

keeper of my heart

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keeper of my heart

by [fonduebroski314 \(anon_carrots\)](#)

Summary

After Shane's kidnapping, Ilya vows he'll never let anybody touch Shane again.

The voice in his mind that sounds like his mother—her face lost to time, now even her voice fading away—urges him to leave the family business and embrace Shane as an honest man. The voice that sounds like his father's tells him to lock up his heart and throw away the key.

That way, nobody can hurt him again.

(Or: after Shane is kidnapped and almost killed, Ilya chooses a different path. He's as much his father's son as he is his mother's, after all.)

Notes

I think the tags have most of the warnings for this one, but here's an additional warning dropdown anyway

► content warnings

This is an alternate ending to [meet me in the dark](#), if Ilya were a little more morally dubious. Or if Shane's near death experience pushed him off the deep end. I'd say to read that fic first, but I think you could figure things out if you're determined to read it standalone.

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

When Ilya flicks the lightswitch on, he nearly jumps.

Sitting in the dark, with his clothes wrinkled and hair unbrushed, Shane is curled into the arm of the plush sofa. He doesn't seem to notice that Ilya is there.

"Lyubimyy."

Shane blinks slowly, turning his face to Ilya, like a sunflower following the sun.

"Oh, hi. Welcome home."

Ilya drops onto the cushion next to Shane, reaching over to pull Shane onto his lap. Shane sighs, legs coming to straddle Ilya's thighs on instinct, and Ilya kisses him.

Shane pulls back after a moment. "How was work?"

"Same old. Could not wait to come back to you."

He slides one hand along Shane's waist, the other moving up to massage Shane's bad shoulder. Shane tells him it aches, when Moscow is at its coldest—as it is today. Shane might be a Canadian, but Russian winters are another beast altogether.

The doctor says it is something to do with the air pressure, not the temperature, and cannot be helped no matter how many cashmere sweaters or woolen socks Ilya buys for Shane. Ilya is sorely tempted to kill the doctor for his impertinence. But Shane has made him soft, softer than befits the *Pakhan* of the Moscow Bratva, and so Ilya only has the man beaten and turned out to brave the cold for himself.

"Did you have a good day?"

"Hmm. Not sure," Shane murmurs. "I can't remember. Mostly missed you."

Ilya rubs circles into Shane's collarbone. "I missed you too."

"I missed a lot of things today," Shane says softly. "Canada. Hockey." His long lashes flutter. "My parents."

Ilya's grip on Shane's waist tightens. "Shane." He searches Shane's face. "We have discussed this. This is all for your own safety."

Shane sighs, leaning forward to press his forehead against Ilya's.

"I know. I just miss them, is all. I'm allowed to feel sad, right?"

"...yes, of course."

When Ilya first moved Shane to Moscow all those years ago, Yuna Hollander—and by extension her family—was desperate to find Shane. He's sure she would have happily killed anyone and anything, given the opportunity, if it would bring her closer to her only son. As such, it was an absolute feat of planning and execution to smuggle him here, and could have gone wrong at any step. But Ilya, freshly crowned *Pakhan* after a short but bloody fight, had spared no expense. He personally oversaw every operation and preparation; Shane's safety was, *is*, paramount.

Nothing else matters except for Shane.

And now Ilya has him locked in the safest place of all, in his father's ornate mansion in the heart of Moscow. He had it gutted and renovated before moving in. It's fully modernized, complete with an indoor gym, regulation-size ice rink, and movie theater, among other things. He's particularly proud of the garden—transformed into a greenhouse, domed over in bulletproof glass to let in light while keeping the danger out.

It was his mother's favorite place in the house, and now Shane can enjoy it too. The faded sepia image of his mother walking along the cobblestone path now has Shane superimposed over her form, memory restored with clarity and color in Ilya's mind.

Shane doesn't like the garden as much as Ilya hopes. But Ilya cannot begrudge him that, not when something dark and desperate flickers across Shane's eyes when he looks at the sun streaming from the glass ceiling.

(It reminds him of the look his mother often wore.)

He only slips his hand along Shane's lower back and ushers him away into the house. Shane doesn't go to the garden on his own anymore.

The yakuza group no longer crosses his path, either. They have no hold in Moscow, after all; Ilya has ensured that Shane's trail has long grown cold, and for all of Yuna's money and determination, she cannot rewrite the laws of sovereign nations to grant her access to her son. Ilya hasn't seen her since he and Shane left Ottawa, and Moscow doesn't do business with the Japanese anymore. Ever since Yuna took control of the Sumiyoshi-Kai from her aging father, they have become a ruthless force in the criminal world. Not that Ilya has done any different with his own brotherhood.

He wishes her well, despite it all. Ilya's not a heartless man—he hates to separate Shane from his parents like this. But it's a small sacrifice to make. It's all for Shane. To keep Shane safe. He says as much out loud, retreading a familiar conversation they've had thousands of times.

"I remember," Shane assures Ilya. "Thank you. I love you. *Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

It sounds so natural in his voice. These little Russian phrases that Ilya has the exclusive pleasure to hear.

"*Ya tozhe tyebya lyublyu.*"

Shane rarely argues with Ilya these days. Part of Ilya (the part that speaks with his mother's voice, which he can remember less and less with each passing day) misses that—it's what makes Shane who he is.

But the bigger part of him, the part that sounds like his father, preens at the fact that Shane is his, and only his, safe in this house. That Shane relies on Ilya entirely now.

(He may be his mother's son, but it's his father who raised him into the man he is today.)

He kisses Shane again, open-mouthed. Shane parts his lips obediently and allows Ilya to push his tongue in as he pleases. Ilya snakes a hand under Shane's pajama shirt, an oversized tee with a faded university logo that had been one of the only things Shane brought to Russia with him. Ilya rubs over Shane's pec, tweaking his nipple fondly, before running it along his side. Feels the ridges of ribs below his fingers.

He pulls back, frowning. "Have you eaten today?"

"I don't know." Shane says. "Probably not."

"You are losing weight." He can tell from where Shane sits back on Ilya's thighs. "That is not good. You must eat, *solnyshko*."

"I'm not hungry."

"Even then. You are athletic trainer, yes? You know the importance of it."

"Not an athletic trainer. I didn't finish my degree." Shane rolls his neck, head hanging listlessly, eyes downcast. "Sorry. I'll eat tomorrow."

Ilya slides a finger under Shane's chin, gently forcing Shane to look at him. "Promise?"

"Promise."

Ilya frowns harder, but drops the topic. He absentmindedly strokes the short hairs at the nape of Shane's neck. Shane had been content to let his hair grow unchecked, but Ilya missed the neat crop Shane used to have, back in Ottawa. Now Ilya cuts Shane's hair, keeping it at just the length he likes.

Shaking himself from his thoughts, Ilya kisses Shane's forehead. Continues to pepper a trail of kisses down the side of Shane's face, cradling the back of Shane's head to tilt it as he pleases. Dark satisfaction curls in his gut at how Shane submits to him, pliant and warm. Eventually, he finds the soft skin of Shane's throat and sinks his teeth in; staking his claim with an animalistic enthusiasm.

Shane shudders in Ilya's arms. He falls backward easily, Ilya climbing over him and quickly pulling Shane's underwear off, rucking Shane's shirt up to his armpits, pinning his (too thin) wrists together above his head with one hand.

His mother's crucifix flashes from its place on Shane's chest; entrusted to him after one of Ilya's enemies had tried to choke him out with it in a fight. Ilya misses the weight of it around

his own neck, but it's better like this—knowing that his two most prized possessions are safe together at home.

He pulls a bottle of lube from his pocket with his free hand. Preps Shane efficiently, completely attuned to Shane's body after all these years. Knows just how much Shane can take, how fast he can go, where to touch him to draw out a low noise.

Shane spreads his legs to grant Ilya better access. His eyes drift closed as he relaxes into Ilya's touch. Ilya scissors his fingers, gently stretching Shane, brushing against his prostate in the way that used to make Shane swear and jump but now only makes him breathe out shakily.

He's just as perfect as ever when Ilya slides into his warm heat. Ilya strokes down Shane's thigh, before gripping Shane's half-hard cock and pumping him in time with Ilya's thrusts. He savors the feeling, dipping his head to lick down Shane's chest. Shane gasps softly, murmuring Ilya's name over and over. Like a prayer. Like a benediction.

He speeds his hand up on Shane's cock. Ilya prefers it when Shane finishes first. The little furrow in his brows as he comes, the way he arches his back as he whines softly, the clench of his hole—it all drives Ilya steadily toward his own climax. Shane's arms strain against where Ilya still has them pinned, his whole body writhing in pleasure.

"My perfect Shane," Ilya murmurs into Shane's skin, kissing the twisted scar on his collarbone. Shane shudders. "*Vi vsye moi.*"

"Yours," Shane says, voice nearly a whisper. "Always. Yours, yours, yours..."

His voice trails off as he tilts his head back in surrender to the pleasure that overtakes him. Bites his lip and groans, helpless to Ilya's touch. Ilya strokes him through it, grunting at how Shane tightens around him in the perfect vice of heat and friction.

Ilya feels like he's living in a dream. Has been, for the last ten years. Reality is syrupy slow around him, yet sharply attuned to his north star. There's no hurry anymore, when he's with Shane. Nobody can take him away from Ilya now. Shane is Ilya's, forever, and Ilya intends to hold on tightly and never let go.

He pushes deep into Shane with his own orgasm. Swears softly, gripping Shane's wrists tightly in reflex. The skin will likely bruise; Shane bruises easily now. Ilya likes the way it looks on Shane, a chain of dark patterns that show off Ilya's love for him. Even if Ilya is the only one who will see—*especially* if Ilya is the only one who sees.

They wind down together. Ilya inhales Shane's air, tasting his scent on the back of his tongue. Shane's eyes slip closed, spent from exertion. He's asleep before Ilya has a chance to pull out, as if the physical act of coming has exhausted him completely.

Ilya's content to clean them up as he listens to Shane's soft breaths. Picks him up bridal-style, frowning again at how easy it is to carry Shane's full weight, carefully laying him out in their bed. Shane's breathing remains steady with his complete and total trust in Ilya.

All of this—for Ilya, and only Ilya.

He crawls under the covers behind Shane, wrapping an arm tightly around his chest and burying his nose into his hair. Shane settles into Ilya's arms, a natural fit into the curved space that Ilya's carved out for him in his heart. Shane *is* Ilya's heart. He holds him, feeling Shane's pulse under his palm. It beats in time to his own.

It lulls him to sleep, safe in the knowledge that he will have this for the rest of his days. Knowing that he would do anything to keep it this way. Forever and ever, just the two of them warm beneath their blankets in the Moscow winter.

End Notes

Russian:

Lyubimyy: my love

Solnyshko: sunshine

Ya tyebya lyublyu: I love you

Ya tozhe tyebya lyublyu: I love you too

Vy vse moi: you are all mine

[Pakhan](#): the leader of the Bratva

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dark!ilya: the only way to keep my lover safe is by locking him up in this house and never letting anyone else see him ever again

dark!ilya, the first time he has to scrub his own toilets: i may have made a mistake

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Hey, what's a mafia AU without a dark fic?

You may notice this fic is set as the second of the series. I've now reordered the series to match the chronological placements of each within the plot of this mafia 'verse. Disregarding the fact that I've immediately ruined my own system with this fic since it's not technically canon to my own AU

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Re: Shane's hair... I haven't read the books, but I know in the long game, Shane is supposed to grow his hair out and Ilya is into it. Sorry to the long hair Shane truthers but I just needed Ilya to be toxic and controlling for a sec and Shane's hair was the easiest target ̸_('̸)_/ something something this version of Ilya is unable to accept any type of change even if it would benefit him...

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