lightness in the world around them.

Maybe it's the environment, but Shane suddenly feels as if he needs to tell Rose. In a way, he hopes Rose will understand. Maybe she can talk him through it all. At the very least, perhaps he can warn her of inappropriate workplace behavior.

"Rose, can you keep a secret?" Shane starts, the woman's eyes shift to look at him.

They stand in front of the river, looking out upon the rushing water. "Of course, what's up?" She asks, a look of genuine care on her face.

"Mr. Rozanov and I had sexual relations, and I left my job to stop myself from trying to pursue anything further." Shane admits, his voice wary of how Rose will react.

“No shit.” Rose replies, almost laughing.

“You two are not slick.” She continues, and a weight eased off of Shane.

He stands there, his hands now shoved in his pocket. “I came back for him. I know he doesn’t want me, but I still came back.” The admission left Shane’s lips like a bullet to the head.

A silence falls over the two, and the noise from the river fills the air. The fresh scent of the water strings his nose. Shane wants to leave, to run off. Then again, where would he go? Would he go back to his apartment? Go back to Japan? His options are pretty limited, and neither seem complying.

“I need to go.” Rose claims her phone is vibrating.

Shane hasn’t noticed her phone going off, that is until Rose spoke up. He watches as she jogs off, pressing the phone to her ear. Usually, a person in this situation would feel uncomfortable, but Shane just feels alone. It feels as if the world is closing in on him, and a single step forward means scattering everything around him.

A few days pass, and Shane doesn’t leave his apartment. He survives off water and plain crackers, he has other items but doesn’t seem himself worthy of them. Actually, he currently doesn’t see himself worthy of much at all. It’s odd, he feels like a shell of a person.

It’s as if he is unable to fit in anywhere he goes. In Japan, he didn’t fit in. Here, he is a mess. The entire world is telling him things he has known for a long time, things he has chosen to ignore.

Hayden has reached out, asking if Shane is here to stay or just visiting. He didn’t have the courage to reply back, instead he tossed his phone somewhere. It had been a day or so since he lost his phone, he knows it’s somewhere in his apartment. If he had to guess, it’s under a pile of clothes. Honestly, when he threw it he didn’t even care if the thing broke. He just couldn’t handle sending the messages pop up, nor the notifications from social media showing other people living their lives.

If he had it his way, he would die in this apartment.

Around noon, a knocking comes from Shane’s door. He tried to ignore it, tossing a blanket over his head. The banging continues, and does not stop. After thirty minutes, whoever it is finally leaves. It’s only then, Shane tosses the blanket aside. Curiosity has gotten the best of him, and he tiptoes to the door.

With his hands and chest pressed up against the white door, his eye peaks through the small hole. It takes a moment for him to make sense of the object, but when he does, he opens the door. In a nice blue vase, see a pile of fresh roses. Swiftly, he takes them into his arms and shuts the door.

He sets them on his table, next to the dead roses. A letter is stuck within the roses, and he grabs it out. On the front, a Boston address is listed. It clearly states this letter and gift of

flowers is for Shane Hollander, as such, he opens the letter carefully.

A sleek wine red card is inside. Curiously, Shane flips it over to where there is a small written message.

'Apologies, I am not in Canada currently. I will return soon, and I hope to see you then.'

-Ilya Rozanov.'

Why the fuck is Mr. Rozanov sending Shane flowers? Is this some sort of sick joke? Had Rose informed him of their encounter?

Suddenly, Shane starts to frantically search his room for his phone. He moves clothes, looks between the cracks of furniture. Eventually, he finds success. His phone is of course dead, and he rushes to plug it into the charger by his bed.

As he waits for it to charge up, Shane goes around his room and gathers the floor clothes into a bin. If this isn't a joke, he refuses to let Mr. Rozanov know the effect he has on him. Let alone let the man see him living in filth.

"Delayed?" Ilya questions, and Svetlana sighs with a nod.

For whatever reason, today is the one day when flying out of Boston is not going as planned. Ilya had initially planned to be back as soon as the flowers got to Shane, but that is no longer the case. The entire experience is not helped by reporters crowding him whenever he wishes in the VIP area. They ask about where the woman he is 'seeing' is, and Ilya makes some excuse.

Now, as he sits at a table in the VIP section all he can do is tap his foot against the ground. They had been delayed four times, and the chances of getting on a flight today were slim. He had tried to get a private jet, but to no luck. He could've pushed harder, but he didn't. Not because he doesn't think Shane is worthy of it, but because if Shane learned he had yelled at a flight crew he would be ashamed of himself.

Ilya's phone buzzes on the table, the vibration catches Svetlana's attention too. He half expects that it's just a notification from the airline once more. Instead, when he flips his phone over he is greeted by an email. The email states the flowers were delivered, however no one was home to receive them.

Has Shane already left? A pit forms in Ilya's stomach at the thought. He wishes this was all part of the game; Him chasing Shane. It is not, this is not their sexual fantasy, or BDSM relationship. His body feels stiff, and his air becomes hot. Nothing about him felt real, the world around him became dull.

He is nothing. Ilya Rozanov, is nothing.

“I was worried, you bast texted back.” Hayden starts, he plots down on the couch next to Shane.

“Yes, sorry.” Shane replies, he doesn’t offer more than that.

There is a silence that falls over them as Hayden reaches for the TV remote. It felt odd being back in Hayden’s house again. The entire part of Shane’s life spent here felt in the distant past, when it had really only been a few months. One thing about Hayden’s house, the place doesn’t remind him of Mr. Rozanov. At least not nearly as much as his apartment does.

“How was Japan?” Hayden finally asks, he flips the channel to hockey and looks over to Shane.

The question comes out honestly, and Shane knew coming over meant it would be asked. He had tried to prepare on the ride over, a fake answer. Yet, at this moment he can’t lie. Not to Hayden.

“It was...bad. Really bad.” Shane confesses, there is a silence that follows.

As the silence looms over them, Shane can feel tears start to form in his eyes. He hadn’t realized how negatively Japan had impacted him, he knew it had hurt but didn’t realize it hurt this much. Instinctively, he tried to turn away from Hayden. It’s the urge to shield himself from being emotional to his friend that brings it all on.

“Listen, you don’t have to tell me what happened. If you say it was bad, then I trust you.” Hayden speaks up, a hand landing on Shane’s shoulder.

As much as Hayden is helping, Shane can’t shake the thought of wanting Mr. Rozanov here. He wants to be in his arms, to feel the man's warmth. Even if he hates the scent, the smell of his Russian brand cigarettes would be comforting. As much as Shane is still unhappy with him, it’s hard to deny his feelings. The flowers most certainly didn’t help.

Hayden and Shane sit on the couch for another two hours, their conversation flows from Japan to hockey. A sense of normalcy starts to form, and it warms Shane’s insides. As much as he tried to escape his life here while in Japan, he had missed Hayden.

As Shane starts to pack up to head back to his apartment, he starts to wonder. He wonders if Mr. Rozanov is doing well, if the flowers had been more than a kind gesture. It felt hopeless to assume upon his return the man will reach out to him, but then again, Shane is growing more and more hopelessly obsessed with him.

Chapter End Notes

I'm thinking of writing a one shot after this fic, but we shall see.

Chapter 12: The Urge To Return

Chapter Notes

Second last chapter...

Sorry this one has taken a bit, I find the last three chapters are always hard to write.

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

Captive; The state of being held against one's own will.

It's five in the morning when Shane is woken up by his phone busying on his nightstand. He tosses and turns, but whenever is calling, won't up. Eventually, he admits defeat and shuffles on his bed. His hand reaches out and grasps the phone. With a groan, he moves the phone towards his face and waits for the screen to unlock.

Only then, does the name of the caller pop up. The name nearly give Shane a heart attack. 'Ilya Rozanov.' Quickly, he picks up, pressing the phone to his ear.

"Hello?" Shane asks into the phone, maybe it was a buttdial.

"Where your apartment?" Mr. Rozanov's voice echoes through the phone, his voice leaving an imprint on Shane.

"What? Mr. Rozanov it's five in the morning." Shane speaks, his voice weak from sleep.

"Exactly why I come over, I need to do...old employee check in." He explains, he can hear the tension in Mr. Rozanov's voice.

"No." Shane's finally says, his voice firm and direct.

There a short silence that follows, as if Shane had shot Mr.Rozanov. "Ok, I do check-in from phone." He softly replies, there is no hint of upset in this voice.

It felt weird speaking to Mr.Rozanov in such a direct and firm way, as if he wasn't this all powerful man. If anything, Shane felt more desperate to prove himself independent from the man. He knows he is playing a game of white lies, deception. However, he can't help himself from doing so. Apart of him wants to hear Mr.Rozanov beg for him again, plea his case. He wants the dominate man on his knees for him, hugging his waist and crying into him hopelessly.

"How was Japan? Did leaving company improve wellbeing?" Mr.Rozanov asks, its clear he is struggling to think of these words let alone say them.

Maybe its because of how early it is, but Shane's filter is off. "It was shit." The words slide out of his mouth without a second thought.

Apart of Shane wonders if he explained the situation if Mr.Rozanov would be able to relate. Shane isn't stupid, he had long seen the articles about Mr. Rozanov dipped in hating on his Russian status. He'd also seen the translated Russian articles, they call him a defector. It seems he can never win. It's at least somewhat similar to what Shane had experienced, still, he knows it's not an exact match.

As Shane grips his phone in his hand, he feels himself start to sweat. It's a weird feeling, actually talking about the problem. It's not something he wants to do over the phone, but that could be because he wants to see Mr.Rozanov as a whole. Maybe, he should've invited the man over, let him sit in his apartment and do this stupid check-in.

"Can we meet somewhere, not now. Obviously. Later today?" Shane asks, his voice now more awake.

He can hear Mr. Rozanov's breathing, a pattern he has grown to relate to his thinking. "Of course, I find place and send address." He responds, with a slight hum.

"Let's go for lunch." Shane suggests, now sitting up in his bed.

"Ok, lunch." Mr. Rozanov repeats, as if confirming an important event.

"I'm going back to bed, you should sleep too." Shane claims, and he can hear the man on the other end groan.

"Fine. Sleep well." Mr.Rozanov affirms, before the phone call ends.

It takes awhile for Shane to actually go back to sleep after the call. His mind races, his thoughts blur together.

Is Shane making a mistake? He is steps away from the restaurant Mr.Rozanov has chosen for them to meet at, and it only now dawns on him how messed up this all is. He felt pathetic, running back to the man. In theory, leaving the job should've also made it so Shane is no longer under the control of Mr.Rozanov. Somehow, that did not happen, actually the opposite did. His eyes follow another couple thats goes inside, their hands intertwined. They look in love, unbothered by the world around them. Shane isn't sure what feeling is bubbling up in him, he wouldn't call it jealousy.

Shane approaches the restaurant slowly, his eyes whipping around the area. He isn't sure why he is so nervous to be seen, he is a nobody after all. If anything, he is checking to see if there is any sign of Mr.Rozanov waiting inside for him. This situation is not helped by Mr.Rozanov's absence of driving, though Shane tells himself it will be ok.

When he enters, the lighting of the restaurant is dark. A romantic ambience is in the air, candles provide the most amount of light. A hostess in a black dress stands behind a podium, she flashes Shane a quick and welcoming smile.

“Hello sir, how can I help you?” She asks, her eyes making contact with Shane’s.

“Uh, I have a reservation with Mr.Ilya Rozanov.” He explains, and the woman nods.

Shane watches as the hostess types something on her computer, she nods carefully. She hits one last button before calling over another hostess, only then does she urge Shane to follow her.

She leads him through the restaurant, past tables of couples. He sees some kissing, and others being secretive. Seeing this all, Shane longs for the simpleness of stolen kisses at the office. He would rather be standing in front of Mr.Rozanov’s desk explaining his feelings, than being in this environment. It felt uncomfortable, given all the two had been through.

Eventually, he is lead up a flight of stairs to a hallway with plenty of doors. Shane walks while listening to the woman’s heels tap against the ground with each step she takes. Soon enough, she turns to one of the doors. Her hand balls up, and she knocks against the door. It’s only when she hears Mr.Rozanov’s voice invite her in, that she enters.

Shane follows closely behind her, and is met by a small private room. A circle table is in the center of the room, with only two chairs on the left and right. The lamp over the table emits a soft glow, that leaves a shadow on Mr.Rozanov’s face. Against the back wall, is a small counter. A curtain hides the people behind it, though Shane can see glasses and plates. It seems like either a small kitchen, or a private way to deliver food to the room.

The woman pulls out the empty chair, and Shane takes his seat across from the man. Before they can speak, another individual appears from behind the curtain. Shane notes that the person does not make eye contact with either man, and simply pours Shane a glass of water. During the water being poured, the hostess excuses herself, shutting the door behind her. It’s only once the sever leaves, that Mr.Rozanov speaks up.

“Private, yes?” He asks, and Shane can’t help but note the look of pride in his eyes.

“Too private, no windows to air out your cigarette smell.” Shane replies, a sense of rebellion forming in him.

He watches the way Mr.Rozanov responds to his words, the way his icy blue eyes narrow. His curls look less maintained, more lazily done. Everything about him looked, tiresome. It seems Shane’s response to him did not help that. He wonders if the shadows that lay on his face hide eye bags under his eyes, just enough that Shane could not see.

Shane reaches out, he grabs after the menu. With it open, he scans the options. He flips to the drinks page, and is saddened to see a lack of Ginger Ale offered. Honestly, Shane almost groans at this and regrets letting Mr.Rozanov choose the place. As the server walks back over, Shane lets the other man order first. He eventually mentally decides he doesn’t need anything but water.

“For you?” The server changes his attention to Shane, who puts down the menu.

“He’ll have the Ginger Ale I requested to be brought in.” Mr. Rozanov speaks up before Shane can.

With that, the server rushes off back behind the curtain. Now Shane feels like he can’t be an asshole towards him. The feeling starts to come back into his heart, the warm love that has been nagging at him.

“You said Japan is shit” Mr. Rozanov starts, he picks up his menu and stares at the options.

“*Was* shit. I’m not there now, nor will I go back.” Shane groans back, and to his surprise Mr. Rozanov looks up from his menu.

They make eye contact for a split second, before Shane grabs after his now menu. “Why *was* Japan shit?” He asks.

A sweat starts to form on Shane, his neck is damp. Would Mr. Rozanov insult him for the problems he had in Japan? He doubts it, but he also doubts he’ll fully grasp the problem. Japan also isn’t why Shane really wanted to see him again, and he doesn’t want the topic of Japan to ruin what is to come.

“Complicated.” He finally replies, which is clearly not the answer Mr. Rozanov is looking for.

Food comes, and the smell fills Shane’s nose. He had ordered chicken, and it is undeniably delicious. As the two men eat, he realizes they have yet to talk about the actual problem at hand. Or at least the problem that is bothering Shane. He knew it would be hard, that it may end badly. At this point, he is willing to risk it.

He clears his throat, and places down his fork and knife. The action instantly grabs Mr. Rozanov’s attention, who stops cutting his food. He also puts his fork and knife down, as if to offer Shane his full attention.

“Mr. Rozanov, I have a problem.” He starts, his eyes looking down at the table cloth.

“No matter how much I hate you, how much I separate myself from you, I still crawl back to you.” Shane confesses, the confession echos through the room.

He watches Mr. Rozanov’s icy eyes, the way they flicker. “This problem?” He questions, his left eyebrow lifting slightly.

“Yes, a bad one. You’ve hurt me, not in a sexual fantasy fun way, but in a real way.” He tried to explain, a part of Shane feels this could be pointless.

The silence in the room is hard to sit with, neither man is eating. Shane knows that either way, something will change today. After this lunch, they will walk away differently than how they entered. He has accepted this as fact. Really, what lingers in his mind is the different possible ways they leave. There is a hopefully ending, one that feels out of reach at the moment. The rest range from ok to hurt.

He wonders if Mr.Rozanov knew just how much Shane loves him, and just how deeply hurt he has been. It's a hard pill to swallow, but he also knows Mr.Rozanov is dating someone new. Someone that is not Shane, and someone that the public loves. Even with his confession, he knows the likelihood of a good result is minimal.

"Why tell now, not sooner?" He questions, and Shane watches as the man's hand clunch.

"Because, you're my boss. You didn't just have sexual power over me, you had money and social power." Shane accused, which seems to not make the situation better.

Mr.Rozanov looks like he is about to run. "Would never." He claims, his voice ridged.

"Fine, what about Sasha?" he pokes, he knows this is most certainly getting into the ending bad territory.

"Thought you into it, Sasha means nothings." Mr.Rozanov's voice rises slightly, as if this should be common knowledge.

'Sasha means nothing.' The words hit Shane like a bullet, if Sasha means nothing, what does that make Shane mean? The thought almost makes him want to run, to go to whatever washroom is nearby and throw up. His stomach growls.—not in a hungry way, but a noxious one—making his one hand gently go over it.

"How I fix?" Mr.Rozanov whispers, just loud enough that Shane can hear him.

"Mr. Rozanov its—" "Ilya, no Mr.Rozanov."

"*Ilya*, it's more complicated then just forgiveness." Shane continues, adjusting his words to the correction.

It's odd, really. The more Shane speaks to Mr-Ilya, the more he is having these moments. Moments where recognizes this is more than just a love sick issue. This is an issue of status, and control. An issue of balance that needs to be maintained. All of this, every last bit, makes its indefinitely hard to solve it,

"Make a deal, after this lunch we never speak again. If we run in each other, we try." Ilya offers, his words thick.

Chapter End Notes

Once this fic is complete my attention will go to a one-shot I am working on currently. My aim for that one-shot is to post it around the same time this final chapter of this fic releases!

I hope you all enjoy, and are ready for chapter 13

Chapter 13: Eaten Alive

Chapter Notes

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

Bond; A connection between two things.

One years later

Two years later

Three years later

Nearly four years have past, and the world has changed. Included in this change is Shane, who went back to university. He's less than a semester from graduating, and it's odd. In a way, seeking education once more has been like a therapy for him. He didn't feel the same shame he has felt when referring to the racism he face throughout his life, including Japan. Though, he kept Ilya a secret. He never mentioned the man, if someone brought him up he'd reply with 'who?'.

If fate wanted the two back together, it would have to work it's magic. Shane wasn't about to try and force his way back into the man's life, it felt like cheating. Instead, he played dumb. It worked, shockingly very well. After awhile, people learnt to not ask him about millionaire business men, and would simply go by company names. Life is simpler now, and that is the way Shane likes it.

However, late at night this is not the case. When he lays in his bed,—in an apartment that he bought with Ilya's money—his mind wanders to the man. Spending the night, he thinks of his hands gracefully touching Shane's skin, kissing every part of his body. Other times, he thinks about Ilya laying next to him. Dreams that the man is sleeping beside him, warming the other part of his bed. Of course, these are all just dreams, figments of his imagination.

Ilya Rozanov cannot remember the last time he had sex, let alone the last time he enjoyed it. Actually, he could, he would proudly declare that the best sex he had was with Shane Hollander. However, that was now four years ago at least.

1110 days, that is how long it has been since he last saw Shane. His heart burns in his chest, it's a familiar burn. It feels like liquor that burns his throat, and then turns into an exciting buzz. Though, the burn in Ilya's heart will not turn into any exciting buzz. Instead, it will fester. It will wonder about would could've been, and if they will ever meet again. Embarrassingly, the first year Ilya had attempted to stage a meeting. None of these staged meetings ever worked out, as if fate was punishing him.

Presently, his life consists of sitting in his office all day and drinking. A few weeks ago, he served the woman he married divorce papers. He never loved her, he barely knew her. She was a shadow always in the background, feeding off his credit cards and basic human decency. He is sick of it.

If anything, he hoped Sasha would return once more. He prays that the man will come back and expose his nasty secrets to the world, just so that he can then loudly declare the owner of his heart. But, Ilya knows this is not possible, it never will be. Sasha was murdered, not sent my him, but by some other higher-up at the company. Svetlana's voice when she told him the news still rings clear in his head, alongside the small outrage of Sasha's family when Ilya did nit appear at the funeral.

And so, he stares out his office window. His eyes scan the streets below, taking in the height and amount of people outside. The sun as long set, and yet he sits here, waiting. He clutches a glass of vodka in his hand, and takes hasty sips of it. On nights like these, he lets himself think about Shane. Let's his hand slip below his pant line and help the growing mass in his underwear. Then, when he has cum, he thinks about how badly he misses the man.

He misses the way Shane smells, and his soft hair. He misses his freckles that line his cheeks and nose, like small love spots for Ilya to kiss at. There is an aspect of curiosity too, if Shane was here now. Would Shane sit in his lap, letting Ilya cuddle and hold him? Or would he still insist on leaving, not wanting to break the invisible wall they are somehow created together. The thoughts start out sweet, then turn into dread when Ilya realizes this is not possible.

The coffee on campus sucks, everyone knows it. As such, Shane makes the active choice to go elsewhere. He had just finished his morning class, and now has a five hour gap in his time table. Honestly, he just needs coffee because he is getting older and the long days and nights take a toll on him. The stress from the assignments and tests do not help this either.

As such, he finds himself waiting in line at a coffee shop just out of the university district. This cafe in particular has yet to be renovated, meaning it keeps its 90s-2000s looks. The entire cafe is made of shades of brown, with hints of deep yellow. On the walls are depictions of coffee, painted on which makes them look magical in a way. What makes the cafe nice though, is the lack of people. Most students don't come to this cafe because there are bigger coffee shops nearby, and honestly, a bit more reliable.

When Shane reached the front of the line, he placed his order. It's the same as alway, a regular coffee, with a bit of milk and sugar. He also gets a cheese and ham sandwich, warms up obviously. Then, he moves around the counter, and pulls out his phone. The wait is usually around five minutes, and he has grown to expect that with only one person working sometimes the wait is longer. As he checks his emails, the door rings signalling someone has entered. Shane doesn't bother looking up, he is much too busy checking emails.

He hears footsteps coming close to him, which causes him to finally look up. "Hollander?" A familiar voice asks.

Svetlana has a new addiction, one that Rose has gotten sick of and has passed onto Ilya. This addiction happens to be going to random small coffee shops. The entire thing is odd, because Svetlana isn't a coffee drinker. For the many years Ilya has known her, she has sworn off coffee. She would make bold claims that the caffeine ages her, and leads to nothing but bad breath. When she goes she just sits, or orders tea.

And, that is how Ilya ends up being dragged half across the city on his day off. He is ushered into a car by Svetlana, and then receives a hail-hearted apology text from Rose. Instantly, he knew that he was about to spend the afternoon taking Svetlana from cafe to cafe. Ilya can't lie, he had no other plans for today. He doesn't work out on the day he has off, instead he just lays around. Sometimes, he relives his Russian life and tunes into Russian channels on TV. A few cartoons from his childhood usually appear.

"How is Rose?" Ilya asks, attempting to break the silence in the car.

Svetlana looks up from her phone, and smiles. "Amazing, beautiful, моя принцесса." She replies, her hair moving with her.

Ilya doesn't get it. Svetlana and Rose somehow work, but he and Shane don't? Svetlana messes up too, and yet Rose forgives her. Ilya knows the entire Sasha thing was wrong, he knows Shane also needed space. However, it's hard. It's hard because it means he himself is the problem, and that hurts. He tries not to think about that, when it all first went down, that's all that consumed him. There were many nights Svetlana ended up talking Ilya off an edge, ensuring he knew how loved he is and that flaws make us human. He doesn't blame Shane, he never could. It isn't his fault that Ilya reacted in such a way, he knows it's genetic.

The car drives them across the city, and they stop in front of a small cafe. The signage is old, well-kept but old. Svetlana is practically jumping with excitement, and exits the car first. Ilya follows closely behind her.

When they enter, the smell of coffee instantly hits Ilya. The smell of a fresh roast, mixed in with the smell of melting cheese and warm ham. It makes his mouth water slightly, and reminds him of the few times he had a normal breakfast. Svetlana approaches the cashier, and as she orders Ilya looks around.

As he turns to his right, he sees him. The same black hair, freckled face. Shane Hollander, in the flesh. Ilya marches over, his feet hitting against the grown. Shane looks up from his phone, his eyes hold the same softness as years ago.

"Hollander?"

Fate is a funny thing, working in ways that no one can explain. If there was any place Shane expected to run into Ilya again, it wouldn't be a cafe. Yet, here he stands. He has a desperate expression on his face, and bites his lower lip slightly. His icy blue eyes are full of tension, and desire.

"Ilya?" Shane asks, his phone no longer his main concern.

Ilya clears his throat, and sticks out a hand. “I’m Ilya Rozanov.” He introduces.

It takes a second, but Shane understands and sticks a hand out to shake Ilya’s. “I’m Shane Hollander.” He replies, firmly grasping Ilya’s hand.

“Would you like to get drink together?” Ilya asks, now removing his hand from Shane’s.

“I’d love to.”

Two years later

“Fuck, Shane.” Ilya groans, his hips thrusting forward.

The sun is barely peaking through the window, but the two lovers are already busy. Morning sex happens to be a rare occurrence, neither wanting to wake the other up. Sometimes though, they wake up together. On those few days, they can’t help themselves.

Ilya thrusts into Shane, they are side by side. He kisses at the man’s neck, and playfully bites it too. Both his arms are wrapped around Shane, as if he is trying to breed the man’s hole. He felt like a wolf in heat, the way his body kept pushing into Shane. Ilya whispers his cock would form a knot, that way he could make Shane stay on it for as long as possible.

Both men cum, and Ilya slowly removes himself from Shane. Shane turns over to face him fully, kissing Ilya’s chest.

“Breakfast?” Ilya asks, and Shane gently stops kissing him, replying with a ‘mm’ noise.

They separate and Shane watches as his boyfriend puts on his pyjama pants, tying the string. Ilya kisses his forehead before heading downstairs, leaving him alone in the bed. Shane flips over again and looks at the clock, it’s still early. He knows he should shower, but also it’s too early for him to want to do anything else.

As he lays in the bed, he thinks about how anti-climatic their relationship had been. How really, then getting back together has been almost boring. It’s weird, but Shane likes that it turned out this way. They have lover coils, and sometimes Ilya—never Shane—has to sleep in the guest room. Really, for the most part they are happy. Shane doesn’t need drama or to break his heart to prove his love for Ilya, and vice versa. The few years they had been apart was more than enough for both of them.

Shane’s eyes move from the clock to the small golden invite in the bedside, his hand reaches for it. Their wedding invite, that is still fresh to the touch. So much so, Shane still forgets that Ilya isn’t just his boyfriend anymore. It doesn’t help that his ring was currently being resized, so that reminder is non-existent.

“I call breakfast.” Ilya claims, now reappearing in the doorway.

“I’m too tired to walk.” Shane groans, and before he can do anything else Ilya has picked him up into his arms.

“I love you.” Ilya whispers, walking out of the room with Shane in his arms.

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

And that is it! I do plan to post more fics for Hollanov so feel free to sub to my user or follow my Tumblr!

Thank you for all the support it means the world to me

End Notes

Tumblr: <https://www.tumblr.com/verybadvampire?source=share>

Feel free to reach out to me there, I post fic updates, ideas, answer questions etc!

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