

the sound when i hit the ground

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the sound when i hit the ground

by [bizarrebird](#)

Summary

Shane is heir to the Hollander group, a big name in public, and an even bigger one to those making shady deals in darkened corners. His life is going just the way it should, and he is everything he should be: meticulous, controlled, and singularly focused. And then a stranger with a Russian accent offers him a cigarette and throws Shane's world off its axis.

Notes

I haven't posted anything in so long, but the gay hockey brain worms got me bad. I thought haha a mafia au sounds fun and then this happened. I'm sticking to the show more than the books (which I'm still in the process of reading). Title comes from the song 'Perfect' by Marianas Trench.

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

The bar is just dark enough that the dozen different light sources all come together to create a deeply unpleasant sort of fog. And the copious cigarette smoke doesn't help. Both things make Shane's fingers twitch on his glass. It's good vodka, but he's been nursing the same glass for nearly an hour. Getting wasted before a meeting is rarely a good idea. Though Shane wouldn't be drinking much even if it was.

Apparently that sentiment isn't one many share.

"You're still working on that? You need to loosen up, buddy," Hayden Pike says, his elbow digging into Shane's ribs.

Shane shoves him away, rather gently all things considered. "I don't. And I think you're getting a little too loose. We're working, remember?"

Hayden blows grumpy bubbles into his cocktail. That must be his third if Shane is counting right. "I think we've been stood up."

The thought has crossed Shane's mind a few times, but he doesn't indulge it just yet. Everyone likes to play games. Keeping your associates waiting is a classic power play. That doesn't mean it isn't irritating as hell to wait through.

"They'll be here." Shane glances at his watch again. "Hunter keeps his word... most of the time."

Or he had when he was still the number two of his organization. Scott Hunter's rise in New York has shaken things a bit, not terribly, but the ground is still uneven. That's why Shane has to be here to make sure the Hollander group still has their footing. Backing Hunter had been a risk, one that Shane had talked his mother into. Maybe that's why it stings that he's still being treated like a child, waiting for the adults to let him into the room.

Yuna Hollander isn't about to retire any time soon, something she's made very clear to allies and enemies alike, but... Shane knows that won't be the case forever. He needs to establish himself, make it clear he can pick up the slack. Someone just needs to give him a chance to take up the damn reins.

The music in the bar changes to something unpleasant and thumpy that makes Shane's ears ache. He casts a glance around, then looks to the bartender, motioning him over when he catches the man's eyes. The bartender is... cute. For a guy. Fluffy hair, slight stubble, nice eyes that Shane holds for what he's fairly sure is the correct length of time as he makes his way over. Shane leans into the bar a little more so he doesn't have to raise his voice to be heard. "Any idea when Mr. Hunter will be available? We had a meeting..."

The bartender winces just a little in sympathy and glances over his shoulder toward a back room with some very tall, very imposing men outside it. "I think he should be done... soon. He had a few things to deal with earlier, his schedule got shuffled. My guess is... another five... ten minutes maybe? Possibly longer. I'm sorry, sir."

Shane chooses to take the 'sir' as genuine instead of pity, so he gives a little shake of his head. "It's alright, I'm not in a rush. Just let me know when he's ready."

Not entirely true, but... he doesn't have anywhere else important to be tonight. The bartender gives him a little nod and an apologetic glance before he has to head off to give a few of the more rowdy patrons another round.

Shane downs the rest of his drink and sets the glass down. He gives Hayden a gentle nudge with his elbow. "You stay here, let me know if Hunter finishes his business. I need some air."

Hayden pouts at him like he isn't a grown man with four or five kids. Shane's pretty sure it's four, but he can't be sure at this point. "You're abandoning me?"

Nodding, Shane pats his shoulder. "Just for a minute. Please don't cause problems."

"Fine, fine, go clear your head. I'll hold down the fort." Hayden gives him a little wave to send him off and tries to flag down the bartender again.

As much as Hayden acts like a fool, most of it is that, an act. He wouldn't be Shane's number two if it wasn't. Of the two of them, Hayden is older, has worked for the Hollander group for years, but unlike most of the muscle that surrounds Shane's parents, he's not too proud to work for their son. And Shane appreciates him more than he can say. More than he does say. He needs to work on that. He'll give Hayden another bonus after tonight, assuming Scott Hunter isn't about to stab him in the back. Which is always possible.

Shane makes his way out of the bar, careful to avoid any of the other patrons. Some are regular folks, looking for a drink at a place that's a little more ritzy and out of the way. But Shane knows for a fact that most of them are mafia. Hunter's bringing them in one by one. Settling old scores, establishing new rules, letting everyone know just where things stand. Really, Shane knows he should be paying attention, maybe even taking notes. That's going to be him one day.

Though hopefully not soon. He needs more time.

Outside the New York City air is... somewhat fresher than inside the bar. It's a quiet street, relatively secluded, only a few locals walking by, most not paying a lick of attention to Shane or anyone else. The people here probably know to mind their own business. Even so, Shane casts a casual glance about and then ducks around the side of the building into the alley behind the bar. What he just wants is a moment to breathe, a little time in the quiet.

He steps around the building and presses his back to the rough brick. Not exactly comfortable, but the way the little bumps and jags of the stone dig into his tailored jacket is grounding somehow. Eyes shut, he tips his head back and lets out a slow breath. Just relax, that's all he needs to do, a few deep breaths and he can go back in. He can handle this, it's just a meeting. Hunter isn't even the scariest guy Shane has met this week, not by a long shot.

It's only on the fifth deep breath that he hears another slow exhale. Shane blinks and looks further down the alleyway. Shit. He's not alone.

A few feet away, the end of a cigarette faintly glows in the shadows. Attached to it is the most handsome profile Shane has ever seen, strong jaw, slicked back hair with a few escaped curls. Intense eyes stare out at him from the dark, as his apparent companion tips his head to one side, looking rather unbothered by Shane's intrusion.

"Sorry," Shane says, before he can stop himself. "I just needed..."

"Too crowded inside? Mr. Hunter keeping you waiting too?" The man speaks with an accent, a thick one, it coats his words like campfire smoke.

Shane should recognize him. If his head were clearer or the shadows thinner, he might. The accent is probably Russian, but that doesn't exactly narrow it down. At least for the moment, he doesn't seem hostile, so Shane nods, keeping his hands in his pockets.

"Yeah, it seems like he's pretty popular tonight." Shane lets a ghost of a laugh into his voice. Maybe he can seem friendly, unthreatening. Better to let whoever this is underestimate him for now.

The man nods and regards Shane for another long moment. "You here to smoke?"

"Oh uh... I don't have any..." He pats at his pockets as if looking for cigarettes he knows he doesn't have. As a rule, he prefers not to smoke. It's a terrible habit and he's never been fond of the taste. But admitting that to a complete stranger, one he might have to make some professional dealings with very soon, doesn't seem wise.

The Russian looks at him, then pushes himself off the wall behind him and stalks right up to Shane, faint light from the bar catching his sharp cheekbones. He stops just shy of Shane's personal space and pulls the cigarette from his mouth, letting out a slow exhale of smoke as presses it right to Shane's lips instead. And the thing Shane should do here is smack that hand away, knock the unwanted cigarette to the ground.

But that intense gaze is still locked onto him, dragging him in with the strongest sort of gravity. So Shane swallows thickly and lets his lips part. They tingle as they faintly brush the man's fingers and Shane inhales. The smoke tastes as awful as he expects, but... something about it eases the very edge of Shane's spiked up nerves. Apparently satisfied, the Russian draws the cigarette back, and takes another drag before offering it again. And Shane fucking takes it again, sucking in poison, drowning in those eyes.

He's not sure how many times he's breathed in when the Russian speaks again. "You are American, yes?"

"Canadian," Shane says, a little proud of himself for not coughing on the word, smoke still clinging to his tongue.

The man's brows rise, like that's amusing. "So... what, you deal in syrup? Geese?"

Shane laughs despite himself, and this time he does cough, quickly bringing up a hand to muffle it. "Yeah, I'm just... swimming in syrup."

The Russian's lips twitch like he might laugh too. "Hmm... too sticky for me. Bet it makes you sweet, yes?"

For some reason, that brings a rush of heat to Shane's face and he ducks his head, shoulders rising in a shrug. "I uh... I wouldn't know about that. I don't usually taste myself."

And he shuts his eyes, the powerful urge to cringe stabbing into him. But before he can try to say something less idiotic, there's fingers on his chin, tipping his face up. The Russian is much closer than he was before and Shane doesn't remember how to breathe without that shared smoke in his lungs.

"Let me taste." The man's voice is lower now, his thumb brushing over Shane's lower lip. It doesn't sound like a question, but it feels like one. And Shane should say no. Should press a hand to this guy's chest and shove him away. But the smoke must be getting to him. That's the only thing that explains the warmth curling in his gut, threatening to spread through his veins and burn him like a fever.

Shane nods, very faintly.

Lips are on his and it's eternity and an instant in one. The Russian doesn't kiss gently, but Shane doesn't want him to. His hand curls around Shane's jaw, holding him in place. As if Shane could find the strength to move. As if he wants to. A tongue drags over Shane's lower lip and he lets his mouth open, too eager to let him in. And then it's over, the Russian pulling back, leaving Shane chasing the open air until the cigarette is pressed to his lips once more.

Taking a step back, the shadows don't hide the Russian's pleased smirk. "Mm... sweet."

Shane blinks like he's waking up from a deep sleep, trying to find any words to reply with. He's certain that at one point he spoke two languages at least, but he can't seem to remember any of them at the moment. A faint buzz spares him any fumbling and the Russian pulls his phone from his pocket.

"Ah, Mr. Hunter calls. I must go now. See you later, Canada." And the Russian turns, still smirking and walks around the corner of the building, leaving Shane to the quiet and the cold, his cigarette still dangling limply from Shane's buzzing lips.

Shane doesn't know how long he stands there, mind lost in a haze, face so warm under the cool night breeze. Eventually, his phone buzzes in his pocket, Hayden frantically messaging him to come back inside. Scott Hunter is finally ready to talk. Shaking himself, Shane drops the pathetic remains of the cigarette to the ground and stomps it out. There's business to take care of, alliances to establish, and one very handsome Russian to forget as soon as possible.

The meeting with Scott Hunter goes shockingly well, considering. Shane isn't pleasantly disarming like his father or firm and commanding like his mother. What he is, is organized.

He has plans, he memorizes details and recites them precisely. Cold hard facts still carry plenty of weight in their world. And it doesn't hurt that he's never minded getting his hands dirty. All part of the job.

Boston is the next stop. Power has been changing hands all over and Shane means to know everyone who's holding it now.

Shane rubs at his eye, trying to will away the faint exhaustion from too many long nights and early mornings. He's sore, and not just from too many hotel beds. The meeting after Hunter's had been a little bloodier than Shane had hoped, but mission still accomplished. There's a headache at the back of his skull that's threatening to spread. Just what he needs. He snaps his fingers at Hayden, knowing he hates it, needing his attention more. "Did you get that file?"

Hayden looks up from his phone and leans over to flick through the briefcase on the hotel bed. They're sharing a suite for the next few days. Shane has a second room booked, should they need it, but when they're on the road, as a rule, Hayden stays close. They have others along for the ride, his mother insists on it. And she's probably right to do so. Shane keeps them spread out, circling around himself and Hayden, not close enough to be obvious, but near enough to call on should a situation start to turn. Just the two of them, he and Hayden are messengers, business partners. In a crowd, well... they're a mob.

"Let me see, Boston... Boston... here it is." Hayden extracts a rather thick file from the assembled bunch, opening it up to scan a few pages. "Right so, Mrs. Hollander said not to bother with the Irish crew, she's got them handled. Buuuut it looks like the Russians are developing more of a foothold. Yeah, they've got a new guy managing things stateside too."

A strange little shiver goes down Shane's spine and he reaches out his hand. Hayden passes over the file without being told. Shane's sitting at the desk in the corner of the room, a number of other files and bits of paper spread before him, a neatly organized chaos for him to nest in. He knows what he's about to see before he turns the page.

Intense eyes stare up at him from a sneakily taken photo. Eyes he remembers too well, that jawline, the curls... he hadn't been able to see the mole on his cheek in the dark, but Shane knows the face and suddenly tastes smoke on his tongue. There's a name and a rap sheet under the picture. He makes himself read. "Ilya Rozanov..."

"Sounds like the guy's a piece of work," Hayden says, sounding rather unbothered by that, apparently oblivious to the way Shane wants to set himself and the whole hotel on fire. "Tried to take the family business out from under his brother and got sent overseas to make up for it. Doesn't really seem like a trustworthy kind of guy. I don't know if we want to bother--"

"Set up a meeting," Shane says, before he can think better of it. For a brief second, he's not thinking about much at all. Hayden makes vague noises of protest behind him, but Shane knows once the order is given, he'll do it.

It's a bad idea, Shane knows that in his bones, but even as Hayden whines and messes about on his phone, calling their various connections, he still can't stop looking at those eyes. For

the first time in his life, Shane wants a cigarette.

Getting a meeting with Ilya Rozanov is too easy. Something Hayden notes multiple times. In any other circumstance, Shane would agree with him immediately, this is a trap, and they're about to walk right into it. He still sort of agrees with him, but that doesn't stop him from leading the way when an extremely tall man brings them down a darkened hall.

The room the hall opens into is somewhere between comfortable winter lodge and Bond villain lair. A little on the nose, but Shane can appreciate the meaning. Every bit of new blood has to establish themselves their own way. And apparently Ilya Rozanov likes to make a statement.

A crackling fireplace takes up much of the back wall of the room. Before it is a long, low table, massive arm chairs seated at either side of it. The one on the left is occupied by a figure that hasn't yet turned to see who's walked in. As the door shuts behind them, the tall man who brought them in gestures for Shane to take the seat at the other end of the table. Breathing out as steadily as he can, Shane moves to take it, sinking down onto the plush fabric.

Across the table from him, Ilya Rozanov's face gives away nothing. He looks perfectly comfortable, basking in front of the fire, not a single button done up on his silk shirt. For a moment, Shane's half sure he doesn't recognize him, doesn't remember him. (And he tries to pretend that doesn't gut him.) Rozanov has a glass in one hand that he takes a casual sip from, then he lifts the other in a clear signal. "Leave us."

Shane glances over toward the man who must be Rozanov's enforcer, who nods and steps back toward the door, motioning for Hayden to follow him. Though Hayden looks ready to protest, Shane finds his eyes and gives a pointed nod. He'll be in trouble for that later. Hayden looks at him, incredulous, but he doesn't argue. At least not here, not now. The earful will come later. Shane keeps his eyes on Hayden until he vanishes back through the door with Rozanov's man close behind him.

A shadow settles over Shane and he blinks up at it. Ilya Rozanov perches on the arm of the chair and leans over him, a small smirk on his lips. "Shane Hollander... you did not introduce yourself properly last time."

Shane swallows thickly before he can stop himself. "Neither did you, Rozanov."

"Hmm, I was thinking of other things." Rozanov's brow furrows a little and he reaches for Shane. Though he goes still, he doesn't move away from Rozanov's hand as it alights on his jaw and his thumb brushes over the new bruise on his cheek. "Who did this to your pretty face? Covering up your freckles..."

Shane tries to fight the heat that rises to his face, his hands gripping tight at the seat cushion beneath him. “No one that hasn’t already been taken care of.”

Rozanov regards him for a moment. “You take care of yourself. This is good. Means you will not die too quickly.”

“Too quickly for what?” Shane asks, before he can stop himself. And he should stop himself. He should be shutting this down, turning away, walking back out that door and telling Hayden they’re leaving. But he’s not sure his legs wouldn’t shake under him if he tried to get up. The worst part is he knows he doesn’t want to.

Rozanov’s lips curl into a grin that Shane wants to open up and swallow him whole. “Too quick for me to have my fun.”

His hand slips from Shane’s cheek, down his neck, settling at his collarbone where Shane had decided to leave his shirt unbuttoned for some fucking reason. Callus covered fingers spread wide, just beneath his shirt collar, thumb resting at the base of Shane’s throat. It’s just a touch, a single point of contact, but it’s like fire is blooming beneath it, urging Shane’s heart to pump faster, his breath to come quicker. This isn’t supposed to happen to him. How many meetings has he attended where this boss or that one had thrown beautiful women at him, expecting him to blink, to let his eyes wander. But they never had.

Until now, when Rozanov is barely leaning in and Shane struggles to keep them from fluttering shut. Shane pinches his own leg sharply and reaches up, pressing a hand to Rozanov’s chest. His stupid bare chest that’s been pleasantly warmed by the fire. Taking a breath, Shane tries to ignore the heady smell of Rozanov’s cologne, willing his voice steady. “Wait--”

Rozanov frowns at him. If Shane didn’t know better, and he’s fairly sure he does, he would almost call it a pout. “What Hollander?”

“I...” There are a million reasons they shouldn’t do anything more than they already have. Shane knows that. But as he frantically searches the files in his mind they come up blank, blank, blank. He finds a single line of text in a panic. “I’m engaged.”

Rozanov tips his head to one side, brows rising in an entirely unimpressed way. His gaze sweeps over Shane and in a way that’s certainly judging. “To a woman?”

The question sounds like he doesn’t believe it even as he asks it. Shane nods. “Yes.”

Rozanov scoffs. “Really?”

“Yes,” Shane says, a little sharper than he means to. He’s offended and not entirely sure why, but the indigence rises up nonetheless.

Rozanov watches him, still frowning. His thumb strokes at the base of Shane’s throat in a way that’s more distracting than it should be. “And... you love her?”

Shane hesitates and hates himself for it. “I... sure. Yeah, I love her. I do.”

The words sound so hollow, Shane doesn't even believe them himself. But then, he never has. And neither has she. But that's always been the way of it. Rozanov's brows are doing that extremely unimpressed thing again and Shane can't even blame him for it this time. Shane lets his gaze fall away and he shrugs weakly. "I'm still engaged to her."

"And I am married," Rozanov replies, immediately drawing Shane's attention back to his unfairly handsome face. There's a horrible pang in Shane's chest that has absolutely no right to be there. He finds himself blinking too quickly and he doesn't know why. Rozanov's other hand suddenly cradles his face, thumb brushing too tenderly over Shane's cheek. "Hey--is okay. Hollander. Look at me."

Shane does and hates how easily he follows the command. He's so pathetic. Why is he so pathetic? Something is wrong with him. Maybe he does have a concussion after all. But he doesn't look away from Rozanov's pretty eyes. He can't.

"This is how we do things, yes? Our business, it needs... compromises. Deals. I have American wife for American passport. You understand?" And there's something... almost desperate in Rozanov's voice as his eyes search Shane's face.

Inhaling shakily through his nose, Shane nods. "Yeah... I understand. I... I get it."

His tone is honest, too honest. And Rozanov seems relieved, slowly nodding. He pats Shane's cheek in a way that's both condescending and makes something warm stir in the pit of Shane's stomach. "Good. Right, here is what happens next. You go tell your pet in the hall to go back to your hotel. Then you come back here, come upstairs to my bedroom and take your clothes off. Understand?"

Rozanov says it like there's no arguing with him. And there should be, there fucking should be. Shane should shove him off, call him an asshole, probably make some threats to shoot his hands off. But Shane is pretty sure his brain abandoned him several minutes ago and won't be coming back any time soon. So he just nods, like an idiot. He's absolutely certain this was a trap now and he's letting it close around him.

A grin spreads over Rozanov's face and he leans in. His teeth meet Shane's lips first, catching the lower one and tugging. The sound that slips out of Shane's throat makes him want to set himself on fire. Maybe he already is. It certainly feels like it when Rozanov's hand slips further under his shirt and squeezes at his chest.

"Good boy," Rozanov breathes as he lets go of Shane's lip. And then his touch is gone completely and Shane is colder than a winter freeze. Shane blinks, trying to remember where he left his senses as Rozanov walks back toward the other side of the table where he left his glass.

Giving himself a shake, Shane gets to his feet, doing his best not to wobble. He should ignore everything Rozanov just said and walk straight out that door with Hayden and go back to their hotel room and pretend this never happened. That's the smart thing to do. The sensible thing to do. Really the only acceptable thing he could possibly do.

It takes him five minutes to get up to Ilya Rozanov's bedroom. Three of that is spent getting rid of Hayden, two is getting lost in Rozanov's ridiculous house. Shane knows he has a backbone, but he must have misplaced it somewhere on the way into Boston.

Hopefully he'll find it again if Ilya Rozanov doesn't murder him.

The bedroom is just as imposing as the foyer below. A great four poster bed sits on a fur rug, a massive bear head at the end of it snarling up at Shane. Maybe if he put his head in its mouth it would come to life and grant him a more merciful end than whatever's definitely waiting for him now. Because if Ilya Rozanov doesn't murder him, his own mother will almost certainly consider it.

"Finally." Rozanov's voice pulls Shane's focus over to a chair tucked into the corner of the room, opposite the bed. Shane wonders for a second why he needs a chair facing his own bed and then decides he doesn't want to know the answer. Leaning back in the chair, Rozanov's open shirt leaves his chest on full display, his long legs stretching out in front of him, hips jutting forward. And for some reason Shane becomes aware of the fact that his mouth has gone very dry.

"Sorry," Shane says, and immediately wishes he hadn't. He's supposed to be the heir apparent of the Hollander group, commanding, in control. Not fucking apologizing to some Russian asshole he just met. "Pike can be... protective. But he's gone."

"Good sort of pet to have," Rozanov says, nodding a little. "My Marleau is the same. Does not like to leave me alone. But tonight, is just us. We do have other problem."

Shane blinks. He's stuck on the *my* in front of Marleau, who must be the giant of a man who ushered him in earlier. But he gives himself an internal shake and lets it go so he can catch up to the rest of what Rozanov just said. "What problem?"

Rozanov looks him up and down very pointedly. "You are still wearing clothes."

Almost self conscious of that fact, Shane glances down at himself. He had tried to dress well tonight, neatly tailored jacket, dress shirt, slacks, professional, businesslike... but with the way Rozanov keeps looking at him, he apparently shouldn't have bothered. Even though it's the last thing he should be doing, he shrugs out of his jacket. Shane folds it and moves to the dresser at the side of the room to set it down. Presumptuous maybe, but he's not dropping his clothes on the floor. Not when Rozanov is watching his every move like a hunting hawk searching for mice.

He glances over his shoulder, finding those eyes locked on him, and has to look away again. Shane breathes out slowly. Maybe he should say something. The silence is heavy and thick, he doesn't know how to cut through it. Maybe he isn't supposed to. So he just unbuttons his shirt, willing his hands not to fumble.

Because the thing is, Shane doesn't *do* this. He doesn't hook up with people. Doesn't do casual. Anyone who's done their research on him will find one high school sweetheart, who he split with amicably, and his new fiancée. Who is perfect for him, by all accounts. He's been good about this, kept his record clean, stopped his eyes from wandering. Not that it's been terribly hard before. Shane tries not to make a habit of wanting things, especially things he can't have. There's no point. His goals are straightforward, attainable, with very little room for deviation or distraction.

And yet, here he fucking is, in Ilya Rozanov's goddamn bedroom, stepping out of his pants and folding them neatly. Like an idiot. Like a big stupid idiot who might trip over his own dick before Ilya Rozanov even touches it. The thought crashes into him and he goes still. Because that's what's about to happen here. Obviously. There are about to be hands and mouths going places. Doing things. Things Shane hasn't let himself think about in... too long. Ever really. That isn't who he is. That's not who he's allowed to be.

But he's still fucking here.

"Hollander." Rozanov's voice cuts through the panic haze that Shane's sinking into, drawing his focus back to the corner of the room. Seemingly unbothered by the way Shane is trying to collapse in on himself like a dying star, Rozanov motions him closer with a little wave of his hand. "Come here."

Like the idiot he apparently is, Shane goes.

He draws close, stopping in the space between Rozanov's legs. Somehow it's warmer here than it was in front of that roaring fire downstairs. Shane hesitates, eyes sweeping over Rozanov. There are... options here, he knows that. Picking one is a different thing.

Rozanov chooses for him. "On your knees."

Shane drops a little too fast. One of his knees is definitely going to be bruised tomorrow, but that's fine. He's fine. No one else saw... and maybe if he kills Rozanov later, he won't be able to tell anyone how fast the heir to the Hollander group fell over himself to suck his dick. His hands land on Rozanov's thighs, slowly sliding up, as he leans in, nuzzling at the... now rather notable bulge in Rozanov's pants. At least he's not the only one affected. He glances up at Rozanov, trying to pretend his face doesn't feel like it might burst into flames at any second. For a moment, Shane nearly expects Rozanov to laugh at him.

But he doesn't. Those intense eyes are locked onto Shane's face, fixated on him. The warmth threatens to spread from Shane's face right down to his toes. Rozanov reaches for him, hand curling around Shane's jaw. His thumb drags at Shane's lower lip, then presses. And Shane lets him, lips parting, tongue dragging over the intruding digit. He's too eager. Too willing. Too easy. He shouldn't be letting this happen. He shouldn't... but fuck, he wants it.

So when Rozanov lets his thumb slip from Shane's lips, he leans in and tugs at the zipper of Rozanov's pants with his teeth.

"Fuck, Hollander." The hand on his cheek moves into Shane's hair, pulling him in. As if Shane needs further encouragement. (He does, fuck he does.)

In theory, Shane knows how this goes, the process, the mechanics of it. He's been curious, ended up in certain corners of the internet. Googled more than a few questionable things. So he's seen... a demonstration or two. But putting those lessons into practice is a different thing entirely. He has to start somewhere.

Shane keeps his attention fixed on Rozanov as he kisses at the base of his cock then drags his tongue up the side. He chases the hitch in Rozanov's breathing as he licks at the head and then sucks him into his mouth. Every motion that creates a moan, he repeats, every gasp makes him linger, letting the tensing of the fingers in his hair guide him along. It's messy, he knows that, there's too much saliva in his mouth and he has to think so much about his teeth. But his focus zeroes in and the rest of the world fades away. All that exists is Rozanov above him and the heat rushing through Shane's veins.

But then Rozanov yanks sharply at his hair, cursing in Russian as he pulls Shane off him completely. Shane blinks, feeling almost drunk for a second as he shakes himself, trying to get his bearings. His lips are still buzzing as he looks up at Rozanov. "Was... was it that bad?"

Rozanov is breathing hard, looking at him, pupils blown, letting out a huff of a laugh. "Bad? No... just too much. Come up here."

There's another tug to Shane's hair and he follows it, climbing right onto Rozanov's lap. Hands curl around Shane's jaw and drag him into a bruising kiss. Some people are all hands, or so Shane has heard. It turns out, Ilya Rozanov is all mouth. Burning lips move from Shane's cheek to his jaw, down his neck, across his collarbone, over his chest, and back again. It's all Shane can do to press closer, to kiss Rozanov back when his lips get close enough to catch, to arch against him to give him more room. If Shane was drunk before, now he's intoxicated out of his mind.

People have wanted Shane before. Not a common occurrence in more than passing, but it's happened. People have needed things from him. He can be a tool, a useful means to an end. But this is something different. What he sees when he manages to catch a look at Rozanov's face is something more. It's desire. And it burns. And Shane wants to go up in flames with it.

"Rozanov..." He mutters the name again, head tipped back, eyes shut. "More, I... I want more."

A firm hand curls around Shane's jaw again, holding him in place as Rozanov's eyes find his. "You want me to fuck you?"

"Yes." The answer is out of Shane's mouth before he can overthink it away. As if he has much room for a single coherent thought at the moment.

In one swift motion, Rozanov's hands curl around his thighs and then he's up, carrying Shane the short distance to toss him onto the bed. There isn't time to blink before Rozanov is on him again, kissing him entirely senseless. And maybe... just this once, Shane can let that be alright.

His days are controlled, planned down to the second, meticulously organized and outlined long in advance. They have to be. Shane can't slip, not for a second. Not anywhere else. But maybe, just for the night, he can let himself have this.

When morning comes, this will be nothing. He'll leave without looking back and he's sure Rozanov will do the same. They won't be anything, they can't be. Shane will go back to Hayden and make nice, tell his mother that he's secured a temporary truce with the Russians, an in that can be exploited and expanded with time. His life will be his life just as it's always been.

But now, just for tonight, with Rozanov's hands everywhere, both of them burning, Shane lets go.

(He should have known that once he let go, it's only a matter of time before he falls.)

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this! I have at least two follow ups planned, maybe three, but I'll probably post those as stand alone works too, just so people don't wait for more chapters if I change my mind later.

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