

Up Close and Personal

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Up Close and Personal

by [Spotsandsocks](#)

Summary

An AU where Shane and Ilya meet in very different circumstances.

Ilya's a generational talent, a star and recognised wherever he goes thanks to his talent on stage and the lucrative magazine and advertising contracts his fame brings him. He lives his life in Boston as best he can but recently someone has taken against him and while the threatening letters were unpleasant they didn't bother him much.

He was more bothered by the knife in his side that stopped him performing for months, but now he's healed and due on stage in a few hours.

He hopes he can still make it because he hadn't been expecting a stranger with uncertain motives to approach him in a deserted alley.

When he finds out exactly who he is his life gets much more complicated.

Ilya Rozanov has various problems in his life but right now the most pressing one is the dark haired freckled man who's crashed into his life.

Notes

Welcome to a Hollanov Bodyguard au.

I'm just playing around with this right now but thought I'd get this first bit out and see if anyone is interested in reading about bodyguard Shane and his annoying client Ilya Rozanov

I am not saying this won't grow in size and word length because if you've read my other aus you'll know that would be foolish but.... I'm not planning a lot of plot so fingers crossed

I won't be publishing chapters that regularly so read along if you will, it's nice to have you with me and if anyone wants to cheer me on it'll probably inspire me to write more and faster.

Chapt 2 is pretty done and will be headed out soonish

Just the tags to do now... I hate doing the tags!! Tags are likely to get added to as we go and we may have smut - moderate or more intense who knows at this point. We'll see how it goes and how well the boys get on... 😊😊

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

"Ilya Rozanov?"

His name, an unexpected question, spoken in an unfamiliar voice draws Ilya's attention from the fascinating middle distance he'd been staring at and into the dark eyes of a stranger.

He blinks stupidly at the man standing nearby, he hadn't even noticed him arriving in the alley. He looks to be about the same age as him, he's certainly as tall as he is, maybe a little wider it's hard to tell with the distance and the jacket.

There are a few dark strands of dark hair sticking out from the back of a wool hat and the tip of his nose is turning red.

He doesn't look particularly dangerous but that's what he thought the last time too.

Once he's taken in the view Ilya realises that the man is the only other person around and that he's blocking the exit from the alley to the street.

That particular realisation sends a chill rushing down his spine and highlights the fact that Ilya really hadn't been paying nearly as much attention to his surroundings as he should have been.

Fuck.

Svetlana is going to kill him if he gets murdered in an alleyway on the evening of his return performance.

The stranger is still waiting for confirmation of his identity but Ilya doesn't answer, instead he just keeps his eyes on the stranger who's slowly moving closer.

The drag on his cigarette helps to settle his nerves. No, he's definitely not thrilled to find himself alone in a deserted alley with a man he's never seen before.

Reckless, stupid, selfish.

The words echo in his head in a voice that's far more familiar than the stranger's.

Those are the words his father would say to him right now if he were here.

Except Ilya doesn't need his father's censure to remind him of his flaws, he knows what they are and he knows he should know better by now but he hasn't learnt.

He never learns.

After all if a broken rib, and what he likes to think of as a light flesh wound haven't knocked any sense into him yet what will?

Like they say in the worst of the tabloids he's a lost cause. Doomed to self destruct, that's if he gets the chance, maybe he won't last that long after all, maybe someone else is about to

choose how this all ends for him.

On the bright side, at least if he's about to get killed he won't have to see his father this evening or hear the inevitable complaints about how he's doing everything wrong.

Keeping his face blank Ilya looks the newcomer up and down and blows the smoke from his cigarette in his direction while contemplating just how much trouble he's in right now.

The man is definitely unfamiliar, he's sure he'd remember if he'd seen him before, dark hair, dark eyes. His lips are pink and plush and look temptingly soft. He has freckles too.

Surely no one with freckles that cute can be dangerous.

The pink mouth is stretched to one side, it's kind of almost a smile but not really. The attempt at a friendly expression looks genuine enough but maybe a little unpractised.

Ilya's heart starts to beat a little faster. It's just nerves, he's not actually scared. He's not going to jump to conclusions. He's fine, everything is fine.

This situation could be about anything; an old hook up he doesn't recognise because he was far too drunk, a crazy fan who wants a lock of his hair or worse, a slightly less crazy fan just looking for an autograph or maybe he's someone new to the business wanting a mentor or words of advice.

It's hard to guess what the motivation behind this ambush could be just from looking at him.

This man could be a paparazzi hack looking for a scoop or he could be the ex boyfriend of someone Ilya slept with who isn't happy to learn Ilya Rozanov was a far superior lover than they were.

Of course, Ilya swallows around the sudden dryness in his throat, he could also be the mysterious 'someone' behind those letters.

The letters with the threats he's been getting.

This could be the same person behind the attack that left him injured and unable to work for months.

They stare at each other; the stranger's gaze is openly assessing while Ilya looks back rather more cautiously.

There's probably enough space around his potential attacker that he could get away if he tried. He's fast, agile and the man doesn't look particularly dangerous. Although that might be a side effect of all the handsome; he takes that aspect of the mystery man in again, dark hair, dark eyes, not exactly smiling but not not smiling either. There's a look in his eyes Ilya can't quite name but might be able to soon.

The man speaks again -

"Shane Hollander."

It's an introduction and the name sounds vaguely familiar.

He frowns as Shane Hollander holds out a hand, Ilya at least has the sense to check his surroundings again before accepting it briefly then letting his hand drop, ignoring the tingling the warmth of his skin brought with it.

He takes another drag of his cigarette. Did he get a message about a Shane Hollander? Is he meant to meet a Shane Hollander today? It's a vague possibility now he's heard the name. He's just not that sure, it's hard to keep track of it all sometimes; he's either too busy, too drunk, too tired or too sad.

Hollander's chin tilts towards the wall Ilya's been leaning on.

"You know you really shouldn't be smoking out here, especially on your own."

He carries on ignoring the no smoking sign on the wall behind him. A shrug and pout seem a sufficient response but he adds "Ok." anyways to be polite.

It's always prudent to be polite to potential mad men who might be waiting for the right moment to stab you.

The man waits; silent, patient, but with an air of quiet expectation. The extended silence doesn't seem to be making this Hollander person uncomfortable even if Ilya can admit he's becoming more on edge himself with every second that ticks past. That's only because Sveta has gotten into his head about the "danger" and the small mostly insignificant fact that the letters and the threats held within them are still being sent.

Not by this man though... he doesn't look the type.

Svetlana's voice is suddenly loud in his head, she's saying in scathing tones - "oh there's a type is there? And what does the 'type' look like Ilya, do assassins come with labels now?"

Assassin is just the type of over dramatic word she'd use. Ilya isn't important enough to assassinate. He's just annoyed someone somewhere a little too much. Is not that serious.

This man isn't a danger to him... probably.

Ilya studies his unknown companion, no he's sure of it. This "Hollander" person doesn't feel like a threat.

The silence finally breaks with Hollander's voice again.

"I've seen clips of your performances online. You're very talented."

Ilya knows that so there's no point being modest about it.

"Yes."

That makes Hollander laugh, it's a short bark of a sound but it's kind of a nice noise anyway and those pink lips twitch as he looks away, he's obviously trying to hide his expression but

doesn't quite manage it and so Ilya discovers Shane Hollander has a cute smile as well as cute freckles.

Assassins probably don't have cute smiles or do they? Ilya thinks about it, might be a useful skill in an assassin actually.

Ilya tells his brain to be quiet. This isn't an assassin or a hitman of any type. This is just... a fan of his work, but, and this is the important question, is he a crazy one?

Is always possible, there are many many people out there who can not tell the difference between private and public life for people who are famous but Ilya doesn't think that Hollander looks like an over invested fan of the arts and Ilya knows the type pretty well by now.

Hollander doesn't look like he's a frequent visitor to museums or the ballet or art galleries. He has trainers on, and sweatpants and he looks more like a jock than anything else. Some kind of athlete maybe. Maybe even a professional one, Ilya doesn't pay much attention to sports but he doubts he's a basketball player or a sprinter, he has the wrong body type, maybe baseball? Not football either, his list of possible sports is running out. Hockey? Boston has a hockey team right? That would fit.

Hollander is obviously strong, you can see that from the broad shape of him, muscles pressing against the fabric his jacket sleeves and stupid sweatpants.

Hollander stands up straighter and folds his arms, causing his jacket to flap open a little which means Ilya is able to notice something else about him too.

Unless he's mistaken it looks very much like he can see the strap of a holster. Which means Hollander is wearing a gun.

Fuck.

A chill travels straight down the centre of his spine and Ilya is forced to acknowledge that Hollander is right; he really shouldn't be in an alley all alone with a man who's carrying a concealed weapon- even if he does have a nice laugh and the most stunning freckles Ilya has ever seen.

It also occurs to him that it's hardly the time to be thinking about freckles but he is. Obviously the depth of his reckless, stupid selfishness knows no limits.

Ilya thinks that if his luck has finally run out, which wouldn't be a complete surprise at this point, because he's been using it up pretty fast it would be just like him to be thinking about freckles and not something more important when he dies.

Watching the other man Ilya can't help wondering if his luck has really just run out.

Ironically he'd had a fight with Sveta last week on the subject of him taking risks and being stupid, she'd ended it by yelling at him loud enough to send anyone close by to leave as fast as they could. She'd been saying something about him not being a cat with lives to spare.

He'd actually agreed with her point, even if he would never admit that, if he were a cat he'd be down to about three lives by now.

He stands up straighter. At least if he's going to get himself killed in this lonely alley at least it will be by a hot assassin/hitman.

It's a small consolation that the last thing he'll see will be something so pretty.

Brain still avoiding the more important issues at hand Ilya wonders if it's messed up to be attracted to someone you think might be here to kill you.

Probably.

Hollander moves slightly, just a shift of weight from one foot to another but it throws another shiver down Ilya's spine and his heart thumps loudly.

Maybe he doesn't actually want to get murdered.

Ilya considers his options; he could maybe take him, knock him down and run past, get away, get back inside in time before he gets the gun out.

He ought to try, even if it's just so Svetlana doesn't cry again. He hates it when she's sad. She cried a lot after the last attack, but more angry tears than sad because she was furious with him. He understands, she'd been badly shaken by that evening and he knows she loves him and would mourn his death, one of only a few people who would.

Yes he ought to try and live a little longer for her at least. He'd also like to perform again at least once more and the new kid needs someone to look out for him, Marlowe would be pretty pissed too, if he had to step up and take the lead at au ch short notice. Cliff is good but not that good. He'd need more time to practice the role.

Yes Ilya decides, it would be best all round if he didn't get murdered right now.

So what to do next to avoid it? Ilya knows he's strong, fit, you have to be to do what he does, so he's got a chance as long as the gun stays out of it. His muscles are already tense, ready to run or fight he's not sure yet.

Last time everything happened so fast he'd had no time to have an existential crisis about his life ending, today is different and Ilya's actually surprised to discover that against all his expectations a small measure of self preservation remains buried deep inside him.

He actually wants to live and maybe not just for the sake of a handful of friends but for himself.

He still has things he wants to do.

Inexplicably while considering the puzzle of Shane Hollander and the gun he's carrying Ilya discovers he doesn't want to die, all alone, murdered in an alley, by a stranger- even if that stranger is gorgeous.

As he stares at him Hollander flushes, cheeks turning pinker under those stupid freckles. He shrugs and his nose crinkles up as he says.

"Yes, it's a gun."

The words aren't a threat, they're just a simple statement of fact.

Ilya returns them with his own simple truth.

"I know."

Hollander's eyebrows lift, not by much but enough to notice.

"I prefer not to use it but it's part of the job. To be honest it should probably bother you a bit more than it does. I might not be very nice."

The statement ends in an actual smile that he's allowed to see and Ilya quite inappropriately likes it, he feels his own mouth twitch in response.

He knows he should be more scared but he's not really, he's still confident he could get away if he tried and flirting with danger always did turn him on. Deciding to embrace his reputation of recklessness he lets himself smirk across the few feet of space between them.

"Oh... you are nice?"

Hollander shrugs, "I'm betting I'm nicer than you. I hear you're quite the asshole."

Despite everything the words and the slight sparkle in those very pretty brown eyes makes Ilya snort, genuinely amused. He points at his chest.

"I am asshole? I am not one with gun in alley, being all mysterious and dangerous."

Hollander blinks at him, his expression changing once again, the life and animation draining from it.

"No you're not. I am."

And Ilya can't help notice that the sparkle in his eyes is gone, as is the smile.

So as previously stated -

Fuck.

It takes three more heartbeats for something else to happen and when it does, it's rather underwhelming; Hollander rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

"You have no idea who I am do you?"

The tone is mildly irritated but not particularly hostile. He'd say frustrated or exasperated if he had to choose because he's been working on his vocabulary.

Ilya shrugs, the tension in the air gone almost as soon as it appeared.

"I do. You are Shane Hollander- you said this. Yes?"

There's a heavy huff of exasperated air, then-

"I don't know if it's better or worse this way! Fuck, I knew this would be difficult."

Hollander seems to be talking to himself.

"I bet you don't even read your messages! You did know I was arriving this week right?"

Ilya's face must transmit the answer clearly enough because Hollander's shoulders slump and he sighs loudly.

Ilya has to bite his lip to keep from smiling. He knew this man was not a danger to him and now he knows he's even cuter when he's annoyed.

Hollander's hand waves around in the air in a frustrated gesture that's another thing that Ilya probably shouldn't find so appealing.

"Unbelievable!"

Hollander covers his eyes in despair and Ilya is enjoying his drama very much.

Large hands move around again.

"I don't know if I can work like this? You obviously have no idea about personal safety! Out here all alone, talking to strangers, practically asking to be attacked again..."

Oh, of course he knows about that, everyone does, it's not like it is secret, it was all over the news and magazines but still Ilya finds he's annoyed that Hollander knows about that night, about the mistake he made then.

His irritation leaks into his voice.

"Was not attacked, was just a fight..."

The scoffing noise Hollander makes before he speaks is just plain rude and not appealing at all.

"A fight that the police confirmed was staged and ended with you getting stabbed by someone who got away. You could have been killed and they could be waiting to try again."

His scorn filled protest is automatic now, he's tired of people making a fuss about that. It wasn't even that bad and it definitely (probably) wasn't a deliberate attack.

"Was only lightly stabbed, barely a scratch, was not even that serious..."

His fingers absently travel to where the recently healed scar is, on his left side just above his hip, and he tenses at the memory of the pain he felt that night. He wakes up sometimes remembering it, that and Svetlana's fierce scream of rage when she saw the blood and he dropped to his knees, staring in dazed confusion at the red stain on his hand and shirt.

He notices Hollander noticing his movements before he's even realised what he's done and is annoyed with himself for revealing even that much of how he truly feels about that experience to this man.

Hollander snorts inelegantly at the obvious lie,

"Well everyone else thinks it was very deliberate and pretty damn serious and I know you couldn't work for months."

Handsome or not Ilya's not sure he likes Hollander very much anymore.

"Who are you?"

The man holds out his hand again and Ilya takes it a second time, more out of habit than anything else. It's very warm, larger than his and Ilya can feel the calluses that tell him the man works out. Not that he didn't know that already from just looking at him.

"I told you- Shane Hollander and if you read your messages you'd know I'm your new close protection officer. I've been hired to make sure you don't end up dead."

Ilya runs the rapidly spoken, unfamiliar English words through his head more slowly.

Close protection?

What does that mean?

This Hollander person is overly interested in his safety and he has a gun he doesn't like to use.

Protection?

The word gets translated into Russian and back again. The puzzle pieces slide into place and Ilya doesn't like the picture they make.

"Bodyguard?"

The word is coated in disdain that narrows Hollander's eyes immediately.

"You? You are bodyguard?"

He can feel his eyebrows reach their maximum height. It's ridiculous. He doesn't need protection no matter what those letters are saying will happen to him.

"For me? They think I need bodyguard?"

He lets out a stream of Russian that ends with a curse.

Hollander won't understand it but Iyla thinks he'd be unbothered by the outburst even if he could speak Russian because he seems completely unfazed by the temper tantrum and his own words remain calm.

"Yes, they do and I've seen enough of the threats to agree with them. You need me."

He's never heard anything more wrong in his life. He doesn't need anyone least of all a bodyguard and certainly not this particular bodyguard.

"Is stupid! I am Russian, I protect myself!"

His cigarette waves around leaving a trail of smoke behind it. He glares a glare that has been the undoing of many who have crossed him. It doesn't seem to register with Hollander even when he intensifies it and mutters furiously.

"Do not need babysitter."

Hollander is obviously as unimpressed by the disgust smothering the last word as he is the glare.

"Well important people obviously disagree with you and they're certainly paying enough for my services. They've bought you the best, maybe appreciate that. They must think you're worth it."

There's something lurking behind Hollander's eyes that suggests he has his opinions or more likely own doubts about that. Ilya stares back even harder, cursing him again in Russian under his breath but Hollander doesn't even seem to notice this time.

"I'm not officially starting until tomorrow, so I'm not on the clock yet, I was just passing and saw you out here, wanted to introduce myself, see what I was working with."

The pause that follows that statement is loud and Ilya doesn't particularly like what it implies.

He meets Hollander's eyes defiantly and despite himself finds he still likes the spark he sees there. This man has steel inside him and Iyla won't be able to get his own way easily which isn't a thrill in any way at all.

Hollander's lips twitch before he speaks. A small flash of humour or something else, perhaps he appreciates a challenge too.

"You really should go inside now. Like I said it's not a good idea to be out here all alone."

Then Hollander starts to walk away from him. He's only taken a few steps before he turns back with a sly grin that Iyla can't decide if he wants to slap off his face or remove in some other way.

"Come on.."

It's annoying being told what to do, mostly because he was going to go back inside anyway, just before Hollander showed up.

If he's out here much longer Sveta will get stressed and that is not something anyone wants.

Grudgingly Ilya stubs out his cigarette on the wall and takes a step forward - he's just doing it because it's getting colder and he wants to go back inside to reassure his friend he's not been murdered recently, not because of any other reason, like doing what his want to be bodyguard is telling him to do.

He trails a few steps behind the man who's just turned his world upside down, already silently plotting how to get rid of him.

Then to add insult to injury the man he thinks he might actually hate says far too casually.

"And you might want to think about quitting smoking too. Can't be good for your performance. "

Ilya refuses to rise to the bait, he's pretty sure Hollander is just trying to annoy him now.

"Oh and I have tickets for tonight, I'm looking forward to seeing what you can do, never been to a ballet before. I've heard you're meant to be pretty good."

Hollander doesn't see the expression on his face because he's turned away and is walking off again, Ilya calls out anyway, his voice as offended as his face.

"Pretty good?! Hollander I am best! Is why people are stabbing at me! Trying to kill me! They are jealous, want my spot. Take my place."

Without turning around Hollander raises his voice to answer.

"Thought it was just a fight and only a light stabbing?"

They're already at the stage door so Ilya stops as his new, unwanted and quite unnecessary bodyguard continues onwards.

He raises his voice at the retreating figure. Yes he does hate him. A lot.

"I do not want bodyguard. I do not need bodyguard!"

Shane Hollander turns around. He looks far too amused for Ilya's liking.

"You won't be saying that after I save your life!"

And then he's gone, disappearing around the corner and out of sight. Ilya stares at the empty space a moment longer and then with nothing else to do goes back inside looking for someone to yell at about the decision to hire him a bodyguard with annoyingly gorgeous freckles.

Shane walks away from the encounter with his new client far more confused than he'd expected to be or that he'd let on to said client.

Rozanov probably wouldn't have noticed anything odd but Shane thinks he covered his traitorously fast heart and flushed cheeks pretty well anyway.

Those cheeks heat up again in the cold Boston air and he does his best to ignore it. It's just embarrassing to have been so affected by him in such a short amount of time, especially as the dancer had been mildly obnoxious. Shane promises himself that it'll be different next time, next time he'll be prepared.

The sentiment is undermined by the urge to look back in case he can still see him standing there.

Stubborn self control keeps his head facing forward as Shane wonders if you can actually prepare for being around that kind of person...

Possibly not, it's just an unfortunate truth that in the flesh Ilya Rozanov is quite literally breathtakingly stunning.

He hadn't really been expecting that or the way his chest had tightened or how his pulse had jumped when they shook hands. Twice.

Shane didn't know why he'd been so affected. It's not like he didn't know what the man looked like. He's seen dozens of pictures of Rozanov, who hasn't, he's one of the world's most photographed men after all and Shane knew it was completely normal to consider him handsome. It's practically a cliché to be of the opinion that the greatest ballet dancer of his generation is attractive. He can hear Rose now - oh he found the hot guy hot! What a shocker.

He should have been better prepared. He's watched clips of the man performing on stage and some interviews so yes he'd already been impressed with his body and skill and he'd heard his voice and that accent before but it hadn't made him feel any of the things he'd just been feeling.

Who could have predicted that a face to face encounter with Boston's Principal dancer wasn't at all like looking at a dull static picture or watching a YouTube clip.

In real life Rozanov was simply stunning... arrogant, stubborn and obviously annoying, but still at the centre of it all breathtaking.

Up close and personal Rozanov had an air of ... something almost intoxicating. There was something about the way he talked, the accent probably, the look in his eyes, the crooked curl of his lips when he smiled and he'd only been with him a few minutes.

Fuck.

Walking faster in an effort to get away from his confusing feelings Shane tries and fails to ignore the shiver that runs down his spine.

Fuck, fuck fuck. He tries to remember why he agreed to do this job? Even then, right at the start he'd had a feeling that it was going to be a mistake, that Rozanov would be more trouble than he was worth but he'd said yes anyway. Of course he had, not that it had anything to do with wanting to meet Ilya Rozanov.

No, nothing to do with that at all. Shane might be confused but he knows that much.

Ok, so he can admit that, yes, maybe he's kind of enjoyed looking at his photographs over the years, he's only human after all, but he's absolutely sure, absolutely, totally sure that he had no particular desire to actually meet the globally admired and internationally famous ballet dancer.

It was just a really good contract, clear terms, well paid and for a decent amount of time. The threat to Rozanov was obviously real but it seemed fairly low stakes, at least from the investigation he and the team had been carrying out. The Boston Ballet Company were just being cautious, protecting their most valuable and famous asset. Shane is pretty sure that Rozanov must be worth a fortune to them, the cut they'd get from his advertising deals alone would be remarkably profitable, a face like that was very valuable. His body just added to his worth, his talent and charisma an extra bonus.

Shane tries not to think too much about any of that or the way that body will look later when he sees him dance. He's seen the pictures, all the fashion shoots and the behind the scene shots of rehearsals and performances. It's an impressive physique but he'd certainly not seen very much of it just now, Rozanov had been all bundled up in a coat and scarf ... that suited him far too well too. He was ridiculously handsome just standing around in the cold in an old coat and hat.

Fuck, and tonight he'll get a completely different view as well. Shane drags his thoughts firmly away from what certain people's bodies will look like in ballet tights and back to something much more sensible - the job he's been employed to do.

A job he's already regretting but that's what he did so he's stuck with it. His mother, as always, had left it up to him to make the final decision on the contract. She said it was his choice because it was his life being used to protect others, but he knew she thought it would be a mistake to pass up a job as simple and lucrative as this one was.

Shane has done his research then decided it was suitable for them so he'd said yes. Just a sensible business decision. That's all.

The mild lie sits uncomfortably on his chest and basic honesty compels him to admit, at least to himself, that the final yes did maybe have a *little* something to do with wanting to meet Rozanov in person.

He just seemed so ... interesting and he was undeniably hot. Shane has looked at a lot of pictures of him recently and well, he's only human.

Ignoring the mild disgust he feels at acknowledging his personal weaknesses Shane justifies the situation as best he can. So what if he likes it when people are passionate, dedicated and talented and so very very good at what they do. Rozanov is described as a generational star,

he's the best and he knows it. It's perfectly understandable that you might want to meet someone like that isn't it? It's not like Shane wants to do anything about it. It's not like Shane could do anything about it and Rozanov wouldn't be interested anyway.

Shane shakes his head at himself, even if the bodyguard/client thing wasn't an issue. The dancer is famous, ridiculously attractive and at the height of his career. He has lovers all over the world he'd not even think about someone like Shane even if the rumours of his bisexuality are true.

Shane forces his mind away from the physicality of Rozanov to his personality.

Unfortunately he finds that aspect of him fascinating too.

There are conflicting stories about who Ilya Rozanov truly is and Shane ever curious wants the truth.

He'd seen photos, official photoshoots and press shots and more candid less flattering ones taken by low grade paparazzi looking for scandal. He's read the stories, heard the gossip but despite the initial response to Rozanov's name seeing to be "yeah he's an asshole" there's a different version of the man out there in the world too.

He's heard enough to know that despite the reputation Ilya generates that's not all there is to him. The other stories, rumours more than anything say that he looks out for the youngest and newest dancers, he offers support and a shoulder to cry on when needed. He stands up to bullies and Shane has heard, mostly from talking to waiters, nurses and bartenders, as part of their pre investigation into the case that the "hot ballet guy" was anything from "ok" to "a sweetheart."

He had a reputation as a good tipper, being polite and never seemed to make unnecessary demands unlike many other stars in the world of celebrity fame.

Shane had also heard that Rozanov was great with the children who wanted his autograph or photo and that alone suggested that there was more to him than the world sees.

Shane smiles softly to himself, as he walks through the Boston side streets towards his rented apartment. The world sees an entitled, antagonistic often drunk playboy prone to drama who thinks life is about having a good time but what if that just a shield he keeps up to keep people away from his true self. Shane can identify with people who don't show their whole self to the world.

Finally Shane had accepted there was only one way to stop obsessing about which version of Ilya Rozanov was real, so he'd given in to the growing curiosity he felt about the man he'd be protecting for 6 months and arrived a few days earlier than he intended.

He wanted to see the great Ilya Rozanov's return to the stage, and it had taken Rose some time to get hold of tickets. Now he has one night to get a sense of the man through a live performance. Shane hadn't expected to see him while he was out taking a walk and certainly not lurking out the back of the theatre, smoking a cigarette for god's sake, but he had and then he'd been unable to resist the urge to introduce himself.

Right now, based on recent events Shane has to admit he's leaning more towards the public asshole persona of Rozanov being the real version of the man. He might even be a little disappointed about that.

Still even if he is a dick he can dance and the performance this evening is something he's looking forward to.

Pausing in his journey, Shane double checks his direction of travel and speeds up, he'd better get back and get changed soon . When they'd bought the tickets, on expenses because he's not stupid, he had no idea what you were supposed to wear to the ballet but he'd asked Rose for help and she'd guided him in the right direction, for a price... apparently she bought herself a ticket too and would be coming with him. He'd complained but hadn't actually minded, he loves Rose's company and with her style advice at least he knows he'll be looking good if Rozanov happens to catch sight of him later.

Not that that's important in any way. It's just nice to look nice when you go out, and it's nice if other people think you look nice.

That's all quite normal isn't it.

Shane happily accepts that as the truth, no further introspection required as he pushes the door to his apartment open and feels the welcoming warmth of inside heat his cheeks up, kicking off his shoes he smiles to himself about nothing in particular, just pleased to be back inside and suddenly so warm again.

End Notes

If you're here you have to let me know by pushing that kudos button. Go on... it won't bite and it'll make me very happy

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