please sing to me, i can see you open up to breathe

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please sing to me, i can see you open up to breathe

by bizarrebird

Summary

Ilya Rozanov has a problem. An awkward, freckle covered, Canadian problem. The name ‘Shane Hollander’ had meant next to nothing to him when he had first kissed a cute man who seemed entirely out of his depth behind a mafia speakeasy in New York City.

But it should have.

Unfortunately now, it's starting to mean a little too much.

Notes

Hello again! I'm working on some normal Hollanov too, I promise, I just had to get this out of my brain first. This is the Ilya POV followup to my first mafia fic. Just to be clear, this one is much more explicit than the first one, both in terms of the horny things and the violence things. You don't need to read that one first, but they really go together. Please mind the warnings, if any of the following things upset you, this might not be the fic for you.

CW: Death, dead bodies, gun violence, stalking, obsessive behavior

Title once again taken from the song 'Perfect' by Marianas Trench. Also please assume whenever Ilya and Svetlana are talking to each other, it's in Russian, I won't subject you to terrible translations.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya Rozanov has a problem. An awkward, freckle covered, Canadian problem. The name ‘Shane Hollander’ had meant next to nothing to him when he had first kissed a cute man who seemed entirely out of his depth behind a mafia speakeasy in New York City.

But it should have.

His exile to the states has been greatly exaggerated. It must be. Grigori Rozanov isn’t well. Hasn’t been for a very long time. And in their business, a sick family head is one that’s waiting to be cut off. Staging the fight with his brother Alexei is easy… and perhaps a bit less staged than it needs to be. But it works.

The rest of the family and their followers are distracted enough not to question Grigori’s withdrawal and Alexei’s rise. Alexei proves himself generous as well, not executing his traitorous brother on the spot, but sending him off with a second chance. And Ilya… he hates himself for it, hates himself for leaving Russia, leaving his father, but once he lands on American soil, breathing gets just a little bit easier.

Svetlana helps. They’ve been friends almost longer than Ilya can remember, her father working under his before that still. She has connections in Boston, sets him up with a place, gets him a passport… and a ring.

“It will make things easier,” she says, holding up her hand, the ring on her finger glittering in the light. She’s gorgeous, perfect. Everything Ilya should want.

So he wraps his arms around her and kisses her shoulder and spins her around until she laughs and shrieks at him to stop. Their rings match and the marriage certificate is easy enough to obtain. When telling their story, hardly any of the facts even need to change. Childhood friends, Svetlana helping him out of Russia when he hit a bit of a rough spot, both of them working in the business.

But they aren’t in love, not the way they should be. Ilya likes being married to Svetlana, he likes fucking her too. Neither of them ever believe for a second they’re anything more than what they are. And that’s alright. It might be better that way. Feelings, those kinds of feelings, they complicate things. And Ilya needs to keep his shit together.

Svetlana’s been laying the groundwork, gotten him some meetings, made arrangements for a few promising deals. She sends him to New York to meet with Scott Hunter. The meeting goes well, Scott Hunter is boring, but reliable. Ilya makes an offer and Hunter agrees. Scratching each other’s backs, staying out of the other’s way, reasonable, stable, and fucking boring.

All the while, Ilya can’t stop his mind from wandering to the Canadian he had met in the alley. Obviously someone else in the same line of work. Ilya hadn’t bothered asking his name, exchanging them hadn’t seemed wise. But if he’s a player, they’ll cross paths at some point.

As soon as the meeting with Hunter is over and Ilya's back on his way to Boston he asks Svetlana to look into any families operating out of Canada. It doesn't take her long to find the Hollander group.

"These people are no joke," Svetlana says, perching on the edge of Ilya's desk, looking over the files laid out across it. "Yuna Hollander, she's the one in charge. Her cover businesses are… surprisingly legitimate. They're careful, they cover their tracks well. They mostly trade in arms and manage money."

No syrup, he thinks, biting down a grin. Ilya eyes the picture of Yuna Hollander, there's… something familiar about her certainly. He shifts through the other files. His fingers catch on another picture and his breath comes a little faster. "This one, who is he?"

Svetlana leans over to have a look. "Shane Hollander, the son. There wasn't much about him, like I said, they cover their tracks well."

"I met him in New York," Ilya says, eyes still fixed on the picture. It's a little out of focus, clearly taken from a distance. But there's no mistaking that face. Those dark, beautiful eyes, and those pretty freckles. "He was making a deal with Hunter too."

Nodding, Svetlana looks through a few more files. "Makes sense… it looks like Hunter got his new seat with a little help from the Hollanders. They might be useful people to know…"

There's something else in her tone, a question she isn't asking. Ilya finds it on her face when he looks up. She's right, getting in with the Hollanders would be good for them. His fingers drum on the table. "We won't reach out yet. If they make a move, we answer. Alexei will be suspicious if I make too many friends too quickly."

He's meant to take care of his brother's business in America, not take it over. Maintain the order, don't make any big plays, always default to fucking Alexei's stupid plans. The more allies Ilya has the more likely his brother is to think he wants to take over the business for real. As if there was anything Ilya could want less.

Svetlana hums at him and snatches up the picture. "And you want to be *friends* with Shane Hollander?"

She knows him too well, she always has. Ilya leans back in his chair and shrugs. "Maybe. Could be fun. He was… cute. Like a kitten. Might be fun to ruin him a little, show him what it's like to play these games for real."

Inspecting the picture of Shane Hollander again, Svetlana tips her head to one side. "You think he doesn't know how to play?"

Ilya scoffs. He remembers that alleyway too well. How wide Shane Hollander's eyes had been when Ilya had drawn close, how his breath had hitched so sweetly when Ilya stole a kiss, the way he had seemed dizzy and drunk off just one. "No, he does not play like I do. He is soft. If I meet with him, I will have my fun and move onto the next."

Svetlana makes a soft sound, like she doesn't quite believe him. That should have been Ilya's first warning. Though he's quite good at reading people himself, Svetlana is very rarely wrong. And when Hollander's people get in touch just a week later, they barely exchange a glance before arranging that meeting.

And then the real trouble begins.

As a rule, Ilya doesn't get attached to the people he fucks. With how many he typically goes through, it wouldn't be healthy. And really, it's just a bit of fun. He has a good time, so do they, then it's over, just a pleasant memory to think of on the rare nights he's alone. The women he sleeps with are beautiful, some of them are funny, but they know at least vaguely that they won't be exchanging numbers with him.

It's better that way. They wouldn't want to know him any better than they do. And before now, Ilya hasn't wanted any of them to.

But he keeps thinking about Shane Hollander's stupid big brown eyes. The man isn't overly expressive, he hadn't been in either meeting, but Ilya had seen the way those doe eyes had gone shiny and devastated when he had mentioned being married. He keeps thinking about that bruise on Hollander's cheek, how for an instant he wanted names and locations and enough ammunition to leave a crater behind him. But Hollander had already taken care of it, of course he had, it would be stupid for Ilya to involve himself in something like that. Obviously. He keeps thinking about how Hollander had sucked his cock like a drowning man coming up for air. How he had arched his back under Ilya in bed, taking him like it was all he was made for.

The worst though, had been after. Had been the way Hollander grew shy again, ducking his head to hide those beautiful eyes. But how he had still let Ilya catch his chin and pull him in for one last kiss he didn't even have to steal. It was given so willingly. All of it was.

They hadn't really discussed business that night. Talking about territory and arms deals had admittedly been the last fucking thing on Ilya's mind at the time. But he had walked away with a truce… and a bit of blackmail he never intends to use.

After Hollander leaves Boston, Ilya sinks into a haze. He needs to know everything about Shane fucking Hollander. Scouring the internet doesn't dig up much. Supposedly squeaky clean record as far as the police are concerned, straight A student through high school, plenty of extracurriculars, joined the family business as soon as he turned eighteen. Digging into the underbelly of things doesn't turn up much more information. Like his mother apparently, Shane Hollander is careful, but he's been making more moves lately. It's a familiar story, the heir making himself ready to take the throne. Not particularly interesting, but then… they are Canadian.

Still, it's not enough. So Ilya sends in a few people to trail Hollander around as he makes his way down the east coast. His path is predictable, Hollander is apparently very boring when he isn't sucking Ilya's dick, but that just makes things simpler for Ilya's people. At first anyway.

Svetlana's call wakes Ilya and pulls him out of bed. "Hold on, you are speaking too fast," he says, still shaking off sleep. "What happened?"

"Price and Connors are in the hospital--I'm flying them back to Boston tonight," Svetlana says, sounding as though that's somehow Ilya's fault. It might be.

Ilya rubs at his eyes. "What? What happened? How were they hurt?"

There's a great huff of frustration on the other side of the phone. "How exactly do you *think* they were hurt? You had them following Hollander."

A faint rush of worry creeps over Ilya. "Someone attacked them trying to get to Hollander?"

Svetlana calls him a few very creative names and Ilya pulls the phone from his ear until it sounds like she's done. "--you. No, Ilya, Hollander realized you had him followed. According to Price, he led them halfway around the city before he attacked."

That worry turns into something else entirely and Ilya grips his phone a little tighter than he means to. "Hollander put them in the hospital? Both of them? Or was it his men?"

There's another sound of irritation that he probably deserves. "I don't know, Ilya. Price only spoke to me for a few minutes, I didn't get all the details. Look, I'm getting them here, once they're back, we'll know more. What's our move?"

"Move?" Ilya knows the question is stupid the second after he asks it. "Nothing, no move for now. I want to speak to them first, then we decide."

Svetlana doesn't seem overly pleased, but she accepts his answer and goes off to fix his mess, like she always does. He doesn't deserve her. Particularly not with the way his blood is suddenly pumping, the way he needs Price and Connors to tell him every last detail of what Shane Hollander did to them. Really, they shouldn't have been following after Hollander to begin with, Ilya knows that. He should have let it all go, forgotten about Hollander as much as possible, allowed their truce to settle. But Ilya rarely knows when to stop pushing.

The next men he sends after Hollander come back in body bags. At least this time, they aren't people he knows by name. That doesn't make Svetlana any happier with him. But the Hollander group has been silent. Not a single other member has so much as paid Ilya a courtesy call. If Shane Hollander is overly troubled by the people who keep following him,

he certainly hasn't made that known to anyone else. They're playing a different game now, but for the moment, Ilya is fairly confident they're the only two taking part.

He has the bodies brought to him, laid out on cold tables in one of the many buildings Alexei owns for dealing with this sort of thing. Ilya brings Marleau, not Svetlana. She's not speaking to him at the moment, and Ilya can hardly blame her. He's slipping, making mistakes, complicating something stupid that he should let die. They're both going to end up in trouble this way and it will be entirely his fault.

If Ilya knew how to stop, he would.

Marleau tells him the name of the men. All three were hired by Alexei, so Ilya won't mourn them personally, but he has Marleau make a note, make sure the families are compensated and taken care of.

"And Hollander was alone when this happened?" Ilya asks as he pulls on a pair of black latex gloves. "None of his men were there?"

"As far as we know," Marleau says, with a slight nod. He has a tablet in his hand, his fingers drifting across it as he scrolls. "Last reports from the others were that these three followed Hollander by car out of Tampa. No one saw anyone else get in the car with him, or any others following close to him."

Ilya nods as he moves to unzip the first bag. He stares the dead body in the face for a moment. Death doesn't bother him the way it once did. The face in the bag keeps its stubble and thick, heavy brows. Ilya forces himself to look and the face never turns into his mother's. They haven't in years. She only haunts his dreams now.

His eyes finally focus on the bullet hole set right between the man's eyes. Ilya pulls the zipper down further, eyes drifting over the rest of the body. If it weren't for the deathly pallor of the skin and the hole between the eyes, the man might be sleeping. "Was it just one shot?"

Marleau's fingers flick over his tablet, likely bringing up the autopsy reports. All done by their own people, best not to let anyone else get close. "It looks like it. All three of them, one clean shot. I'll say this for Hollander, he's got good aim."

Ilya only hums softly in response. He inspects the body, stilling for a moment when he tips the head to one side, feeling… something pressing against his finger from inside the corpse's mouth. Brow furrowing, Ilya opens the mouth and reaches inside. His fingers feel about, finding something smooth pressed up against the inside of the cheek. He pulls it out, thumb wiping over the surface, and then he stares.

"What the fuck is that? A business card?" Marleau's at his shoulder now, looking at the thing in Ilya's head.

It's a bit smaller than a business card, neatly laminated, still completely intact. Only three words are written there: ***Fuck off Rozanov***.

Ilya stares at it longer than he should. Much longer. “Marleau, don’t put this in the report. Get the families taken care of. I will finish up here.”

He can tell his second wants to protest, but Marleau is nothing if not loyal, so he goes with only a nod. Ilya keeps his other hand pressed to his mouth, as if holding it there might physically force down the manic grin that wants to spread over his face.

Hollander knows it’s him. That it’s Ilya’s men who are following after him. He inspects the card again. It’s neatly done, something Hollander would have had to prepare in advance. A message just for him. Anyone could have found it, but they hadn’t. Hollander had tucked it away so perfectly.

A little love note, just for Ilya.

And Ilya knows something is broken in him. There’s always been that little something that wasn’t quite right. The jagged pieces that shrieked and groaned as they dragged against each other, never fitting, grinding down and down and down and then snapping again, going sharper than before. He’s not sure how long it’s been there. Before he found his mother, he’s sure of that much at least, but that had turned the broken bits sharp and crooked. He isn’t a thing that can be fixed. And Ilya has tried. Booze and women and cigarettes, none of them make that sharp horrible hole inside him any less cavernous.

But for a moment, as he reads those three little words, cursing at him, calling to him, Ilya thinks maybe the thing that’s wrong with him might find something that answers in Shane fucking Hollander.

Ilya stops sending men after Hollander. The intent had never been to kill him, but Svetlana is right, provoking the Hollander group unnecessarily isn’t wise. Alexei hadn’t been particularly thrilled at the body bags either. And loathe as he is to ever admit his brother has a point about anything, he can’t fault him for that. No more men.

But that doesn’t mean he stops keeping tabs on Hollander. He just has to be more careful about it.

The broken remains of a drone sit on Ilya’s desk, the video file collected from it in a drive in his hand. No one had been hurt this time, well… none of his own people at least. But he’s not the only one keeping tabs on Hollander.

He inserts the drive into his laptop, finds the last recording and hits play.

At first, the screen is all trees, the drone moving through them quick and quiet. Deep in the woods, Hollander’s territory, if Ilya’s not mistaken. After nearly a full minute of trees, they open up, into a clearing. A single figure stands there alone. The drone descends to get a better view.

Hollander looks small amidst the towering trees. His hair moves a little, tugged at by an apparent breeze. It looks longer than it was the last time Ilya saw him in person. He can't help wondering what it would be like to run his fingers through Hollander's hair again. Judging by the way Hollander is dressed, thick coat, boots, all black, it must be cold, but he doesn't seem bothered. The drone dips a little, Hollander growing closer to the camera, staring off at something through the trees.

Then, suddenly, Hollander looks up, squinting. Whoever had been piloting the drone had apparently had the sense to pull it back into the cover of the trees again and branches fill the camera's view. Ilya bites back a soft, irritated curse. But at least the view isn't obscured for long. The drone peeks back out just in time to see a group of five men approaching Hollander.

From the way they spread out, one of them taking point and talking to him, clearly the conversation isn't friendly. Ilya frowns, tapping at the sound on the laptop. Even at a higher volume, it's hard to hear anything. The drone dips a little lower, but the voices stay inaudible. All Ilya has to go on is the look on Hollander's face.

It's subtle, the motion of Hollander's eyes, clocking out the way the newcomers are spreading out around him. Ilya studies the men, they're clearly trained. Not any faces he recognizes, but then meeting with Hollander out here, looking at him the way they do, they're not the type anyone is meant to be able to pick out in a crowd. This isn't a meeting, it's a hit. And Hollander is all alone.

Ilya feels himself tense for no good reason. There's nothing he can do, whatever he's about to watch, it's already happened.

Hollander and the point man of the hit team talk, going back and forth, the other men circling like sharks in the water, waiting for blood. The leader of the other men shrugs and goes for the gun holstered at his side. He's fast, but Hollander is faster. At least the drone's mic doesn't miss the gunshot or the soft thud of a body hitting the ground.

The other four men freeze for a second, but it passes quickly, all of them rushing at once. Hollander spins, taking out the two behind him. One drops. The other shot strikes an arm instead of chest and the man keeps coming. Hollander ducks around his wild charge and drives the butt of his gun into the man's temple, sending him crumpling to the ground. The last two have their guns out, moving in for the kill. Looking between the two of them, Hollander shoots one in the foot and then barrels into him, swinging the guy around him to take the shots the other fires. As his human shield falls away, Hollander puts three bullets in the last man's head.

Hollander takes a moment, observing the area, brushing his too long hair back from his face, straightening out his jacket. Then something seems to catch his eye. The man he had knocked down before is still moving, trying to crawl away, fingers digging into the dirt below him, pulling himself along desperately. For a moment, Hollander seems to regard him. Then he moves in, steps on the man's neck, and fires two shots into the back of his head.

Watching Shane Hollander kill five men without breaking a sweat has Ilya harder than he's ever been in his life. But Hollander isn't done. He turns in a slow circle, surveying the bodies

around him, then he lifts his gun and fires… and the drone plunges toward the earth. Static crackles over the frame and the world twists about, wild and disorienting. Then the camera is staring listlessly up at the sky until Shane Hollander leans into view. He looks as though he's brushing something off the camera, expression neutral.

"Rozanov," Hollander says, finally close enough for the drone's pathetic mic to pick him up. "You have to stop doing this. I have other shit to do. Stop trying to distract me. Go fuck your wife or something. Leave me alone."

And then Hollander stands, his footsteps slowly growing softer and softer until they fade completely. The video goes on for a bit longer, but Ilya only has to briefly skim over the footage to see there's nothing but empty sky until it's retrieved. He shuts his laptop and leans back in his chair and breathes out slowly, a grin creeping across his face as he lets one hand slip into his pants.

So Hollander had told him to stop. He had said it, sure, but had he meant it? No, of that, Ilya's almost certain. If Hollander wanted him gone, he would do something about it. He wouldn't have left all that footage behind for Ilya to find. And the rest of what he said?

Ilya tips his head back against the headrest of his chair, his hand moving faster now, dragging over the head of his cock, remembering that sweet mouth, those deep brown eyes. Hollander thinks he's being distracting. Which means he *is* distracted. He's still thinking about Ilya. But even more damning, *go fuck your wife*. It had upset Hollander before, learning that Ilya's married. Enough that he's still thinking about it. Enough that he's *jealous*. And isn't that fucking precious? Hollander is adorable. And there's no way in hell that Ilya is about to leave him alone.

So when he finishes with Hollander's name on his lips, he knows it won't be the last time. Not even close.

The messages Ilya has been sending to Hollander definitely aren't wise. But they do get the job done.

"Hollander's on his way in, sir." Cliff Marleau's voice crackles across the tinny intercom speakers. "Should I--"

Ilya cuts him off. "No, let him through. Make yourself scarce. I will handle him."

There's a rush of static as Marleau sighs at him. "That's what I'm afraid of, sir."

But Ilya knows Marleau is nothing if not obedient, so he trusts that he'll leave. And he'll take all the men Ilya selected with him. Too bad about the ones his brother picked for their organization. Oh well.

At least the building isn't an important one, so Alexei won't be too mad if it ends up with a few more holes in the walls. It's meant for some of the least pleasant aspects of their business. As if any of it counts as 'pleasant'. But it's little more than a number of open rooms with long hallways between them. Ilya's office is in the back. If it can be called an office, there's not much more to it than a hastily assembled desk and a less than comfortable office chair. It's not a place that's meant for business.

From the sounds coming down the hallway, Ilya's pretty sure it isn't 'business' that's on Hollander's mind. Gunshots, a few sharp yells, bodies hitting the ground. Ilya checks his watch, Hollander is going faster than he thought. Impressive.

Pushing himself up, Ilya shrugs out of his jacket and undoes the first three buttons of his shirt as he rounds the desk and leans back against it. There's a gun in the top drawer of his desk, but he makes no move to pull it out. If all goes to plan, he won't need it. Idly, he counts the gunshots.

One more. Then two. Footsteps getting closer, two pairs. A thud. One pair of footsteps.

Ilya pulls a cigarette from the pack in his pocket and lights it, taking a slow drag as two more shots fire. He flicks his lighter idly, listening as those footsteps get closer and then pause. The doorknob rattles for a moment. Maybe he should have unlocked it. Ilya has the thought for half a second before Shane Hollander kicks down the door and stands there, breathing hard, a faint sheen of sweat clinging to his face, to the dip in his throat just above his open shirt collar. No… locking it had been an excellent idea.

"What the *fuck* is wrong with you, Rozanov?" Hollander demands, gun aimed at Ilya's chest as he slowly stalks into the room.

For a moment, Ilya considers the question almost seriously. "Many things. You want list?"

It's meant to be a joke, but apparently Hollander doesn't think it's very funny. "Oh go fuck yourself."

Ilya shrugs, smirking around his cigarette. "I could, but… I would rather fuck something else."

"We're not doing this," Hollander says, moving toward him, gun still directed straight at Ilya's heart, finger on the trigger. He's always so composed. In all the videos Ilya has seen and pictures that have secretly been captured, he almost never sees Hollander blink. From a distance, he might be made of stone. That's certainly what the rumors Ilya has been soaking up like a thirsty sponge seem to say. Hollander is cold. He's like a statue, never making a move until he's planned everything out to the letter.

Ilya has to wonder if any of those people have ever really bothered to look at Shane Hollander. If the cameras were somehow wrong. If every picture was somehow a mistake. Because here, in front of him now, Hollander is anything but stone.

There's a set to his jaw, held there by force, a faint twitch to his lips, like a dam holding back a massive flood, and his eyes… oh his eyes. They aren't the calculating dark pools that so

often look out from pictures, so black that not a hint of color escapes. Here, even in the shitty fluorescent lights overhead, they're warm, despite every effort he knows Hollander must be trying to put forward to make them anything else. In person, there's a softness to Shane Hollander that the rumors and the cameras always miss. And Ilya couldn't stop seeing it if he tried.

"Doing what?" He asks, pulling the cigarette from his lips, idly rolling it between his fingers. "We are only talking. Is this illegal now?"

"Don't do that, don't you fucking do that," Hollander snaps at him. His throat moves as he swallows and he blinks too quickly. He looks a second from slipping, all that calculated composure just falling away.

Ilya did that to him. And shouldn't that make him feel powerful? He's gotten under Shane Hollander's skin, crept into his chest and carved out a place for himself. And they've only met twice. What could he do with years? How tightly could he wrap Shane Hollander around his finger? How easily could he snap him into pieces?

And there's where the snag hits. Ilya's thoughts trip over it at once. Because… he doesn't want to. As Hollander draws closer and Ilya stays right where he is, as the gun presses to his chest, cold biting into his skin, Ilya knows all his teasing and toying have been too much. Caught him up in his own snare. Because he doesn't want to break Shane Hollander.

But he would very much like to give Hollander a chance to shatter him completely.

So Ilya wraps his hand around Hollander's on the gun and holds it in place. He drops his cigarette, idly stamps it out, then reaches for Hollander, fingers curling around his hip, and when he tugs, Hollander steps in closer. "What do you think I am doing?"

"Messing with me." Hollander's throat moves again. He's always so clean cut, but there's the faintest hit of stubble at the corner of his jaw. Ilya wants to drag his tongue over it. "You keep sending these idiots and your stupid cameras and…"

Ilya tips his head to one side, studying Hollander's face. "And what? That was not what you wanted?"

Hollander scoffs, rolling his eyes. He doesn't look back at Ilya, keeping his gaze downcast. So Ilya grabs his chin and makes him look up again. Hollander blinks, but doesn't fight him. "Who would want that? It's fucking creepy and weird--"

Ilya squeezes his jaw. "Yes, because the way we do everything else is so normal. You work boring office job too?"

"That's not what I--" Hollander cuts himself with an irritated little noise in the back of his throat, eyes dipping again. "It wasn't… I didn't want your fucking thugs and your drones…"

Hollander doesn't say it, but he doesn't have to. The corners of Ilya's mouth tug into a smile he can't stop. "You wanted me."

“Don’t flatter yourself.” But there’s no real bite in Hollander’s tone and Ilya knows he’s right. Hollander’s still trying to convince himself otherwise. Under Ilya’s grip, he shifts his own on the gun still pressed to Ilya’s heart. “I should fucking kill you for the shit you’ve been pulling.”

Still grinning, Ilya cocks his head to one side. “You did not like the gift I sent?”

Because that’s what finally tipped Hollander over the edge. All his cameras had picked up on a few little thorns that had been driving into Hollander’s side. So Ilya had ever so thoughtfully taken care of one of them. And sent Shane Hollander his head.

“I don’t need you to do that for me,” Hollander says, pushing the gun harder into Ilya’s chest. “I don’t need anything from you.”

“But you want it? Don’t you?” Ilya drags his thumb over Hollander’s lower lip and feels him shiver. “You have been missing me. Seems like it should be hard to do when I am this close. Easy shot to make.”

Under his hand, Hollander tries to pull the gun back, but Ilya doesn’t let him, tightening his grip on Hollander’s, finding his finger on the trigger and trapping it there. Hollander fights him a little, but Ilya doesn’t let up. “What are you doing?”

“You come all this way, kill my men, kick down my door, and now you won’t even finish the job? This is what you came here to do, yes?” Ilya’s gaze stays locked on Hollander’s face, on those sweet brown eyes. “Do it.”

“I don’t…” Hollander wavers, eyes fluttering when Ilya’s thumb brushes over his lovely freckles. His hand slides from Hollander’s jaw to curl around the back of his neck pulling him in, their lips just shy of touching.

“It would be so easy,” Ilya says, voice low, sultry. “All you have to do to get rid of your little problem. Just pull the trigger… like this.”

And Ilya squeezes Hollander’s finger down. The gun clicks… empty. Ilya grins against Hollander’s lips. He hasn’t been the only one counting shots.

“Bang,” he says into the quiet that follows the lack of a gunshot. “Oh… nothing left for me.”

“I must have miscounted,” Hollander says, voice already sounding rough at the edges, his eyes still shut. “Next time, I’ll save one just for you.”

“Good. For now, we have other fun.” And he yanks Hollander into a bruising kiss.

Between then, the gun clatters to the ground and Ilya kicks it away. He keeps one hand locked around the back of Hollander’s head, the other shoving at his jacket until Hollander shifts to let it fall from his shoulders. Hollander’s hands rake down his chest and yank his shirt open. The air is cold, but Hollander is so fucking warm. Ilya breaks from his lips to kiss at his jaw and mouth at his neck. He lets his teeth scrape over Hollander’s pulse and hears

him gasp against his ear. One of Hollander's hands finds Ilya's hair and curls tight enough that little sparks shoot off down Ilya's spine.

Gripping Hollander's hips, Ilya spins them, pressing Hollander back against his desk. The shitty wood rattles with the impact, but holds. It should stand up under Hollander's weight. It's going to have to. Ilya grips Hollander's thighs tight and lifts him up to sit him on the edge of the desk. As soon as his feet are off the ground, Hollander wraps his legs around Ilya's waist, trapping them tight together, startling a groan out of Ilya as his clothed cock bumps against Hollander's. The grip in his hair forces his lips against Hollander's again, and Ilya kisses him back maybe too eagerly.

They'll have to work this out later, who leads, who takes charge, but Ilya can't pretend there isn't something about Hollander yanking him around that makes his toes curl.

Hands fumble at Ilya's belt and he curses softly against Hollander's lips as he slides a hand right into Ilya's pants to stroke him. Ilya's hand curls around Hollander's jaw again and he chuckles against his lips. "Always so ready for my cock, Hollander."

"Shut up." Hollander tries to bite at his lips, and for a moment Ilya lets him, relishing the sting and the faint taste of iron when Hollander bites a little too hard.

"Hey." Ilya pulls Hollander back, tone playfully reprimanding. "Kiss nice, or else."

Hollander strains against his grip a little and Ilya feels him shiver when he doesn't let up. "Or else what, Rozanov? I'm starting to think you're all talk."

Warmth floods Ilya's chest and he can't quite bite back his grin the way he knows he should. "Okay, then no more talk."

He grabs Hollander roughly by the hips and flips him face down onto the desk. Ilya's hand curls around the back of Hollander's neck and holds him in place as he grinds against his ass. Hollander lets out a bitten off groan, trying to rock back against him, clearly not too bothered by his new position. Tugging down Hollander's shirt, Ilya leans down, scattering bites over his shoulders and the back of his neck, a little trail of bruises Hollander will have to deal with later.

Reaching past Hollander, Ilya fumbles at the far side of the desk, taking two times to find the drawer he's looking for. He grins as his fingers strike gold and he drops a bottle of lube and a couple condoms on the desk next to Hollander's arm. Hollander, trying to catch his breath, looks at them then over his shoulder. "You had that waiting in here?"

"I said no talking." Not that he means it, but Ilya presses two of his fingers into Hollander's mouth anyway, fighting down a groan as he sucks at them so willingly. He thrusts his fingers into Hollander's warm, welcoming mouth. There's half a thought to get him on his knees again to get those pretty lips back around his cock, but Ilya dismisses it for now. Next time.

He yanks at Hollander's belt, shoving his pants down so Ilya can give his ass a very appreciative squeeze. Hollander moans around his fingers, back arching to press into Ilya's hand. Reluctantly slipping free of Hollander's mouth, Ilya grabs the lube and liberally coats

his fingers. If they were anywhere else, Ilya would take his time, finger Hollander until he begs. But they're lucky Marleau and Ilya's other people haven't already tried to get in touch, not to mention Hollander's. His dog, Pike, can't be too happy that his owner's gone missing this long.

So he works Hollander open, quick and rough, finding that sensitive little bundle of nerves and pressing on it until Hollander almost screams his name. Ilya leans down, teeth catching Hollander's ear and tugging. "Mm, I like how you say my name."

Hollander groans at him, rocking back against his fingers, trying to take them deeper. He's gripping the other side of the desk so tightly, knuckles standing out against his skin. "Shut up. Just… f-fuck me already."

Ilya almost wants to make him beg, but Hollander, all flushed and demanding, has his already hard cock aching where it's still confined. So Ilya gives him what he wants. He shoves his own pants down and rolls the condom on, slicking himself up before teasing at Hollander's entrance with the head of his cock. His hands hold Hollander's hips in place as he slowly grinds against him, not pushing in until he hears Hollander whine for him, his voice so sweet and needy.

When he finally sinks into Hollander, Ilya lets out a shuddering groan. He squeezes his hips tight, holding him down as he rocks in, that tight heat enveloping him more and more. His hands roam as he starts to find his rhythm, moving through Hollander's hair, squeezing the back of his neck, trailing down his spine, slapping at his perfect ass. And beneath him, Hollander is writhing, letting out little gasps and curses, trying to rock back to fuck himself harder on Ilya's cock.

The ugly little room fills with the sounds of skin against skin, of Hollander's muttered curses and Ilya's drawn out groans. Ilya never wants it to end, the feeling of Hollander all around him, beneath him, the way his back arches so sweetly, the flush of his face when he tosses his head back enough for Ilya to get a glimpse. Hollander is beautiful. So perfect just like this.

Really, Ilya knows, he never had a chance.

Hollander's curses and moans grow in volume and Ilya feels him tense. "Shit, Rozanov--"

Ilya's grip goes back to Hollander's hips and he slams into him faster, harder, deeper. "Finish for me, Hollander."

As if waiting for the command, Hollander presses his face into the surface of the desk, hips jolting in Ilya's grip, clenching around Ilya as he tips over that edge. That nearly does Ilya in at the same moment. He breathes out Hollander's name and bends nearly in half, pressing his forehead to Hollander's shoulder as he finishes inside him. Ilya rocks once, twice more into him, pleasure rushing through him. Bracing himself on his arms, elbows on either side of Hollander's shoulders on the desk, Ilya lets himself breathe.

He shouldn't, but Ilya knows he's already too far gone, so he lets himself duck and press a soft kiss to the side of Hollander's flushed face. Then another, then another… then Hollander

shifts beneath him, leaning back, his hand finding Ilya's jaw and drawing him into a proper kiss. For a moment, Ilya just breathes him in.

Then Hollander pushes lightly at his cheek. He's making a face when Ilya draws back. "You taste like smoke. Brush your teeth next time."

Ilya lets out a breath of a laugh and finally pulls out of Hollander. There are a few rags in another drawer in his desk, he digs them out and tosses one to Hollander, grateful when he decides not to ask Ilya what they're usually meant for. Turning away from Hollander, Ilya pulls his pants back on and gets himself relatively presentable.

Spotting Hollander's jacket a few feet away, Ilya moves to scoop it up. There's a faint sound of metal as he does and he finds Hollander's kicked away gun beneath it. Ilya grabs that next. He holds it up, inspecting the make, holding it as if taking aim at a spot on the wall. "This is nice," he says, idly. "Very light, well made. I should fuck you with it next time."

Hollander makes a noise that's a little too indignant to be a laugh. He's leaning against the desk when Ilya looks over at him, shirt back on properly, doing up the last few buttons. "Seems kind of like… you would prefer me doing that to you."

And there's a question there that Hollander isn't asking. Ilya won't answer it. But he lifts the gun, considering it. "Maybe, might be fun," he says, and then licks a stripe up the side of the cold metal.

"Gross." Hollander makes a face. "That was just on the floor."

Ilya laughs as he wanders back over to him and leans into Hollander's space again, hands grabbing the desk beside his hips. "Really? That is what you have problem with? We keep these floors very clean, I promise."

"Yeah sure." Hollander takes back his gun and tucks it into the holster at his side. Then he hesitates for a split second before letting his hands go to Ilya's shoulders, just resting there, not pushing him away yet. "You take too many risks, Rozanov. You need to be more careful."

Ilya slides his hands to Hollander's waist and squeezes. "Mm, worried about me?"

"No." But the way Hollander's hand slides into Ilya's hair says otherwise. He pulls just a little and Ilya leans into him, letting his eyes shut as his forehead presses to Hollander's. "I just don't want you pissing off someone else and getting yourself killed before I have a chance to get back at you."

Ilya's lips twitch and he tries to ignore the way something in his usually cavernous chest feels all too full. "Okay, promise. No one else gets to kill me but you."

"That's…" And it sounds like Hollander might push back for a moment, but then his fingers just keep gently moving through Ilya's curls. "Okay. Deal. The same goes for me."

It’s a terrible thing to promise, to agree to. Ilya shouldn’t be letting Hollander tie them together this way. He’s a stone that’s meant to sink, he’ll drag Hollander right to the bottom with him. But Ilya is selfish and… he wants. Fuck he wants Hollander more than his fingers itch for his next cigarette, more than he wants to take his next breath. So he breathes in against Hollander’s lips, kissing him far too sweetly.

After too long a moment, they both pull away. Hollander gets to his feet and straightens out his jacket. Ilya’s leaning against the desk again, already lighting a cigarette.

Turning toward him, Hollander gives him a look. “You really shouldn’t smoke.”

Quick as a flash, Hollander’s hand shoots out and steals the cigarette from Ilya’s lips. He brings it to his own, smirking around it as he turns and leaves. Ilya watches him go, knowing that he’s just let Shane fucking Hollander walk out with a lot more than just his smoke in his lungs. And even worse, knowing he would give him so much more.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I have two more fics in progress in this au at the moment, one each for Ilya and Shane. I'm going to keep going in chronological order, so the next one will be another Ilya pov, and it's the one I'm probably most looking forward to getting to in this little series. This one was fun though. I haven't written any freak for freak fics in so long. It was nice to get back to and I hope you enjoyed it!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!