

Of Hospitals, Heartaches, and Heathens

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Of Hospitals, Heartaches, and Heathens

by [MiserysMoxie](#)

Summary

Between college, his night shift, and the *other thing*, Shane really doesn't have time to 'get to know' Ilya Rozanov. The man is clearly dangerous and obviously infuriating, and Shane totally does. Not. Have. Time.

Ilya doesn't do attachments, and he never does favors. He shouldn't give in to the urge to take care of this idiot student who was so mean to him, and he really shouldn't become so invested in his well-being.

The one where Ilya's the heir to a mafia syndicate, Shane really needs to get some sleep, and Hayden is not allowed to share his hats. There's passive-aggressive caretaking, more secrets than necessary, and bickering that can be heard through the walls.

Notes

It's indulgent, it's probably inaccurate, and it's a mafia au. Welcome aboard.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya Rozanov was a name Shane Hollander should have been familiar with. It sounded like a stage title for a movie star or the pen name of a writer. The obviously Russian tilt to the words only added to the mysterious appeal of it all.

But Shane didn't know him.

But unfortunately for both of them, he'd have to deal with the asshole anyway.

"No, you cannot request a room that faces the door! For the last time, this is the ER, and you are literally bleeding out. Sit in the chair and shut up before I let you die."

Shane was far past the point of being nice, and he was far past calling this prick *sir*. If anyone was around to hear his bedside manner, they'd be a bit surprised, but they'd let it slide just this once. Shane was usually calm and unflappable. Usually.

Ilya spits out another mouthful of blood onto the clean floor. "If you do job correctly, I will live. Is just a flesh wound." Shane can't decide if he's more upset about the dig at his competence or the mess on the floor. Ilya grins and there's blood in his teeth. "Aw, is Mr. Doctor scared I will die? I knew you liked me."

"If you die then getting paid becomes a hassle," Shane lies. "And that's not some fucking flesh wound-"

Ilya's eyes light up with the slip in Shane's 'no-cussing' rule, "*Naughty* doctor, swearing at patients," This idiot looks like he is going to try to stand. "Do you kiss mother with- *Ow*."

Shane's gauze wrapped hand presses hard into the wound on Ilya's chest. It's a deep gash that's been steadily oozing the whole time they've been arguing. Despite the threats, he doesn't want to deal with someone dying on his watch and Rozanov's been getting paler by the second.

The Russian is not so talkative when he's hissing in pain from the pressure. Finally, he relaxes into the bed and lets Shane start to get to work. It's nearly four in the morning, though, and they're far too busy for him to call someone else over to get this looked at.

"Hold that there," he tells Rozanov. He needs to get a clean tray of tools, there's most certainly some debris lodged in this wound.

Rozanov grumbles something in Russian, but he complies. Shane finally has the free reign to treat this idiot now that the fighting has relented. Which is damn lucky because soon there wouldn't have been much to treat.

“I’m going to need to put an IV in, you’ve lost too much blood.” Rozanov hadn’t been cooperative before, but it can’t stop Shane from getting medical consent.

Sure enough the blonde’s mouth opens immediately. “No drugs.”

“Really?” Shane is sure his surprise shows on his face. “This is not going to be painless.” All the digging around he’s going to have to do is going to be excruciating without a bit of numbing.

Rozanov shakes his head. Nothing more.

“You don’t have anything to prove to me you know.” Shane tries. He doesn’t want this guy to suffer just to appear macho. “I get that you’re tough.”

Rozanov looks at him then with a stone cold expression, one that made Shane rethink his entire evening. Ilya is all cheekbones and angles and perfect curly hair. Even in pain he maintains control like it’s never something to be taken for granted. Holy shit this guy looked dangerous. *And hot.*

“Da I am tough.” Not a muscle on his perfect face moves. “Still no drugs.”

It’s Shane’s turn to nod silently.

The IV is simple enough and he can deal with the minor cuts after he’s finished with wound number 1. He honestly hoped Rozanov had just bitten his tongue to get that much blood in his mouth, because he was not a very good dentist.

There’s more glass than there should be in a ‘motorcycle accident’ wound, but maybe there was a window of some sort. He finds gravel, glass, mud, and unidentifiable powder as he cleans the wound and Rozanov is silent through all of it. Shane has to track his breathing for just a hint of pain, but there’s barely a hitch as his tools dig around.

He’s actually not supposed to be doing this part. His job here is just to get the patients situated and ready for the doctors, but he’s far too gone now. Rozanov is going to need stitches and Shane never even thinks about summoning one of his supervisors. They see a lot of people in this area and every hand helps. Last he checked his boss was doing a far more complicated head injury and wouldn’t even notice the wayward Russian. It helped that the doctors on duty were aware that Shane wasn’t your average pre-med student, but they couldn’t acknowledge it without running into problems.

He’s stitched up more patients and dug out more bullets than anyone his age should have seen, and only some of those were under this roof. Ilya’s wound was merely another on a long list of sketchy injuries.

This is what happens when you go to school in a city rampant with organized crime. This is what happens when you do anything you can to make ends meet.

So yeah, Shane really should have at least asked Ilya if he wanted a real doctor before he started the sutures, but he didn’t. Rozanov has been silent and so has Shane.

It's not every day that Shane is in a position to stay with one patient from check-in to release, but this has been a different case. One that was stupid right from the start.

Shane had been leaving, hell he was checked out and everything when he saw the glow of a cigarette. And listen, usually he wasn't this uptight about smoking in public places but this was a hospital godammit. He'd made up his mind to say as much when he saw all the blood.

Stupid fucking Rozanov had grinned up at him around a lit cigarette and said in that stupid accent, *Da, I look good right?*

And yeah, it'd been hell getting him checked in, wrestling a name from him, checking if he had funds, allergies, medical history, everything and anything was a fight. Shane had to explain why he wasn't home already to the staff and Rozanov had been seconds from collapsing while insisting he was fine. He should have left him in that alley, but that wasn't the way that it worked. Which reminded him-

"You shouldn't be smoking. It's bad for you."

Rozanov scoffs, "Okay." His accent is thick around the word. He shrugs his injured side slightly, pulling on the wound above his heart. "Was smoking that caused this. Totally."

"Shut up. I mean, yes, obviously don't drive your motorcycle into any more poles, but smoking is bad too."

The wound is stable now, and the bandages go on smoothly. Shane can't help but notice all the other scars littered across Rozanov's body, but he doesn't ask. He doesn't ask why Ilya had stared at the entrance throughout the whole process either. But he does ask how the Russian plans to get home.

Those cool eyes appraise him mockingly. "If this is you inviting me to bed you are doing shit job."

"What? No, obviously-"

"Would be very unprofessional, sleeping with patient on first visit. Try again next time."

Shane pushes back from the table and stands up. "Okay fuck you."

Rozanov's brow's draw together mockingly, "Hm, no. I do not think that is how it would go."

As much as Shane *adores* this riveting conversation, he can't just leave. However it's far past when he was supposed to be gone and he can't just hand off Rozanov to a nurse so he has to deal with it himself. Shane tosses his phone on the bed.

"Call someone to get you- whoever dropped you off didn't stay?"

Something odd crosses the Russians face as he grabs the phone. "No. Better things to do than babysit."

Better things to do than make sure a severely injured man gets medical attention? Shane finds that hard to believe.

The phone call is entirely in Russian and Shane tries to look busy the whole time. Ilya is standing by the door by the time it's over.

"Thank you."

The abrupt switch to English is how Shane knows he's being spoken too. Rozanov is staring at him with the phone outstretched and that look on his face again. It's somewhere between curiosity and genuine gratefulness, but it's too skeptical to reach either. Shane takes his phone back and shrugs.

"It's cold and I'd prefer it if you didn't pollute the environment while smoking for an entire walk home."

Rozanov raises a brow, amused. "I mean for shoulder."

Oh. "Oh." Shane guesses that was probably more important than the phone. "Yeah no problem."

There's almost a smile on the face of this dangerous man when he leaves the room. Shane watches as he stops at the desk and pays and he notices the complete lack of warmth given to the receptionist. Rozanov looks like a machine as he pays and poor Josie looks terrified of the six-foot-something, beast of a man at her counter. But then there's a tilt of blond curls towards Shane's direction and a startled glance from Josie.

He and Ilya lock eyes again a moment later.

It's far different now than it was in the room. The air in the mere hallway between them is charged and electric and Ilya's eyes drag down Shane's entire length of body before settling back on his face. Shane knows what he looks like: he's tired, frazzled, and in bloody scrubs that he just threw on. Yet Ilya looks at him like he's something to desire.

He can hear Josie respond to Rozanov's question. "Shane Hollander? That's his name, I think." Shane ignores the 'I think' in favor of watching Rozanov's reaction. A slow nod. A small tilt of the head.

And then he's gone.

The thing about living in a mob town is that when things get bad, things can get *really* bad. Usually, when your parents live a few hours away, you call every once in a while and lie about how much sleep you're getting and how many friends you've made. You do not lie about the fact that there were three girls kidnapped out of the dorm next to you last weekend. Usually, when your campus closes down, it's for a snow day or a routine holiday. Not for a city-wide search for an escaped convict.

So when Shane Hollander moved here, he thought he'd be getting the best education he could with the money he was willing to pay, and he was comfortable enough in his own skills to survive off ramen and dining hall food when it came down to it.

He did not expect it to go sideways so fast.

Freshman year was fine, he made friends, survived classes, and even got some hands-on experience at the hospital. Yes, the city was dangerous, but he was cautious. That summer, it all went to shit. He should never have stayed behind when everyone moved home, but he wanted his internship and he ignored the warnings. Criminal activity doubled in the summer and Shane-

Shane was unlucky enough to witness an execution.

He'd spent the next few hours begging for his life in front of the Canadian mob leaders of the city and had cried far more than he should've. The only thing that had saved his life that day was the scrubs on his back. Since then he'd been on the Canadian mafia's personal medical team and he's been threatened so thoroughly he's never once thought about defecting.

It was a nightmare at first, but just like all pain, the body builds up a tolerance. He's used to the violence of being gang-affiliated, but not *in a gang*. Everyone made it clear from the beginning that he would be afforded no protection, and if it ever came out that he was working there he would be chopped into pieces by their rival gangs.

Shane had no doubt that this was true.

He'd been in charge of sewing bodies back together before. Mostly for funerals. Sometimes just as a test.

Sometimes he dreams that they make him sew his own limbs back on.

For the most part, it isn't difficult.

Lots of bullet wounds, stray cuts, and black eyes. Every gangster wants to yell at him every time he causes them pain, so that sucks, but he's learned not to fight back much. It's easier to just get in and get out. Stay under the radar. He's survived years like that.

In all honesty he's probably the best doctor on the team. None of the medical staff are 'volunteers' but most of them are at least paying off a debt or buying time. Shane is just performing surgeries under the threat of a bullet between his eyes.

Fun stuff.

It would probably be better if they paid him. Lord knows every goon they send his way is clutching their Rolex with their bloody fingers, but Shane isn't given a dime. The money goes to medical supplies, they tell him, but he ends up buying most of those anyway. Or they just tell him that hookers are a far better use of cash than some punk college kid. *At least they're the right kind of exotic*, was a favorite line.

When he does have time to call home, he thinks about asking his parents for a bit of extra cash, but he can never bring himself to do it. As far as they know he's got a great position at the hospital, which is true, and he's managing his studies fine. He hates lying to them, but no one wants to hear that their only kid is barely surviving.

Eight AM lectures turn into labs until at least noon. Sometimes he can nap, sometimes he has homework. Then it's to the warehouse for end of day patching up for the Canadians. He has to be at the hospital at nine. Off at 3:30 and straight back to the warehouse for more stitching. If he's lucky and the city has been quiet then they send him home early. If he's really lucky then the other ER kids will cover for him while he uses a cot in the backroom for a quick nap.

He sleeps in short stretches and studies every free minute he has. Food consists of the snacks the hospital provides, canned soup, and protein bars. Nearly all of his paycheck goes to rent because the mob didn't like the idea of him splitting rent with a roommate. Too risky.

So yeah, he lies to his parents. And he lies to his friends. And his professors and his coworkers and every girlfriend he's never held onto. Sometimes when he's too tired to focus, he'll slip up at the warehouse and someone will deck him. So then he has bruises to lie about too.

He could quit school and give up on his dream of actually making it somewhere, quit the hospital and lose his income source, or go into witness protection and hope they can save him, but he won't.

Shane is going to survive until he can't. Until there's nothing left to give.

"Shane, Shane, Hollander, Shane, Hollzy." A book slamming into the table in front of him snaps Shane out of his trance.

"Hayden, what the fuck we're in a library. You have to be quiet."

His best friend makes himself comfortable by moving all of Shane's papers around. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. Just making sure you're still in the land of the living."

Shane rolls his eyes and refocuses on the Cell textbook he was supposed to be reading. "I'm fine."

"Sure!" Hayden says, "That's why you look like you could drink an entire bathtub of coffee and still resemble a zombie."

Shane glares at his friend.

Hayden sighs and rummages through his backpack, "Seriously, dude. You need to take better care of yourself." He tosses a granola bar at Shane's head. It hits him in the nose. "Skip class once in a while, take a night off. Sleep is a good thing, yeah?" All Shane has the energy to do is unwrap the bar. Hayden continues, "and maybe occasionally you could not blow me off for pizza and hockey games? Jackie's been dying to meet you and J.J. is throwing a fit about you being dead and-"

“Jesus Hayden I’m so sorry.” Shane has his head in his hands. “I’ve been a shitty friend and you don’t deserve that.”

“Hey, no one's blaming you!” Pike’s face is warm and genuine and Shane is so lucky to have him for a friend. “We’re just worried about you man, you gotta take a break.”

He has a cell test this week, genetics on Monday, and the gang has a hit that will go wrong on Sunday night. But he can’t tell Hayden all of that. So he pastes on a smile and prepares to live off energy drinks. “Yeah, let's do something Friday.”

Hayden agrees, then tries to study for a while before giving up. Shane goes home.

There’s a box outside Shane’s door.

This is not a good sign.

Shane doesn’t order packages and he doesn’t get gifts. The only time he’s ever had a delivery was when the gang thought he was defecting so they sent him a severed hand in a box. He hadn’t even thrown up.

This, thankfully, is not from them.

And it’s not seeping blood.

So he opens it.

It totally could just be a gift from your mom and it’s not a bomb or a dead fish or, or, or...

There’s a stuffed cat in the box.

It’s weighted and soft and the deep black fur is offset by the two white feet. It’s the expensive kind of stuffed animal that Shane would never buy- not that he’s buying cats with white freckled whiskers anyway.

In a very odd sort of way, Shane is immediately protective of this cat. He sets it gently on the counter and the black eyes stare up at him. He tears his gaze away long enough to read the note. And his heart stops.

He reminded me of you.

- *Ilya Rozanov (The very best and easiest to work with patient you have ever had)*

How the fuck had Ilya gotten his address.

Shane really doesn't have time to think about all of the issues with his home address being known by a patient because the Cell test nearly ends his career. Then he doesn't have time to think about it because he's working. Then he's at the warehouse getting yelled at. Then he's nursing bruised ribs from yelling back. Then he's regretting his decision to skip class. So yeah. Not a lot of time to think about Ilya.

But it's still enough time to be rightfully pissed when the Russian shows up to the hospital right as Shane is getting off again. This time he's not bleeding out, but he's holding someone who is. There's chatter in the waiting room as always, but the sharp Russian stops him in his tracks.

He can just hear the nurses removing Rozanov from his friend and the back end of a "-not on duty" before he's moving. Rozanov spots him before he crosses the room and the fucker has the nerve to shove his hands in his pockets and lean back on the counter. He has the nerve to look *good*.

Shane grabs him by the arm and hauls him out of the room.

He's under no impression that he could move Ilya without his consent, so it's nice that Rozanov trails behind him into one of the break rooms. This one was made for night shift surgeons who need a few minutes on a cot to refresh their minds. Shane chose it cause it was empty.

He has Rozanov backed into the closed door in seconds. "How the fuck do you know where I live?" he snarls. Shane's life has been more shit than usual lately and he doesn't fucking need one more thing to pile on top of it.

Rozanov *grins*. "You got my gift, da? Was cute. Angry kitten."

"Fuck off," Shane uses a bit of force to knock Rozanov into the wall again. "Answer my question."

He takes a second to notice that the man before him does not look the least bit threatened. If anything, he seems very pleased by this conversation. His eyes haven't left Shane's face once and that small smile is fixed to his lips. Not that Shane is looking at his mouth.

Cause if he were, he would notice how perfect it is, how the cupid's bow is so stark and noticeable that his eyes catch it every time. He would notice that Rozanov looks kissable in this lighting.

Ilya leans in so his breath ghosts over the shell of Shane's ear, "Was not hard to find you," he says, "The man I sent was quick and quiet. It makes me wonder what else I could send you."

Something in Shane's chest loosens around the fact that Rozanov hadn't seen his apartment complex. The place was so shitty it was prone to collapse, and he just- he just didn't need anyone seeing that. But his relief encourages Rozanov to keep talking.

"Let's see. I got you kitten, is toy for children, but you will like. But if I get you *toy* for you..."

Ilya's grin makes it clear exactly what kind of toy he's talking about and Shane shoves off of him and away. Thank god this room isn't the same fluorescent lighting as the rest of the hospital. The cool, dark yellow can disguise the flush spreading all over his body.

It's not that he doesn't have his own, um, toys to use. Shane has a dildo and lube and whatever, but the thought of-

The thought of this man sending him something he picked out so Shane would use it is too much to bear. It should be revolting, but Shane can vividly imagine opening a box that has Ilya's perfect handwriting on it and getting to writhe around his own bed in pleasure from the gift. Knowing Ilya, it would likely be big and he'd want to know if Shane had liked it and how he'd used it and if it made him want-

"Shut up."

His voice is weak. It's telling.

Ilya doesn't move from the wall. He tilts his head back and watches as Shane gulps in deep breaths to calm himself down. He's a far cry from the bleeding, angry, abandoned man Shane had stitched up. In his place is the picture of sinful confidence and Shane will be damned if he bows to the feet of this wannabe god.

Even if he'd love to worship him.

Rozanov tilts his head. "Do not worry, I will not tell the hoards where your home is. Is secret just for me."

"Thanks," Shane tries to force sarcasm in there and misses. He stands back up with a little wince thanks to his ribs and the next thing he knows he's being backed into the wall.

Ilya is on him and the roles have reversed as his chin is held and his eyes are forced to meet those of the Russian. "You are hurt."

Shit.

Shane really cannot get into why his ribs are bruised in front of a near stranger. He's really going to have to make this believable. "Yeah, a bit."

"*Why.*"

Rozanov's tone is nonnegotiable and a shiver crawls down Shane's spine. *Jesus if this is what he sounds like normally, what could he do in bed?*

Shane shrugs like it doesn't matter. Like 'Pugsley' didn't toss a metal chair at him when he had his back turned. "Hockey will do that to you." Never mind that he hasn't had time to play the sport that he loves ever since this whole disaster started. It's not really a lie, this is a hockey typical injury, that's just not where he got it from.

Ilya is quiet for a moment too long before he turns Shane's head in his hands and examines his face. "You are doctor, you should know better than to get hurt."

"I'm not a real doctor, asshole, I'm still working on it."

There's a fake gasp from Rozanov, "No! Then why did they let me book stitches removal with Dr. Hollander?"

Shane rolls his eyes and tries not to laugh. "Is everything healing well?"

"Oh now you are concerned. Not when dragging me around and banging my head on wall."

"Fuck off, you were stalking me."

"Hm no. Not stalking." Rozanov says playfully, "Keeping- um, keeping tab."

"Did you pull your stitches or not, Rozanov?"

The hand around his chin shifts and settles on his neck. They're standing far too close for Shane's heartbeat to be at a normal pace. If Ilya were to- if he were to step forward he would get pretty obvious evidence of Shane's arousal.

Those curls brush against Shane's face as Ilya leans in again, "No. I followed all your boring rules and am fine. Now," His breath is hot against Shane's ear. "Do you plan on us using any of these shitty beds or did you bring me in here just to yell."

"I-didn't, I, there's not--"

Ilya pulls his head back to smirk at Shane's floundering. "And here I thought I struggle with English."

Shane manages to control himself into one huff of breath. "Fuck off."

Ilya surges forward and finds the hot length of Shane's dick through his post-work sweatpants. All rational thought leaves his head after the first lazy stroke. "Hmm no," Ilya says, "I do not think that is what you want."

A *very* embarrassing whine leaves Shane without his permission, but he manages to stop himself before he bucks into Ilya's hand. He has the insane urge to drop to his knees in the staff breakroom but he can't tear his eyes away from Rozanov's mouth long enough to act on it. So he sinks a hand into the blond curls and kisses him instead. The kiss is all Ilya needs to crush their bodies together and Shane makes another humiliating noise as he finally gets to feel the heat of Ilya's dick on his own.

He knows how desperate he's being as he frantically grinds against him for more friction but with the way Ilya's tongue is invading Shane's mouth, he's losing his sanity by the second. And when Rozanov's hand dips into Shane's pants and there's finally real contact on his rigid cock, Shane moans loud enough that Rozanov has to shush him.

"Quiet Hollander. Whole place does not need to know how much you like it."

But Shane needs Ilya to know.

He's on his knees and unbuckling pants before the pain of hitting the floor even registers. The whispered Russian words above him spur him on and then finally Shane is face to face with the most glorious dick he's ever seen in his life. The sound he makes is inhuman and Ilya's hand in his hair only adds to the experience.

Shane's never really done this before, but he'll be damned if he doesn't give it everything. He moves to lick the tip, but Ilya's hand stops him. "So eager," he says fondly, "but you are hurt." *Oh no. Oh no, no, no.* Shane did not suffer through super shitty days and nights to have the one thing he wants denied from him now. He shakes his head frantically and Ilya laughs.

"Fine, fine. Be careful."

Shane is not careful.

He laps at Rozanov's dick like it's his last fucking chance. When he finally gets most of his mouth around it and sucks he can't help but hum with pleasure. Maybe he should be embarrassed by how much he's loving the heavy, velvety weight of Rozanov on his tongue, but he's never been more turned on in his life. One of his hands slots between his own legs just for a little friction-

Ilya pulls him off and Shane whines. Was he doing it wrong? Rozanov is panting hard but he still looks fucking gorgeous. Shane moves his tongue towards his cock again and is stopped.

"Hands up here," Ilya orders and Shane moves to his hips without thinking. He's used to listening quickly in the ER but this is something else. This he wants to do. Instead of moving on, Rozanov shifts his weight and now there's a leg perfectly situated on Shane's dick.

"Holy shit." he gasps.

Ilya releases Shane's head and Hollander gives a few thrust against his new friction. "Da, Doctor. Holy shit."

The mere act of getting himself off while humping Ilya's leg is enough to have a wet spot soaking through his pants. His dick is leaking like a faucet as he works himself over the smooth material of Rozanov's pants. There's no controlling the noises spilling from Shane now and he's well aware someone is going to come in if he isn't quiet. So Rozanov shuts him up with his dick. There's no pleasure in the world higher than what Shane feels on the floor of that breakroom grinding on Ilya's leg and sucking his perfect cock.

All too soon Shane's movement's turn frantic and then Ilya's cursing above him. Shane pulls his mouth off as he comes all over the inside of his pants and then he gets to watch as Ilya finishes in his hand. It's a glorious sight.

Shane would really like to get up, but he's rather tired now that his body is spent and the past-year of not sleeping is catching up with him. His body slumps forward as he clutches at Ilya's pants and then he hears the gentle cooing above him.

"Come Hollander, let's not sleep on floor. Here." Shane is fully lifted to his feet and his body is supported by the Russians strong arms. He's held at arms distance for long enough that he gains his footing and he's mostly aware when Ilya brushes a hand gently over his cheekbone and behind his head. "Fuck Hollander," he whispers. "You are hurt."

Shane forces his eyes open. "No! No, I'm really, I'm okay. I'm just a little tired." Ilya runs a hand through Shane's hair and his eyes drift closed again.

His head is pulled down to Rozanov's shoulder and Shane rather embarrassingly wraps himself around the other man like that little black kitten he has at home.

"This is not a little tired, Hollander. You are not okay. Should not have let me do that."

Shane mumbles something and he knows Rozanov can't hear it when his head is pulled back out. "I said I wanted to do that since you started arguing with me over hospital gowns."

Ilya makes a face. "They are ugly."

Shane closes his eyes and tries not to smile. There's gentle hands grabbing his chin. "Hollander." Ilya says sternly. "You will tell me what's going on. I cannot leave without Marly or I would put you in my bed until there is no more of this tired. I do not like this."

"-s' not a problem."

It is a little odd that no one stayed with Rozanov when he was in the hospital but he refuses to leave his friend behind. But Shane doesn't say that.

"You are lucky there are beds in here. You will sleep until morning and-"

Shane's eyes shoot open as his heartrate skyrockets.

"Shit."

He has to get to the warehouse. Hell he's already super late- and there's a massive job coming up- and there was a fight downtown that they needed him for- and they are actually going to kill him-

"Hollander what..."

"I have to go, oh my god I have to go." He needed a change of pants. He needed not to look like he had just come in his pants. They were going to kill him.

Ilya is standing there uselessly as Shane digs through the laundry baskets. Thank god people left old scrubs in here. He'd return them eventually.

"Hollander what the hell is happening." Ilya demands.

Shane doesn't even have time to look at him. "I've really got to go, you don't understand. Nothing against uh, you or anything. *Where are my socks?*"

They were definitely on his feet before he started putting on these other pants and now they, oh there they are.

Ilya's in his way, so Shane shoves past him. He doesn't like that.

The hands on his shoulders nearly make Shane jump out of his own skin. "Slow the fuck down." Ilya demands. "Tell me where you are going."

The hand in a box, the threats against his family, the bruising on his ribs.

Shane tries really hard to put on a blank face. "I can't."

He gets the socks on, and then his shoes. He can't afford the time it will take to find his coat, so the snow will have to be fine. Ilya is still standing there bewildered and all Shane can offer him is a nod as he takes off to somewhere he's never once in his life wanted to go.

The next days pass in a blur of pain, caffeine, and anxiety. Just because he had survived being late twice last week did not mean that he escaped injury free. He told Hayden he walked into a pole. He doesn't know if his friend believed it. Friday's 'pizza and sports' session was actually just Hayden's excuse to force Shane into sleeping for a solid six hours before his alarm went off for the warehouse. He may have to eat only half a cup of ramen for a few meals this week, but he's pretty glad he called out of that shift.

When he's alone, he thinks about Rozanov and mostly he tries not to get hard in public places. It works maybe half the time. He'll probably never see the Russian again with the weird way he fled, but he still has that cat to keep him company. The stuffed thing is a permanent fixture on his counter and Shane greets it every time he returns home.

It helps fill the empty feeling Shane now carries with him everywhere.

The job on Sunday goes rather smoothly. Shane and the other staff stitch up a few gashes, he digs out one bullet in the leg, and someone lost a finger. Oddly enough he wanted one sewn on from the bodies they kept in the freezer and Shane had to live with the fact that he was getting closer to being Victor Frankenstein with every passing day. The genetics test is shockingly easy and his black eye isn't even noticeable anymore. Add in one free meal from his Spanish elective's field trip, and it hadn't been an awful week overall.

It would be very easy to forget the little break room tryst all together, and just catalog it under 'jerking off material' if he didn't see the calendar reminder.

Stitches removal: Ilya Rozanov.

He's in front of Josie's desk before he can stop himself. "This isn't emergency room level stuff here Jo." He says delicately, "He needs to go see his regular doctor." Josie and him are friends, but it's Ilya they're talking about. He needs to be careful.

And sure enough a dose of fear enters her eyes. "Shane, I really think it would be best if we just gave the nice man what he wanted. It's an easy procedure, you can think of it as a free little break."

A free break where he had to be in close proximity to Ilya's naked torso. Wonderful.

"Right. Well, I'll just uh." *Go hyperventilate in the bathroom for a while.* "Get ready for that."

Chapter End Notes

Is it really a mafia AU if there isn't hidden injuries?

Shane: You shouldn't smoke, it's bad; motorcycles are dangerous, don't drive them; eat healthy, get exercise, and don't tear your stitches

Also Shane: This one cup of half-price ramen and three hours of sleep I got will keep me alive for a week

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hollander is obviously keeping secrets, but Ilya can't dig too deeply without exposing his own issues.

He's far too invested already, though, so it can't hurt to blur the lines a bit further.

Chapter Notes

...I'm a sucker for a jealousy tag.

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

Ilya really wasn't supposed to be in a public hospital again, much less one in enemy territory. This wasn't Canadian ground per se, but it was close enough to the Swedes that anyone other than the two groups was usually shot on sight.

His father was more likely to take a swing at him than anyone else and Ilya tried to ignore the cold terror that inched down his spine.

He was a Rozanov and therefore he should be above petty things such as common medicine. Every time a wound slowed him down he was reminded of the consequences.

It didn't matter if it came from a battle or from sleeping on his neck wrong, Ilya's injuries were meant to be hidden and ignored.

Or else.

This particular wound and the care he's given it would send his family into a spiral.

There were doctors on his team that were plenty capable of removing stitches, but Ilya didn't really give a fuck about the wound. He was here for other reasons.

It seems that most everyone in this hospital knows who he is, but no one has had the balls to tell on him yet. Yes, yes, little secretary, his name is really Ilya Rozanov and he's really here to see Hollander, so stop making that face.

People liked to pretend that the fear on their face was just awe and that they were actually *excited* that the Russian mafia was paying them a visit. It was obviously a lie.

His reputation was so tarnished and awful that the common public assumed he was there to maim them and laugh at their corpse.

The thought was not comforting.

He couldn't go anywhere in this town without someone's jaw dropping and sadly it is not all because of his wonderful, good looks. He's used to hoodies and hats and scarves to wrap his head in, but he takes them all off once he's inside the ER doors. Part of him wants to get shot here just to listen to Shane complain as he fixes the wound.

Shane Hollander is not a doctor, but he's the only one Ilya would trust to see him. He's not just an intern either, judging by the care Ilya received, but he's too young to be much more. If Rozanov had to guess he'd say he and Shane were the same age, just on wildly different paths.

Hollander is probably smiling and sending some mother home who burned her hand on the stove and Ilya is on the phone with an arms dealer.

His words do not match with the smile on his face.

"I don't care how you get them to me, that is not my fucking job. All I want is every single piece where it's supposed to be or I will send your papa your dick home in a box. Or perhaps your mother's address will be easier to find, yes?"

He tries to drown out the blubbling at the end of the line as he fills out the paperwork the nurse offers him. No one around here speaks a lick of Russian so he's not overly concerned that anyone will overhear him.

"I want it by tomorrow," Ilya is so done with this conversation, *"If I do not have it, you die."*

He hangs up the phone in time to see the wide-eyed face of his last nurse. "Ah Josie!" He doesn't bother to stop as he enters the back part of the waiting room. "Hollander will see me now, yes?"

He doesn't wait for what is sure to be a *No he's not ready* and Rozanov just walks towards their usual room.

Does it make sense for a busy ER to have a room saved for him? No.

But his name goes a long way. To be honest, he's not sure if Shane has any idea what the hell he's gotten himself into with Ilya, but it's far more fun that way.

Because no one who deals with the heir to the Russian syndicate would speak to him the way Shane did.

The fire in Hollander's eyes was refreshing and finally Ilya was allowed to play without the high stakes of life or death. He could tease Hollander and annoy him without worrying the whole kingdom would collapse over their heads.

And it helped that Hollander was so pretty when he got worked up.

The pink of his cheeks lit up behind those perfect freckles and Ilya had to bite back a laugh every time Shane huffed like an angry kitten. Shane Hollander was a mess of perfect reactions and sharp words and he looked so fucking *pretty* when he came.

It was the pinnacle of ill-advised behavior to start something in that break room, but Ilya hadn't anticipated how desperate Shane would turn once they got started.

He'd planned to just rile him up, drop some careful threats, maybe set a date to meet up, and leave. He did not plan to watch him hump his leg while moaning around Ilya's cock.

The image of it still haunts him.

There was something- something off about this student though. Ilya had been raised to be suspicious of everyone he met, and Shane triggered warning signs like nothing else. He was hiding something, concealing injuries, and whatever sent him running had him genuinely scared.

Ilya was used to people looking at him in fear, but he would have done anything to wipe it off of Shane's face that night.

He hadn't had the time he needed to look into it yet. He'd found Shane's address with the help of an assistant, but beyond the stuffed cat he knew nothing about Hollander. Obviously, the kid is still a student, he works in a hospital, and he doesn't get much sleep.

Gangsters aren't exactly known for their napping hours either, so it's not as if Ilya has a lot of knowledge to rely on.

Most of the sleep-deprived people he worked with just took pills to ease the process.

This is a route he hopes Shane is not taking.

Ilya reasons that since he's a med student, Shane likely knows better about sleep cycles and healthy habits than he does but it was still strange the way that he'd collapsed into Ilya's arms.

It was even stranger to walk into his exam room to find Hollander's head resting on the desk, out cold.

Ilya closes the door behind himself just loud enough that Shane's head shoots straight up.

"Shit!" Frantic, sleepy eyes find Ilya's amused ones, "Oh it's just you."

Ilya rolls his eyes and sits down on the bed. "Way to make a guy feel special, Hollander."

"No I just mean--"

There's still some heavy blinking as Shane reorients and Ilya hates how cute he finds the whole ordeal. Hollander's hair is messy from the little nap and Rozanov has the strangest urge to fix it for him.

He has no business getting involved with this man, in fact he had hundreds of reasons not to. It was too dangerous for Ilya to be around someone normal, he didn't-

He keeps his hands tucked at his sides. He will not hurt Hollander.

Then Shane is standing up. "Uh, how are the ribs, *shit*, I mean. How's the shoulder Mr. Rozanov?"

"Oh, so you do have manners. Nice to see."

Ilya ignores the fact that he hates the title 'Mr. Rozanov' in an attempt to break Shane back down to normal again.

"Shut up- I mean. Jesus Christ, why do you make this so difficult?"

Ilya can't help but grin. He doesn't like Hollander as a stuffy nurse, he just likes him as the asshole who has a smart mouth.

Ilya slaps on an innocent expression. "I am not difficult, I am in pain. Ow," he says flatly, "My shoulder hurts."

Shane rolls his eyes. "If it does actually hurt that will be a problem. Just- just take your shirt off."

"Already trying to get me naked."

"Shut up!"

Ilya gives it a rest as he does pull his shirt over his head, but he studies Shane the whole time. His little slip up about the ribs caught Ilya's attention and there obviously is some tenderness there judging by the way Shane holds himself. He's also pointedly keeping his face turned away from the bed- probably to hide his blush.

Ilya sits shirtless for nearly a full minute before he gets bored. "Are you going to take off shirt too or is this one-sided strip show?"

The jab is not good enough to get Shane to turn completely. "This is a professional workplace and I'll be keeping my shirt on. We don't do that here." He says it over his shoulder so he misses Ilya's shrug.

"Right." He says mockingly. "I forgot that last time you came in pants so all clothes stayed on."

There's a clatter as Shane nearly drops the tray he was holding onto. *Point Rozanov*. Ilya makes a show of looking unaffected, but his mind is a highlight reel of Shane's little noises and gasps. It was safe to say he hadn't orgasmed so hard in a long time.

He watches as Shane's shaky hands put a mask on his face and Ilya frowns as Hollander turns around. "We're not talking about that," he says.

“Why not? You enjoyed it.”

Shane sits in the chair and Ilya hates that he can't see his freckles. Hollander had not worn this stupid mask last time and he shouldn't wear it now. Ilya is about to say as much when cold gloved hands make contact with his torso.

“Yeah,” Shane whispers, “I did.”

And if Ilya's father could see the grin he's wearing now, he'd be beaten for insubordination. But that does nothing to dull its effect.

Shane prods at the wound and Ilya doesn't flinch. “This actually looks good,” he says quickly. “You've taken good care of it.”

It's certainly not a motorcycle wound, and Ilya had his own doctors look at it again when he got in a scuffle yesterday, but he is proud that it's healing well.

“I have a good doctor,” he says.

Shane's blush doesn't stay hidden behind the mask. “M' not a doctor.”

“You are student, yes? That is why you are so tired.”

Ilya didn't go to college, but he thinks that he's heard that it's a lot of hours studying and staying awake. He doesn't know why anyone would want the night shift on top of that.

Shane nods, “Yeah at the university down the road. They let me work here during nights because it's the only shift open, but we probably see more action than the day crew does. You know how this town is.”

Ilya nods. *He really does.*

“And then what?” Ilya asks. “You will graduate and run the place? Put more stitches in people, but actually have qualifications for it?”

Ilya is proud of the glare he receives from Shane. “I'm qualified,” he mutters, “I just didn't want anyone else to have to deal with you.”

“You mean you didn't want others to see me shirtless because you need something to jerk off to tonight.” He thinks that Shane would very much like to punch him. “Maybe I should send you that toy so you can- *Ow* what the fuck Hollander.”

Shane dug the tip of a tweezer into his wound and the little shit had the nerve to look proud of it. “Oh sorry, did that hurt?”

“Never mind you are bad doctor, will never graduate.”

The whole removal process must be going quickly because Shane pushes back away from Ilya's body. “Pretty sure I've survived worse than just this. I think I'll be fine.”

Ilya pretends he's thinking, but he's making a note to check into that later. What has Shane Hollander had to survive to get here? Rozanov finds that he would be happy to dismember anyone who laid a hand on him.

"You're all good to go," Shane says from his chair. Ilya's brow furrows.

"Ah no. I booked room for at least hour. Must be something else to fix."

Slowly, Shane's brow's furrow. "You can't- this is the *ER*, Rozanov this isn't a hotel. You can't book rooms. I have other people to save."

Ilya shakes his head again. "No, not true. I called them and they said Shane Hollander is available for full hour, they said this. I do not think hospital would lie."

There's genuine shock on Shane's face- well the part that's visible. "You- how? That's not even..." He trails off as he stands up and then Ilya is left in the room as Shane talks to Josie at the desk. There's a lot of nodding, but just in case, Ilya moves his shirtless body into her view to seal the deal.

Shane will get his hour break, or Ilya will break faces.

Sure enough, Hollander trails into the room like a kicked puppy. "I can't believe you did that."

"What! I do favor, I need stitches removed and I am not doctor so I book full hour. How was I supposed to know it doesn't take that long."

And in that moment, Shane looked every bit like the kitten Ilya found at the store for him.

He's all huffy as he moves about the room, cleaning trays and putting things away, so Ilya decides to just watch him. He arranges himself artfully on the bed and makes sure his body is flexed perfectly, but it's worthless because Shane doesn't even look up from his tantrum.

"Hollander."

Shane is now banging trays around to cause noise. There's no way cabinets need to be that loud.

"*Hollander.*"

Ilya is ignored again as Shane rips the mask off his face and starts breathing even louder now.

"Christ Hollander if I had known you would be such a baby about it, I would have let you sleep on wall. I have taken my own stitches out before and never should have let you."

"Oh, so now I'm not good enough!" Shane shouts back. "I thought you specifically requested me, but maybe I was wrong."

Ilya cannot look at him because he knows the anger on Shane's face will get him noticeably hard. "Maybe I want a doctor who can stay awake for whole appointment."

“Fuck you Rozanov.” Shane spits. “I’m plenty capable in whatever state I’m in. Hell! I’m practically getting *too* much sleep these days.”

Ilya hums. “Yes, that is also what I was thinking when you collapsed in my arms just from having my dick in your mouth.”

There’s a high-pitched noise from Shane’s side of the room and Ilya has to restrain himself from looking over. Or getting up. Or looking over, getting up, and getting on his knees with his tongue out.

“You can’t- you can’t use that against me.”

Ilya rolls his eyes. Shane’s anxiety makes this no fun sometimes. “Believe it or not Hollander I am not running to news lady to tell her what my nurse sounds like on his knees.”

There’s another soft sound from Shane and Ilya knows he has him. He hadn’t really come here with the intention of fucking Hollander on this bed, but there are plenty of other things they could get up to.

Preferably soon. Shane needed to sleep, and he only seemed to want to after he was spent and clingy. And well, Ilya liked to be needed like that.

“Are you- we can’t in here.” Shane stutters out. “I mean it’s not private anyone could- anyone could walk in.”

Bingo. “I think you would like it if someone saw, yes? You put on quite a show already that they would all love to see.” God it’s hard not to look over there. He knows Hollander is blushing bright red and those freckles are lit up. “But no, I will not fuck you on hospital bed.”

One.

Two.

And Three-

“Why not?”

Shane’s voice is weak and desperate and finally Ilya turns his head to stare at him. “Because when you are making those noises I like while you are split open on my dick, I want to hear it and not have nurse come running. You have touched yourself before-“

Ilya cuts himself off.

Shane is as still as stone and breathing hard across the room, but that’s not what has Ilya standing up and forgetting about his words.

This is the reason Shane put on the mask.

He has a black fucking eye.

Hollander doesn't protest when Ilya grabs his face and maneuvers him. It's a fading bruise, but it was ugly to begin with. Hollander doesn't even seem to register what Ilya is concerned with and he just stares up at him dopyly with foggy eyes. If Ilya weren't so furious, he would be cooing over the puppy-dog eyes before him.

But someone has hurt Shane. Deliberately.

"Hollander."

He's aware that this is the voice he uses on enemies, but he can't help it. Shane blinks out of his state immediately and Ilya doubles down. "Why are you hurt again?"

Shane's hand comes up over Ilya's to feel where the bruise is and he winces slightly. "It's really nothing, I just- "

Ilya bats his hand away.

"Do not lie to me."

Shane Hollander is an excellent doctor, probably a good student, and a beautiful specimen. But he is a terrible liar. "It's uh. Hockey again."

Ilya shoves him to the wall none too gently and wrenches open the door. "Josie!" The secretary jumps when she hears his voice. "How did our Shane hurt his face?" The woman is flustered, but she manages to answer.

"He ran into a pole, sir. A few days ago."

Ilya manages a grim smile before he closes the door once again. Shane's face is devoid of color.

Ilya should be concerned by the fear in his eyes as he stalks him one step at a time until they are both backed into a corner, but he's too angry to care. "So what is it then?" he whispers.

Shane nearly trips over a chair, but now there's nowhere to run. Ilya has him backed into a wall with his arms bracketed over either side of Shane's head. "Hockey? A pole? Or maybe you could say that you've always had it. All of these lies are hard to keep track of."

There's a hand on Ilya's chest in an attempt to keep him back, but Shane is far too flustered to hold him off.

Ilya has hurt men who deserved it a lot less than whoever decided to lay a hand on the man before him. He would invent a new circle of hell once he figured out where these bruises came from.

All he needs is a hint.

"You did not do this on pole. You are clumsy, yes, but not that clumsy. This was done to you by someone, I think ribs too." Ilya lays a palm flat over the area he's referring to just to accentuate his point.

Shane bites his lip, but he won't meet Ilya's eyes. "Was it someone here? A wild patient, a drunk old man?" As if searching for an answer, Shane's eyes flit side to side. He's likely realizing that he's missed his chance to claim the easy way out, because his hesitation takes too long. "No. Not here. Maybe school? Roommate acting up, boys being boys whatever whatever- hm?"

This time Shane shakes his head no, and Ilya is grateful. This will go much smoother if he obeys. He releases his grip just slightly.

"I do not think you are playing hockey at all. I think someone who is sleeping in corners at work does not have time to lace up skates," Ilya should have figured this all out sooner. He'd been a fool.

Shane hangs his head and tries to run a hand through his hair, but Ilya is too close to him for his arms to come up.

"No," he whispers, "I haven't played in a while."

Ilya rewards this truth by taking a step back, but he also needs space for what he's going to say next. Space enough that he doesn't let his own emotions break through the surface. "So, it is at home then. Your father?"

Shane's head snaps up with a furious look on his face.

Ilya is shoved away to the point that he stumbles against the chair in shock. "Fuck you my parents would never," Shane spits. "They're great people."

Must be nice.

But Ilya doesn't voice the fact that he'll always assume violence starts with the father. He just watches as the fight leaves Hollander and he sinks to the floor with his knees up. He lets the heaving sounds of Shane's breath fill the space, but he can't stall long.

"If you do not tell me, I will find out on my own. This is not a good option for you."

He had people he would send to follow Hollander. His entire schedule could be on Ilya's desk in two days and Shane would be none the wiser.

But Ilya is telling him.

For some unknown fucking reason.

Genuine fear makes a reappearance on Shane's face. "You can't- Rozanov you can't. Shane's breathing has suddenly taken a turn for the frantic and short puffs of breath. "If you get hurt- Oh my god you shouldn't be here. We never should have-" He's gasping out the words now, his whole body trembling from its place on the floor. "You can't, you can't you-"

Ilya is on his knees in seconds, prying Shane's hands away from his face.

“Hollander. Hollander listen to me. You need to breathe.” Shane’s body is cold under Ilya’s fingers. “You are having a panic attack, no one is going anywhere, no one is getting hurt. You must breathe with me.”

Ilya forces Shane body from its hunched position until he can see Hollander’s face and make sure he’s breathing as he’s supposed to. There’s an entire hospital full of trained medical staff here, but it’s Ilya Rozanov, heir to the Russian Mafia and contracted killer, who brings Shane out of his panic.

And if he looked tired before, it’s nothing in comparison to what Hollander looks like once he pulls out of it. Ilya moves himself around so he’s also leaning against the wall and he pulls Shane’s head down on his shoulder. The limpness in his body is concerning, but he complies with shaky breaths.

So now we’ve learned not to ask for permission. Only forgiveness.

Ilya isn’t about to leave Shane’s abuser unpunished, but he can find a better time to bring it up than in the emergency room during Shane’s shift. Whatever is happening is far larger than just a few bruises here and there.

Ilya won’t push much harder tonight, but he’s not letting Shane off easily.

The man isn’t sleeping, though he easily could be, but his fingers are playing with the strings of his pants, idly spinning them around. His hair is soft under Ilya’s fingers.

“You do not have school on Saturday.” Ilya says plainly.

Shane nods against him. “Yeah, I usually just use the day to sleep and do homework.”

Good. He doesn’t work during the day then.

“I will pick you up at 9 AM. Bring backpack and whatever,” It’s an order. One his subordinates wouldn’t dare refuse, but Shane pulls away instantly.

“What, why? You’re not picking me up.”

His nose is scrunched up again, and Ilya catches every time his gaze strays to his mouth, but he doesn’t relent. “I am not convinced that you can take care of yourself. So I will do it for you. Saturday you will be with me until you have work. Then I will decide if Sunday is needed too.”

“That’s bullshit,” Shane says. “You can’t just kidnap me because I freaked out a little.”

Ilya raises a brow. “Your other option is I call you out of shifts for the rest of week, email teachers that you are sick and take you now. Is that a better idea?”

Shane glares at Ilya for a long time. Rozanov has survived torture and interrogations, he’s been beaten by his father’s own hand and left to sleep on the streets all in the name of standing firm, but there is still something about those brown eyes that makes him want to give in.

If he weren't so fun to fight with, he imagines he'd spend his days doing whatever Hollander wanted of him.

Shane bangs his head back against the wall. "I can take care of myself," he mutters.

Ilya thinks about the bruises, the sleeping, and the cagey behavior. But he also thinks about the passion in Shane's eyes as he talked about finishing school, and the gentle care he'd given Ilya despite his protests. He thinks about how Shane looks a little too thin for his height, but how the rest of the staff seem to regard him as a Saint.

"Da, I know. But I am going to take care of you anyway." And because that line is far too close to something real for Ilya, he tacks on, "And maybe I let you suck my dick again."

"Oh fuck you," Shane says with a playful shove, "Maybe you should suck my dick."

Ilya's gaze drags all the way down to the thin pants Shane is wearing, and he makes a show of tilting his head. "Could be arranged. If you are good."

The most beautiful blush crawls up Shane's neck again and there's almost a sound that makes it free, but it's covered in a cough. "Yeah, yeah whatever." He mutters. "Just pick me up from the library though, I need a book from there anyway."

It's a lie.

Ilya knows it's a lie the second Shane ducks his head.

Never in his life has he been lied to this many times and let it pass without repercussions. He's cut out tongues for offenses less than this.

So, he waits.

He waits until Shane works up the nerve to meet Ilya's eyes and he lets him try again.

"Why do you not want me to come to your house?"

Hollander blinks at him with that same slow speed that means he's starting to feel all the missed hours of sleep. His gaze flickers from Ilya's eyes to his mouth and there's nothing he can do to hide it.

His voice is a whisper. "I don't want you to see it," he says.

Ilya isn't sure what that means. He isn't sure if Shane is being shy, or if he's scared of him, or if there's something there that will expose Hollander, but it doesn't matter. Shane hadn't lied, so Ilya will let it pass.

In fact-

He leans forward and kisses Hollander softly, far softer than he's ever done before. There's such gentleness in Shane's mouth, but Ilya knows if they keep going the desperation will creep in shortly.

He pulls Shane away with a hand on the back of his neck. “See?” he says, “Was not so hard to tell the truth. And you get a reward for it.”

Shane usually has a snappy comeback, but the whiplash of the last hour has him staring longingly at Ilya with unchecked need.

“Mhm,” he says.

“I have to go, Hollander,” Ilya can’t resist brushing some of the hair out of Shane’s face. His face is still heated from all the blushing under Ilya’s hands. “I will collect you on Saturday.”

The real world is not easily ignored for a Rozanov, but Ilya has made sure this day is his and he is not to be interrupted. It meant that he had to leave someone else in his fathers basement to interrogate prisoners, arrange a different driver for a political figure, visit the gambling house last night instead of today, and contact a chef about heavily almond flavored dishes, but it was worth it.

It was Saturday and it *would* be worth it.

If Ilya managed to get to Shane before he hit a stupid college kid with his car.

Seriously, how can they manage to ignore every street sign and expect not to get honked at. If you are looking at your phone in the middle of an intersection, you deserve to get hit.

Preferably at high speed.

And why is every street a one way? The library is not where it should be, and the cars are parked so badly he can barely see the road and Ilya is pissed.

“Hey!” He yells out the window, “Get out of the fucking way!”

Some punk in a ‘Virginity Rocks’ sweatshirt flips him off and Ilya revs his engine. This isn’t a school car- this is more than anyone on a regular salary could afford in a lifetime. The kid scrambles. “Good,” Ilya mutters to himself, “Would hate for someone to die a virgin.”

The library lot is not full on a Saturday, but Ilya pulls up to the curb anyway. If he weren’t afraid of being recognized and subsequently having his cover blown to Shane, he’d get out of the car and smoke while he waited, but he’ll settle for rolling the window down.

So, he gets a great view of a laughing Shane Hollander surrounded by some boy and Rose Fucking Landry.

The other boy looks like a student, all tired eyes and a massive backpack, but Rose looks like the mafia pawn that she is.

She was a member of the French sector, a group Ilya regularly had problems with, but not the ‘kill everyone’ kind of problems. Rose was often used as a way to talk people out of war, she

was pretty, likeable, and made even the worst men feel desirable.

Once, in an instance of near all-out battle, the French had tried to offer her as a bride to Ilya. It would have dissolved tensions completely and his father was very keen on the idea.

Ilya had refused.

If any family is willing to offer up their child, they are desperate enough to renegotiate in some other way.

He did not want to marry Rose Landry- Alexei had, but he already had a wife. However, watching her squeeze closer to Shane to avoid the blistering cold, Ilya wishes they had opted for war.

The boy must say something funny, because everyone is laughing and Shane's pink cheeks are pulled into a smile. Compared to everyone else's heavy coats, he's just in a sweatshirt without any gloves or a hat to keep him warm.

If he were just trying to look tough and immune to the cold, he wouldn't have his hands shoved so deep in his pockets and he'd do a better job hiding the shivers Ilya can see from here.

Seriously. Who let this kid take care of himself.

It's at that moment that Shane sneezes and Ilya is faced with a very hard decision.

He can get out of the car, forcibly remove Shane from the cold, and expose himself as a Russian mobster to Rose who will definitely recognize him, or he can wait. Landry has certainly heard the stories behind her ex-fiancé, so nothing would be hidden from Shane about Ilya's past.

It would be the end of this thing that they have.

So even though Rose is now taking the other boy's hat off and shoving it down on Shane's head- Ilya stays in the car. He wants nothing more than to remove everyone and everything that is not him when it comes to Hollander, but he'll wait.

And when Rose kisses the tip of Hollander's nose, and he blushes even harder, Ilya curses loudly at his decision.

But he can rev the engine and interrupt the moment.

The loud purr of a Ferrari, especially in weather like this when it shouldn't be out, pulls all eyes to him. He watches just long enough to see Shane's panicked eyes look at his watch and Rose's head tilt with a frown.

He forces his eyes straight ahead as the door opens.

"Shit sorry," Shane says, as the cold seeps into the interior, "I lost track of time."

Take that Rose Landry, Ilya thinks, you don't even get a goodbye.

Ilya just hums in response.

He's currently too pissed off to say much, but he lets the car speak for him as he dramatically pulls out of the parking lot. This time he doesn't really care if it's a one way, or if there's someone in the road, he's getting Shane to his house as soon as possible.

Shane is still shivering slightly in the passenger seat and Ilya casually turns the heat all the way up. His breath is still slightly visible in the air.

"Thanks for getting me from there, I appreciate it," he says.

His tone is sweet, like Ilya is just a patient and not even a good one. "Is fine," he responds. If Shane wants to be fake, Ilya can too.

The dismissal doesn't deter Shane, "This is a really nice car," he says, "We don't really see a lot of these on campus."

I bet Rose Landry drives a Range Rover.

Ilya manages a hum through gritted teeth. He's not being a very good host, but he really doesn't care. His grip on the steering wheel is so tight that he's on the edge of breaking open the scabbing on his knuckles from yesterday's fight.

"Are you, um, ok?" Shane asks quietly, "You're being really weird and you're usually weird, but this is more than--"

Ilya pushes a little harder on the gas as his control breaks. "Those were your friends, yes? Boy with stupid grin and girl with hair." He doesn't really know what he's doing, he just- he just wants to know.

Shane falters a bit. "Uh, yeah. That's Hayden and Rose, Hayden and I had a lot of classes together last year cause he's pre-PT on the pediatric side and I met Rose through another friend of ours."

"And she is what," Ilya asks, "Pre- politics?" It would be a fitting job for a girl like her.

Shane laughs, "No, she's just in business. She's gonna take over her family's company so she's kinda just getting a degree for fun."

How quaint.

"Family business? Let me guess, she is going to be a teacher or lawyer."

Again, another one of Shane's soft laughs. Ilya hates that they're happening as they talk about Rose. "Actually, they're florists," Shane responds.

It's Ilya's turn to laugh. *Fucking flowers? Not likely.*

He tries to be super super casual with his next question. It still comes out as an accusation. "And you two used to fuck, yes?"

"What? I, what?" Shane's composure goes right out the window. "She's not- we're not-"

Ilya finally turns his head to watch Shane scramble for words. Finally, he lands on something. "I- we used to, uh, date. It didn't work out. We don't work like that."

Something warm and fuzzy, and far too soft uncurls in Ilya's chest. He shoves it back down. Humming again, he turns his eyes back on the road. "Because you like to suck dick."

"Jesus Christ, Rozanov."

"What? It's true."

Shane tries to put a hand in his hair, but the stupid hat is in the way. "Who is teaching you all of these words?"

"Your mother."

Ilya has to work to suppress a smile when Shane's hand flings out and hits him in the chest, but he isn't totally successful. There's a small smirk on his face the rest of the ride to the house.

Shane is suitably shocked when they pull up to the garage and the stupefied look on his face holds as he takes in the rows of cars and the elevator leading to the rest of the house. Ilya has a lot of money and he likes cars. It makes sense that he would have a collection of them. Well, it probably doesn't make sense to Shane.

"What did you say that you do for a living again?" Hollander asks.

Ilya shrugs, feeling petty. "Family business."

There's a sigh from Shane that holds all the way into the main house.

Now that he's here, Ilya can finally relax. There's a part of him that's been on constant alert since he met the man and now that he can confirm that he's in a safe place and protected, it settles. Whatever unexplainable urge he has to take care of Hollander is sated for a moment.

"This is...insane."

Shane's eyes never left their state of shock as Ilya took him on a quick tour of the main level. The best rooms were upstairs, but they'd wait on that for a minute. For now there was the kitchen.

“Not all of us live in hospital and shitty dorm rooms, Hollander,” Ilya says as he works on figuring out what the chef left behind. “Put stuff down and we will eat.”

“Oh, I’m not- it’s kinda early to eat.”

Hollander shifts on his feet with one strap of his backpack on his shoulder. He looks so nervous you’d think there was a gun in Ilya’s hand instead of some sort of yogurt bowl.

“There is a thing called breakfast, Hollander, they should teach you about it in medicine school.”

Shane’s face cycles through emotions of embarrassment and confusion and Ilya almost smiles. He’s so expressive with his thoughts.

“Right.”

“Put bag on floor,” Ilya says, “You can get it later.”

Shane dutifully follows instructions and sits down as Ilya finds a spoon. He doesn’t usually eat in his own home, and rarely with another person, so it takes a minute.

“Later? I have a lot to do, I feel like I should-“

Ilya cuts him off. He knows he’s being too assertive with his instructions and with the dominating way he’s leaning across the counter towards Shane, but someone has to do it.

“You are going to eat. Then you are going to put on warm clothes that are not the property of random friend and then we are going to go upstairs. You can homework after you sleep.”

Already there’s a syrupy quality to Shane’s movements. Ilya fights the urge to touch him.

“What’s wrong with my clothes?” He asks quietly. “How did you know this was Hayden’s?”

Shockingly, Shane does not point at the hat. It seems the sweatshirt is borrowed as well. This will have to be fixed. “That does not matter. Eat. No more questions.”

Shane takes a spoonful and promptly asks for something else. “Why do you care whose clothes they are? And what’s upstairs anyway?”

Ilya is thankful he has a cup of coffee to hide his smile behind. Shane really does look like a kitten when he gets mad and Ilya *loves* to make him mad. He ignores the first question completely.

“The bedroom.”

When Hayden’s fucking hoodie is out of the way, Ilya will finally get to see how far down that blush goes. Shane ducks his head to hide it. As he eats they have a somewhat meaningless conversation that Ilya enjoys more than he should. He’s just supposed to be rehabilitating this man so he has someone to fuck, he’s not supposed to be getting to know him.

But with every passionate comment about types of birds, or newspaper companies, or something stupid, Ilya finds himself wanting more.

All his research on Hollander has stopped cold. It wouldn't be hard to get the information he needs if he would just shove aside his morals, but he never can. He can't justify sending thugs to follow someone to a hospital and to class and to the gym when he wants to be the one doing it himself. He doesn't want anyone else to get to know the man in front of him.

He's potentially endangering Shane just by having him here, but this is something he's too selfish to forsake.

Especially when Hollander is so damn *obedient*.

"I don't get why you don't like my clothes," Shane is standing awkwardly in Ilya's closet, but he's already pulled the offensive hat off. "I'm just trying to stay warm."

"Yes, well you can stay warm in my clothes instead of this Hayden's." he fires back without thinking. He's looking for the softest hoodie that he has, but it's hard when he's mainly wearing suits these days.

Shane laughs slightly. "Jesus Rozanov, you almost sound jealous."

Ilya's spine straightens and he reverts to his full height. Turning away from the drawers slowly, he meets Shane's wide eyes like he has all the time in the world. Hollander is already shifting on his feet, fisting the damn hoodie in his hands.

"Hollander," Ilya purrs, "Why do you think that you are here."

Dark eyes flick through the closet and Ilya takes one step forward, crowding Shane's space. "I, um. You said you had clothes for me."

"No." Ilya settles his hands on Shane's waist so he can't back away. "Not why you are in this room, why do you think you are in my house with me right now."

The glorious hitch in Shane's breath is enough to send a bolt of heat to Ilya's cock. So. Damn. Responsive.

"You told me you were going to pick me up," Shane whispers. He had approximately two minutes of avoiding eye contact before Ilya loses his mind.

"Why did I say that?"

Another stuttered breath comes out at his harsh tone. "Because you said-"

Ilya stops him with a firm hand on his chin. If they are going to talk, Shane is going to look at him during it.

"Try again." Ilya orders.

"You said you were going to take care of me."

Sweet little flustered Shane is losing his ability to think already. Ilya ducks his head so he can mouth along the skin of Shane's neck and jaw. A small whimper escapes Hollander.

"I need you to say that again," Ilya says into his skin, "Why are you here?"

Ilya can feel the rise of Shane's chest with the deep breath he takes. "I-"

"Hm?" he punctuates the hum with a nip to Shane's ear.

"I want you to take care of me."

Finally.

Ilya pulls himself away from Shane completely and ignores the hands that immediately reach for him. He nods towards the door they didn't come through, "That is the bedroom," he says. "Go."

Shane is moving before the final word even lands and Ilya is left panting alone in his closet. He's known Hollander for just a few days and already he has a massive effect on Ilya. Wonderful.

The hoodie he finally grabs from his closet is one he only wears when he's alone and it's so stretched and worn that it will probably not live up to Shane's standards. He doesn't care. There's a desperate, needy, man waiting on his bed and Ilya will be damned if he takes any longer.

Chapter End Notes

#ihateddrivingonanycampus

Also the next Chapter might be my favorite. Actually it might be the one after that.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Shane is in too deep. They're both in too deep. But this is the first real day off Shane has enjoyed in years and Ilya, well. He's really good with his hands.

Chapter Notes

This one is too much of a companion to the last that they kinda needed to go together. So without further ado:

Bang, bang, bang, or something like that

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

“Please, Rozanov, *please*, I can’t...”

If it’s even possible, Ilya manages to loosen his grip on Shane’s aching cock. It doesn’t stop him from chasing the barest hints of the sensation by bucking up again and Shane has to blink around tears again as it isn’t *quite* enough.

Ilya’s golden hair forms a halo around him as the light streams in through the linen curtains. This room could be featured in magazines and movies with the way it’s designed, but Rozanov is still the pinnacle of the set with his infuriating smirk.

He’s still fully clothed above Shane, though he’s graciously loosened a mere two buttons from his silky shirt. The hint of a gold chain is visible with the way he’s lounging.

“Already begging and I’ve barely touched you. So desperate, Hollander.”

Ilya drags a single finger up the length of Shane’s dick and he bites off a whine. He shouldn’t be this needy already, they’ve barely done anything. But then Ilya presses his thumb into the slit of Shane’s cock and the moan breaks free.

“That’s the,” Shane can barely speak through the pleasure as Ilya continues lazily playing with him, “That’s the problem,” he gets out. “I need you to-” He’s interrupted by his own choked breath as Ilya cups his balls and squeezes slightly.

Shane had wasted no time getting on the bed and by the time Ilya followed he was already stripped down to his boxers. It was probably the most embarrassing thing he could have done, being that hard already, but it was worth it for the look in Rozanov’s eyes.

Someone as rational as Shane should not be in a near strangers bed at some mid-morning hour waiting for a hot Russian man to get them off, but he couldn't be rational all the time.

“What do you need, Hollander?”

The luxury pillow cradles his head as he slams it backwards. “Fucking touch me Rozanov.”

Even now, with his hand on Shane's dick, Rozanov was still infuriating. He was smug, controlling, and far too pretty for his own good. Shane wanted him. He also hated him.

“I am touching you.”

Shane squirms as there's another slow stroke to his leaking cock. He should be embarrassed by the amount of pre cum Ilya is getting from him, but he's too turned on to do anything but want more.

He needs it faster.

Or harder.

Or just *more*.

But every time he tries to tell Rozanov that, he does that thing with his wrist and Shane is moaning too loud to remember the words.

Occasionally, Ilya will lean down and lick over a patch of Shane's body and then he really starts to squirm, but now Rozanov seems too preoccupied with Shane's lack of speech to get much else done.

“*More*,” he finally manages, “I need more.”

Ilya grins and adjusts their positions until he's able to bite down between Shane's neck and shoulder. Shane doesn't even bother protesting about what is sure to be a lasting mark, because it will only spur Rozanov on. But finally, *finally*, Ilya is picking up the pace.

The playful eyes above him should have been a hint that it wasn't going to last.

Rozanov leans down to Shane's mouth, placing a sweet kiss as his hand works Shane into a filthy mess, and then he can't help but gasp and let the Russian into his waiting mouth. The kiss is dominating and Shane just lets himself be used as Rozanov takes everything that he wants. When he pulls back there's spit connecting their mouths and Ilya is smirking.

“Greedy,” is the last word he says before his hand pulls off and he's moving down Shane's body.

Shane's hips buck up of their own accord his whole body is as tense as a live wire. He was getting close before Rozanov quit and if he just had a little more-

Ilya bites down on Shane's nipple and he yelps, the sensation sending him too much too fast. His head is clouded with pleasure and nothing seems quite real as Rozanov licks at the spot

he abused and watches Shane's face with glee in his eyes.

Once Shane is, you know, satisfied and clear-headed again, he'll be the one taking Ilya apart. It's just that- it's just that he's completely fine being at the mercy of the man above him and not having to make the decisions is rather nice.

Even when Ilya's favorite method of getting Shane's attention is biting.

Another round of teeth to his other nipple has him flinging his arm that was covering his eyes down and into Rozanov's hair. His whimper intensifies when Ilya's tongue flicks out to soothe the ache.

"Eyes on me," Rozanov says smoothly, "You are going to watch as I make you fall apart."

And then Ilya's mouth is on Shane's dick.

Heaven, my friends, is real. And it's Rozanov's perfect mouth.

Shane bucks before he can stop himself and then there's hands forcing his hips down, making him only take what he's given. Whoever taught Rozanov to suck dick deserves a medal, his head bobs with perfect rhythm as his cheeks hollow around Shane's length.

It's on the right side of messy and controlled, and Shane pleads with every whine that he doesn't stop. If there are bruises from Ilya's hands by tomorrow, Shane will never make it through a shower without having to jerk off.

The sight alone has him close and it's been mere seconds with that perfect heat around him. His warning to Ilya is choked and high-pitched, but he's seriously going to come *right now*-

Rozanov pulls off at the last second. Shane doesn't cum.

If he weren't so winded he'd kick the Russian and his smug smile clean out of his own bedroom.

"What- what the fuck?" he can't stop heaving out stupid breaths as his body suffers whiplash. "That's not, you can't- that *isn't fair*."

But Ilya just smirks at him and wipes his mouth on his hand. With one lewd lick up the center of Shane's abdomen, he's kissing Hollander's mouth and Shane is shoving at him with weak hands. Rozanov pulls off and sweetly kisses Shane's nose.

"Life is not fair, Hollander."

Shane is aware that he likely looks pathetic as he glares at Ilya, but he's so fucking pissed off right now. He doesn't want Ilya off of him, but he doesn't like him right now either so he's weakly pulling and pushing at his clothes.

"You're an asshole."

Another smirk, "Yes, you already know this."

“Fuck off,” Shane tries. Maybe if he can get his hand in Ilya’s waistband-

Rozanov stops him and pins both of Shane’s arms up by his head before delivering a bite on his jaw. “You are so cute when you are angry.”

Shane tries kicking at him, but his struggles end with a moan as Ilya presses their lower halves together. Good God he’s big.

“Always making such pretty noises for me,” Ilya says teasingly. “You can’t help how much your body wants it.”

“Fuck you,” Shane says weakly. He can rub himself slightly on Ilya if he tries and it’s almost enough. “You said-” Rozanov pulls his body away and Shane smashes his head back into the pillow again, eyes screwed closed. “You said you’d take care of me.”

This was the right thing to say.

There’s a noise from deep in Ilya’s throat and then he’s biting down on Shane’s neck again. His hands slide over the length of naked torso and finally there’s an implication that more is coming.

“Yes, Hollander,” Ilya rasps, “I will.”

He taps Shane’s side a few times as his weight shifts. “Turn around. On your stomach.”

Oh.

Shane is quick to comply of course, but his heart rate skyrockets. Are they going to-

“You are nervous already,” Ilya says.

Shane tries to shake his head convincingly. “No, I just-”

Broad hands smooth down his back and settle on his hips and his head falls into the mattress with a moan. There’s a rustle of fabric that he doesn’t think much of until Ilya’s bare torso is pressing down against his back. Shane’s head snaps up.

“I want to see-”

“No.” Ilya’s hand shoves him back into the covers and he stays. Fine. He’ll have to sneak a look later.

Shane isn’t really sure what Ilya’s plan is with all the kissing and biting Rozanov is doing across his body, but he really wasn’t prepared for the hot tongue against his entrance.

“*Holy shit Rozy,*” he gasps out.

Shane is aware that this is a thing that people can do to each other, but until this very second with Rozanov’s tongue making love to his ass, he wasn’t aware why it was such a big deal. When his strength threatens to give out with the first real suction on his hole, Shane gets it.

If he was loud before, he's basically screaming now.

Rozanov continues to lap at Shane's hole like he was born to be there and his hands steadily knead the flesh of his thighs and ass. Shane's whole body is trembling as his hands scramble for something to stabilize him yet never once does Rozanov slow down. There's a steady dribble of pre cum staining the sheets below Shane's dick, but he's honestly proud he's made it this long without cumming.

The first press of Ilya's thumb against Shane's hole makes his legs give out.

He flops to the mattress and immediately moans at the instant pressure on his cock, but before he mindlessly humps the mattress, Rozanov hauls him back up by the hips.

"You like my tongue this much?" Shane moans helplessly in response. "Such a desperate slut, Hollander. So pretty like this."

The mix of teasing praise has Shane flinging his arms backwards in an attempt to bring Rozanov to him, but his hands are batted away. He tries again and Ilya secures his wrist in a tight grip behind his back.

"I am not done," he says hotly. "You are going to hold yourself up until I decide you can cum. Understand?"

Shane's face is smushed so far into the mattress that nodding his head moves the entire bedspread. He'll do anything Ilya wants right now.

His hands are released and Shane hooks them behind his knees to keep his ass in the air. He can't even think about the sight he's making as he holds himself open and rocks backwards. He's rewarded with a kiss on the spine. "Good," Ilya says. "I think you will cum like this."

He eats Shane out with renewed vigor and it's all he can do to just hang on through it. Ilya's thumb applies pressure in time with his tongue and he works Shane into a blubbering mess without even trying. The first breach of a knuckle past his rim nearly makes him collapse again, but he grits his teeth and just lets his eyes roll back in his head.

If Ilya wants him to wait for permission to come, he's going to have to say something soon.

Shane is begging before he even realizes it.

"Please Rozanov, please, I need to, I need to, I can't hold- *please!*"

Ilya doesn't even slow down.

Shane is on the brink of actually coming hands-free with just a mere finger in his ass when Ilya suddenly pulls out and flips him over. His complaint is immediate, but Ilya is faster.

"Not again you-" Shane does not make it to the end of *not again you asshole*, before Ilya's mouth is back on his dick.

Shane comes within seconds.

There's really no warning for how violently it rips through him and Ilya shows no signs of pulling off as he swallows every last drop. Shane's body is thoroughly ruined after the most intense orgasm of his life, but his damn dick still tries to get hard when Ilya promptly takes his own huge cock in hand and spills over Shane's chest.

If he had the energy to lift his head, Shane would've tried to suck his dick instead. As it is, he lazily scoops up Rozanov's cum off his own chest and stuffs his fingers in his mouth. There's nothing but raw heat in Ilya's gaze as Shane moans at the taste.

The kiss that follows is the best of Shane's life and he'll stand by that. Ilya is smug throughout the whole thing, but well, Shane is genuinely grateful for everything and anything right now.

Ilya cleans him up and forces him under the covers before crawling in with him and Shane's eyes are already drifting closed. He doesn't even have the energy to admire the mostly naked man next to him.

"You did this on purpose," he mumbles into Ilya's shoulder, his head pillowed on the Russian's arm. He's completely engulfed in Rozanov's scent from pillowed head to their legs tangled together and he's clinging to him like a life source.

Rozanov sighs. "What?" he mumbles sarcastically, "Why would I try to tire you out so your stupid body could actually sleep? Would be such a smart idea I think."

Shane grumbles but makes no move to leave. Yeah, it's gonna suck when he has to end this thing, but he can appreciate a little afterglow.

"You know what I'm going to say about that."

Shane is sitting at the kitchen counter with his laptop open staring at his homework while making no progress whatsoever. Every time he manages to focus on a problem he gets distracted by the memory of what it felt like to have Rozanov breathing hot on his neck as his fingers flicked over the head of Shane's cock.

It's safe to say he's gotten nothing done.

Rozanov, on the other hand, seems to be doing great.

He's made lunch, forced Shane to eat it, chattered mindlessly about the importance of good sleep, and now he wants to go to the porch to smoke.

"Yes, Hollander, it's very bad for me, going to die, blah blah blah."

Shane glares at him and tries to convey exactly how he feels about this idea just through the stare. Rozanov rolls his eyes. While Shane was forced into a soft sweatshirt and warm pants, Ilya threw on a half buttoned collared shirt and was walking around in his boxers. It was unfair.

Rozanov throws the pack on the counter and groans. “You are worse than a mother, you know. All high and mighty about health and lungs and cancer.”

“Yeah well I’d rather you didn’t die from coughing your lungs up.”

Ilya mutters something mockingly in Russian and then points a finger at Shane. “You are one to talk, barely sleeping, probably not eating, bruised ribs, you can’t tell me that you are such a model patient.”

Shane ducks his head and pretends he’s reading a problem. “I’m pre-health though,” he mutters weakly. “I know how to fix anything if it goes wrong.”

He does actually start reading after that and the whole time he can feel Ilya’s eyes on him. It’s not a constant thing, but the Russian checks in on him so often he starts to feel comfortable with the attention.

Ilya makes them move to the couch after a while, and Shane is steadily catching up on everything he has to do. It’s all going well when Ilya’s voice takes on a faraway quality.

“Tell me about your parents,” he says without looking at Shane. “What are they like?”

Shane is a bit caught off guard. “They’re good people,” he says dumbly. Ilya doesn’t react much. He hasn’t called his mom in a while, but she’s always texting about one thing or another. “I’m an only child so they are almost *too* good sometimes, you know?” He tries to be light and joking with his tone, but Ilya’s face doesn’t change.

“No,” he says softly. “I would not know.”

“Are you not close with your family? I mean, I remember that you said you’re in the family business, but how does that all work?”

Ilya’s hand barely twitches in its spot on the couch. “I have a brother,” he says shortly. His accent is thicker now, like he’s forgetting that Shane isn’t fluent. “My father... my mother is dead.”

Shane’s not really known for his stellar bedside manner and he’d never survive as a therapist, but Ilya’s tone has him closing his laptop immediately. “That’s awful, Rozanov. Did she- was it recent?” He doesn’t like the idea of a younger Rozanov not growing up in a loving home with parents who laughed at his antics. It’s obvious even from the visible scarring on his legs that Ilya grew up differently than Shane, but no one should grow up without support.

Ilya shakes his head. He doesn’t elaborate any further on his mom.

Rozanov still won’t look at him. “My brother and I are not friends,” he says. “He is older. Meaner. More important to the family.” He lists every fact as an absolute. Shane doesn’t interrupt.

“Sometimes I think he wants to kill me. Sometimes I think I would let him if it meant I never had to see them again.” His hand twitches slightly on the couch. “I do not think my father would stop him.” He laughs, but there’s no humor in it. It’s hollow. “Actually I do not think

my father would notice. Unless he wanted someone to yell at. I will take over the family business not to be closer to them, but to make sure that my brother cannot have it.”

A shiver takes over Shane’s whole body, but he suppresses it. Ilya is speaking like a man possessed and every word opens a chasm deeper and blacker than the ones already oozing evil. Whatever has happened to Ilya Rozanov to make him this way is not something that many would survive. And even in the face of obvious danger and desperation, Shane is drawn to him.

“*Ilya*,” he whispers. The eyes that meet him are not the same ones that have laughed with him all afternoon and they are not the same ones that teased him this morning. They’re empty. “I would notice. You can’t-” Shane doesn’t know how to help. He only knows what he wants to say. “I’m glad that you’re here. I want you here.”

Ilya watches him for a long time without moving. Shane holds his stare until he finds what he’s looking for. Rozanov nods once at the computer between them. “Finish your homework Shane.”

The conversation is casual after that and Ilya gets far too invested in some awful daytime reality show to the point that he’s yelling at the screen. Shane ignores the warmth in his chest at the domesticity. His work is finished enough that he can let himself enjoy the time he has left here and he burrows down in Ilya’s sweatshirt and tucks himself into the couch.

His eyes drift closed without his consent and then he’s engulfed in the force that is Rozanov’s hands. Ilya pulls Shane to him, draping his body over the Russians and letting Shane’s legs tangle with his own.

It’s a far cry from the usual way Shane catches up on sleep. Typically his body just collapses when it’s had too much, but here he finds everything to be so cozy that he simply drifts off.

When he wakes up, Ilya is on the phone.

The Russian has gone stiff underneath him and even though Shane understands nothing, he knows something bad is happening just from the speed of the conversation. There’s a hand fisted in Shane’s sweatshirt that gets tighter and tighter as time passes.

Whatever is happening, he can’t tell if Ilya is angry or terrified.

Ilya probably wants to get up and pace, like Shane does when he’s panicked, so he probably isn’t pleased about the heavy weight on top of him. But that same desperate hand pulls him back in the second he tries to back away.

Rozanov’s brows are furrowed as he looks at Shane, but he doesn’t take a break from the rapid-fire Russian. His hand unclenches from the fabric and smooths through Shane’s hair in a gesture so soft that he can’t help but lean into it.

Holy shit. When did this move from casual sex in the breakroom to cuddles and holding each other?

This isn't good, he isn't ready. There isn't any space in his life for another complication and Ilya is a walking, talking, cigarette-smoking red flag. He has to... he has to go. He needs to cut this thing off, thank him for the- the mind-blowing orgasm, the food and the sleep. And maybe thank him again for the orgasm. Then go.

This time Ilya doesn't stop him when he pulls away.

His face does something strange before settling into a neutral expression, but Shane can't even look at him anymore. If he does, then he'll stay.

The phone conversation is only getting faster, with more yelling worked in and Shane needs to find his own phone. He's going to need a ride to get out of here or maybe he could run? He used to go on runs all the time.

His phone should be over here... if there wasn't a table in the way.

"Godamnit," he whispers as his hip runs into the corner. How does he constantly manage to hurt himself?

He picks up his phone to be met with the sound of socked footsteps from the couch. Ilya's eyes are panicked, but one look at Shane and his face falls completely. He doesn't speak, doesn't respond to the yelling on the other end of the line, he just stares at Shane in silence.

There's a short clipped phrase in Russian and then he's pulling the phone away.

Shane doesn't know what he's done wrong, but already he feels like apologizing.

"You are leaving." Ilya says.

"Yeah I just..." What? How can he describe that he knows he's already in too deep, so it's better to get out now? "I need to go."

Ilya doesn't say anything. He stares at Shane in a manner that makes him feel bare all the way down to his soul. He's standing there in Rozanov's kitchen, wearing his clothes, breathing his air, and yet they feel miles apart.

Which is typical, in reality.

Shane's a student, barely surviving through the bills, the fees, and the shifts he doesn't want to take.

Ilya's a- well, he's something else. He's someone with people to order around and with fancy cars to drive.

They don't match. They shouldn't match.

Even if talking with Rozanov felt like the easiest task Shane had ever had. Their obsessions lined up, their humor was similar, and they both couldn't stop fighting long enough to remind the other that they didn't mean any of it. It was just one of those things that went unspoken.

He'd really only had a few encounters with the man in front of him, but Shane was a better person because of it. Or at least a happier one.

Ilya looks at him even as his phone rings in his hand. He watches as Shane shifts on his feet and worries at his hair. There's no give in his expression, no hint at what he's thinking.

Rozanov turns and leaves the room.

Shane makes it home by some miracle, a miracle that had a little help.

The second he found himself on Rozanov's driveway, a black car had pulled up and the front window rolled down. "Shane Hollander?" the man had said, "I'm here to take you home."

The following days and nights blur together.

He doesn't see Ilya on Sunday, but he manages to remain unharmed at the warehouse after work. He can't stop thinking about the subtle flex of Rozanov's shoulders, but he does manage to complete his labs on time.

Whatever joy Shane used to eke out of his pathetic life is gone. There's no reason to fake it anymore for his friends and he's past the point of letting his patients get away with shit. He clocks in, works, and leaves. The same goes for the warehouse.

Hayden and his other friends know better than to stage a full intervention for his self-destruction, but there are little hints of it all the time. He knows Hayden's mom didn't make an extra lasagna, and if she did, Hayden didn't have to give it to Shane. Rose wasn't 'in the neighborhood' when she had just bought groceries, but he let her unpack them all the same.

After a while, he starts to forget about what could have been and focus on how things are.

He's not a damsel in distress, he doesn't need to be saved.

He's not struggling, he's just living.

And he's not still dreaming of Ilya Rozanov's perfect mouth.

Most of these things are easy enough to convince himself of. Sometimes, in the dark of his bedroom, he'll forget, but who can blame him.

Shane is doing great. Hell, he's practically thriving.

He had to cancel going home to see his parents over the long weekend like everyone else because he couldn't miss patching up the gang, but he's great. J.J. and Hayden and Rose are all gone for that, but he's great. Totally, completely. Great.

He's so great that when someone knocks on his door, he assumes it's the landlord coming to finally kick him out.

He does not expect Ilya to be leaning against the doorframe, covered in blood and grimacing through a smile.

"Miss me?"

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Sorry! But also. Not sorry!

To everyone who said that poor Shane was going through it already, just you wait until big bad Ilya has to process these things called 'emotions'

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

To all the world it appears the Ilya Rozanov is untouchable.

The truth is that he's been falling apart for quite some time.

Chapter Notes

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

Shane Hollander is too pretty for his own good.

This is a known fact in Ilya's brain, alongside the other indisputable truths he hoards about the man. Hollander is pretty, he's intelligent- not smart, and Ilya is obsessed with him. These are his truths.

Obsession is not a good word for the feeling he has inside that pit in his stomach, but it provides a general description.

Why else would he need to keep himself outrageously busy in order to avoid a mere thought of those dark freckles. Why, if not obsession, would the simplest of tasks remind him of Hollander's petulant frown.

His obsession had driven him to lengths he wouldn't dare have reached for normally, and it clouded every corner of his life.

He lies awake in bed for hours, the guest bedroom now that his own room is no use, and stares at the ceiling. At this point in Ilya's notoriety it was dangerous for Hollander to be running free. He'd seen too much, he has too much knowledge of Ilya's mind and operations.

There's a list that lies in Ilya's own desk of people on the mob's radar. Girls that have been to more than three parties with them, dealers that ask too many questions, parents that are out of line, the list goes on and on.

Every single woman Ilya has ever slept with is required to be put on the list. Alexei has the same rule, even though he's had a wife for years, but it's their fathers way of setting them above everyone else.

According to the great Don Rozanov, wherever Ilya decides to put his cock is sacred and dangerous ground.

He did not add Shane to the list.

In fact, he's scrubbed all evidence of Hollander's existence from his files. The medical bill has been altered, the mailing address memorized and deleted, and the messenger dealt with. There's no link to Shane in any of Ilya's life.

If it weren't for the side effects, it would be as if he never existed at all.

But, there's new scars littering Ilya's already damaged body and he's fairly certain he'll need a new liver by the end of the month. It's a shame that he's already finished all the expensive vodka, but when it comes down to it, anything that burns his throat will do the trick.

His life is currently being held together by children's bandaids, cookie flavoured protein bars, and Svetlana Petrova.

If he had to pick an MVP of the group it would be the chocolate chips in the bars.

And then maybe Svetlana.

When he had passed out behind a bar in the Irish sector, she had dealt with the redheaded goons while Ilya tried his best to convince a homeless man to share his blanket. When he'd cut his feet open on the shattered glass of his office windows, she'd shown up in heels and forced him to stop aiming a rifle into the darkness until the bleeding stopped.

She'd shown up every time he'd been roped into his father's agenda of fistfighting some punk in an underground ring and she patched him up after each fallout with the old man that left his mind broken.

He'd goaded Alexei and his friends into brawling with him, even though he'd been awake for nearly 47 hours and hadn't eaten in at least 12. Mostly he'd just screamed at them and relished the feeling of his hands breaking on their faces, but when he woke up to his ears ringing in an empty room, he regretted it slightly.

That was Svetlana's last straw. She'd found Ilya curled in on himself on the cold cement, delirious beyond coherence and she'd delivered an ultimatum.

She wanted the truth, or she'd block his number.

It had more to do with the fact that he was calling out for Shane than it did with his bloody knuckles.

Ilya hadn't minded all the pain of this spiral and he certainly hadn't minded winning a bunch of fights, but he could have done without the emptiness. He would have liked to have gone for a drink with his friends after a victory instead of looking for another job to keep him busy.

His mind was so fucked that in the darkest of moments he'd genuinely considered the little white pills his inferiors had offered him. "*You look tired, boss,*" they'd said, "*these will help.*"

They would have helped.

They would have helped him end up in a grave right next to his mothers.

And yet those instances weren't enough to slow his descent into madness.

For the all consuming wound that opened on a Saturday afternoon couldn't be healed by pills, delirium, or work ethic. His life had been half lived and off-speed since he'd called a cab to his own house and watched the driver pull away.

So when Sveta asked for the truth, Ilya came up short. It was pathetic. It was childish and stupid and far beneath him to admit. He was Ilya Rozanov, the obvious heir to the strongest syndicate in the city. He was a man to be feared, a ghost story, a *legend*.

He was hopelessly broken beyond repair.

And here he thought Shane was supposed to be good at fixing things.

"You are actively trying to end up dead Ilya!" Svetlana had shouted. "This isn't a game anymore, there are people who whisper that you are an easy target to kill, that you've lost your mind more than usual."

"I am fine."

"The other's whisper that you're going to clean out the city by yourself, that you're feral and dangerous and that you can't be trusted. Which one is true? Are you a danger to them or a danger to yourself? I know which one I agree with."

Her heels clacking on the floor adds to the drama of her speech. "You pretend that this is normal, but I know you. You're running from something."

"Then I guess it is a good thing I am very fast."

She hits him right in his fractured rib. White hot pain dulls his humor.

"This started recently." Svetlana's voice is cool and calculated now. "Before it went to shit I thought that you had finally made it out. You were smiling more and doing odd jobs instead of following orders. What happened?"

Shane Hollander had happened.

He had come in with his stupid latex gloves and his concerned eyes and ruined everything. He had made Ilya remember that there was a world beyond guns and stolen drugs and fast cars and now he couldn't go back to before. He wished that he could.

Ilya liked to wish that he had never been weak enough to sit down by that ER wall and he wished he hadn't drawn the attention of an off-duty student. He should have done what his

father wanted from him and pushed through the injury until his body gave in, but he'd been lazy.

And now he was fucked.

Because he could wish that he had never met Hollander, but he could never mean it. He'd likely spend the rest of his life tangled up in thoughts of teary brown eyes and short gasps framed by his own bedsheets. He'd never outrun the way Shane chewed on his sweatshirt string- *Ilya's sweatshirt*, as he focused on some homework problem.

He could never go back to a time where his heart didn't lurch every time he drove by the library, or by the hospital, or even by a kitten with black fur.

It was a weakness to need someone like this, and that's why he couldn't let it go any further. He would start coping better and Svetlana would stop needing to stock his house with ice packs and IV bags.

It wasn't like it could have lasted anyway.

"I think I'm becoming him, Sveta," Ilya doesn't answer her question. He can't bring himself too yet. "I can't look in the mirror anymore because my father is looking back at me."

She doesn't let him get away with the evasion, but that night when she leaves, she covers every reflective surface with a sheet.

"Why are you doing this, Ilya."

The pain makes it easier for him to speak. The darkness helps too. His house looks less like the prison it's become and more like a place to come home too.

"I am not surprised that he left," Ilya admits. Most of the good things in his life tend to walk right out of it. "I just wish he-" What? What does he want when he's chasing pain and putting off sleep and dancing with death?

Ilya comes up empty handed yet again.

"I like to think in another life I was better than this, no?" He says. "That I was stronger, braver, and even faster than now. Perhaps I would be nicer too, but that would be no fun. Maybe if life wasn't so fucked than I would have turned out right."

Svetlana's hand brushes his hair back, "You are not perfect, Ilya, but you are good."

Shaking his head hurts like a bitch. "No." He has to make her understand. "I am rash and angry and too violent. I give orders and I don't listen and never know when to shut up. My father is right about this. I use people like object and I smoke even though it is bad. These are- this is what I know."

He's spent every second without Hollander realising these flaws. The only mirror Sveta doesn't have to cover is the one he already shattered when he accepted it.

*"Maybe what I am doing will kill me and maybe I die old and stinky in nursing home, but-"
There's a future that Ilya doesn't get to have where he watches the sun rise over the water with someone by his side. Maybe Shane would let him get a dog. Ilya would buy him a real cat if he asked.*

"-But in this other world, the perfect version of this shit one, I am not so easy to leave," Ilya takes a breath. "I would get to keep him."

Svetlana doesn't protest after that when Ilya finds himself in trouble. She does keep buying him children's themed band-aids, but she never fails to show up. He's more grateful for her than his stupid thank you's can ever express.

So when he finally gets the once in a lifetime chance that shouldn't exist, the ticket out of this town, he makes her take it.

It's an argument that he prepares for with notes, printed examples, and soundproof walls. They still end up drawing a crowd.

She doesn't want to leave him behind and he won't let her stay another minute in this shithole.

This city was a scourge and everyone who stayed died from it. She had to get out. One of them had to.

Svetlana left for good three days before Ilya nearly bled out on his walk to Hollander's apartment. He felt that three days was a pretty good record.

"Miss me?"

"What the fuck!"

Ilya did not pass out from the effort of knocking on the door, but if Hollander makes him stand here much longer he's got some heavy lifting in his future. Unless he lets Ilya's limp body rot in the hallway.

Just to be safe Ilya pitches his weight forward before the door could slam.

Shane's arms are around him as his strength gives out and there's more mumbled cursing and frantic talking and Ilya doesn't care about any of it. He's exhausted, cold, and getting to the point where he can't ignore the pain anymore.

"This is not good, this is really not good. You are really not okay."

Ilya can't help but tease him. It's like a reflex. "This is your official диагноз?"

"Oh fuck."

Hm. Shane must not be in the mood for jokes. This is fine because Ilya has always wanted to see Hollander's house and now is the perfect time. His right eye burns a little as he blinks through the pink tinge, but it seems like a decent place.

There is a stuffed cat on the counter.

He is forced into a lying down position and unable to remember exactly why it's important that there is a kitten in here, but he lets Shane arrange his legs and neck until he's satisfied. Hollander's hands are all over him, but the sticky feeling of Ilya's shirt makes it difficult to enjoy the touch.

"Do not move, Rozanov," Shane orders.

Ilya manages to mutter something about scary doctor and yes sir, but the feel of the cushion on his body is too much for him to stay awake for. Whatever is gross on him will probably ruin Shane's nice couch, but he can replace it after he takes a nap.

The loud bang of metal near his head wakes him up.

It also reminds him that he's currently on the run from his brother who wants to kill him, so he sits straight up. And remembers, promptly, that his brother had *just* tried to kill him.

Whoops.

"Lay the fuck down and don't move," Shane snaps. "You are not dying before I get a proper chance to yell at you."

The adrenaline has forced some of the fog from Ilya's mind, but it still can't explain why Shane has an entire ambulance's worth of equipment in his house. Especially since it's becoming clearer that his house is not as nice as he previously thought.

Shane asks him something then and Ilya knows that he responds, but he doesn't remember why. Or with what.

But then there's gloves and scissors and Ilya's shirt is removed and he can't really look around right now anyway. The pink in his vision is from the blood pooling his eye from the gash on his head, but that's not the thing Shane is currently focused on.

Ilya, um, *may* have gotten shot.

This is something that he never allows to happen, the recovery period is stupid long and he doesn't like to deal with people digging around in his body. He is quite lucky the bullet only grazed him, but not lucky enough that it didn't leave a massive gash that's already bruising up his ribs.

It would have gone through his lung if Alexei was a better shot. Luckily his brother is bad at everything.

For some godforsaken reason, Ilya decides to tell Shane this.

His English is working for the most part, but his tongue is not cooperating. Whatever he manages to say is not what he meant to admit. But Shane is a good doctor.

He never stops trying to keep Ilya alive.

Even as pain clouds his mind again and he finds himself babbling details that have no importance whatsoever, Shane's hands never shake.

There's a needle threaded and then stitches secured before Ilya finishes voicing his thoughts on why stubbing a toe hurts similar to dislocating a shoulder and there's gauze wrapped around the shallow gash on his leg next. Ilya talks about injuries, about Russia, about his father and his brother and his grandma he barely remembers.

He even talks about his mother.

When Hollander cleans the blood off his face and staunches the flow of it, Ilya finally realises that most of this one sided conversation has been in Russian. The revelation is startling because Shane has been nodding along and humming in agreement throughout this entire spiel.

Unless Hollander was just trying to keep him talking. Which would be a very smart nurse thing to do and a very silly trap for Ilya to fall for.

(He should have realised the trick when Shane hummed in agreement when Ilya mentioned he'd once thrown up blood after smoking with a stomach injury. If Hollander had understood that, Ilya doubted he'd have gotten an 'Hm, cool' in response.)

It was only the lack of blush that gave it all away. Even in his very serious mode, Shane would not have been able to ignore the way the Ilya had passionately described his mouth.

In fact, if he weren't steadily heading for dreamland, Ilya would like to experience Shane's mouth right now. Except his back was stuck to the fabric of the couch with all the dried blood and his arms were heavy and he really was rather tired-

"If you die right now after I spent almost three hours sewing you together like a build-a-bear, I will personally make sure you have a bad haircut at the funeral."

Ilya's eyes snap open, "What the *fuck*-"

"Good," Shane looks exhausted too now that the blood is gone from Ilya's vision. "I don't think you have a concussion, so you're actually fine to sleep, but I need to know if you're hurt anywhere else."

There's something so reverent about the way that Ilya feels about Shane Hollander. This man hasn't heard from him in weeks, ran away the last time they were together, and yet still won't

let Ilya die.

He's taken better care of him in three hours than Ilya has done for anyone in his entire life. Someone should erect an altar, or maybe a statue so the world can see the saint that is this-

"Rozanov."

Shane apparently would not be the god of patience, "Stop looking at me like I'm holding your baby. Are you going to bleed out from some wound on your back or not."

Ilya shakes his head.

He has no idea if the throbbing from the left of his spine is lethal or not, but for both their sakes he'll assume it's a bruise. Shane's face scrunches up in suspicion, but he lets it drop.

There's blood all over his clothes again. "Okay then." He doesn't stand up, but he doesn't seem to know what to do with his hands. "Is there anything else you need? We need to get some water in you, but the IV-"

"Stay."

It's out of Ilya's mouth before he can stop it.

It's not in Russian and it's not slurred, but Shane still looks confused. And Ilya's too tired to explain that he knows why Shane would want to leave and that he'll never blame him and that he'd leave if there was a moping, pathetic Russian on the couch-

"Of course I'm gonna stay."

Shane says it so earnestly that Ilya's defenses ricochet around the room and force his tongue into motion. "Says the man who ran," his voice is harsh.

Shane's brows come together and there's a scrunch to his nose that sends shadows across his face. "Well yeah, but I-" Ilya does not have the strength to watch him search for words and come up empty, but Shane is strong enough for the both of them. "I shouldn't have. I shouldn't have left. I was scared and I panicked and then I missed you. So I'm sorry."

Oh.

Oh.

That's the reason there's a cat on the counter. Because when Shane draws his face up like that and says stupid things like that, Ilya wants to hold him. He wants to cradle this precious thing in his hands and save it from the cruelty of the real world.

He'll never admit it, but there's an identical cat hidden where only he can find it in his home.

He doesn't say it back, he can't trust himself to manage the words. His heart might betray him with something more than 'I missed you too.'

Ilya falls asleep under the watchful eyes of a man he'll never deserve.

He is thankful that he doesn't dream. There is no room inside this fragile space they've created for Ilya to interrupt with terror.

Shane is asleep when the pain lances through Ilya's side, and he's smart enough to bite his tongue and keep it that way. Hollander is used to working nights and sleeping when he can, but Ilya isn't going to stress him out more than necessary.

He's curled up in a chair, changed out of his soiled clothes and into a hoodie, but there's nothing more than a threadbare blanket to make his little nest.

Ilya had half hoped when he stumbled to this address, that Shane would still be at work even though it was near five in the morning. He could have avoided much of the earlier embarrassment by being passed out for it.

The pain is lesser now, a dull ache that throbs in time with his slow blinking, but it's manageable. Surely there have been times that he's moved around with more injuries than just this, but he doesn't remember them at the moment.

But he won't take advantage of Shane's hospitality. Not now. Not ever.

Apparently Hollander had removed Ilya's blood soaked boots after he'd fallen asleep, so he has to weigh the cons of just leaving without them.

Pros: he won't wake Shane up when he inevitably makes a pained noise at bending down and lacing them.

Cons: his feet are still healing from that whole sniper rifle incident and he'll never be able to outrun anyone without them.

Ilya leaves them behind.

Despite the sweet words said in the height of his delirium, Ilya has no delusions about Shane's want to be here. The reason that they've had no contact is because Hollander had wanted no contact. He'll go, and they can go back to the way things should be. Separately.

Ilya stands up carefully, takes one full step, and comes crashing down.

There's no clenched teeth that can stop the hiss of air he lets out as his side lights up in new pain, and it doesn't help that he's knocked four books off the table and pushed off a lamp.

He can't even pretend it was an accident as he hears the shuffling of feet at his side and opens his eyes to see a disappointed gaze. Hollander looks adorable in his overly large clothes and sleepy frown, but Ilya is mad at him.

His leg should be working, not useless.

“What the hell did you do to me,” Ilya demands.

It had been a random henchman that had managed to get the cut on Ilya’s thigh, but he knew this kind of injury. It didn’t collapse on impact without tampering.

“Numbing shot.” Shane deadpans. “It would’ve worn off in a bit, but you couldn’t even wait that long to try and escape.”

He ignores the emptiness in Hollander’s voice as the other man unceremoniously begins to lift him back onto the couch. “Fucking escape? I didn’t think I was a prisoner,” he’s feeling vicious with the pain and the embarrassment and the stupid weakness he’s displaying.

“You’re not,” he responds, “But I figured you’d do something stupid like try to walk around when you look worse than most corpses I’ve seen. I took some precautions.”

Ilya is panting by the time his head is dropped back onto the pillows. “Like drugging me?” It was a step too far for Shane, even if it wasn’t anywhere near his head, or even something he could see himself relying on. Drugs were drugs.

Hollander just nods. “Yeah. I also pushed a table in front of the door just in case. I figured you’d ditch the boots.”

The only correct response to that is the groan Ilya lets out. His skin itched and his side ached and he didn’t want to be seen like this anymore. It was bad enough that he had come here and yapped pathetically in Russian all night long.

“Why do you care, Hollander. Just let me die and move on.”

“That’s not happening.”

Another groan from Ilya.

He shifts so he can watch the dark haired man curl back up on the couch. Shane is far too innocent looking for a captor as he rests his head against the armrest.

“I know that you think you are being 'cool' and 'chill' but it would be much better if you just got out now.” Ilya lets his words border on the edge of threatening. “There is no oath because you are not real doctor and so you have no responsibility.”

“Actually-” Shane yawns. Ilya hates that it makes his chest warm. “-Actually I’m not going to be cool and chill. I’m planning on asking you so many questions in the morning that you’ll probably try to bite me, but I don’t think you’d answer any of them now.”

“I will bite you right now.”

“Kinky,” Shane says, “I’m pretty sure I’d be into that if I hadn’t just flushed blood from your eye.” His tone is clinical, not resigned, and it’s infuriating. “So you’re going to sleep, not very well without meds, but that’s off the table, and I’m going to make sure you don’t leave and freeze to death on the porch.”

It seems Hollander does remember that Ilya doesn't like pills. Yet somehow he thinks keeping Ilya in here is more important than that fact.

"You have school," It's a pointless thing to say.

Shane rolls his eyes. "You worry about yourself, Rozanov. Just stay put until tomorrow so we both get some sleep. I'd threaten to tie you up, but I figured-"

"Kinky," Ilya finishes.

"-Yep."

The next time he wakes up everything doesn't seem so awful. Shane is no longer on the chair, but that just means Ilya can stand up and move without being yelled at.

He would've succeeded to if it weren't for the knock on the door.

Shane appears just as Ilya pops his head over the couch. They share a confused expression as the knock sounds again.

If Shane weren't on the phone Ilya would have some choice words about why he's invited people over this early in the morning. He settles for pillowing his head on his arms and glaring.

"No mom," Shane says with a sigh. He pads towards the door and Ilya takes a second to appreciate the sight of morning Hollander in Ilya's sweatshirt.

The thing was worn out before, but now it looks fully lived in. Ilya thinks he would like to fuck him in it.

"I already told you that I'm not coming home this weekend," He continued. "It just doesn't work with- what? No, I'm not avoiding you. I miss you guys, you know I do."

His voice trails off as he presumably goes to get the door. "-be fine. Listen, I have to go. I have company. No not that kind of- well, uh I just have to go. There's someone at the door."

Ilya laughs shortly but his humor is gone when he hears the voice of their visitor. Of course Shane greets her warmly.

"Rose! *Hello!* I didn't think you were in town?"

Oh god save them all.

Of all the people that could show up, it just had to be her.

"Shane, hi!" There's rustling and movement and Ilya wants to storm out there and separate what is probably a hug. "I was just swinging by, I accidentally bought too many breakfast

burritos and you're the only person I know that eats them and--

“-That's totally a lie,” Shane interjects.

“-and I wanted to see you. It gets so lonely in my house and-” Her voice drops into far more serious territory “-where did you get that sweatshirt?”

Uh oh.

Shane's voice comes out so high pitched he might as well wear a sign that says, *You caught me*.

“Oh uh. My... friend.”

If it were a regular friend checking in on him then maybe that would have slid by. But it was Rose Landry. And if it was just a guy Shane was hooking up with and he'd accidentally taken a sweatshirt home, it would've been fine. But it was Ilya's.

So yeah.

Not fine.

“Shane Hollander, are you lying to me?”

“Uh what?” Comes the idiotic reply, “No, I mean, what would I- why would I lie. I'm *not* lying.”

“If this is what I think it is, we're going to need to have that talk about safety again. And *not* the sexual kind.”

“Rose!”

“This town is not somewhere where you can just trust random men. I don't care how pretty they are or if they look like the cover of ‘Daddys Unlimited’ I don't want you getting hurt.”

“*Rose!*”

“First coffee,” The voices are getting closer. Ilya does not pick his head up off his hands. “This is a living room conversation, even if yours is-”

Whatever she was going to say is spoiled when she lays eyes on Ilya. There's a little shocked squeak that makes it out of her mouth.

Shane steps between them with hands raised, but Ilya knows what it looks like. He's beaten to hell, but he's still cozied up on Shane's couch early in the morning, wearing nothing but sweatpants and band aids. He smirks at her just to lay it on thicker.

“It's really not what it looks like. He's just staying here until he gets better because I'm his doctor even though I'm not really a doctor, but I'm *his* doctor and-”

“Shane.”

Rose still hasn't taken her eyes off Ilya, but it's startling when she speaks.

“-and obviously I wasn't gonna let him die, but the sweatshirt is kinda another story-”

“Shane,” Landry says again.

“-Which I totally was going to tell you! I just didn't really-”

“Hollander,” Ilya finally interrupts. Shane's mouth snaps closed immediately. “Rose wants to tell you something, shut up and listen, yes?”

“Right.”

Rose takes in the two of them like she's never seen them before, but she shakes it off in a second. “I was just going to say that it's a good thing I got an extra burrito then.” Her smile is fake. “Could you go get them? They might need to be heated up.”

Ilya sees right through it, but Hollander scrambles to make things right and is gone in seconds. Now the interrogation begins.

How odd this must be for Rose.

Her family is a relatively clean business with the majority of their assets focused on celebrity deals and startup loans. She deals with the mob like some people deal with a drunk aunt. Only when she wants to and from a pedestal.

The only brush with the real underworld they've experienced was when one of their loans went south and the Russians had to step in. Ilya, and their failed proposal, is the living emblem of everything that family hates.

“What the hell are you doing here?” She whisper-yells at him. “Do you even have any idea what they're saying about you right now? You're the most hunted man in the city!”

This is not surprising. With the rest of the world finally realizing his father's intent to leave Alexei out of the will, the vultures have started to circle.

He shrugs, “I imagine you would like me dead then. Or is it a larger reward for alive?”

“I'll decide if you deserve to die after you tell me what you're doing here. With Shane.” She crosses her arms in a display of power that Ilya can only roll his eyes at. If he weren't crippled on the couch, she would be a lot less brave.

“Hollander told you,” he says lamely, “he is my doctor.”

“Bullshit. You have a team of doctors and he's just a student. Try again.”

Ilya is still tired, his body hurts, and he's so sick of all the running and burying and hiding. Ever since Shane had walked out on him he's been in pain and now that he's awake and

lucid, Rose is stealing Hollander's time away from him again.

He just wants to talk to Shane. Hell he'll tell him anything at this point if it means he can sit and watch as time passes.

I can't leave him, He wants to say. He's part of me now and I can't live without it and I won't leave him.

"You should have known that it was my car." Ilya says instead. "No one drives that loud on school campus."

Her eyes narrow, but oddly some of the suspicion drains out of them. "You picked him up. Of fucking course you did. But that doesn't answer my question."

Ilya shrugs. Shane should be back soon.

"That's your sweatshirt." Rose says. "I remember it from the photos they sent me of you."

He nods. "Hollander needs it more than me I think."

Rose is silent as she watches Ilya and they both hear the sound of the microwave beeping. Maybe she's realizing something profound or maybe she's planning his funeral. He doesn't care. He just wants Shane to come back.

The smell of grease hits him seconds before Hollander comes into view. "Is everyone still okay here?" He asks tentatively.

Rose throws on one of those fake smiles again and sighs. "Of course," she gestures to Ilya, "I was just getting to know your friend a bit here."

The widening of Shane's eyes is obviously from fear.

"Do not worry," Ilya can't help but add. "I did not tell her what noises you make in bed."

Shane's full face dissolves into a blush but Rose raises an eyebrow, "You don't have to tell me, I remember."

Ilya clucks his tongue and thinks about pretty lips stretched out on his cock and the way Hollander had hummed just from the feeling of being full.

"No. These ones you wouldn't know."

Both of Rose's eyebrows fly up at that and Shane chucks a hot burrito at Ilya's head. He catches it just before it hits his new bandaging. "Okay! That's enough of that. No more bonding for you two."

Rose laughs and this time it's genuine. "I think you're right. I'm afraid I really should be going, though," Shane protests immediately, "I know, but it's for the best. I can walk myself out."

Ilya does not spare her a single glance as she retreats and he breathes a little deeper once she's gone.

Good riddance.

The burritos are a nice touch though.

Shane is still grumbling about the noises comment even after they've eaten and settled down. He makes Ilya take a 'mild painkiller' that is child strength because that's all he has. The grape flavor convinces Ilya he will never get addicted to the nasty things.

It's easy to talk to Shane, but it's far harder to say what he wants to say. Especially when they're both exhausted and Ilya's accent is in the way.

So they talk about meaningless things. Pottery, ice fishing, silver jewelry and more banal shit. Ilya slips up halfway through the conversation about geese.

"It is not that I am afraid!" He yells, "They are just weird and heartless and they have бусинки глаз."

Shane freezes instantly and his face pales.

"Sorry," Ilya backtracks, "Ah not right word. Eyes, they have- scary, have small-"

"Beady eyes," Shane whispers.

Ilya nods immediately. He can't believe what a fuckup he is. "Yes that one." His English should be perfect by now and he's still just stupid.

"You really fucking scared me last night." Shane's voice has hardened into stone. Ilya's breath catches his shock.

"What?"

"You show up here, on the third fucking floor by the way with no working elevator, and you're wrecked. Your head is bleeding, your leg has a gash and lord *knows* your knuckles were shot to hell. Not to mention the fact that there was a literal bullet graze on your side."

He hadn't even noticed that Shane had fixed up his hands, he was too used to the sting of torn skin. The care humbled him.

Shane grows more distraught as he continues. "You blow in like it's a normal thing and not like I haven't seen people die from less. Hell you should have been life lighted to a hospital and instead you were too worried about getting blood on the couch to take your shirt off!"

Ilya doesn't have words for the shame he feels. He never should have put Shane in a situation where he felt this uncomfortable. His chest burns deeper than any wound could go.

"And if it wasn't enough that you were out of it too badly to notice me sticking needles in your arm, you were so littered with old bruises and cuts I didn't even know where to start.

When I asked where they were from, do you know what you said?"

Ilya didn't want to hear it.

"I am sorry Hollander, I never should-"

"Shut up," He snapped, "Do you know what you said when I asked you why you were on death's frigging door?"

Ilya shakes his head no.

"You said, 'Better that I go now when at least one person will notice.'"

Yikes.

He doesn't really have anything to say to that.

"It's fucked up, Ilya." Hollander says. None of his anger seems to have abided, but it's all so drenched in pain it makes his skin crawl under the bandages.

"It's fucked up that for the next few hours you kept talking and kept saying things and probably asking questions but I couldn't understand a word of it because you didn't notice that you switched languages."

Ilya genuinely can't decipher what his best course of action would have been last night, but the only thing clear is that he made a mistake. It was not worth it for him to be healed if it left Shane in this much pain.

"I should not have done this to you," Ilya tries desperately. "I should have- I should have found a better way to- I should have been better-"

"I thought you were going to die in my arms." Shane said. There was no anger in his voice anymore. "I thought I was going to lose you and have to pretend that it didn't matter."

Ilya could imagine how it would have gone. Shane would have been left with a body that was criminally ambiguous and no one could have saved him from the aftermath. There would have been FBI, gangsters, and cameras in this apartment by morning.

And yet Shane had only cared about the fact that it was *Ilya* dying. Not a mob boss, not a suspect, and not a story.

"I had nowhere else to go," Ilya whispers. "I knew you would at least try and I wanted-" he lets the truth slip out accidentally. "In that state I could not convince myself it was a bad idea to see you."

"You're a real piece of work," Ilya is startled by the fierceness in Shane's voice. "Don't ever pull that shit again."

He nods. "Next time I will go to a hospital." He would not, but he could lie.

“No, Jesus Christ,” Shane mutters, “I mean don’t ever stay away long enough that you can’t come back unless you’re like that. Maybe just stick around next time.”

Ilya is confused. “You were the one that left. I was just following lead.”

Shane rolls his eyes with a fond smile. “Well according to *someone*, I’m not very good at taking care of myself. I’ll assume that means I’m not great at decisions either, so I think we can forget about that little hiccup.”

Ilya grins, slowly and brightly.

“Does this mean you want to be ordered around?”

The tips of Shane’s ears go pink.

“Shut up and lie down. We need- uh, we need to change your bandages.”

“Yes sir.”

Chapter End Notes

Ilya drunk off pain and babbling every word that comes to mind versus Dr. Shane 'these are totally normal injuries that he got from being stupid and they definitely have nothing to do with the fact that there's a mob in this town' Hollander

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Secrets this big don't stay hidden forever.

Chapter Notes

This one got a little long because well, *Banter*

...and if you'll direct your attention to the tag update as well

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

There really is no way to settle into a comfortable living routine when your life is upended by a pouty Russian on death's door. The first day passed with a round of interrogation that still has Shane reeling, lots of forced napping, and crossword puzzles borrowed from the neighbor. It's odd having someone else living with him, and it's a bit terrifying considering his nighttime responsibilities, but the best Shane can do is cling to every moment and deal with the repercussions later.

"And another thing!" Shane yells at Ilya for the fourth time this morning. "Did you really think Strawberry Shortcake band aids were enough to hold you together?" He'd peeled at least eight versions of the cartoon red head off of Ilya's body two nights ago. It was quite the shock.

Ilya blows out a raspberry breath, "I need a band aid, I use a band aid, I do not look at them! You are just trying to avoid question."

Shane glares at him and stands up from the chair, trying to avoid grimacing and making this worse. "I'm not leaving."

"You need to sleep on a bed!" Ilya yells. "Two nights curled in a chair is bad and you know it."

After the initial escape attempt, Ilya has been far more docile in staying put on the couch, which makes towering over him much easier. "It's really not that big of a deal, I've been sleeping more lately than I ever have."

The glare he receives in return is proof of how Ilya feels about that.

“Move me to the bedroom then,” he says, “Then you can watch me sleep and not creak like an old man after.”

His head shakes before the command is finished. “Not a chance.”

He’s been trying to keep Rozanov firmly planted in one corner of the house where he couldn’t really notice the absolute wreckage that is Shane’s life. This apartment was a far cry from the sports car collection he’s used to.

Those captivating eyes are squinted in suspicion. “Fine. At least get other pillow and more blankets.”

Shane sighs deeply. He’s starting to sound like his mother with all the coddling he’s been doing, but Ilya desperately needs someone to take care of him. His bedroom is only a few steps away, and the mattress, albeit small, does look tempting. Especially if Ilya was on it too.

The blanket he grabs is still cheap, but it’s better than the ragged one he’s been-

Oh he’s so fucking gullible.

Ilya is standing in the kitchen staring into the open fridge with a violent look on his face.

This is exactly the kind of thing he didn’t need happening. Ilya was aware that Shane was poor, yeah, but it’s another thing to see the pitcher of water in the fridge, the remains of the pasta Hayden had tried to make and failed, and nothing else.

Rozanov slams the door without so much as a glance over his shoulder. Then he opens the freezer. One bag of pizza rolls, half eaten, two frozen kids microwave meals, and an ice tray.

The cabinets are next.

Where there should be bowls, there’s empty space and napkins. And where there should be well anything else, there’s cans of discount soups.

It’s all rather pathetic.

Most kids would at least have a few handles of vodka or a six pack of beer to excuse their eating habits, but Shane couldn’t even afford that. It took everything he had to pay for this place on his own.

The blanket in his hands is rather comforting when Ilya’s tantrum finally turns on him. “I know it’s kinda bad but I’m a terrible cook anyway so you’re probably safer without it.” He tries for a laugh, but it falls short.

He has to find a way to feed Ilya though, “I’ll just go to the store quick and uh,” he didn’t really have any money for that but he’d figure something out, “I’ll get something.”

“Hollander.”

The tone of Ilya’s voice alone made him want to drop to his knees. Shane stops immediately.

He had managed to convince Ilya to wear a pair of his 'dads' sweatpants that were really Hayden's, but he'd been unable to persuade him to put on a shirt.

Scars and neat stitches are not enough to distract from the temple that is Ilya's body and when it stops in front of Shane, he has to forcibly drag his eyes upward. Ilya was likely starving and it was Shane's fault, he had no right to ogle him after that.

His jaw is cradled in a harsh grip before he can hide his face from the shame of it all.

"Hollander," Ilya says again. "Tell me that I am wrong."

"Huh?"

His head is jostled a little in Ilya's hands. "Tell me that there is more food here for you than what I have just found. Tell me you are not starving yourself."

"Well I haven't really been able to get to the store--"

The grip tightens, "Do not lie."

Rozanov's eyes are expressive and there's a rage burning so hot in them it threatens to swallow the room whole. He's seen him like this before, in the hospital with the bruises, but it's much more visible here. Those hazel eyes bore into Shane as seconds tick by.

Shane shrugs weakly, "I don't really get hungry much," he whispers, "And you know, well, food's expensive."

Ilya shoves off of him with a loud string of Russian. Probably curses. His hands rake through his curls in aborted movements as it pulls at his ribs, but he doesn't quiet down long enough for Shane to warn him about the stitches.

"You work every night, you never miss a shift," He tilts the words like a question and Shane nods. "No, no nodding, I need words. You work a lot, yes?"

"Yes."

"They pay you at this hospital, it is not some- some hazing thing."

"Yeah they pay me."

"And even though you work until you are asleep in terrible chair like it is nothing, you do not make money enough to buy food?"

This one really is a question, a desperate attempt to make this rundown excuse for an apartment complex make sense.

"That's right," Shane whispers.

Another string of Russian and Ilya is pinching the bridge of his nose. "Do you have a drug problem Hollander?"

“What? No.”

“Expensive porn? Hookers? Secret family on an island?”

“No! You’re being ridiculous.” He’s learned to survive the only way he knows how and it looks stupid from the outside point of view. He knows that. But he’s never had to defend it like this before. It shouldn’t be up to Ilya to sit on his high horse and spit at the peasants walking by.

“Look,” he says placatingly, “I don’t like it anymore than you do,” Ilya shoots him a hot glare. “But it’s working for me okay? And maybe you’re a little out of touch with what us regular people go through money-wise.”

The garage full of cars and the house with walls of windows proved that. It’s enough to make Ilya’s breathing steady and his head shake slightly. “I do not care what is normal,” he mutters. He reaches for Shane’s phone left on the counter, “I care that you are hungry.”

“I’m really ok-”

“Hollander, if you lie to me right now I will rethink my plan to suck your dick.”

Shane chokes on his own swallow. Yep, nope, no lying.

Already the blood in his body is rushing between his legs and he’s forced to shift on his feet to maintain control. It seems like such a long time since Ilya’s really touched him and the threat of it was too much to bear.

“You’re, uh, injured.”

Ilya doesn’t look up from whatever message he’s typing. “This will not stop me.”

Right.

But Shane had put those stitches in and he knows exactly the care that will keep them healthy. “Okay, but if you’re feeling pain or anything-”

“Hollander,” Ilya says teasingly, “Is this a medical kink?”

“Oh fuck you, Rozanov.”

Ilya puts a tender hand over the gauze wrapped bandage at his side. “Hm, might have to wait on the fucking. But there are other things.”

Shane is really and truly hard now and Ilya is still on his phone. He’s halfway to begging before he knows it. “Is there a time estimate here?” Ilya looks up at the odd wording, “I just mean, uh, *when?*” The last word comes out as needy and Ilya grins.

He shakes his head like he’s scolding a child and Shane feels his face heat up. “He goes from yelling to lying to begging so easily,” Rozanov mutters to himself. “Already desperate from a few words.”

Shane means to say something along the lines of ‘*Shut up asshole,*’ but his damn body betrays him with a high pitched whine.

“Get on the bed,” Ilya orders, “Clothes off and wait for me.”

Shane does what he’s told with single minded focus. If it will get Ilya’s naked body pressed against him any sooner, you bet your ass he’s following orders.

His clothes are folded and put away before he remembers that he wasn’t even wearing boxers underneath his pants to begin with.

Well I guess it’s going to be easy access.

He’s on his back against the mattress and already hypersensitive and it’s barely been seconds. He wants Ilya in here, he wants him to use those large hands and press *down* when Shane needs it. He wants Ilya in here and he wants Ilya *in him*.

He’s frantically running hands over his body to try and calm himself down. It usually works, some sort of touch-starved documentary for bear cubs had taught him the method, but this is beyond a simple need for comfort. If Rozanov doesn’t hurry up, Shane is going to actually cum just from thinking about this too hard.

He needs to- he needs to get ready.

There’s lube in his bedside drawer. There’s also um, something else, but that’s probably not going to be needed tonight.

Rozanov didn’t say that he couldn’t touch himself, he just said to get on the bed.

But he didn’t say that he *could* touch himself.

Why does Shane care? He’s a grown man and he can make decisions and he should get to cum and he wants something and, and-

He can’t bring himself to do it.

He’s had his own hand so many times before and it won’t be enough. It won’t be Ilya’s long fingers and quick wrist and the flick of his tongue against his teeth. God the thought of getting off alone makes Shane want to cry.

He wants to be good for Rozanov.

Ilya’s name is on his lips before he can even process it, but Shane won’t give in. If he calls out for Rozanov just minutes after the promise of sex, he’ll be mocked endlessly. It doesn’t matter that his hips are jerking on their own accord and that his skin is damp with need.

He shoves two fingers in his mouth and sucks to keep himself quiet.

It’s not good enough and they’re not long enough to feel like Ilya so he’s stuck dreaming about the Russian’s fat cock and strong hips as he lazily fucks his own throat with his hand.

It's a filthy practice, but his dick is so entertained by the thought that he's forced to stop and breath shallowly.

Which is how he misses the actual arrival of Ilya.

When Shane manages to pry his eyes open after staving off his orgasm he's face to face with a look of pure want etched across the features of the man before him.

"I do not think I told you to take your clothes off and then moan like a whore," Ilya whispers the filth right into Shane's ear and he immediately makes the exact sound he was called out for. "You are too perfect, Hollander," Ilya continues.

He holds their bodies separate just enough that he can pull Shane's fingers out of his mouth and his pupils dilate at the desperate noise it tears out.

"Fuck Hollander," his voice is reverent against Shane's whimpers, "So messy for me."

The kiss that follows is pornographic in its intensity. Shane pours every inch of want that he's kept bottled into chasing every corner of Rozanov's mouth. He's sucking on Ilya's tongue out of desperation until the Russian pulls back and bites down on Shane's bottom lip hard.

There's wet, open mouthed kisses placed down his jaw, behind his ear, and onto his throat, and without anything in his mouth, Shane moans his approval.

It's easy to forget that not that long ago Ilya was bleeding on his couch, but the subtle brush of gauze against Shane's skin keeps the thought in his mind.

He's very thankful that he decided not to wrap Ilya's hands when he experiences the full sensation of wide palms sliding down the outsides of his thighs. Ilya's sheer mass makes the bed they're on feel small, but Shane can't feel anything but pleasure under his hands.

His weight is nestled in between Shane's legs and it's only the damn fabric of Hayden's borrowed sweatpants that is keeping their cocks from touching. Everywhere that Ilya's mouth touches sends heatwaves down his spine, igniting his whole body in ceaseless pleasure.

With a kiss to the center of Shane's torso, Ilya shifts his weight and shoves Shane's knees up towards his head, effectively bending him in half. It's an even better angle for the pressure on his cock, but the unexpected rush of cold air towards his hole has Shane gasping.

"Fuck Rozanov."

The man just kisses him chastely, like he isn't exposing Shane's whole ass to the room and rutting his dick against him.

"You are going to hold yourself open like a good boy for me," The accent in his words is so thick and gravely Shane's vision nearly whites out with lust.

He shifts to grab behind his knees at an alarming pace, letting Ilya move his hands to the better task of petting every new inch of Shane exposed to him. There's going to be hickeys all

over the insides of his thighs tomorrow, but it will be worth it if he ever gets a mouth on his dick.

“Stop fucking teasing me,” Shane hisses. He knows what he wants and he knows Rozanov knows what he wants. He should get to have it.

Ilya responds by blowing softly on Shane’s dick. He gasps at the temperature change, but his cock twitches just from the little bit of attention. There’s a flick of hazel eyes away from their target and Ilya gives Shane a look that kills all his protests.

“Be good.”

Jesus fucking Christ why do two words make Shane’s back arch off the bed?

He’s completely a slave to his needs as he tries to force just a little more contact and Ilya’s solution is to spit on Shane’s dick before swallowing him down to the base. The wet heat of Rozanov’s mouth never fails to make Shane out of his head dizzy, but it’s really his hands that seal the deal. The hot suction for lips around his slit mixed with the bruising squeeze of his chest- Shane is chanting Ilya’s name like a prayer.

“Please- *ah*, Ilya *please*,” he doesn’t know what he’s asking for. He doesn’t want it to stop but he can’t take anymore. “*Please, please, please, please.*”

Ilya alternates his approach by pulling Shane’s cheeks apart and slotting his tongue against his puckered entrance with the same vigor. The dual sensation of two pleasure points has tears forming in his eyes.

If Shane’s hands weren’t too busy holding himself up, he would be tearing his hair out with the force of the orgasm that finally follows. Ilya doesn’t pull away or ease up even for a second.

The aftershocks course through Shane’s body and Ilya is still lapping cum up from his spent dick like it’s a lollipop. He’s viciously overstimulated and shaking with it, but Rozanov has a smirk on his face and a very eager tongue.

“Off,” Shane begs, “Roz come up *-mph* - get up here.”

Ilya’s shit eating grin finally appears over Shane and he drops his feet to the bed.

“You,” he says between pants, “Are. An. Asshole.”

“Hmm, no. I am just very good with your dick. Probably best.”

“It’s not a competition,” Shane complains.

Ilya drags his hips against Shane’s dick in a lazy thrust that sends another round of static across his limbs. “No, this is not competition. Cause I would win.”

“It’s literally my- *oh fuck.*”

Ilya's slow drag of clothed hips has turned into a pointed thrust that has Shane seeing stars. This time when his legs are pulled back up, it's the weight of Rozanov's upper half that keeps them pinned in place.

"I can't- *ah*- I can't go again," Shane tries.

"You can."

Every drag is sweeter than the last and Shane's cock begins to join the fight with the slightest stir of interest already. But Ilya makes it one more thrust before he's wincing hard.

"*Fuck.*"

"Shit okay, shit. Are you, shit are you okay?" He needs to know if Ilya tore his stitches, or if he opened a different wound, or if it's the damn back bruise he'd lied about. "Lay down, or here let me-" he shuffles them around until they're laying side by side on the bed.

It's a stupid position to be in when Shane's just had his soul sucked out of his dick, but he can't stop the obsessive need to double check that Ilya really is okay and that he isn't going to fall apart, or bleed out-

"Hollander, stop." Ilya's breathing is still pretty shallow. Could he have a lung complication? It hadn't seemed like it before but with everything now-

He's forcibly stopped from his checkup as Ilya picks him up and set Shane on top of him.

"You're hurt!" Shane scrambles to keep his weight from pressing down on any of the wounds he's just taken care of, but large hands hold him down. Ilya is forcibly keeping Shane tethered to his waist and all the squirming just serves to make him harder.

"Da, I am hurt," Ilya says once Shane settles, "but I would have to be dead not to take advantage of naked, writhing, hot man on top of me."

Shane's cock fully perks up with interest at the words and despite having cum not that long ago, he's already leaking.

"You can't just say that," Shane whines, "It's not fair."

"I think you like it, just like you like being greedy little slut who begs for it, yes?" He punctuates that line by shoving two fingers into Shane's slack jawed mouth. "Suck. Get my hand wet for you."

By the time Ilya's fingers are out of his mouth and curling into his hole, Shane has been reduced to a pathetic mess of fucked out little *ah, ah, ah*'s that echo through the room. There's a burn that comes from the stretch, but Ilya's words make it worth it.

"Such a good fucking boy, Hollander," Shane's forehead is pressed into the skin of Ilya's collarbone so he whispers the filth right into his ear. "Squeezing my fingers like a dick."

“More- *ah please*, Ilya I need more. I need your- *mmph I need your dick please*.” The babbling gets muffled by the rocking of his body but he has to try. “Please I want it in me I want more I need it I need I need *more*.”

With every brush of his fingers against Shane’s prostate, he’s seconds closer to cumming again, but he wants Rozanov’s perfect cock in him. Now.

Ilya doesn’t slow his pace as Shane drags his body upwards and forcibly lowers the damn sweatpants off Rozanov’s hips. He’s finally given a view of the flushed, massive, cock that he’s been denied so long and that’s when Ilya drives his fingers into that spot that sends liquid fire through every inch of Shane’s body.

“Bad doctor,” Ilya says with that stupid smirk, “I am in charge, if I want you to cum on my fingers, your needy little hole will have to wait.”

Shane drags his body back across Ilya and collapses just in time to whimper into the other man’s neck. It feels *so good*.

“And when I fuck you for first time,” Shane is pushing back for every thrust of his hand, “It is not going to be with injury stopping me. Cause when I fuck you,” he thrusts harder for every word. “It will take more than just few hours.”

Shane’s a mess of mewls and whimpers and begging of please’s and ‘nows’ as Ilya works in another finger.

In all the moving around, the bottle of lube Shane got out earlier is lost to the sheets, but the drawer is still open next to the bed. There’s more in there, but that’s not what Ilya’s hand closes around when he reaches for it.

“*Fuck Hollander*,” Shane has no idea what’s happening, he’s far too close to think about lifting his head now. He registers the sound of a bottle opening, the cool addition of lube to the mess on his entrance and then, shockingly-

Ilya fucks into Shane with the purple dildo from his nightstand in one smooth motion.

Shane *howls*.

He’s never been so turned on in his life and Ilya just casually forces the large toy to twist before he drags it out only to force it in again.

“You are doing so good,” Ilya says reverently. His own breathing is getting a bit erratic as Shane continues to grind both their dicks together. “So good at taking whatever I give you.”

“Mmph - *Ilya*..”

“Shh, Hollander, just take it. Doing so good with your toy. Look so pretty all fucked out. You will take my cock even better, but we have to keep this greedy hole filled, yes? Maybe after I fuck you I put a plug in your ass, make you carry around my cum all day so everyone knows your mine.”

Shane's orgasm hits him with the force of a train. His toes curl and his teeth clench and he ruins the sheets so thoroughly there's a puddle under Rozanov's hips.

It's all white noise as he registers Ilya coming shortly after with a whispered prayer of Shane's name and then they're slumped together and catching their breath. Ilya leaves at some point and makes Shane stand as he strips the covers and throws all the blankets at the bed, but then they're back to being curled together and sleepy and everything is so right.

There's a comfort in the silence that Shane never knew he was craving.

Ilya holds him all through the night.

"I swear to God if you send me any more groceries I will mail them back to you!" Shane hisses into the phone, ignoring his coworkers' stares. It's been a bit more than a week since Ilya left Shane's apartment and the Russian has been calling incessantly ever since.

"What? No I heard what you just said and you cannot send them to Rose either." He slams his locker and nearly misses the next mumble of angry words, "Because I don't need them! I've never had this much food in my life and it's going to go bad if there's any more."

When they had finally torn themselves out of bed and after Shane had sucked Ilya off again in the shower, there was a knock on the door with a food delivery. Ilya's little stint on Shane's phone was spent pre-ordering essential groceries for the next month and a half. He loaded his own card, made it nonrefundable, and went overboard with his selection.

"You accept food, or I move you to my house. You choose."

Shane has been eating better than ever lately, but it hasn't stopped Ilya from complaining about the apartment nonstop.

"You are not allowed to buy me more food, send more clothes, or cover the rent again. I'm not arguing with the landlord twice this week."

Ilya's complaining on the phone distracts Shane from the fact that it already looks like a busy night in the ER and that he's due at the warehouse immediately after. He's so preoccupied with scrubbing in that he almost misses Ilya's question.

"What? Oh yeah the test went fine. I knew almost everything so it went pretty quick. No, Ilya that does not mean I can skip class to- what? I thought you were going on a trip this weekend."

Since they talked basics about the drama with Ilya's family and how rigorous his job was, Shane wasn't concerned that either of them would become too overbearing. Shane was busy, Ilya was busy, and they'd hook up whenever they weren't. It made the sporadic texting style Shane preferred more enjoyable when the other person reciprocated.

Yeah there were secrets, but this wasn't really a relationship built on trust in the first place. Shane couldn't do long term with the whole 'doctor to the mob' angle he was working, and Ilya was preparing to take over a large company, he didn't have time either.

But it was fun, so it worked.

It was really fun when Shane got to be picked up in a sports car just to get his dick sucked and fall asleep in Ilya's lap. He was still under strict instructions from his doctor not to do too stressful of physical activity (aka fuck) so they had to find other ways to get off.

Ilya, unsurprisingly, was as creative as he was impatient.

"Well, I have to work," Shane responded. Rozanov wanted him to spend the weekend together, but Shane was already on very thin ice with the Canadians and he didn't want a repeat of the last time he skipped. Ilya's calls were the only thing that had kept Shane sane after that. And if he had noticed the lingering terror in the tremors he couldn't seem to get rid of- he hadn't mentioned it.

"We were already planning on doing something Monday-" His alarm buzzed on his wrist. "- Fuck, I have to go. We can figure it out later."

The hours flew by in a mess of lacerations, car accidents, and old people until Shane finally had access to his phone again. There was a message from his mom, one from Hayden asking for homework help, and a reel from Rose.

Ilya had sent a delivery confirmation receipt from a store that *did not* sell groceries.

When Shane texted and asked if Ilya had really followed through on the threat of buying him another toy- all he got was a winking emoji in response.

Still, the thought of probably getting naked with the Russian soon was enough to keep Shane's spirits up as he pulled into his literal hell on earth. The warehouse was bustling tonight, it seems someone robbed the liquor store again.

These weren't the people that Shane had pictured when he first thought of mobsters. These guys spent their time knocking off convenience stores, running errands for other gangs, and debating if the bets that they had rigged would actually work this time. If it weren't for the fact that they had too much information on Shane, he's not really sure they were dangerous.

Even the two guys who had brought him in after that murder had moved away. They were the scary ones, the type that had beaten him bloody before noticing the scrubs, but they were gone. In their place were the younger brothers who were just cruel for the fun of it, but not the brightest bulbs in the box.

He announced his presence to the group with a nod and set-up shop.

These hours drug by.

He couldn't leave until they told him too, but there wasn't anyone to help except a drunk guy who bloodied his nose. Shane had been firmly reminded multiple times that he wasn't

allowed to work on anything else in here, so he just sat and stared at the wall.

The shouting started somewhere around 3:30 AM.

It was a typical sort of yelling, but it quickly escalated until everyone was crowded around one doorway and cheering loudly. The troupe moved like a parade ensemble over to one of the private rooms near the wall, and there was a loud slam of the door.

“Fate has been kind to us today boys!” One of the idiots yelled. This was the one currently in charge and the one that Shane usually answered to. Somebody kicked a crate over to him and he stepped up to stand above the crowd. “The other gangs call us pathetic and useless, but how many of them have managed to capture a prisoner like that!” A round of cheers went up.

Pathetic and useless seems like too nice of a word.

The speech continues, “We did our time and paid our dues and now look at what we’ve got! The heir to the biggest and baddest mafia is tied to a post in our cell!” It’s almost like a school pep rally with all the hollering and hugging going on. It’s rather disgusting.

“The Russians will bow to us now or we’ll kill the boy and ruin their empire. The Rozanov’s will have no idea what hit them.”

What.

The floor drops out from Shane’s stomach. That can’t be- there’s gotta be more the one Rozanov family in-

The boss points at his right hand man, “Somebody get me a piece of paper- we’re gonna tell daddy Rozanov that we have his pretty little heir all tied up.”

“Wouldn’t it be faster to call?” Another idiot says but Shane stops listening.

There’s no way.

It’s not possible.

There’s no godforsaken way in seven hells that behind that door sits a certain curly haired, backtalking, son of a bitch idiot.

Ilya would have said-

Like you mentioned that you work for the mob?

Fuck.

Well. There’s only one way to find out.

“Boss!” Shane makes it just in time for the crowd to be gone, but the man he needs to still be climbing off the crate. “Just wanted to make sure you don’t need me to check on the prisoner.

I figure you were probably so much, uh, stronger than him that he's pretty broken. We wouldn't want him to die before you get your reward."

The old fat man in front of him wouldn't have a chance in a fight against Ilya, but stroking his ego is the only way to get what he wants. It's torture to have to stand in front of him and wait as he scratches his head, but Shane will do it if there's even a chance he's right.

"I guess you can look at him," he decides, "Just don't be too nice."

Shane nods like his heart isn't beating out of his chest. Thank god no one tries to follow him and the door opens without a creak.

And there's Ilya Rozanov bleeding from that same head wound, gagged and tied to a water pipe on the floor.

The first thing he should do is run to him and make sure he's okay. The second thing he should do is get him the fuck out of here.

Shane stands there and stares.

Ilya's eyes were closed when he came in, then set into a violent glare, but now they're looking at Shane with so much confusion that the room is static with the feel of it. Finally, Shane's legs work again. He rips the gag out of Ilya's mouth and has to roll his eyes at the other man's protests. "What the hell are you doing here!" He wants to yell, but the best he can do is whisper very pointedly.

"Me?" Ilya responds, "What the hell are *you* doing here!"

Shane knows the blood trickling down his face needs to be dealt with, but he also knows that the wound isn't that deep. He can multitask and yell while he works.

"I'm trying to save you!" he whispers again.

"I am trying to save *you*."

He pulls back from Ilya to squint at him. "Did you *follow* me here?" There's no way that he would have found this on his own-

Ilya rolls his eyes.

"It's not big deal."

"Oh my God you did!" Ilya shushes him and he lowers his voice slightly, "I can't believe you're stalking me!"

"Is not stalking," Ilya corrects, "I was concerned you weren't home so I track your phone. I did not know I would be ambushed." He spits the last word like it's Shane's fault.

Shane rolls his eyes. He knows the men in here, ambush was a strong word. "What were you doing waiting for me anyway? I already told you I was busy."

At this Ilya looks away in a move Shane knows as embarrassment. *Oh lord.* “Ilya. What.”

The man in front of him shrugs and talks in forced nonchalance. “I got stitches out today.”

“Don’t change the subject-”

“Am not.”

Truthfully Shane should have checked on his graze first, but there was no visible blood.

“Okay so then what does it have to do with you waiting for me? If you already took them out then what would I-”

Ilya’s slight blush gives it all away. Shane has to force himself to keep his voice down.

“Did you seriously follow me here because you were impatient to fuck?”

“It was supposed to be romantic!” Ilya immediately defends. “I show up to your house with dinner and fuck you into mattress after weeks of waiting. You get my dick and food and we would both have been happy! Then I panic because you are not home and stupid idiot Canadians find me outside.”

Shane moves from his crouch to sitting on the floor just for some stability. “You are unbelievable.”

“Yes, well, you could have told me you work for mob.”

“Like you were so truthful about your job,” Shane responds, “You told me you were in finance!

“I said I was in the *money business*,” Ilya rolls his eyes, “Hollander I show up at your house bleeding from gunshot and tell you about illegal businesses and drug schemes. How did you not figure this out.”

Shane shakes his head, “You don’t seem like a gangster.”

The raised eyebrow makes the band aid Shane slapped on wrinkle. “No? I am covered in scars, speak in very angry Russian, and am so rich I drive Ferrari in snow. This does not seem like gangster?”

It seems like the kind of gangster right out of a movie, not the ones Shane is used to. This brand of dangerous was a far cry from the people holding Shane’s leash.

“So when you said your brother was trying to kill you...”

“If he had better aim I would be dead, yes.”

“Holy shit.”

Ilya is looking at him like this is all very obvious and Shane is very slow, but Jesus Christ. This is huge. He can remember everything they said about the elusive prisoner before he’d

known it was Ilya.

“You’re like the heir to the largest gang in town aren’t you. That’s like a big deal.”

Ilya shrugs, “I am very cool, yes, you already know this.”

“Yeah but like,” Shane is struggling to figure out what’s bothering him, “You’re dangerous and shit.”

This gives Ilya pause and in turn forces Shane to think. Was Ilya dangerous? The man who booked an ER room so Shane would sleep and who bought him a stuffed cat and made him dinner? No. He was safe for Shane.

“I mean like for other people,” Shane mumbles.

Ilya nods once. “Yes,” he says, “Other people.”

He glares at the splatters of blood from the earlier drunk on Shane’s clothes. “I will be very dangerous to your idiot friends.”

“Friends?” Shane asks, “Hayden?”

Ilya releases a heavy breath, “Hayden is idiot, yes, but he is not dangerous.” Ilya nods towards the door. “I will not be nice to them when I get out of here, you understand?”

“Oh,” he likes that Ilya says ‘when’ and not ‘if’ about that, “Yeah they’re not my friends. I’m not really here because I want to be.”

If it were possible, Ilya would have read his life story on his face with the look he’s getting. “What does this mean, Hollander. I was hit on head and English is not fun. Tell me which of these people you do not want dead.”

“Um, what?” Now it’s Shane’s turn to be confused. “I mean I don’t really like condone you killing anyone, but they’re not very good people so-”

“They are your gang, yes? Your family that you are busy with so you cannot go home and see real mom?”

Shane shakes his head hard. “No, hell no. These guys are not my anything. I’m only here because they kinda force me to be? Obviously I would go home and see my actual mom and live in a house with Hayden instead of my current-”

“What do you mean forced,” Ilya interrupts.

Part of Shane is still terrified to share this with him, but the secrets are out now anyways. “You know, like blackmailing stuff. I’ve been doing this for years and it’s not fun at all but it’s better than the alternative.”

Ilya looks at him with an unfamiliar intensity. “Hollander. You do not want to be here?”

Shane thinks of the nights in the beginning where he would spend hours stitching up gashes while someone pointed a gun at his head. His hands would shake so badly he'd let them feed him whiskey just to calm his nerves.

"No," he says quietly, "I'd do anything not to be here."

Ilya says something in rapid Russian and tilts his head back and closes his eyes. He doesn't open them as he keeps talking. "Rose does not know?"

"No one knows."

"And they are not paying you? Not for food and not for rent?"

Shane shakes his head before he remembers Ilya's eyes are closed. "No, I mean, with the hospital pay I would have been fine but these guys told me I couldn't have a roommate so I had to find somewhere to live alone. It's not cheap when you can't split rent and you're paying for textbooks."

There's another round of what is probably cursing. "And they have threatened you? Told you if you tell anyone you will die?"

"Well yeah," he doesn't really need Ilya to freak out. The guy almost got in a fight over Hayden's hoodie, this would be a lot worse. "But like obviously, I guess. There's always gonna be violence and blackmail-"

Ilya's eyes snap open and he sits up. "No, no, do not finish sentences. With Russians the doctors are given their own house. We pay them like real doctors. They have families that we take care of and they never have to drive because we pick them up. There is no blackmail, there is no threat, because if they are not happy then we are dead."

"Oh."

That's um, that's new information for Shane.

"So you don't-"

The door behind them creaks and Shane shoves the gag back into Ilya's mouth. He doesn't have time to do anything other than back away before the door opens.

The man who comes in is the furthest thing from a friend Shane has ever known. EJ was a thug in every sense of the word. He was just muscular enough that it still looked fat, had two silver teeth, and instead of hair he had tattoos all over his head. He was somewhat high ranking in this shit show, but the furthest thing from a Canadian. EJ had a penchant for correcting Shane's methods as he was stitching him up and if he slipped up at all-

Well the bruised ribs had to come from somewhere.

When EJ sees that it's not just Ilya in the room, he grins wide enough that his teeth glint in the light. "A'right then." The stupid accent is also fake. "The fun's already getting started!"

Ilya is bound and gagged, but the look he sends the other man is enough to have Shane scared. Why hadn't he untied him? EJ is certainly not going to be nice.

There's a swift kick delivered to Ilya's ribs, and somehow Shane winces more than he does. That's not the side that the wound is on, but Jesus how does he keep a straight face through that? Ilya raises an eyebrow and Shane nearly slaps him.

That's a very obvious 'You call that a kick?' look and Shane isn't in the mood to watch him get tortured over it.

"I'm uh," he tries to think of something to say to draw the attention away from Ilya, "I'm just here to patch him up before the trade. You know the, uh, when we give him back."

"The way I see it, it doesn't matter if he goes back in pieces and I deserve a little fun." EJ leers at Ilya. "It'll be weeks before a friggin letter gets to his boss anyway. He'll heal by then."

Dear God, the look Ilya was giving EJ was as good as a dare.

"Well!" Shane tries. "I uh, don't mean to interrupt, but since I'm only here for a little bit longer I kinda need to finish fixing him up."

The look that is turned on him is familiar.

It's the same stare Shane used to get back when he first started and hadn't really learned how to shut his mouth. It was before he learned that the only way to stay safe was to stay unnoticed. A rule that he was breaking every time he opened his mouth.

What was he doing?

He'd barely survived the last time he disobeyed and now he wanted to do it again? And to make matters worse, Shane had gone and worked himself into a panic. If he didn't get himself under control he was going to be useless soon.

But he had to protect Ilya. He had to do something he had to he had to had to *help*.

As his heavy breathing turns even more frantic, EJ takes another step closer. "I don't remember giving you permission to speak." He towers over Shane and outweighs him by a ton. Why had he picked a fight again?

"Sorry, sir," He tries, "I'm just thought-"

"*You just thought,*" he says mockingly, "That's all you exotics are fucking good for. Thinking and shutting up." He flicks Shane in the center of the forehead hard enough for him to stumble slightly. "If I want to play with the prisoner, I get to play with the prisoner- got it?"

Shane nods, and EJ shoves him. "Answer me when I'm fucking talking to you."

"Yes sir," Shane says. He knows better than to hold eye contact or talk again. It calms EJ down, but Shane won't even dare to look at Ilya. He's humiliated enough as it is.

“Good. Now get me that stuff from last week.”

Shane’s knees lock up. Oh hell no.

“Sir I can’t do that.”

EJ rolls his eyes, “There’s gotta be some left, there’s no way we used it all.”

“I think we did.”

Please, please take the bait. If EJ believes there’s nothing left in that stupid vile then he won’t push it any further. Shane’s never been a very good liar, but he has to make this so believable that there’s no debate.

EJ nods his head at Shane’s bag of gear he brought in. “Look.”

Shane can hardly pretend with how bad his hands are shaking. He knew that skipping work and staying with Ilya would cause problems, but he’d honestly thought it would be more along the lines of bruising and yelling. It had gotten a lot worse than that.

Someone’s ex-girlfriend had been a nurse and had her boyfriend told about the Hippocratic oath and how it was practically torture to force someone to break it. These goons weren’t bright enough to remember that Shane wasn’t a real doctor, but it had been torture all the same.

The vile of drugs they’d made him give is in the bottom of the bag. There’s still a quarter of a bottle left.

He buries it under the rest.

The man they’d captured last week had seemed like a decent guy, but he was a fighter. He wouldn’t comply with anything they asked of him and since Shane had already been in trouble the stars lined up. EJ and the boss had given Shane an ultimatum that left him forced to nearly overdose the man before the guys beat the shit out of him. Shane wasn’t allowed to know if he survived.

This time, though, there was nothing that would force his hand.

EJ could put a bullet in Shane’s head before he’d ever give Ilya a dosage like that. Not only was it against every fiber of Shane’s being, but Rozanov already hated drugs.

He stands up. “It’s gone, sir. The boss said to use it all.”

Shane is forcibly pinned to the wall as EJ retaliates. “If you’re fucking lying to me, we can do more than *threaten* to break your hands. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

Finally he’s released, but it’s not without an extra little shove into the wall. Shane channels his inner Ilya and tries not to wince. He also steadfastly does not look in Rozanov’s direction.

The idea of it is humiliating.

He's just thankful he'd gotten Ilya's gag back in before the door opened. Rozanov would have had a lot to say about that little spat.

EJ saunters back over to Ilya and squats down, "The big bad wolf," he says in a terrible Russian accent, "Not so scary now, eh?"

Ilya's foot shoots out lightning fast and kicks EJ right in the balls.

The man is doubled over and moaning in pain before Shane can even register that he almost smiled accidentally. That's gonna hurt.

Ilya is yelling something from behind the gag and it seems to flow in and out of Russian, but it's definitely not nice words. The yelling and the groaning and the general ruckus of it all has another guy coming in and kicking Ilya in the ribs, but that only makes the muffled shouting louder. And strangely mocking sounding.

The new goon hauls EJ out and calls for the other doctor on duty and Shane is left standing there alone with Ilya. Who is still shouting at the door.

"You have to stop yelling if you want me to take the gag out again," Shane says.

Ilya gets a few more phrases in before he shuts up and turns to Shane. The look in his eyes is debilitating. There's white hot rage in his gaze and every inch of Shane is burning. He crouches down in front of him again.

"Before you can say anything," it'll be better to get this part out of the way, "I know that it's stupid okay? I know that I shouldn't just bow down and follow orders and that's how most problems are started, but I'm just-" Just trying to survive doesn't seem like a good phrase anymore. He doesn't want to survive in a world where he's complacent to all these crimes. He wants out.

But he's never been brave enough to try it.

"-I'm just a coward really, so just yeah."

He takes the gag out and casts his eyes down.

Ilya is the heir to the most notorious group in the city, he's not going to want to be associated with Shane for any longer. Not after this. Well it was good while it lasted.

"Hollander. Shane Hollander look at me."

Shane does. Reluctantly.

"This is not you. You are not coward and you are not 'nice' doctor who says sir and follows orders. This- this thing that they have made you is not who you are." He pauses to swear a bit. "They will suffer for every threat they have made and he- *he* will die for putting hands on you. This is where you got bruises, yes? They are cruel to you?"

Shane nods. He doesn't really have words to speak.

There's a deep sigh from Ilya, "And I made it worse. I come into apartment and don't leave and they make you- what? They make you torture man or they will break your hands? Your hands that save lives and fix people? They will die for it."

They had told Shane that his absence was punishable by death. His, his parents, or his friends. He'd pleaded for hours, offered everything he could think of and then they had come up with the deal.

Shane had told them to break his fucking hands cause he'd never hurt a man like that.

So obviously they had gone with the option he hadn't picked.

Ilya's face is alight with the promise of retribution. "You will go home, do not talk to anyone on way out. Pack everything up, leave whatever you don't want. I will pick you up in a little over an hour. You are moving in with me."

He doesn't even have it in him to argue.

It was crazy for Ilya to just make space in his life and his house for Shane's problems, but it was even crazier for him to stay in an address the Canadians knew by heart. They might not remember Shane's name, but they knew where he lived.

"Okay," is all he says.

Ilya's expression softens at Shane's quiet words. "It will be okay, Hollander. I will fix it. There will be nothing left of shitty little mob once I am done."

The promise of death and pain should shake Shane to the core. He should protest and argue for peace. He doesn't.

"Good."

Ilya nods, satisfied, then brings a hand up to cradle Shane's jaw. He jerks back. "What the hell? Your hands were tied!"

That stupid Rozanov smirk makes an appearance. "Like I said: I am cool and this mob is shitty." Shane rolls his eyes, but Ilya's hand is still a nice gentle presence. He leans into the touch.

Their foreheads rest together in the warehouse that has haunted Shane's life for too long. He has no loyalty to these people and he feels no sorrow at their imminent demise. It actually feels rather poetic.

"EJ's dick doesn't work," Shane mutters, "The guy that was just in here? He asks for drugs for it all the time. And the other guy that drug him out has a tattoo that says 'I heart Mom.' The boss is on his third divorce and is more attached to his wiener dog than his six kids."

Ilya pulls back with a grin. "You are telling me this to be mean, yes?"

Shane shrugs, “They deserve it. I’m just kinda sad I won’t get to see Monty’s face if you mention the fact that he still sleeps with a stuffed animal.”

Ilya really does laugh then and Shane has to shove a hand over his mouth. He’s always wanted to chirp these idiots for their pathetic lifestyle, but Ilya will do it so much better.

He calms down, but doesn’t lose his smile. “Go get your stuff, Hollander,” he says, “I will be there to take you home soon.”

Shane doesn’t worry about the fact that Ilya is outnumbered as he packs up. He doesn’t even worry about the fact that he could reopen wounds. Once he makes it outside and sees that there’s reinforcements already pulling into the drive- he feels quite confident in Rozanov’s outcome.

For the rest of Shane’s life he’ll save people instead of condemn them, and he’ll walk into tragedies instead of running from them. He’ll take the oath to be helpful and true and he’ll try his best to keep it.

But just this once he lets himself feel the pleasure of the carnage he’s leaving in his wake.

Just this once he wears a smile while walking out of hell.

Chapter End Notes

The rollercoaster of Ilya getting mad about the groceries, the unexpected entrance of Shane's dildo, and the reveal that both of these idiots should have seen coming, is a fun one! We're winding down now, but don't even worry. There's more to come.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Arrangements end, paperwork is filed, and nothing is allowed to burn all the way down.

Life goes on.

Chapter Notes

Everyone say thank you to Penny the Doberman who is so perfect to me. Also my dad's cat who is fatter than your average toddler and probably worse behaved.

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

It's cold out, but that's not the reason there's a fog every time that Ilya breathes. The warehouse is much quieter than the first time he came here two night ago, but there's still the high pitched squeal of wind in the trees. He's allowed himself one last cigarette to wash away the taste of violence in his mouth. If he's lucky then Shane won't even be able to taste it on him later.

Hollander is working the nightshift again tonight, but Ilya will need to leave here soon if he wants to be home by the time he gets back. He'd given Shane the BMW because he wanted a 'safe car that wouldn't attract too much attention' and that one was as close as he could get.

Shane had tried to argue for a *van* and Ilya had nearly thrown himself down the stairs.

"Boss?" Marlow opens the creaky metal door. Ilya can't remember if it creaked the first time he came here or if they broke it while throwing people at the wall. "Everything's signed and ready to go. Do you want to meet with him again?"

"No," Ilya shakes his head, "Tell that piece of shit to run for his life."

"Are we going to chase him?"

Inside this door was the last spokesperson for the Canadian mob. It was a younger kid, but Ilya wasn't taking any chances. This deal was going to change this city and he wasn't going to have the news of it leaked before he was ready.

Shane would likely argue mercy, one less body to stitch closed in the ER. Then again, these were the Canadians and Shane hadn't minded when Ilya had all but wiped them off of the map two days ago.

The warehouse still reeked of urine from the way the men pissed themselves when the battle began.

He takes the final drag of the cigarette and holds it in his lungs. “No,” he says finally, “We will not chase. But don’t tell him that.”

There was more paperwork involved in tearing down an empire than Ilya wanted to deal with. There was even more when you keep it hidden from the Russians. He wasn’t a fool, he knew some of his father’s advisors would catch wind of the Canadian’s untimely demise, but it would go nowhere.

With the chaos of Alexei’s continued usurpation attempts, Grigori’s failing mind, and well the fucking paperwork, no one would look too hard.

Then, when the time came, it would be too late for anyone to say anything.

He takes the signed agreements out of Cliff’s hands and snubs the butt of the cigarette out with his boot. Everything seems to be in order.

“This guy,” the other man says, nodding to the paperwork, “Does he even know what he's getting here?”

The Canadians were terrible mobsters, but even the worst in this city have weight. There was money hidden all over their operation and valuable trading areas set up that would bring profit for years to come. Under the right supervision it would flourish. It could thrive.

Ilya shrugs, “He will find out.”

“Hollander! What is that noise!”

There’s a ringing coming from somewhere in the house and it’s not the alarm system he had installed for Shane's safety. He turns around just in time to see the culprit in the form of a violent mess on his countertops

Ilya’s beautiful, immaculate, *wonderful* kitchen looks ruined. It wasn’t like he was in here very often but never ever had he seen it in such a state.

The state- the one that Ilya was referring to? On *fire*.

“Ilya!”

Shane rounds the corner so fast that his socks skid on the floor. He catches himself before he falls but moves so quickly to stand in front of the smoke that he nearly slips again. His brown eyes are huge as he glances at the still burning kitchen behind him, but doesn't say much more.

“*Shane!*” Ilya is stressed.

Someone needs to be concerned about the fact that the kitchen is on fire.

Shane does not seem all that concerned based on the way he holds his hands out and tries to calm Ilya down instead of dealing with the literal fire.

“So remember how I said I was bad at cooking?”

Thirty minutes later there is no more fire alarm (he just unscrewed it from the wall and threw it outside when it wouldn't shut up) and luckily there is no more fire. Shane's attempt at dinner is firmly in the trash and they've resorted to the cheap mac and cheese Ilya is addicted to.

“No- no Hollander. You do not get to complain about ‘nutrition facts’ and ‘processing’ when your attempt made house smell like bonfire.”

“Hey I'm actually good with fires! I can grill and-”

“Oh so this is why you let it almost blow up our house instead of putting it out. To make hotdogs?”

Shane rolls his eyes but there's a pleased little smile on his face. Ilya imagines he knows why. *Our house*. This was their house now. It hadn't even been a week, but he wasn't alone anymore and he never wanted to go back to the times that he was.

Hollander eats the pasta with nothing more than a few complaints and a comment about healing burns. He was already looking better rested with the nights off from extra work, but Ilya imagined it'd still take some time for him to adjust.

The nice thing about his odd hours, though, was Shane typically was full of energy when he got home. Enough to light the kitchen on fire, and enough to argue with Ilya over literally anything.

Living together wasn't going to be easy. Shane liked order to things and Ilya just liked things in general. They were both horrendously busy, but that just meant he had free reign to text Hollander every spare minute he had.

However, between the trauma and the cleanup and the *slight* pull of Ilya's old rib wound, they still hadn't fucked. He was far past impatient. He was deprived.

He had spent all day thinking about Hollander and then the stupid fire had gone and ruined his big plan. There had to be some other really dramatic way to break this news that would end with him buried in Shane's tight ass.

“Hollander.”

“Before you ask, I am not getting you the ice cream.”

“No, I- what?” His train of thought is interrupted immediately, “I cannot have ice cream now?” Ilya fully turns around so he can hit Shane with the sarcasm fully. “Did it all melt in the fire?”

“Shut up about the fire!”

He's too fun to tease and his face is already red with blush just from the previous comments. Unfortunately Ilya is about to put one hell of a damper on the mood.

"No I can survive tonight without it, but we need to talk about my work."

Shane stops dead in his tracks and the slow way he turns around reminds Ilya of an old movie villain. But there's no malice on Hollander's face, only uncertainty. "Your work?"

"Yes."

"Your work of running an illegal mob?"

Despite the fact that Shane was well aware of the situation, he still got caught up in the finer details sometimes. "I do not *run* it- nevermind. Not important. We need to talk about the Canadians."

Hollander folds his arms over his chest, but then starts to fidget and run a hand through his hair. "Okay? I mean I kinda thought that you took care of all that, but if you need my help or like someone to talk to I guess I'm pretty qualified."

"No I do not need worst therapist ever from you, I need you to sign some things." Ilya wasn't exactly sure how to deliver this news that he had, but just dropping it on Shane probably wasn't the best plan. "Maybe we should sit down."

"Tell me what the paperwork is for and I'll decide if I want to sit down and sign it."

Ilya huffs, "You are always so difficult, Hollander. No- it is not a contract that is going to sell you to another country okay? Can we sit down?"

Shane widens his stance and sets his feet. It looks like they'll be doing this standing up.

Ilya probably should have let himself have another cigarette.

"Fine." he says, "Canadians are gone, wiped off map, no one who ever met you can live to tell the tale. It was easy and clean and not very hard at all. They screamed alot, they also begged, but it did not save them."

"Why are you telling me this?" There's trepidation in Shane's eyes. It's not fear, not yet, but Ilya knows how he sounds.

He mirrors Shane's posture and sets his feet. "I want you to understand what you're getting into."

Ilya is not a good man, he's not a Saint, and he's not trying to be. Looking in the mirror is easier these days, but he won't deny the truth.

Hollander's face scrunches up, "So you're trying to scare me away? Ilya, I kinda had to come to terms with the mobster thing a few days ago if you remember. I'm not backing out now."

"No?"

Shane's response to the tilt of Ilya's head is immediate. "No."

The admission strikes a cord deep in his chest. A resounding hum.

This could work. This is all going to work.

"The old boss," he continues, "The one that spoke about me, he was not a real leader. He had no loyalty, no vision, and no fucking balls. He was as pathetic as a beggar on the street singing for drugs. This is not what being Don means. Do you understand?"

Shane nods, "Yeah I figured he wasn't great just based on- well everything, but yeah. I'm pretty sure you're a better leader than he was."

It's Ilya's turn to nod. "What is it that you think I do, Hollander? What is my job?"

"You're a gangster." Shane says it like it's just another hobby. But he doesn't stop there. "You're in charge of a group of people and a sector of business in the city. The methods, well I don't really need to know all that and I get that you're probably not a great person, but that's the way that you grew up, so."

"So?"

Shane shrugs as his earlier walls start to melt down, "So, I don't really care about the details, I'm not leaving you over them." His voice drops to a whisper so soft he barely catches it. "Hell, I'm not leaving you ever if I have the choice."

This would be such a good time for Ilya to launch himself across the room and into the loving arms of this perfect man. It would be the sweetest round of fucking he'd ever experienced. But he's not done yet.

It'll be best to just rip off the bandaid.

"The Canadians are not going away. The mob will stay in this town."

Shane's guard snaps back up so visibly it's like a button was pressed. There's a crease in his forehead as he snaps, "What?"

"To remove them would be a waste, there's resources that can be used and plans that are decent enough. Things will need to change-"

"To change! I was practically enslaved by them and you think a little slap on the wrist is going to fix everything! Jesus, Ilya, did you even kill anyone?"

You would never touch me again if you could see the mess of blood I had to wash off before I came home that night. Your hospital has never seen carnage so violent.

"It was not 'slap on the wrist', Hollander-"

"Oh fuck you, Rozanov. I can't believe this," Shane says and he's quite pissed now.

Ok. Time for a different approach.

“The Russians have power in this city that you cannot wrap head around. I am not heir to little bakery on the corner I am fucking prince of the city, I-”

“-So you forgive and forget so you can keep yourself in power, that’s great Ilya.”

Never in a million years would he imagine Hollander would be mad at him for not being cruel enough, but here he is, walking away out of anger. The hallway to the bedroom is dark, but he can still see when Shane waves him off over his shoulder. “And here I thought you were only doing this job to keep it out of the wrong hands.”

Ilya has caught up to him in three strides and by the fourth he has Shane’s back pinned to the wall and a forearm across his chest. He wants to fight? *Fine*, Ilya can fight.

“You think that I let a single person in that building die quickly and you are wrong,” he leans in until his whisper can be said directly into Shane’s ear. “If you think I would let them hurt you and get away with it then you do not know me at all, Shane Hollander. They pleaded on the lives of their children, they begged for mercy. I sent them to hell with a fucking smile on my face.”

He can feel Shane's shiver from the whole length of his body where they’re pressed together. It’s easy to note the hitch in his breathing when they’re this close.

“I am not a violent man, Hollander, you know this I think. I do what I must and usually it is not fun. This, trust me, was fun. I would not have done it if they didn’t deserve it. Russia, Alexei, all the Russians, they do not care about me, they do not care about my plans.”

Shane pushes back against his hold, trying to escape. “I don’t want to hear-”

Ilya forces him back still, “You will listen,” his lips are so close to Shane’s now that one deep breath would bring them together. “If I am to keep this city safe, if I am to fix anything, then I cannot be the only one trying to make difference. It will take more mobs, more people, and more planning. I need people that will stand by me, I need a Canadian Don who is good person.”

He moves his head now so he can whisper in Shane’s ear once more. “I am not doing this so I can be feared across city and make women cry in terror,” Ilya says. “I am not drafting fucking paperwork so I can be king.”

Ilya had worked on this idea ever since the moment Shane stormed into his warehouse cell looking terrified. This was the future of this city, the only chance they had at a happy ending.

“I am doing this, Hollander, so I can keep *you*. ”

Shane jerks under his hold and Ilya pulls back until he can see his face. Wide brown eyes look at him in confusion and Ilya is helpless to resist. He presses a soft kiss to Shane’s jaw, then one behind his ear as he explains.

“I do not want to hide you, but you are not safe with me. There would be too many people that would hunt you for a chance at my throne. And you would not like being locked in here for the rest of your life.”

Shane shakes his head and Ilya bites down slightly on his jaw. Hollander remembers the mistake quickly, “No,” he voices breathlessly.

“No, you would not,” Ilya agrees with a small lick to the bitten spot. “If I cannot always protect you and you are too busy to protect yourself then there must be another way. People will hurt a poor little med student, but they will not risk attacking someone with power.”

It was such a risk to even consider this plan, but Ilya had hatched it in the pits of desperation and forced its hand until it was solid. The idea was sound, the foundation was laid.

He relaxes the hold of his arms so he can shift both hands to grab at Shane’s hips while he talks. “You are a natural leader,” he says. “Smart, kind, loyal,” he punctuates every word with a kiss, “But ruthless too. And cunning. There is fire in you that I can see. Shane Hollander, the shy student could not keep up with me, but the Shane Hollander who bites back, well.”

Ilya pulls back and holds eye contact with the man in front of him. The man who has turned his life upside down in a matter of weeks and caused his heart to beat steadier inside his chest.

He lays all of his cards on the table.

“I need you to sign paperwork that will make you Don of the Canadian Mafia.”

Shane shoves him away and Ilya lets him. There’s distress and surprise in Hollander’s eyes, but not refusal. Not yet. “You’re kidding,” he says.

“I am not.”

Shane’s hands pull at his hair so crazily that it stands up in weird areas. “I can’t- I’m not- I don’t know anything about doing that.”

Ilya shrugs, “You will learn. Cannot be harder than studying chemistry or thing you do now.”

If it’s possible, Shane’s eyes go even wider. “How will I have time to run a mob and be in school? I barely have time now!”

“Yes, I thought of this,” Ilya says, “There are advisors I have appointed, they will run day to day and you will just be the boss. Not a lot of time spent, but still very good. Sometimes I will take you with me to events, but I will handle talking mostly.”

“And you’re okay with this?” Shane’s voice is a bit high pitched. “Me being in the mob and competing with you?”

“Yes,” Ilya says easily. “You are strong enough and I want you with me. Also, is kinda sexy to have Don boyfriend, yes?”

“Boyfriend?” Shane squeaks out. “Is there paperwork for that too?”

Ilya rolls his eyes, but he can’t stop the smile spreading on his face. “Da, I can write stupid note that says please Doctor Hollander will you be boyfriend, but it will keep me from fucking you for at least ten more minutes.”

Shane grins at him, “I’d need to send that one to my lawyers to look over.”

He can’t help but laugh a little bit, but there’s still the initial problem at hand. “You do not have to decide tonight,” he says. “Mob will wait and if you say no I will not be mad. There are other ways to keep you safe and other people who would be willing to do the job.”

Yet another hand running through the hair and Shane is shuffling his feet. “I don’t know I mean, yeah obviously I’ll be your boyfriend but the other thing-”

One acceptance is enough for Ilya tonight.

His mouth is on Shane and they’re backing into the bedroom before either of them have the chance to take a breath.

It’s a tangle of limbs as they fall back into the bed Ilya used to sleep in alone, but there’s something domestic about the bits of laughter let out. Sex used to just be about fast paced pleasure for Ilya, a way to release tension that wasn’t so bloody. Before Shane, it felt just as violent.

But as Hollander manages to pull his own shirt off and wiggle out of his pants, Ilya is reminded of how lucky he is. Because there’s a wet patch in the front of Shane’s boxers and Ilya has barely even touched him yet.

He hovers his body so Shane has to arch his back to get any friction where he wants it. Hollander is flexible when he wants to be, but it looks like he can’t decide whether he wants to be kissed or his cock touched.

“Hmm,” Ilya whispers into his ear, letting his hands roam and grab at different places on Shane’s body. “You need help, don’t you. You cannot decide what you want.”

“Fuck you,” Shane whimpers out the words, a sound that has Ilya hardening even further within his boxers. Hollander’s eyes keep squeezing closed and fluttering open and Ilya grabs high on his throat to focus him. “What do you want, sweetheart,” he whispers, “use your pretty words.”

“Touch,” He wheezes, “You have to *touch* me.”

Ilya hums low in his throat, “Like this?” he asks as he flicks one of Shane’s nipples. Hollander lets out a shaky breath and nods, but he doesn’t moan until Ilya repeats the motion twice. “Or like this?” He lowers his body enough that when he snaps his hips forward, the movement rubs their hard dicks together perfectly.

Shane’s head flies back into the pillows and Ilya takes advantage of the open access to his neck. He lets Shane catch his breath before he takes hold of his jaw again, shaking him

slightly.

“Tell me Hollander, do you want me to suck your dick or finger you until you cry.”

The whimper drowns out any intelligible response. Shane nods his head instead of coming up with an answer and Ilya shakes him again.

“You do not know? Or you just want whatever I give you because you are a good boy.” Ilya leans down and nips at Shane’s ear only to suck it back into his mouth.

This time Shane finds his words. “Yes, yes please that *please*.”

Ilya’s lips drag over the damp skin of Shane’s jaw. He gets worked up with barely anything and he’s already slipping fast into desperation. “You think you can be good for me, Hollander? That you can earn my cock?”

Shane writhes underneath him, forcing more friction and causing them both to hiss. His skilled hands have begun to paw at Ilya’s waistband, but he stops him and pins his hands above his head. Shane’s pupils blow to the size of saucers and his mouth flops open.

“I asked you a question,” Ilya says. He’s rolling his body just slightly into Shane, forcing him to deal with the spikes of pleasure. “Can you do what I tell you?”

Shane nods as he tries to find his voice. It’s hoarse already when he speaks, Ilya plans to wreck it by morning. “Yes, *fuck*-yes Ilya.”

He shoves Hollander’s hands further into the mattress. “Do not move these until I say.”

Ilya wanted Shane out of his own head. He wanted him begging and cry and confused in that perfect Hollander way that ended in him syrupy and sweet in Ilya’s lap.

But he also wanted him destroyed.

Rozanov shifts his weight down Hollander’s body until he’s mouthing at the wet spot on Shane’s boxers. There’s a twitch in Shane’s arms, but he holds them steady above his head. By the time Ilya has him bare and is bobbing his head on Shane’s leaking cock he can tell Hollander is having to fist the sheets to stay still.

Shane is heavy and hot on his tongue, but Ilya’s never minded his taste. The reaction’s he can pull from the other man just with the right flick of his tongue is mindblowing.

There’s a tensing in Shane’s legs and Ilya knows what’s coming before he hears it.

“Fuck Ilya,” Shane’s voice is barely a gasp, “*Fuck* I’m gonna-”

Ilya pulls off.

He ignores Shane’s pleas and mewls and places a sweet kiss on his mouth. Using his hips he nudges Shane’s knees apart wider and the other man falls open immediately.

“I want you to come on my cock,” Ilya says plainly, “You want this too, da?”

All of Shane’s pleas are forgotten in favor of shaking his head frantically yes. Ilya gives him permission to move his hands to get the lube and in minutes he’s two fingers deep in Shane’s ass and causing him to spurt little trails of precome on his stomach.

“*More*, Ilya,” Shane growls, forcing himself down harder on Ilya’s fingers, “I need more.”

If he wasn’t so used to how greedy Shane gets when they’re together, he’d be more surprised by the request. “On your stomach Hollander, lift your hips for me.”

Shane flips around in seconds, only stopping to whine at the sensation of Ilya pulling his fingers out. He’s gorgeous like this, all smooth skin and perfect angles. And so, so impatient.

“Ilya if you don’t fuck me right now-”

He takes that as his cue for three fingers and Shane’s face smushes into the pillow with his moan. Ilya himself is so hard he’s aching, but he won’t risk hurting Shane by rushing it. It won’t be long before Hollander’s hole is stretched enough, he’s already eagerly meeting every thrust Ilya gives him.

“If you can still talk,” Ilya says, pushing hard into that perfect spot. “I am not doing it right.”

Sure enough Shane’s English completely turns off and he’s drooling wildly on the pillow already. And yeah. Ilya’s impatient too.

He removes his hand and spreads Shane’s cheeks apart fast enough to see his hole twitch at the loss. Ilya spits on it and lines his dick up, letting Shane feel what’s coming.

His boyfriend is practically whimpering now, hands fisted so tight in the sheets that his veins are popping out. His whines turn to a near scream as Ilya drives his cock in with one thrust.

The sensation of finally being sheathed in Shane’s tight ass has him crying out as well, but there’s a bit of panic in the back of his mind.

“Okay?” he asks Shane, “It is not too much?”

He would never forgive himself if he hurt Hollander, even like this. But Shane’s tears must not be bothering him all that much from the way he rocks back already. There’s no words, just short gasps, but he gestures at Ilya in a way that he can interpret.

Fucking move already.

He sets a good pace, one that has him sweating and Shane’s body tensing with every movement. They’re a mess of skin and sweat and heavy breathing and Ilya has never felt this good in his life.

But he can’t kiss Shane from this angle.

Hollander is meeting him for every thrust, arching his back like a natural as Ilya takes him, but he squeaks a little when he's hauled up and practically impaled by the new position. Ilya sits Shane in his lap and continues to drive up into him, hitting even deeper at this angle.

The pleasure is so intense and Shane is fucking bearing down on him like a vice, that by the time Ilya gets a hand on his jaw and his tongue in Hollander's mouth, they're both cumming.

Shane collapses back into him with sigh and Ilya arranges them until they fall on the clean side of the bed. He tosses the condom and shushes Hollander as he complains about being empty.

They lie there for a while, sated and sleepy, but there isn't the clinginess Ilya expected. He tries to think of every reaction and noise Shane had made for a chance something had gone wrong, but the memories only serve to make his dick twitch. The perfect O of Shane's mouth when Ilya first hummed around him, the teary blinks when he pulled out to just the head of his dick before snapping in, and the long moan Shane had tried to bite off when Ilya pressed his thumb to the puffiness of his hole as his thrusts never slowed.

It's dark in the room as Shane traces lazy circles on Ilya's chest, and his hand gets lower and lower as it continues.

Maybe... no.

No way.

Hollander's breath noticeably hitches as Ilya's grip tightens in his hair. What was lazy touching is already steering into dangerous territory. It seems nap time might be over.

"Shane," Ilya says sternly.

Hollander's pretty eyes flick up to him and he presses another 'not so careless' kiss on Ilya's chest.

Ilya tries not to shudder, "Are you going to ask for what you want or are you going to just take."

"Hmm," The vibration of Hollander's hum against his skin really does send a shiver through him. "Well that depends."

That damn hand is getting lower and Ilya is more than halfway hard again and this time it's obvious with him being completely naked. He has to grit his teeth to keep from demanding that hand just moves faster towards his dick.

"Depends on *what*." Ilya snaps.

Shane very slowly snakes a hand down to play with the soft hair so close to Ilya's aching cock, but he doesn't get close enough. "Well I've been thinking about what you said earlier." The back of his hand lightly grazes Ilya's dick and he jerks. "About the paperwork."

He cannot start begging while Shane is talking business. Too embarrassing. “Oh?” The one word does not come out very strong. He tries again. “Why?”

“Well it’s a big change.” Shane moves suddenly and swings a leg over Ilya’s waist, straddling him. Immediately Ilya’s hands land on his waist, anchoring them together. “I’m not used to having that kind of control over anything anymore,” Shane says casually. “Would you really trust me to take care of it?”

Half of Ilya’s brain is focused on the fact that his dick is nestled in between Shane’s ass and half of it is actually listening. He nods sharply.

Shane leans down and breaths hot along Ilya’s lips. “I thought you liked your questions answered out loud,” he whispers.

Ilya swears once in Russian, “Yes *fuck*, yes I trust you.”

Shane settles his weight back to where it was before. “Even though I would have power I didn’t have before? What if I get corrupt and try to take over and ruin you- do you really trust me that much?”

Ilya’s brain clears long enough to picture it.

A world where he and Shane were on top of this violent society, where their names were side by side in whispered circles. They would be the most feared men in mafia history. Shane could grow power hungry and crazy- hell he could join other groups and build an army- Ilya didn’t care. As long as he got to stand by his side it was worth it.

“Yes, Hollander,” He says earnestly. “I would let you ruin me.”

Shane’s grin is blinding as he kisses Ilya hard.

He wastes no time reaching behind himself and lining up what he needs until Ilya’s cock is buried inside him. It’s even hotter than the first time when Shane starts moving his hips, fucking himself down on Ilya who meets him for every thrust.

Shane’s nails scratch at every surface they can find and Ilya is surely leaving bruises with how hard he’s hanging on.

It’s wild and violent and Ilya cums harder than he ever has in his life.

Afterwards brings out the sleepy, cuddly Shane that he missed and Hollander practically clings to him like a koala. It wasn’t that Ilya had done something wrong the first time- his fucking boyfriend was just too horny to be satisfied after one round.

Shane’s head is nestled into his collarbone and he’s so intertwined with Ilya’s legs that it’s going to be a pain to get up and get a towel.

So much for a clean side of the bed.

Some time later.

“You are a good boy.”

The dark eyes staring back at him have no recognition of the praise Ilya has just bestowed. There’s the slightest tilt of a head, but he was looking for something bigger. Ilya leans forward and whispers so no one else can hear.

“You are bestest boy in the whole world,” he says, “but don’t tell Shane.”

His gorgeous doberman finally seems to understand that he is the light of Ilya’s life and he wiggles slightly from where he’s sitting on the floor. The dog is terrifying when he wants to be, but he’s Ilya’s baby when it comes down to it.

He’d brought him home one night from a fighting ring they’d dismantled and Shane had been helpless to the pleading Ilya had done and the masterful blowjob he’d given to seal the deal. Pierce, named mostly for that one doctor from the MASH show that Shane won’t admit he likes, is well trained and perfect.

“Ilya if we’re late because you’re too busy talking to your dog I’m going to kill you!”

Shane’s voice is coming from their bedroom where he’s been getting ready and Ilya is admittedly a bit behind. “Stop worrying!” he yells back. Then to Pierce he whispers, “He is only stressed because he thinks I will fight with Landry again, he is not mad at you.”

Just then a fat fluffy thing rubs itself along the side of Ilya’s leg. The big black and white cat meows at Ilya and must want petted.

Tony, named after that Sopranos show that Ilya definitely does *not* like, is more often referred to as Fat Tony, because the cat is a monster. Shane hadn’t initially wanted the little kitten, but slow afternoons spent reading on the couch with a furball curled up on him had changed his mind.

And now he’s getting hair all over Ilya’s pants.

“You are needy just like your father,” Ilya says.

“I heard that, asshole!”

Ilya sighs. His suit is hanging in the room and he has plenty of time to tie a simple bowtie once he puts it on, but it’s more fun to make Shane do it. Hollander comes out of the bathroom looking flawless as usual and slightly stressed.

“You’re not ready? Ilya we literally have to be there in ten minutes!”

“Good thing we have fast car then, no?”

Hollander sighs, but he ties Ilya’s bowtie without him having to ask and then smooths out his suit for him. It’s a nervous tick he’s had ever since Ilya started forcing him into these fitted suits, and it’s easy to see his discomfort.

Ilya grabs his hands and squeezes, “It will be fine. You have done much more stressful things than meet Svetlana for dinner. She does not bite, well not very hard.”

Shane rolls his eyes, “I’m pretty sure the MCAT was less stressful,” he mutters.

There’s a piece of his hair that he must have missed and Ilya smooths it down. “Yes but now you are doctor so it was worth it.”

“That’s not even the right-” Shane makes that face he makes whenever Ilya gets something medically related wildly wrong, “-nevermind. Maybe this is more like walking across the stage and trying not to trip.”

“You did look very nervous.”

Shane glares at him. “Maybe that had something to do with the fact that there was a section of the venue bought out by mobsters drinking champagne.”

“We were celebrating you! And it was not me who started the cheer that was all Hayes. Rowdy kid, very bad.”

“You couldn’t even hear anyone else’s name called!” He protests, “It was just me and then the whole place erupted in noise!”

Ilya takes his chin in his hand and kisses the silly doctor softly. “Maybe I am too proud of my sexy doctor boyfriend.”

Shane shoves him off with a blush on his face. “Yeah yeah, whatever. I think I still have hickies from that night.”

Oh he definitely does. It doesn’t matter how long it’s been, Ilya has been renewing that specific bite mark every chance he gets. He was far too proud of Shane’s resilience and commitment to ever let him forget how wonderful he was. It was a long night of all out worship at the altar of Shane’s thighs.

Shane’s phone chimes once and he looks at it, “Rose says she’s booked a table already, it’s pretty busy.”

But Ilya is already thinking about other things. “Too busy for me to suck you off before we go?”

There’s a full blush down past the collar of that fancy suit and Shane stutters out a quick refusal. Ilya shrugs, “Guess we will wait for restaurant bathroom then.”

He starts to walk towards the door and is pleasantly surprised by the quick footsteps behind him, “Ilya I don’t have room for a boner in this suit so just please shut up.”

He looks right over Shane and to the dog still lounging by the fire. “Bye Pierce, love you! Be good boy!”

Shane shoves him out the door and he’s laughing too hard to protest.

It’s been years since Ilya stumbled into Shane’s care outside of the ER and it’s been years since he’d fallen madly in love with the feisty student. Ilya’s father died with little fanfare and the Russian syndicate has been under his care ever since.

It’s a grueling job and a messy lifestyle, but Shane has never once left his side.

They’ve had their fights, of course, but nothing says commitment like a treaty between the two largest mobs in the city signed in black ink with both of their names. Shane is the head of the Canadian Mafia, a job that he’s far too busy for, and yet still manages to do flawlessly.

The influence of the group under his hands has spread to the far reaches of the city and done more good(and subsequently damage) than anyone saw coming.

Shane isn’t surviving on one cup of ramen anymore, he’s making decisions that are saving lives and shaping the future. He’s stepped into the role like he was born for it.

He’s a trauma surgeon now, and making far too much money from both of his jobs, but it helps to have someone to stitch up Ilya’s mistakes from home. The city has started to take a turn for the better, it’s safer and less violent, and easier to stomach during long nights.

Very few people are aware that the Dons of the two largest and mafia’s in the city share a home, a bed, and a life, but the few that do, understand it completely. Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov have always orbited each others souls, the stakes have just gotten a little higher.

It’ll be entertaining to see how the world will react when the groups join completely under the biggest mafia wedding the world has ever seen.

Shane has no idea that Ilya has been carrying a ring in his pocket for weeks now, waiting for the right time to propose.

Unbeknownst to Ilya, Shane has one too.

Chapter End Notes

Every Mafia AU is so precious to me but there's something so intense about these two in suits, fast cars, and high stakes situations. Add in a little violence, a bit of lust, and

voila- you've got Rival Dons of dangerous mafias who are hooking up on the side.
Irresistible.

Thank you all for your support during this one- I love these boys as much as you do.

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