

The End Game

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The End Game

by [Blueaether](#)

Summary

Shane is set on winning this game, and not even the Russian mafia will stop him.

Notes

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

Shane walked slowly towards the golden doors, his footsteps echoing quietly in the empty hallway. He tried to wipe the palm of his hands discretely on his black trousers, out of sight of the two guards that were flanking the door, but he knew it was useless - the nerves were getting the best of him. All he could hope for was that he could keep a somewhat neutral expression on his face.

He felt that any choice he took, any glance, or gesture, could ruin all his hard work leading up to this moment.

He slowed to a stop in front of the doors, and, with a confidence that he was completely faking, arched an eyebrow at one of the guards, who quickly opened it for him.

Game time.

Walking into the room, the first thing he noticed was the expanse of white marble flooring and even walls. Everything screamed opulence.

He knew he did not belong in this world – the fact that he was here at all was laughable, honestly, but he had decided that his mission was more important than himself and his love to stay holed up in his apartment.

He looked at the tableau in front of him. In the couches facing the door, several men looking like stereotypical Russian mobsters seemed to have been playing a game of cards before he arrived. Cigarettes were lit everywhere it seemed, the smell and the smoke of it adding to the stereotypical look. Small, 20s looking lamps decorated the tables, and he could smell the strong liquor that the men seemed to be drinking, mixing with the cigarette smoke.

Standing up with a glass in hand was the man whom he knew for a fact was the Pakhan. He had spent many, many months closely monitoring him from the safety of his apartment, hindering his plans, hacking his outdated computers, sabotaging his business without the man ever even thinking that a Canadian geek halfway across the world, drinking ginger ale in the pale light of his monitor, was actually behind all of it.

The Pakhan said something in Russian, and some of the men laughed.

Shane stared straight ahead at him, feeling a cold drop of sweat make its way down his shoulderblades. This was his one and only opportunity, and he was so going to win this game.

“Hello,” he said calmly.

Some of the men laughed and seemed to mock him, but he paid them no heed – his attention continued to be on the Pakhan.

“I have come for what is mine,” he added, staring right into the Pakhan's eyes.

The man snorted and walked towards him, leaving his glass on one of the coffee tables on the way. Once he was very close to Shane, he stopped. Shane had no choice but to tilt his head

slightly up to look up into the man's beady eyes. He said something in Russian again –Shane could not answer that so he shook his head, deciding to continue using English.

"I know you understand me perfectly, so stop wasting my time. Hand over that USB"

The Pakhan replied something in Russian, looking at him with hatred in his eyes. Shane's heart was hammering in his chest. It was one thing to watch from the safety of his cottage, protected by screens and code, and it was another thing altogether to stand in front of one of the last living legends of organized crime. His eyes were cold as ice, and he could see why this man had not hesitated to kill or do what it took to get to the top.

But Shane had covered all his bases as well as he had been able to – he knew he was safe. Well, as safe as he could be, taking into account that every second in this mansion was a second closer to possible death.

He knew he had to be quick with this, speed was the only thing that would allow him to – maybe – successfully complete this mission and get back to the safety of his home country, his apartment, his security measures, and, more importantly, to his laptop and the security being one of the best hackers in the world gave him.

"You do not want to waste my time, and I do not want to waste yours either," Shane said, keeping his voice steady. "I want my USB and I will also be taking one man from you," he added.

He allowed his eyes to drift among the room, as though he was looking for the perfect collateral. He had already walked into that snake den with everything carefully chosen, had known what he was doing since two months ago when he had come up with this crazy decision.

He nodded towards another set of sofas, slightly farther away. A blond man and a stunning woman were sitting and smoking there, both observing the show with impassive eyes. He nodded towards the man.

"I will take him as my collateral, as we agreed," he said.

The Pakhan turned behind himself and looked at the blond man. He said something and the man stood up slowly, leaving his cigarette. His expression was so cold that it was impossible to tell what he was really thinking.

"Really?" the Pakhan asked. Shane made his eyes look back at him, and nodded. He did not want to say anything else.

Mainly, to keep up with his façade, but also because he could feel the tension in the room rising and, coupled with the pressure of knowing he was getting too close to having to leave as quickly as possible before his time ran out, was giving him a tight feeling in his chest. He had almost made it.

He swallowed and held out his hand.

“Now, give me that USB and I will leave.”

The Pakhan cursed under his breath and signaled to one of the men, who stood up and brought over a little box. At this point, Shane’s nerves were shot, and he was relying heavily on the fact that he supposedly had a good poker face to take him through the following steps. Each and every man and woman in this room was dangerous, he had checked their files, he knew the long list of crimes each one had committed for the sake of their Pakhan and their organization.

Once he had the box in hand, he quickly looked at it –thinking that, if nothing else, at least they would not have put an explosive inside taking into account that he was standing right next to their boss. He found the beat up USB stick inside, as expected.

Usually he would have had to check the contents, but today he was good just with the reassurance that the USB was the same one he had allowed to be stolen from him months ago. He would take it at face value, as the USB was not really the point.

The blond man had finally sauntered over to them. Up close, Shane could feel his gaze as if it were a physical force. He could not look at him, not when he was at a crucial time for his plan, but he could smell his masculine cologne and the image of this man, with his curls slicked back, his open black silk shirt and even the golden necklace hanging tantalizingly on his chest, made him think that maybe there really were Gods out there as who else could create such perfection.

“Спасибо” he said, looking at the Pakhan. He nodded and turned around, knowing the blond was going to be following him.

He heard some muttering in Russian behind him, but he kept walking –if anything failed, at this point, his strategy was going to have to stop being about playing it cool. But, thankfully, after a moment he heard the steps following him outside of that hellhole. He walked back the way he came, and was never happier than when he stopped outside to see his car waiting with Hayden inside.

“That is slightly creepy,” commented Hayden from the seat across from him, happily munching on some dried fruit.

“Shut up, I can’t believe we are here,” said Shane, his head resting against the private jet’s window and looking at the sleeping beauty right in front of him. As soon as he had gotten to the car, Hayden had appeared behind Ilya and sedated him –both to protect him, and to ensure that any possible witnesses reported to the Pakhan that he had not gone willingly, hopefully stopping any possible thoughts of Ilya being a traitor from the old man’s mind.

“Yeah, we have not died and I get to see my children again!” cheered Hayden, lifting his glass of coke at Shaun.

Shaun rolled his eyes and snorted.

“Yes, we have lived to see another day”. He turned his gaze to Hayden, his voice catching slightly. “Listen, I will never be able to repay you for what you did today,” he said, swallowing. “Thank you for leading me to this point, I am lucky to have you in my life”.

“Aww, shut up Shane” Hayden said, getting up from his seat to ruffle Shaun’s hair. “You are my brother and I want you to be happy, who cares about being normal anyway when we can stage a fake operation just to get your man back to you.”

Shaun laughed softly, shaking his head, and turned to look at Ilya, peacefully sleeping in front of him, like seeing a mirage after months crossing the desert. He put his feet on top of the seat and hugged his knees. He felt some of the tears he had been holding back finally rolling down his cheeks and quickly wiped them with the back of his hand.

He had been so scared, but was now feeling so fucking proud of having done it, of finally being able to see Ilya resting in front of him after of so many months of nightmares and worst case scenarios running through his head.

The biggest part of his mission was secured, Ilya was with him.

Now there was one final part to play –there was always a price to pay.

Ilya was still sleeping by the time he and Hayden had driven up to the cabin, as they had had to dose him again on the plane.

They had searched his clothes beforehand and left his shoes and belt back in their first car in Moscow –the fact that the Russians had not seemed very smart technologically speaking did not mean that they could not suddenly decide to hire the skills they were missing. Even Ilya’s phone had been carefully inspected, taken apart, and disposed of in different locations to ensure no one was able to pinpoint where, exactly, they were taking him.

Now, they carefully laid him on top of the bed in Shane’s master bedroom.

“What do they eat in Russia? Bricks?” complained Hayden and Shane, struggling to lift Ilya’s legs onto the bed, snorted.

“Maybe we should spend some time at the gym instead of sitting in front of the computer,” he said. Hayden looked at him with a deadpan expression and they both snorted, shaking their heads.

“I will be off now, man. Can’t wait to see my kids! Let me know if you need anything!” said Hayden, and he was already going out the bedroom door.

“Wait! I will see you off!” said Shaun, following after him.

“No need, see ya’ later!” shouted Hayden, and the slam of the main door indicated he had already left.

Shaun bit his lip and looked back at Ilya. Maybe they had overdone it with the sleeping pills? But he had carefully read the package, and nothing indicated that Ilya had any allergies?

He felt his forehead, the temperature seemed normal. To be on the safe side, he had prepared some water and medicine for headache on the bedside table.

It would have to do, as he had another appointment to keep.

With tentative fingers he caressed Ilya's forehead, down to his perfect nose, up his cheekbones, and down his jawline again to rest on his lips. His heart was beating hard against his chest. He loved this man, loved like he had never dared to do before, and now that he was finally free from his self-imposed prison and he had taken what he wanted, he felt like there was nothing in this world that was going to be able to stop him from doing everything possible to protect Ilya.

He remembered the look in Ilya's eyes sitting in that mansion in Russia, his tight jawline, unfocused eyes, the closed off body language. So unlike what Ilya was to him.

For Shane was always in the dark, in front of his computer, happy to be by himself and content with just one best friend for company. But Ilya was the light, he drew people to him like moths to a flame, he was the life of the party, always willing to lend a hand despite what he called his 'resting bitch face' that made him look unapproachable. And his blunt honesty and sense of humour had had Shane in tears too many times to count. With time, his English had gotten so good that even more people had been drawn to him.

And, somehow, due to a fluke or something, Ilya had chosen to consistently hang out with Shane. Shane, who was boring, nerdy, and refused to leave his tech room if he could avoid it.

Sighing, Shane took one last glance at Ilya's sleeping face and left the room, softly closing the door behind himself.

He made it downstairs and checked the dining room table. On top of it, he had neatly arranged everything he thought Ilya could need to start a new life, and made provisions in case he never made it back to see him awake. He had left his will –he was leaving some things for his parents and Hayden, the rest was all for Ilya--, all his car keys, his house keys clearly labelled so he knew which house and address they belonged to, and, finally, a copy of the marriage certificate he had hacked into the civil registry, together with the nationality papers for Ilya, who was now a Canadian citizen - well, this would be new information for him, but for the government of Canada he had already been a legal citizen for two years and had been holding a good job and paying the relevant taxes.

He had no choice but to take one of the car keys now and made his way to the door. This was going to be the final part of the plan.

Having already faced the Russian mafia, walking up the steps to the Centaurs' local base should really not have been that difficult. But here he was, shaking like a leaf.

His mind kept wandering to his house a few kilometers away, still reeling from the image of Ilya sleeping in his bed, in his home, which he purchased with him in mind. The feeling of having followed his heart was still following him, and his brain was all over the place, coming up with different scenarios and futures.

But here, now, required his focus and he snapped back to the present in time to press the call bell on the door. He asked for a favour and the Centaurs were more than willing to help him – he was not a mafia kingpin, he was only a hacker, and therefore to obtain an audience like the one they had arranged with the Pakhan, he had had to resort to people of similar power.

The door opened, and he was dragged by his jumper into the room. He gave a strangled shout, but before he could react a hood of some kind had been placed on top of his head, covering his eyes and face, and his arms were secured behind his back and used to push him forward.

“Shut up and keep going,” a voice snapped behind him.

He struggled to obey, but it was hard to follow the pace and he felt unable to gather his wits about him.

Before long, they stopped and he could hear some steps moving around what sounded like a big empty space. The person keeping his arms secured tightened their hold.

He bit his tongue – as much as he wanted to ask questions and ask for his immediate release, he knew he had no grounds to stand on, he was at their mercy until he could at least figure something more about his surroundings.

“Well, well, well... at least you are a man of your word, Hollander” said a voice he recognized.

He immediately relaxed, his head slumping forward.

“Of course, you helped me - did you really think I was not going to come today, J.J.?” he replied.

The hood was removed and he saw that he was, for the second time in a week, in a big room with a couple of lounging areas. This room, though, unlike its Russian counterpart, had a more simple and elegant look, with beige colors and a massive window on one side that provided a great view of an open area with trees and a carefully arranged garden.

J.J. was in front of him, a couple of guys wearing white facemasks standing behind him as sort of bodyguards.

“I am impressed.” J.J. said, “I did not think you would have the guts to do what you did, and I never would have guessed you would actually return alive.”

Shane snorted but kept quiet, waiting to see where this was heading.

“In any case, you have managed to impress our boss and he now wants to meet you” he said in a cheerful tone. The hood was suddenly covering Shane’s face again.

“Please wait here!!”.

Shane snorted. As if there was anywhere else he could go, he was sort of trapped.

He was pushed down to his knees, his arms now secured behind his back by handcuffs, and he was then made to wait for what felt like hours.

Just when he was considering asking to stand up again, as his knees were starting to ache, he heard steps approaching slowly. The pace seemed to be slow, confident, echoing through the room and commanding respect.

His heart sank.

“Leave us.” said a voice he knew very well.

The bodyguard that had been standing behind him seemed to retreat, he could hear footsteps and, after a few seconds, there was the sound of a door closing and the room fell silent.

The footsteps came closer, and suddenly the hood that had been covering his head was removed.

And Shane was face to face with Ilya, who was crouching in front of him and staring with an impassable face. His hair looked wet, as though he had just taken a shower. Probably he had, as to be there right then he must have woken up not long after Shane had left him. Some of his curls were sticking to his face and neck wetly, some drops of water making their way down to his collarbone. He was wearing a black sweater and black joggers, which looked very comfortable. He was a feast for his tired eyes.

Ilya caught his wandering gaze and arched an eyebrow.

“Well?” He asked, tilting his head slightly. His lips were pressed together and a muscle on his jaw twitched. He looked pissed off.

“Well what?” replied Shane, looking away from the vision in front of him.

A hand immediately lifted his chin, returning his gaze to the Russian in front of him.

“After the little stunt you just pulled, you have nothing to say?”

Shane tried to look away again.

“Look at me” said Ilya, forcing his chin back up.

“Of course there are many things I want to say to you” Snapped Shane “but I am a bit surprised right now and I need a moment, okay?” He added. He could feel himself blushing and having Ilya’s full attention like this was not how he imagined this to happen.

“So you are feeling shy now, after going to fucking Russia, facing my fucking father all by yourself, and then kidnapping me somehow” Ilya snorted.

Shane could not tell by Ilya's tone of voice whether he was angry or impressed, so he decided that, no matter what happened, he needed to tell Ilya how he felt. At least his whole mission would have served two purposes: getting Ilya out of Russia and into a better future, and finally admitting what he had been slowly realizing for the past year as to what the man meant to him.

"Of course I fucking did" he said heatedly, "or what did you think I was going to do once I read all the rumours about the Pakhan trying to get rid of his younger son? Chill in my room whilst the man I love was possibly at risk?" he said, lifting his chin and looking at the Russian.

Ilya snorted, and his lip curled slightly.

"Look at you, suddenly having guts" he drawled.

"Yeah, perhaps I should have done this years ago but here I am, I am boring and slow on the uptake. But I am proud of what I have done. Now, if you are happy release me and I will go on my way." He said. His voice choked a bit at the end of that sentence, his heart twisting painfully.

"I do not think so" said Ilya, and one of his hands caressed Shane's hair, stopping at the base of his skull and squeezing his neck. He was back to looking serious, his gaze dark and hungry as he looked at Shane.

"I am tired of hiding" whispered Shane, looking at Ilya's lips and quickly at his eyes. "I want you, every part of you, always by my side. I love you, and I will deal with any consequences from that"

Ilya was so close now that their breaths mingled. He rested his forehead against his, closing his eyes for a second.

Suddenly, the Russian's lips were pressing against his. Slowly, as though learning each other for the first time. Shane opened his mouth and soon their tongues were pressing against each other. The pace continued to be slow as the kiss grew deeper and deeper, and he could feel warmth spreading through his limbs, his heart feeling full. With one last kiss to the corner of his mouth, Ilya stopped the kiss, resting his forehead against his.

"Maybe not by yourself next time - you tell me before stupid idea gets in your head, da?" He said, pulling at Shane's hair slightly.

"I will do what I want" replied Shane, stubbornly.

"No, you are mine. You will do what I say" said Ilya, and then, softening his voice, he added "I love you too".

"Oh" gasped Shane, looking at the floor and blinking back tears.

He was so happy he felt his chest would burst.

Ilya tilted his head and kissed his lips softly.

“I like you tied up and on your knees, maybe I keep you like this” he said, his lips twisting into a smirk.

“Oh yeah?” Shane leaned forward slightly, arching his back and looking up at Ilya through his eyelashes “are you going to punish me for what I did”

Ilya’s gaze went dark. His hand on Shane’s hair tightened, but the kiss, when it came, was sweet.

When they separated, Shane kissed down to his jaw, nibbling his earlobe and continuing slowly down his neck. After a few kitten licks to Ilya’s neck he looked up into the dark gaze.

“Could you...could you maybe come home with me?” He asked, biting his lower lip. Ilya’s gaze zeroed in on that, his tongue coming out to moisten his lips.

“Ah, but sweetheart, we are home already”

“What...?”

Ilya snorted, tilting Shane’s chin up with his free hand.

“Did you not hear J.J. when he said he was going to go find his boss?”

“What...” Shane tried to shake his head, not grasping what he was hearing.

“I was already planning my escape from that shithole, so for the last few months I have been busy preparing... and this is my brand new HQ” he said looking at the room around him. “Of course, whilst I was doing all of this and shifting assets to this country, I should have maybe kept a closer eye on you” he looked back at Shane, and his hand moved so that he could caress Shane’s lips with his thumb.

“Who would have thought you would be suddenly going off on a little adventure” he added, smirking “or that you would be asking my own men for help. It was all very entertaining up to the point I saw you in that room with my fucking father”

He returned his grip to Shane’s hair, pulling him closer “never again, you hear?” he kissed him again, pulling him in and tilting his head to the side. Ilya knew perfectly well Shane’s weak spots and he smirked when he felt him melting against him, moaning softly when he nibbled along his collarbone.

Releasing him, he let himself fall back onto the floor, opening his legs.

“Come here, sweetheart”

Shane made his way slowly towards him, his knees were killing him by this point but his prize kept him focused. Slowly dragging himself forward was challenging though, especially with his hands still handcuffed behind him.

“What do you want?” Asked the Russian, looking at him with dark eyes.

Shane knew he was blushing, but he still met that gaze full on.

“You...I want you”

He leaned forward and kissed Ilya, mouths sliding wetly against each other. By this point he was leaning completely against the Russian, and he could feel his hardness pressing against his own.

Being defenseless like this, after the stress of the past few days, but feeling safely protected in Ilya’s arms...he could not describe what it was doing to him but it felt like he had fire in his veins.

“I need you, Ilya,” he begged.

“Fuck” and suddenly he was being lifted and carried over to a long couch nestled against the wall, the Russian sitting and making him sit astride his lap. His trousers and underwear were lowered below his ass, and Ilya made quick work of opening his own trousers and taking his cock out, stroking it a couple of times.

Shane felt his mouth water but could not enjoy the sight more than a second before he was being kissed again, messily, just how he liked it.

“You are going to take what you want” said Ilya, whilst one of his fingers started entering him. “And you will come just from my cock.”

Shane moaned softly, expecting pain but finding none. Next to Ilya lay a discarded satchel of lube - he had not even realized he had that, and briefly wondered about it but in a moment a particularly well placed trust of that finger, and the addition of a second, had him focusing on something else entirely.

“Please” he begged, he was so hard he felt like he would explode if he did not have Ilya inside of himself at that moment.

“Take me, baby, c’mon” whispered the Russian against his lips.

Shane moaned and scooted closer, feeling Ilya aligning the head of his cock with his entrance. He knew it was going to hurt a bit - it had been some time since he had last had the Russian and they had been rushing through prep, but the thought only served to make him hotter.

Lowering himself, he had to bite his lip when he felt that cock breaching him. It was hurting so good...he did not stop until he was fully seated, and rubbed his lips against Ilya’s neck whilst he adjusted to feeling so full.

Ilya had his eyes tightly closed, head tilted back and hands holding onto his waist, and looked to be struggling himself.

“Fuck” he moaned.

Shane moved slightly, pulling a moan from the two of them. And, from there, it was all too easy to just chase his own pleasure, feeling Ilya lifting his hips every time in order to meet his downward journey.

It was wet and delicious, and something about Ilya being fully clothed below him, letting him take his pleasure, finally did it for him.

“Ilya, I...,I’m going to...” he bit his lip and shuddered, his orgasm shooting through him suddenly.

He felt Ilya tremble and follow him not long after, and he kissed him softly, closing his eyes whilst they both got their breaths back.

He felt his breath even out and closed his own eyes, feeling all the excitement of the last few days catch up to him. He felt safe, and he trusted Ilya to look after him.

The last thing he felt, before sleep claimed him, was Ilya caressing his hair.

When he woke up the following morning, he was in a luxurious bed with Ilya curled around him, his arm around his waist. The sheets and cushions were so soft against his skin, he almost felt like he was floating.

His hands had been freed from the handcuffs and were curled in front of him - he could see faint marks where the metal had cut slightly into his sensitive skin.

But, more importantly, he could see a brand new golden wedding ring on his finger.

End Notes

I thought it was about time our fandom had its own little spin into mobster AUs (which I love).

Hope to inspire you all to join in 😍

Thank you for reading!

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