

I'm in Love with a Criminal

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77352581) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77352581>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Porn With Plot , Alternate Universe , Bottom Shane Hollander , Light Dom/sub , Explicit Sexual Content , Russian Mafia , Police Officer Shane Hollander , Sexual Overstimulation , Dirty Talk , Praise Kink , Smut , Top Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-09 Words: 6,535 Chapters: 1/1

I'm in Love with a Criminal

by [loutos](#)

Summary

Officer Shane Hollander was a very proud worker. He did a lot for the Ottawa Police Service. There was only one thing he couldn't do. He couldn't catch notorious Russian's mafia boss Ilya Rozanov. It was worse. Shane Hollander was in love with that stupid man.

Notes

Bless Britney Spears for the inspiration.

Also why we haven't fanfics with Ilya as a gang leader?

"What are you doing, dude?" He was asking himself when Ottawa Police Service again sent him to finally-catch-that-fucking-Ilya-Rozanov. The case wasn't easy. At first, this stupid man, who was connected with Russian mafia, was almost invisible. They didn't know who he was, his appearance, his deals. They couldn't catch a man with unknown police contacts. And he definitely has them, otherwise, how could he escape their grasp every time? They acknowledged his deals only when some of his inexperienced men did something so stupid that it was impossible not to get them arrested. And Shane himself arrested a bunch of these delinquent crooks who knew nothing about the top dogs, who knew nothing about Ilya Rozanov, even his name.

The Police of Ottawa faced this asshole for the first time only last year. They were responding to the emergency call. The unknown informant reported gunfire sounds in the abandoned building on the outskirts of the city. Shane was on patrol with Hayden Pike on that day and was the first to answer the call. When they came to the building, it was already over, except for the lying unconscious body. This guy was extremely lucky because they found him at the right time to prevent excessive blood loss and death. Of course, he was injured by the bullet and was their only witness to the crime. Later they discovered that it was a local gang clash between Russian mafia and The Sinaloa Cartel. And it turned out that their witness was a traitor from the Mexican cartel. He spied on Russian gangs, did the low-paid work, and was just a henchman. But some puzzle pieces didn't fit together. Why the hell was he shot if he hadn't been the important one? The Police connected the dots too late: only after their witness escaped — he was the top dog and now there were rumors about his death. Police helped Ilya Rozanov to create alibi.

The worst thing: Shane recognized him. From the very beginning, when he saw him lying on the dusty, filthy floor of the building, when he saw that face, he knew who he was. And Hollander helped him. Well, he couldn't do anything other than this. He was in love, and his lover was a criminal. He fucked up, and not for the first time.

Shane met him during the hottest summer in Ottawa. That asshole was flawless: with the flirty grin on that almost perfect face, with that hot body, and with the strong accent, which made Shane hornier than ever before in his life. Ilya Rozanov looked like a playboy but, for some reason, he picked Shane out of all people. Well, at first Shane arrested him for obstructing the police. That stupid man tried to make a deal with Shane Hollander and didn't want to stop the party at nighttime. Of course, Shane was one of the most law-abiding citizens himself and was just as strict in his work. That night Ilya spent in the police detention cell. He was furious about that, screamed and swore in Russian. Shane let him go in the morning, and Ilya promised to meet him next week. That was how it started.

Ilya almost stalked him: Shane felt his constant presence at work, sometimes Shane barely could concentrate on his gym workouts because it seemed that somebody was watching him night and day. But it wasn't disturbing; it was... pleasant? Like someone, certain someone, protected him, look after him. And Shane understood that he had fallen. He met Ilya secretly. At first, it was all Ilya's initiative — he did everything to see Shane. He organized all the meetings as if they were a coincidence.

They bumped into each other at the convenience store, they accidentally met during the most awful date in Shane's life at the cinema. It was a horror film; the girl was bored with him after the first 20 minutes when Hollander refused to kiss her in the backseat. They didn't even watch the end of the film, just said goodbyes and in that moment Shane noticed Ilya from afar. He talked with someone very passionately and pointed in Shane's direction. Hollander tried not to think about it a lot and rushed home. They even saw each other during one of Shane's calls. Ilya said that he just happened to be there and witnessed the robbery. He couldn't pass by and stopped the thief before the police got there. Shane was confused: how it was possible to meet someone here and there so often. He thanked Ilya for being a responsible citizen and requested his phone number. For obtaining a witness statement, of course. But why did he give his own number to Ilya? Well, it was obviously for the emergency.

Ilya texted him at night. Something stupid like, "What's a guy to do on a lonely night in Ottawa?" Shane was a disaster at flirting, especially via messages. So he ignored it. Maybe Ilya was drunk or he made a mistake and it wasn't for him. Such people as Ilya always have two or three girls, who are ready to hang out with him, and why should he attempt a situationship with a police officer?

"Are you overthinking there or just want to tempt me up?" Shane received another message.

"I know that you have a day off, Hollander." And another one that caught Shane's attention.

"You remembered my name?" Shane asked.

"Of course. You said a lot when handcuffed me. Btw I liked it:)" Shane's face went red. Well, he got a lot of jokes and flirty comments about his uniform and handcuffs, but for the first time it meant something to him. How did that man manage to get to him with such nonsense...

"You were arrested." Shane thought that some formality would be better to unwind himself.

"Yeah. I love trouble"

"Are you not scarred to get caught again?"

"Is interesting, I'm curious. You make me curious."

They met. Secretly. No one knew that Shane Hollander was going out on the date with a guy who was in the police detention cell for an administrative offence. Shane considered that this wouldn't be just a friends meeting, and Ilya made everything for it to be a date. That asshole flirted with him for a week and suggested a lot of different ideas such as driving him home after the work shift, going to an amusement park, and visit the lake on the weekend. Maybe Shane was a little bit insane because, after so many varied options, he agreed to go to Ilya's apartment. After all, he was a police officer and could prevent any unwanted actions. He didn't even think about possible violence, all his thoughts were about how he should look, what he should talk about and how much he should invest in this situationship.

Ilya picked him up a few blocks from Hollander's home and drove towards the apartment. The car was stupidly expensive and Shane was afraid to breathe inside it so as not to do something wrong. Ilya noticed; he always noticed when something was wrong like he had some radar inside him for that.

"Don't overthink, Hollander. Is just a date. You were on a date before, right?" Suddenly he placed his hand on Shane's knee.

"I was," Shane began. "But never with a man."

"Well, everything can be for the first time." Shane looked at Ilya and saw a lopsided grin on that handsome face.

"Is it your first time too?"

"No, I was with men before and also with women. Don't freak out, Hollander, we are almost there."

If Shane thought that Ilya's car was luxurious and expensive, he hadn't seen his apartment. It was at least lavish, and that was obvious from the first glance. Shane made a really confused sound: "Are you a drug dealer or what? It almost looks like a mansion."

"You are exaggerating," Ilya laughed and took Shane's hand for the first time. He led Hollander inside, to the large modern kitchen.

"Maybe I should check your tax deductions," mumbled Shane.

"You can arrest me whenever you want, officer. But before that, let me feed you," Ilya sat him down on the stool and started to set out food on the kitchen island

"At least I should ask what do you do for the living? You know, it's obvious that you are a foreigner."

"Well, I came from Russia few years ago and started a really boring car business. I buy them, make them better and sell. I also did that in Russia and have some connections there to sell luxurious cars abroad. Trust me, I have a permanent residence in Canada," Ilya smiled at Shane.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya groaned and pulled Shane closer to his crotch. They were in the bedroom, kissing, and Shane suddenly felt the urge to catch Ilya off guard so he fell on his knees and nuzzled his crotch. He had never been so close to someone's dick, but, to his own surprise, Shane felt perfectly fine. He felt as comfortable on his knees as if it was designed especially for him.

After Hollander got the approval of his actions from Ilya, he unbuttoned man's pants and took them down along with the briefs. He didn't know how much courage it would take from him, if he slowed down even for one second. That's why he immediately mouthed the thick cock and tried to mimic everything that he could've remembered from his hook-ups with girls. It

wasn't easy: Ilya had a fucking monster inside his pants and Shane tired himself out really quick. He alternated between deep throating and licking the shaft, trying to be perfect in every move. He wanted it to be perfect for Ilya who definitely received better blowjobs. Shane was deep down in his thoughts while sucking, slurping and choking on Ilya's cock. Meanwhile Ilya actively tried not to die. Shane was not the best with his actions; he was inexperienced but his devotion to the act and eagerness were taken Russian man down. Ilya couldn't last longer so he interrupted Shane with the hand in his hair and Hollander looked up.

"You're gorgeous, котёнок," Ilya said with sweetness in his voice. Shane moaned with a dick in his mouth and it made Ilya burst out in Russian words. "Stop, dear," he cried and pushed Shane's head away.

Hollander still stayed on his knees — his jaw was hurting, his skin was probably bruised, but he already had that precious fucked out face with watering eyes and pouty expression. Ilya could get used to this marvelous look. He inhaled sharply and cradled Shane's face with his hands.

"You are making me insane. I want to fuck you so bad," he murmured. Ilya made Shane rise off the knees and kissed him passionately. Hollander didn't know where he should put his hands, so he pulled on Ilya's shirt and involuntarily moaned out of frustration. Ilya understood the request and stopped kissing only for a moment to get out of the clothes. He looked at fully dressed Hollander, who was a little ashamed of his impatience.

"I want you to take all of your clothes off and lie on the bed. I will be here as soon as possible," he whispered that to Shane's ear, slightly bite it and left the room. Shane tried not to space out and did everything that Ilya asked. He lay on the king-sized bed after a few moments. He felt beyond uncomfortable. How did Ilya want him? On the knees and elbows? Looking in the eyes while Ilya would be on top? Riding him? Why didn't he leave exact commands?

Ilya walked into the room with the two bottles and met the anxious disaster. He grinned sweetly and crawled onto the bed.

"You are overthinking again, Shane. Stop thinking, just sense." Shane exhaled when he felt Ilya's touch on his thighs. Shane spread his legs and Ilya immediately responded to this. "Eager, are we?"

"Asshole," Shane moaned. Ilya pressed a smile in his inner thigh and it wasn't supposed to be that pleasurable, but it was. Man's hands wandered over Shane's sensitive body, finding out all of his weak spots. Ilya faced Shane's dick and licked it flatly with the tongue. He studied every reaction from Shane — his moans, pouts, small, barely recognisable sounds. Shane wanted to stay quiet, but it was impossible with Ilya's hands on his nipples and mouth on his cock, so he just let it be loud. Let Ilya take the lead.

"On your stomach, котёнок," Ilya said. He slapped Shane's thigh and helped him to get on elbows and knees. Shane stared at the pillows under him with glassy eyes. He already was stimulated more than usual and Ilya barely started. "Is okay?" Ilya asked.

Shane moaned weakly and felt a slap on another thigh.

"Use your words, pretty," Ilya murmured and started petting the hurt area.

"M'good... Just too much... everything," Shane sobbed.

"Good, want you to enjoy this, okay? Can I fuck you today?"

"Yes." After a moment Shane heard the sound of opening and felt lube on his thighs. It made them sticky and wet, just as his poor cock that was left without any attention. Ilya's fingers scooped all of lube and directed it to the rim of muscles, inside Shane. One, two, and he found the prostate. Ilya aimed directly there while Shane again was a moaning mess. Hollander felt the weight of the body, the teeth on the back side of his neck. Ilya bit him with force, with a primal intention to claim, and licked the spot afterwards. He kissed his way to the earlobe and whispered, gently, "Can you come just from my fingers?"

"Don't know," Shane cried.

"Let's find out," Ilya — the asshole he was — grinned and made an effort. He fucked his fingers in and out of the body. Faster, harder, louder, please—

It was like a bright light, like a concussion from a fall. Shane tensed up and cried Ilya's name. Somewhere far away he heard the voice that said endearments. "Look at you, what a good boy. Cum now, yeah, that's right, squeeze me... мой хороший мальчик." Shane didn't understand what the last words meant but the sound of these Russian words was sweet and made him come without hands. Ilya stimulated him a little more, but Shane was just a dead body — he lay on the bed without moving and was living through his best orgasm.

Ilya lay down and hugged Shane.

"What did you tell me in Russian?" Shane asked after some time. He was breathing hard.

"Don't remember, I listened to your screams." Ilya grinned playfully. "Ilya, please, I want to come, I need you, please," Ilya mimicked in a high-pitched voice. Shane slapped him. Ilya took his hand and kissed his knuckles.

"So, how many times can you cum during the hour?" Ilya asked seriously.

"Maybe twice?" Shane was confused. And Ilya smiled and kissed him.

Surprisingly, this situationship lasted longer than Shane Hollander expected it to last. He found out a lot about Ilya Rozanov (this asshole said his surname only after an intense night, when Shane begged for mercy... twice). He learned about his family, his business in Russia, a piece of shit that his brother always had been, even about favorite sport (hockey, obviously, he's Russian).

Shane had fallen in love after the first month and now they had been dating each other for half of the year. He wanted it to be something special because this relationship seemed

promising. Shane loved sex, was obsessed with Ilya Rozanov and felt the need for this. He couldn't imagine his life without it now. But they were still a secret. Of course, Shane badly wanted Ilya to meet his parents and friends. Ilya was an asshole but Hollanders would love him. Especially if Shane never told the actual story about their first meeting. Maybe Hayden Pike would be pissed off with Ilya but he would also accept his friend's relationship.

He also wanted to meet Svetlana. She was Ilya's business partner and they called each other a lot and talked for hours in Russian. Shane also would like to learn some Russian for Ilya. He saw that sometimes it was very hard for Ilya to express his feelings with foreign words.

And all of this was impossible because they were still a fucking secret. And Shane wanted to end it as a situationship. Shane wanted Ilya to spend Christmas with Hollanders. He did a research and found out that Christmas was not so important in Russia but maybe... Just maybe... Ilya would like this idea?

Two weeks before Christmas Shane nervously asked Ilya about this.

"I don't celebrate your Christmas," Ilya said carefully.

"Well, we didn't plan a party. It would be just a family dinner and we will try not to offend your orthodox feelings," Shane looked at him expectantly.

Ilya laughed. "Okay, I'll meet your parents, dear." Ilya tugged Shane's body closer and kissed him. "But do I need to bring something? Vodka, matryoshka, balalaika? I can play the guitar, maybe is the same?"

Shane was oversensitive and tried to stop Ilya twice but all his pleas fell on deaf ears. He cried, and wept, and begged for mercy... Ilya fucked him through all of this. At first Shane was on top, rode the cock in cowgirl position and kissed Ilya's neck near the gold chain with a crucifix. He almost made Ilya come but was brutally maneuvered onto the elbows. Ilya laid pillows under his stomach and Shane was in the most vulnerable position ever. He tried to ask about these changes and was shut up.

"Shh, dear, I want to test your stamina," that was the only warning before Rozanov went wild.

After the second orgasm Shane was ready to meet God. After all, it was almost Christmas Eve. Hollander turned around and told Ilya that he was out of this game, he was the weakest and etc. Ilya touched his hips, and his waist, and up to his nipples — and maybe Shane was ready for another one? Hollander reached and almost grabbed Ilya's cock but his hands were grabbed first and trapped with soft handcuffs. Shane looked at Ilya with a shocked expression.

"I arrested you, officer," Ilya said flirtatiously.

"It's not funny, asshole! Uncuff me," Shane shouted.

"Your cock don't think the same, котёнок," was the only answer.

Ilya was right. His cock was again rigid and it pissed Shane off. He tried to compete with Ilya — kicked his legs, and tried to turn around, but it only caused Ilya's smile and laugh. That was really unfair!

"My pretty boy, you are not in charge here." Ilya took the lube, cherry-scented one, and poured it on Shane's inner thighs. He lifted his legs and placed his own stiff cock right between them. Ilya was a buff man: he effortlessly folded Shane's frame and started to fuck between the thighs. Hollander looked at their bodies, their touching dicks and— Well, that was pretty hot. Everything that Ilya did with his body was at least good, to say the least. He discovered a lot about himself with Ilya, and Rozanov really tried hard to open this advent calendar completely.

He started to cry. Tears of overstimulation fell down his cheeks. He felt all and nothing at the same time, That was disturbing but he didn't know what to ask for. For release? For it to stop? For continuation?

"Ilya..." Shane sobbed out of confusion.

"Shh, you should to come one last time and it will be over. You will do it, да?" Ilya kissed his forehead and his moves became faster and messier. In fact, they were a complete mess: Shane's cock always produced the excessive amount of precum and everything was sloppy, wet, and filthy. Ilya loved it like this. Shane loved everything that Ilya loved. Shane Hollander loved Ilya Rozanov.

"I love you," he cried and came. Ilya groaned Shane's name and did the same.

Rozanov said nothing to Hollander's confession.

They met his parents at the house in Ottawa's suburb. He liked that place. It was cozy and was full of his childhood memories. It reminded him of that time when everything wasn't so complicated and he hadn't been in love with a person who didn't love him back. Well, Shane wasn't sure because Ilya just avoided the conversation after their sex. Shane was uncuffed, fed, and cleaned but all of this in complete silence. Ilya didn't say a word. No I-love-you's, no it-was-a-mistake, not even i-am-not-ready. Nothing. But Russians always keep their promises, so he visited Shane's parents. And, what made Shane go insane, Ilya was extremely sweet, like a lovebird with them. He almost wanted to throw a tantrum and ask for attention both from Ilya and his parents.

And Shane Hollander was almost happy when he got an emergency call from his work. He hadn't been grinding away the last six months because he was so into his Russian affair that he forgot about hard work outside the bed. And now he wanted to change it. Maybe he should try to apply to the CBSA as he wanted at the beginning of the year. Maybe one day he would move on and find someone reliable and responsible.

Shane was busy all Christmas with stupid street-level drug dealers while his affair was partying with his parents. The worst Christmas ever.

It was a small interrogation room. Shane didn't like doing this. He had never been persistent and threatening enough to do this. But it was the day after Christmas. Yana Hollander texted Shane that Ilya left them around 8 P.M. and was really sorry about Shane's work call. Shane wasn't sorry at all because he got nothing from Ilya. A stupid sticker or a dumb GIF was enough for Hollander to forgive Rozanov but he remained silent. Well, all was for a good, otherwise, it could be used against Rozanov.

Something like this officer Hollander told this young henchman. It was obvious that guy was a newcomer and knew less than a Police Service. But Shane tried because he had nothing to do with his own fierce and anger. He said all of the ridiculous cliché phrases and ran out of words, so he just intensively stared at the shaking man.

"Do you know... what would be my sentence?" The guy asked. He was 20 years old, a little bit younger than Shane himself. He just met the wrong people and that led to all of this havoc.

"Well, we did find only 5 kilogram of marijuana you trafficking so you will be imprisoned for at least five years but we are searching for other kinds. If we find them, the sentence would be increased. Trafficking is a serious offence. But maybe, if you know something important, we can try to help," Shane exhaled. He didn't expect any interesting or important information, just wanted to go home. To cry his soul out and to sleep.

"I know the name," the guy blurted out in fear.

"What name?" Shane asked with the help of the last crumbs of interest.

"The Russian gang leader. I know his name."

"Well, it may help you." Officer Hollander said with a professor tone.

"His name is Ilya Rozanov."

Shane's brain begged for mercy and his body was on auto-pilot for longer than should have been possible. He was exhausted. It was a week after Christmas and Hollander was at home only twice for five hours total. He hadn't slept properly since the last time he was at Ilya's apartment. And Ilya. Well, he was the perfect psycho. He ruled the drug empire, and had a car business, and was almost a perfect boyfriend. Who had ghosted him since Christmas. Who wasn't someone special because all of their relationship was just Shane's imagination. Shane had dreamt and now he was seeing his worst nightmare.

His world was peaceful. And it was gone. And there was no one to blame. Only himself. So Shane started to ruin his life.

Firstly, he deprived himself from food and sleep. He consumed the bare minimum only to stay awake and alive. He needed to function. He had to catch Ilya Rozanov. He didn't know what this act should improve. Maybe his pitiful life.

He got his chance a little bit later. He watched Ilya's apartment when he shouldn't have been working and it paid off Ilya Rozanov appeared in front of his own house on Tuesday, the 5th of January. Shane observed him from a rented car. Ilya got into the house and Shane followed him there.

His plan was simple. He would follow Ilya, knock him out, handcuff him, ask questions and call the police. Very simple. But he had forgotten about his weak state.

The only thing that helped him: Ilya was unaware. It got two hard strikes to knock him out and it took a lot of strength to drag him into the apartment. Shane handcuffed him and sat in the chair beside the bed. His condition was awful to say the least. He drifted off.

He woke up to the sound of metal. It was Ilya who tried to break free. Shane figured out what was happening and made an effort not to sleep again. Ilya stared at him.

"If you wanted to play you should have said earlier, dear," Rozanov said nervously.

"I know who you are and what are you doing," Shane said. His face was blank and felt acute pain. Headache.

"And what do you think?" Ilya asked. His expression changed. He was not his Ilya Rozanov.

"I want you to assist the police. I want a confession. I want a promotion after you had taken everything that I thought I had. You'll become my promotion and I'll protect my family from you."

Shane wasn't here right now. He was tired and this apartment was his safe place. But not anymore. And Ilya wasn't safe anymore. He couldn't trust him.

Ilya looked at him.

"You want confession? I love you. From the first sight."

"Don't—" Shane tried to interrupt this nonsense.

"What did I have to tell you? Yes, Shane I love you but, you know, I got an issue. Ottawa Police Service for which you working have been searching for me for 2 years. Also I got arrested in 20 different countries and barely understand half of your stupidly-clever speeches about everything. I love you but don't know what will happen when our children ask where is daddy working? Oh, dear Lily and Jane Hollander-Rozanov, one of your daddies do crimes and the other one tries to catch him. With my lifestyle I can't even have a lover, or children. And that's stupid, that I'm so deeply in love with you that I want immediately a house, dacha, two babies and well-behaved dog. And it can only be a dream because I have a stupid gang —"

Shane looked at him differently. He got up and touched Ilya's torso fondly with one of his hands. He kissed Ilya briefly and angrily stared at him.

"You think that's enough for me to forgive you? You think I am that dumb to believe in this? You used me and my position!" It was a shout. That one after which you need an oxygen.

"I want you and our future but life more complicated than a film!" Ilya exhaled and now Shane really saw him. He wasn't the same. He looked like a person who didn't sleep well. Also Shane saw the strange position of his left leg.

"What's with you? Want to fool me?" Shane unbuttoned Ilya's jeans, took them off, and finally took a proper look. It was a knife injury with the dried blood.

"The only thing I want from you is be safe. Don't follow me, don't try to catch. It's dangerous. You see it now."

"Maybe I love dangerous. You ghosted me and appeared to be a fucking gang leader! What for? You needed information? Hostage?" Shane yelled at Ilya because of frustration.

"I needed you, Hollander!" Ilya shouted back but he was tired.

"You listen to me now, asshole!" Shane tugged at Rozanov's shirt and said calmly. "I need to clean the injury. You stay quiet. Otherwise, I call the police."

"Wow, officer Hollander is back. I missed him," Ilya said and rolled his eyes.

Hollander didn't fight back. He went to the bathroom: got the first aid kit and the wet towel. Ilya lay right in the middle of the bed and wasn't trying to escape Shane's actions. His wound wasn't as bad as it seemed at first glance. So he just cleaned it and used a bandage.

"Hollander, you treating me so well. Maybe you kiss it better?" Ilya said playfully.

"You are a dork," Shane actually looked worried and anxious.

"Is just a simple cut, was not serious," Rozanov said sweetly. Shane again tucked his shirt and kissed him. This time it was a loving one that grew heated after a little while. Shane's hands wandered across torso under him and played with nipples that were covered with a fabric.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya moaned.

"I'll show you how is it to be rejected," Shane said with a heat in his tone.

"Take off your stupid clothes, officer. Strip for me."

"No, I'm in charge today because you were stupid and careless," Shane had his hands under the shirt, on Ilya's pecks and squeezed them. He loved this body, it attracted him, and he couldn't reject its needs. So one of his hands pulled up the shirt and the other one grabbed Ilya's cock through the briefs. It was hard since the treatment. No one couldn't blame Ilya — Hollander's face was so close to his dick and had done nothing with it.

Shane swallowed hard. He wanted to blow Ilya, it was a constant desire near this Russian man. But now wasn't the best moment.

"Suck my dick, Hollander. I know you want it," Ilya grinned. He thought it was just a funny event?

Shane squeezed his cock with one hand and choked him with another.

"Not so funny anymore, gang leader Rozanov?"

"I love everything you give me, officer," Ilya wheezed out.

Shane rolled his eyes and stopped choking the man. He got on top and licked Rozanov's stomach. He alternated between kisses and bites and his hand was still on the cock. He jerked him off and heard first moans.

"Hollander. Your mouth. On my dick. Now." Ilya commanded. Shane decided to obey. He took breathers out of his way with the teeth and swallowed the head.

"Yes, Hollander, blyat'," Ilya exhaled. He missed Shane so much and now he got what he wanted. Even with handcuffed hands he could command without Shane realizing it and it was hot.

Hollander moaned and kissed with kitten licks here and there. He loved that stupid gang leader and if they could live their emotions through this sex. Well, all for the better.

Shane decided to give orgasm to Ilya so he bobbed down the cock. Suddenly he heard a strange sound and after that he felt the hand in his hair. The hand pulled him closer and controlled every move. Shane relaxed and let it. He swallowed everything and cleaned Ilya with his tongue. Rozanov collapsed on the bed and drew Hollander up on top of him.

"Do you need?" Ilya asked. Shane shook his head.

"I— I already came."

"Wow... talented."

Shane kissed Ilya lazily with all the love he had absorbed over those lonely days without this man. For the days when he was almost a dead body.

"You want a dog?" asked Hollander shyly.

"I told you a fucking story from a movie and all you caught is that I want a dog?"

"And two girls. And dacha, whatever it is..."

"Yes, but I will never have any of these beautiful things. I can't have you and without you all of these would be meaningless"

"Stupid asshole, you got me from the first day. I was curious when you stalked me and I considered it as a looking after, although you were a creepy shit"

"I did that because of your work. It's dangerous! You're risking your life!"

Shane made unamused expression.

"You should tell me as much as you can."

The body on the floor. Shane connected the dots immediately but didn't want to believe. He saw Ilya yesterday. They didn't go out lately because his name was now known. They secretly met in the rented apartment.

Shane tried to warn Ilya about every police move. He knew it was terrible, to say the least. But he was loyal to his man. And Ilya was right: he liked trouble. That's why the police. That's why the gang leader. And that's why now he was trying to make a 5 steps plan to save stupid Rozanov. Well, maybe they would get away with it.

But for now was acting. Acting like you didn't know this man.

They were in the hospital. They kept watch in shifts. And Hollander prayed to be near Ilya by the time he woke up.

Luck wasn't on their side, so it was Hayden who was the first Ilya saw. Fortunately, Ilya's drugged brain couldn't form any words in English.

Shane got to the hospital in the morning and Hayden said that the injured witness had been searching for something like "coat yearn ok". Shane laughed and answered that it made no sense. But it did. Ilya had been searching for him and this was dangerous.

He saw him in the bed. He wasn't okay.

"Hi, witness," Shane said.

"Shane," Ilya said lovingly. Too happy for this situation.

"Shh, listen closely. You should tell a beautiful story. You are a traitor who needs the support. You spied for The Sinaloa Cartel in Russia. You was involved in things as a child. You didn't have a choice," Shane whispered all of these rapidly. He was nervous as he had never been in his life.

"I understand. At least I think I do," Ilya said slowly.

Somehow they managed to do this. Shane didn't know how but it was okay. Moreover, they made an alibi for Ilya for both gangs.

Of course, it wasn't easy. Ilya, seriously wounded and drugged, was Shane's responsibility.

Ilya escaped. Without any help. As he said. In reality, they had Svetlana as a helper. It was the first time Shane met this woman. Ilya's friend. She was... beautiful and funny. Interesting. Gorgeous. Shane really questioned Ilya's decisions sometimes.

She helped them and now they were in Shane's small home. It was a flat with one bedroom, a kitchen, and a bathroom. Not a luxury apartment. But Ilya seemed happy. So was Shane.

They were chilling on the couch lazily. Ilya's head was on Shane's laps and TV was turned on.

Shane slid his hand in the curls. Rozanov had such soft hair.

"Hollander, you overthinking again," Ilya said and kissed one of the knees.

"We need a plan. For a life. What should we do, Ilya?"

"For now, I think we should fuck. For the later... Well, I've already said you about a dog and kids." He said playfully.

"Stop joking, please!"

"Okay," Ilya turned to look at Shane. "Either I need another identity, or need to go to another country."

"What about Interpol? Are they searching for you?" Ilya was laughing at it.

"Don't know but it could be funny." He was slapped by Shane.

Ilya grabbed his hand and kissed the palm. He licked it and heard a gasp from Shane.

"You were very good today, Hollander," said Ilya. He started kissing Shane's knees and then thighs.

"You saved your stupid drugged boyfriend from the hospital. Nurses were a nightmare," he complained near the crotch. His hot breath was promising. Ilya had always been a tease.

"I liked only your treatment. Especially your mouth. Is a cure."

Shane felt fresh air when Ilya pulled his pants and underwear off. He licked the lower part of Shane's stomach. He sucked on his skin and left a hickey. It took him two minutes to make Hollander moan.

"Good boy. Look at your cock. You have already made a mess out of yourself. I'll taste it."

"Ilya, you're gross!"

"You like me like this," he shrugged and sucked the cock. His movements were slow and teasing. Shane's dick and stomach were covered in a spit. Everything was sloppy and wet.

They loved when things were a little bit disgusting.

Ilya took his own free hand into his pants. He rubbed himself in the same rhythm as he was sucking. He did it much better than Hollander but wasn't as excited about it. He liked Shane's expressions more. They had a competition on who could make it faster, better, dirtier. Ilya won almost all of them.

Shane was very close.

"Ilya, stop... I want to go to the end today. I need you," he looked at Rozanov with his glassy eyes.

"Need what?"

"You know." Shane was confused by the question.

"Yes, but I want to hear," he grinned.

"Fuck me, please."

Ilya kissed Shane. They tried kissing and taking their clothes off together. It was hard. Shane got the lube out of the drawer and handed it to Rozanov.

"No. I want to see how you are fingering yourself."

"You are so demanding," muttered Shane.

He didn't try to make a show out of preparing himself, so his movements weren't careful or slow. He methodically opened himself up without touching his prostate. And Ilya stared at him. He was amused.

"I like looking at you. Very pretty."

Shane was embarrassed by these words.

Ilya palmed his own dick at the view of a flushed Shane, who tried to cover up his nervousness and shyness with showy desire. He moved too fast and too shallow to please himself properly. But it was cute and sexy.

He stopped when it was three fingers inside him, his moans now obvious. Ilya slicked himself with lube. He was in no better state than Shane, breathing heavily and losing his control. He lay on top of Shane and entered the willing body.

They both moaned. Ilya moved fast, fucking Shane the best way ever. His crucifix swung before Shane's eyes, so the man pulled Rozanov as close as possible and took the gold into his mouth. It tasted like metal, but more important was Ilya's reaction—it made him feral. He looked into Shane's eyes and, deep down, saw the same insanity he held within himself..

They didn't last long. It had been an exhausting time for both of them.

"I want to spend my life with you, Ilya Rozanov," whispered Shane. Ilya had been asleep for a while, so the confession wasn't as hard as it should have been.

The life with Ilya Rozanov wouldn't be easy. He was dangerous. He was a troublemaker. But Shane didn't want this trouble to ever go away.

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