

is this seat taken?

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is this seat taken?

by [ingberry](#)

Summary

Shane surprises Ilya when he's out celebrating with the rest of the Centaurs. Because they can do that now.

Notes

Flufftober day 18! Prompt: "Is this seat taken?" "That depends..."

It was inevitable! I'm here and I'm writing fic and this is my first one. Please be niiice.

Also not beta'd because I wrote this today :):)

Somewhere along the way, Ilya forgot how much fun it was to celebrate with his team after wins. It's just the simple joy of being together, sitting in a booth across Dykstra and Barrett, laughing about the fight he'd gotten into on the ice and the bruise he's got blooming on his jaw. At another table, Haas is holding court with his drawings. He's missed a lot of these moments, but since he gave them up for moments with Shane that he needed as much as he needed to breathe, he would never regret that at the end of the day. But still, it's good, it's nice. It's—

"Is this seat taken?" Bood says from behind him and Ilya snorts before closing his lips over the neck of his bottle.

"That depends. You going to keep being fucking annoying?"

Bood's been all up in his space all evening. Maybe just too excited that Ilya's actually here.

"The fact that Ilya Rozanov thinks he can lecture people on being annoying."

Ilya doesn't look as Bood sits down next to him, just rolls his eyes in response and takes another sip. He chokes on it when he feels a hand on his thigh.

"Bood, what the fuck—"

Hysterical laughter explodes around him when he whips his head around and clamps his hand down over the one on his thigh in a move to pry it off. His jaw goes slack as he looks into Shane's laughing face. For a fraction of a second he feels a spike of panic, a quick impulse to hide, but then reality comes rushing in like a jolt of the system, like sunshine lighting the path.

"Shane," he breathes out, surprised. Shane's eyes are crinkled in laughter and he feels himself smile in response.

Everyone knows.

The whole world saw them kissing in the video.

They put out a statement.

He never has to hide it again, not ever again.

Ilya slings his arm around Shane's shoulder, pulling him close as he laughs. "What are you doing here? Thought you would be at home looking at clips of yourself from the game."

"Okay, *looking at myself* makes me sound kind of insane."

"Is what you are doing, yes?" Ilya shrugs. "With your little iPad."

"You do it too!" Shane protests, sharing pleading looks with Dykstra and Barrett who just laugh in response.

“You guys have no idea how many questions I’ve been sitting on,” Dykstra says. “I’ve shown so much restraint. So here’s one: is he this annoying at home?”

“Yes,” Shane says, but he runs his fingers over Ilya’s inner thigh in apology.

“What a waste of a question.” Ilya sips his beer and then turns to Shane. “You want a drink?”

“Boodram’s getting me one.”

“How do you even put up with that?” Dykstra asks, looking genuinely puzzled.

Ilya grins, sliding his hand down to rest on Shane’s back. “First, that is two questions, and two, he likes it.”

Shane shrugs, as if to say ‘unfortunately, yes’. He’s warm under Ilya’s touch, muscles of his back shifting and Ilya can’t believe he’s here, that he drove here from Montreal to surprise him at Monk’s with all of his teammates here. Ilya wants to kiss him stupid, but instead he runs his hand in slow circles over Shane’s back.

“How have things been in Montreal?” Troy asks just as Bood sets a bottle of beer in front of Shane, clapping him on the shoulder before he leaves again.

“It’s been a disaster,” Shane says, picking at the label of the bottle. “Coach hates me and the rest have barely said a word to me. Except Hayden.”

Dykstra makes an outraged noise. “That’s so fucked up. Who even were they before they drafted you?”

“See, I have been saying this,” Ilya says, waving his arm for emphasis. “Ungrateful bastards.”

“Ilya.”

“They are!”

“Kind of sounds like Ilya’s right about this one,” Troy says. “As much as it pains me to say.”

Shane looks down, his lips flattening. Ilya knows it’s hard for Shane to hear this, even with everything going on. It’s been his team for so long, after all, and he clearly still has some hope that they’ll come around. Not that they’d deserve his forgiveness even then, as far as Ilya is concerned, but it’s not his choice to make.

He leans in and presses a kiss to Shane’s temple. “Let us talk about something else, yes? Did you see my fight?”

Shane looks up at him and gives a small smile that Ilya takes as an immediate victory.

“How did that even happen?” Shane says. “You were suddenly just buried under three people.”

“Fuck if we know,” Dykstra says. “They just hate him, I guess.”

“Can we blame them?” Troy laughs.

Shane snorts and slowly reaches up to run his fingers over the bruise on Ilya’s jaw. Ilya lets him, even if the spot is tender, and he can’t stop the smile that he knows is probably soft and sappy and embarrassing. It’s just impossible to not feel too much when Shane is here, touching him so casually like this, like this isn’t what Ilya has wanted for so long.

“Only I get to fight with you,” Shane says, a playful smile on his lips that does Ilya in completely.

“Like you fight.” Ilya laughs. “World’s shortest hockey player. You don’t bite, only growl, like tiny kitten.”

Punching him lightly in the chest, Shane pulls away, groaning. “I fucking hate you. Shut up.” He scrunches his face up and Ilya laughs, delighted.

“You know, this is a fun dynamic, I kinda get it.” Dykstra holds his beer bottle up in a toast.

“What a relief,” Ilya deadpans. “What would we do if you did not get it? Engagement would be off.”

“Engagement?!” Dykstra yells.

“That’s one way to tell people.” Shane laughs.

Dykstra turns to Troy. “Did you know this?”

Troy shrugs. “I saw the ring on his chain and put two and two together.”

“Perceptive,” Ilya says, grinning.

“Am I just really slow?”

Troy raises an eyebrow. “Do you want us to answer that, or?”

Dykstra and Troy keep bickering and Ilya turns to Shane.

“Are you staying?” he asks, running his thumb over the freckles on his cheek.

“Yes, but I have to go back tomorrow before noon.”

Ilya relaxes back into the booth, exhaling slowly as he holds Shane’s soft, warm gaze. “So much time. What will we even do with it?”

“I’m sure you can come up with something.”

“I am thinking yahtzee.”

Shane leans in and lowers his voice. “I was thinking more your cock up my ass, but okay.”

Ilya laughs and reaches up to ruffle Shane's hair in response.

They let another hour pass by, chatting to teammates that come by their booth and slowly nursing their beers. They both know where the night is ending, but for once, they're in no rush. It feels like this is now just an extension of what they have in private, that they don't need to rush home to steal even the smallest touches. Bood and Barrett even leave before they do, and Shane doesn't start to get restless until Dykstra is also making motions to leave.

"Time to go?" Ilya asks, brushing fingers through the hair at the nape of Shane's neck. He feels Shane nod under his hand.

Ilya looks up to see Haas stop by the booth, a piece of paper clutched against his stomach. He doesn't meet Ilya's gaze and it makes Ilya want to laugh.

"Hi. Before you go," Luca says, fiddling with the paper. "I made this for you? It's okay if you don't want it..."

Ilya reaches in front of Shane and takes the piece of paper that Luca holds out. He flips it over and it's one of Luca's drawings. It's not as detailed as some of the ones Ilya has seen before. It has rougher lines, but somehow that makes Ilya like it more. He stares down at the drawing of him and Shane in the booth, Ilya's arm over Shane's shoulder. Their faces are not detailed, but they're both smiling in it, curved towards each other. The rougher lines make it look hazy, almost a dream-like quality.

"Wow," Shane says, voice soft. "You made this?"

Luca rubs at the back of his neck. "Yes, sometimes I draw things for the guys. I heard you're engaged, so. Congratulations."

"Thank you." Shane runs a soft finger over the drawing.

Ilya jumps up, leans over Shane and grabs Luca by the shoulders to bring him into a hug, patting his back. "Thank you, Haas. We love it."

When they're suddenly alone in the booth, Ilya watches Shane tug the drawing closer to himself, studying it with bright eyes.

"Wow," he says again and Ilya can't help but kiss him, enjoying the soft press of his lips.

"Let us go home."

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