

after we have caught love

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after we have caught love

by [butterflylungs](#)

Summary

“Oh my god, Ilya.” Shane just about crashes into him, grabbing him by the shoulders and frantically looking him over. His nose is red from the cold, which Ilya finds really adorable. “Your lips are *blue*.”

Notes

► [click here to see the prompt](#)

- **content warning** for very vague mentions of shane's strict diet
- this is set very early in the long game
- y'all are gonna need to have some suspension of disbelief on the details of getting help during a blizzard, but i hope that we're all just here for the vibes
- hope you like this op!

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

Ilya realizes, almost two hours into his drive to Montreal, that he probably should've listened to Shane when he'd told him not to come. The pretty, scenic snow that had started falling when Ilya had been in Ottawa has turned into a serious blizzard, and Ilya is having a hard time seeing anything out of the windshield. He's driving very slowly, like an old man, squinting his eyes to try and stay on the road.

He keeps reminding himself it's going to be worth it if he can get there. There was no way Ilya was going to give up this chance to visit Shane; they haven't seen each other in two weeks and they only have two nights together before they both get back on the road for another three weeks. Shane had insisted on protesting despite their continued separation, but Ilya hadn't taken him seriously.

He can set his pride aside long enough to admit that he's now regretting that a little bit. He curses in Russian under his breath, annoyed; why did this blizzard have to happen *today*? Could it not have waited another two, three days?

He's busy musing over the unfairness of it all when a loud bang startles him; his tires skid on the road and a rush of panic washes over Ilya. He tries to keep the car steady, gripping the wheel so tightly he's sure he's going to break it, but the car spins out of his control. Fear clogs the back of his throat as he veers towards the side of the road. *Please, please, please, not like this* he thinks to himself, bracing for impact.

The car hits the rail with a rough jolt; the airbag goes off in Ilya's face.

The world goes quiet around him, muffled by the loud ringing in his ears. Ilya releases a few panicked breaths, trying to get his bearings. He's not in pain; he checks his arms, his legs; everything's working. He's not bleeding from anywhere.

He tries the car door, and it gives away to the cold storm outside with a shove. Ilya forces himself to leave the warm car to check out the damage, but he can barely see anything through the snow even with his phone's flashlight; at least there's no smoke. That means no risk of explosion, right?

He gets back inside, patting away the airbag as much as he can. Maybe if he can restart the car...

The car sputters valiantly a couple times when he turns the key. "Fuck," Ilya mutters. He tries the heater, but that's dead too. The car is still mostly warm, but that won't be the case for long.

He wonders if he can stop someone driving by for help, but he has not seen anyone else on the road the entire time, so that would probably be useless.

Okay, no problem. He's got his phone; he can call those people who come out to rescue cars. He could call 9-1-1, he supposes, but that feels dramatic considering he isn't hurt. He fumbles with the passcode and thankfully he has one weak bar of signal valiantly holding on, which he uses to google phone numbers for what he learns are called towing companies.

Shane is going to be very mad when he hears about this, he thinks. Maybe he can just...not tell him. Pretend he decided to turn around and go back home. He doesn't need to know, does he? Ilya is fine after all.

The phone rings, and rings, and rings. No one replies. Ilya grunts in frustration and hangs up before trying again. No luck.

He tries another company. The call struggles to connect and cuts out. He tries another one; they answer, and Ilya exhales in relief before being told that he's outside their designated service zone.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Ilya is steadily getting more angry. He might really have to call 9-1-1. To make matters worse, his phone is on 5%. He could keep wasting the battery life he has left making calls, or he could...

Ilya rubs his eyes with cold fingers. The temperature in the car is dropping noticeably.

Fine. He calls Shane.

"Hey, are you almost there? You shouldn't be calling and driving." Shane replies on the second ring, which tells Ilya he had probably been monitoring his phone out of concern. Shit, he's such an asshole for this.

"Ilya?" Shane asks again tentatively when Ilya doesn't reply.

"Hi." He clears his throat. "So, don't freak out, I am fine. But..." He can hear Shane's sharp intake of breath over the line. "My car is dead. The heater is dead. I can't contact the towing company or whatever it is called."

"Oh, my god! I knew it, I knew you shouldn't have—fuck. Are you okay? Are you sure?"

"Is just cold."

"*Just*. Oh, my god. Okay, let me think." There's a brief pause and then Shane says, "I'm coming to get you."

"What?! So you get into an accident, too?!"

"You got into an *accident*?!"

Oops. "Small one. Shane, *no*, you said it's dangerous to drive like this."

"Yes, I did, but I'm not leaving you out there! Where are you exactly?"

Ilya purses his lips, hesitant. He doesn't like this plan. He doesn't like the thought of Shane driving in this, which he realizes is not very fair of him, but still.

"Ilya, I swear to you, I'm going to head out and drive until I find you, so it's easier if you tell me where exactly you're stuck."

“I can’t let you—”

“The storm is supposed to ease up soon, I saw it on the news.” That doesn’t do much to reassure Ilya. But what else can he do? Sit here until he becomes a statue of ice?

“You’ll be careful,” he warns. “I told you I’m okay, I can wait for a bit.”

“Tell me where you are,” Shane insists, so Ilya sighs and gets out, looking around until he makes out a sign nearby. He squints at it and reads it out loud to Shane.

“Good, that’s only twenty minutes away. I’ll be right there, don’t *move*, I love you.”

“Nowhere I could go anyway,” Ilya mumbles, but Shane’s already hung up. He gets back into the car, huddling into his heavy winter coat. It does look like the snow outside is easing a bit, which makes him feel better about Shane driving in this.

It feels like a long wait, minutes crawling by with nothing to do except be cold and worry for Shane. He starts shivering pretty soon. He’s going to start keeping extra blankets in the car, he decides, just in case. Maybe some sort of portable heater.

He keeps an eye on the storm outside and it does look like it’s easing up. Stupid Canadian weather.

Headlights bring him out of his musings. He perks up, and sure enough, the car rolls to a stop. Whether it’s Shane or someone else who stopped for help, Ilya is overcome by relief. He throws open his car door and yes, it’s Shane hurrying towards him through the snow. It’s falling lightly enough now that he can make him out easily.

“Oh my god, Ilya.” Shane just about crashes into him, grabbing him by the shoulders and frantically looking him over. His nose is red from the cold, which Ilya finds really adorable. “Your lips are *blue*.”

Well, he was not aware of that. “Is fine,” Ilya reassures him. Shane cups his cheeks in his gloved hands, which feels nice, eyes wide from panic and anger. He checks him over again, pulls him for a tight hug and then drags him to his own car all in quick succession. Ilya can barely process the series of events, but he’s thankful when he sits down in the passenger seat of Shane’s car and finally feels warmth for the first time in what feels like days.

“Thank fuck,” he exhales, hunching over the vents and letting the warm air hit his face and hands. “This is nice.”

He hears the door shut; once inside, Shane grabs his thigh in a death grip. “Okay,” Shane says. “Okay. Let’s get you home.”

Ilya hesitates. “My car?”

“We’ll figure it out later.”

Doesn’t sound like much of a plan, but Ilya supposes he can try calling a towing company again from the comfort of home. Maybe he’ll have better luck when the storm is over.

Shane's expression is strained, and Ilya knows his boyfriend is probably holding back a mountain of annoyance. "You can say I told you so," he sighs. "Let's not do this here," Shane replies tightly, slowly pulling away from the side of the road, his eyes laser-focused in front of him. "I need to get you home."

Ilya doesn't feel much like teasing Shane right now, or even being a dick in his usual way. He knows how much Shane worries about him, and he's aware that he fucked up. He's also very exhausted from being stuck in a freezing car in a blizzard, so for once in his life he stays silent and lets his eyes slip shut, the warm air seeping into his body. He doesn't fall asleep, mostly because Shane jostles him anxiously every time he starts to drift off, but he does lose perception of time and it feels like they're back at Shane's house in Montreal in no time.

Shane herds Ilya into the house, and Ilya immediately makes for the bathroom, eager to throw himself under a hot spray of water, but Shane redirects him to the bedroom instead. Ilya goes, quite confused.

"I should take a hot shower," Ilya protests, but Shane shakes his head energetically.

"No, that's not what you're supposed to do! Get under the covers, I'll make you something hot."

"A hot shower sounds like what I am supposed to do." Still, he throws himself on the bed, crawling under the big comforter; he's not going to refuse some warmth.

"You could have hypothermia, it would be dangerous to warm you up too fast," Shane mutters. "I looked it up." He frowns at Ilya for a while longer and then nods to himself as if he's satisfied with something before walking out.

Of course Shane looked up what to do in case of hypothermia. Tenderness spears through Ilya's body, so intense it's on the verge of painful. Shane loves him so much, and he just made him worried with no need for it because he was too impatient to wait a few more weeks to see him. He squeezes his eyes shut, guilt sitting like a rock in his stomach, as he huddles under the comforter.

"I do not have hypothermia," he says quickly when Shane comes back with a cup of something steaming; the smell of hot chocolate wafts over to him when Shane sits on the bed. Ilya pulls himself into a seating position against the headboard, keeping the comforter tucked over his body, to accept the mug.

"Where did you get hot chocolate?" he asks curiously. He doubts it's part of Shane's obsessively strict diet.

Shane scrunches his nose. "Mom brought me some for you. Listen, maybe we should go to the ER or something."

Sometimes Ilya wonders how he could've gotten so lucky as to get to be a part of this family.

"Ilya?"

Oh, yes. Being honest, the thought of braving the cold again to go sit in an emergency room doesn't sound very appealing. "Are my lips still blue?" he asks.

"No," Shane replies slowly.

"I am probably fine, then."

Shane is quiet for a moment, hanging his head and letting hair fall over his eyes. "Just drink, then."

"Shane—"

"Please."

Ilya obliges. The hot chocolate tastes amazing, but most of all it warms Ilya from the inside and it makes him feel a hundred times better. He keeps a worried eye on Shane though, a knot forming in his throat when he notices Shane's shoulders are shaking. Fuck.

Ilya quickly sets the mostly-empty mug down and reaches for Shane, grabbing his chin and forcing him to look up. His eyes are full of unshed tears; upset is written all over his face, pulling down the corners of his mouth.

"Sweetheart," he whispers, and Shane breaks. His mouth screws up devastatingly as he tries not to cry, falling forward into Ilya's body and clinging to him painfully.

"You scared me so fucking much," Shane complains thickly. Ilya wraps both his arms around him, trying to hold him as close as possible. He feels fucking awful for doing this to him. "I thought—I can't—Ilya, I need to make sure you're fine, *probably* is not good enough, I need —"

"Shh." Ilya runs his fingers through Shane's hair reassuringly. "I am warm now, not shivering anymore. See?" He places a hand over Shane's cheek, letting him feel it. Shane burrows into Ilya's chest, covering Ilya's hand with his own and tangling their fingers together. His breath is still stuttering too much for Ilya's liking.

"You're so stubborn," Shane accuses him. "You worried me sick. I should drag you to the ER kicking and screaming." If Shane is so concerned *he's* forgetting how weird it would be for Shane Hollander to take his rival to the emergency room, then it's bad.

"I'm sorry," he says with as much sincerity as he can inject into his voice. He presses a long, regretful kiss on the top of Shane's head. "I'm so sorry. I will never do it again."

"You better fucking not!" Shane lifts his head to stare hard at Ilya, although the effect is ruined by his red-shot eyes and tears tracks on his cheeks. "I'm serious, *never* do something like this again. I can't lose you, I *can't*."

Ilya's heart breaks into a million shards. He hates seeing Shane like this and he hates knowing he was the cause of it. "I won't," he promises quietly. "I did not mean to do this, I thought I would be able to drive here no problem."

Shane snuffles. “I know.” Finally, he gives Ilya a small smile. “Idiot.”

Ilya pecks him on the lips. “Are you ready to tell me *I told you so*?”

“Not yet, maybe later.” He slaps Ilya on the chest—not very hard—and pulls away. “Tomorrow I’ll be really fucking angry at you, for the record.”

Ilya grins a little. “I look forward to it.”

That just makes Shane roll his eyes; his hands are still trembling slightly. Ilya knows Shane means it. The anger will have space to make an appearance when Shane is less concerned, but Ilya is okay with it. He’s pretty sure he’ll be able to coax Shane out of it.

“But aren’t you glad I am here with you now, and not in three weeks?” he tries cheekily.

Shane huffs. “Unbelievable. Not at the cost of your life, asshole.”

“Eh, was not that dramatic.” Before Shane can reply he leans down to kiss him again, and again, and again, short tender pecks that leave Shane dazed and tilting his head up for more. So sweet, his Shane. Ilya thought his love could not grow any stronger, any deeper, that after all these years he must have reached the limit of it, but he’s found there is no limit. His love for Shane is an infinite well.

When Ilya goes for another peck, Shane deepens the kiss, grabbing Ilya by the nape and keeping him still. He nips at Ilya’s bottom lip and Ilya opens his mouth for him, letting Shane deepen the kiss. It’s slow and loving, and Ilya basks in it. He holds Shane to his body with his arm, letting his free hand roam over his face, his hair. Shane places a hand over his chest, over Ilya’s heart, stroking lightly with his thumb. Ilya feels the strange urge to cry.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” he whispers against Shane’s mouth. He never thought he’d ever have anything close to this; he can’t believe he was stupid enough to risk losing it.

“Love you too.” Shane keeps kissing him, and kissing him, and kissing him. They must lie there for—he doesn’t even know how long--just kissing and enjoying each other’s presence. The freezing cold feels like a distant memory now with Shane’s warm body pressed to his. His body is lit up by thousands of tiny flames, all the love he has for Shane stored in every limb and nerve and tissue of his body, lighting him up from the inside.

After a while Shane rolls on top of him and he must feel that Ilya is semi-hard. “Seriously?”

“With you? Always.”

“Pervert.”

“You know what will warm me up? An orgasm.” Ilya keeps his voice teasing so that Shane knows he’s just joking. He’s not completely sure Shane will be in the mood, but Shane’s gaze darkens at his suggestion.

Hm. Maybe they both need this.

“Or a good, long nap,” Ilya adds just to be on the safe side. Shane shakes his head, the worry finally having melted from his face, replaced by sheer want. He scoots lower, kissing softly over the skin of Ilya’s neck. Ilya wishes he could leave marks, but pushes the bitter thought away and enjoys the familiar softness of Shane’s lips. He feels Shane press his palm against Ilya’s dick over his sweats, squeezing gently and rubbing him until Ilya is fully hard. Ilya bucks in his palm, seeking friction, and Shane groans against his neck.

Finally, *finally*, he moves down Ilya’s body, tugging down his sweats and boxers just enough to uncover his erection, keeping the comforter over them. It’s cozy like this. Ilya watches dazedly as Shane takes his cock in hand and begins by paying attention to the tip, kissing and licking it, teasingly stroking the rest of his length.

He reaches down to grab Shane’s hair gently, not to direct him but just to *hold* him. “You look—” he searches for the word in his vocabulary, his brain scrambled by the events of the last few hours and by now seeing Shane like this. “Lovely.” He settles on. “So lovely.”

Shane looks up, smiling a little, and then he wraps his lips around Ilya’s dick, taking him in. Ilya groans at the perfect heat of Shane’s mouth, pleasure corkscrewing up his spine. Shane takes his time, using his tongue to tease, sucking slowly and leisurely, letting the heat build up. Ilya does his best to stay still, not wanting to rush this, letting Shane set the pace. He’s happy to watch him, watch his red, plush lips wrapped around his cock. Shane reaches up with one hand and Ilya grabs it instantly, interlocking their fingers and squeezing gently.

“You were made for this,” Ilya whispers. It’s slow, and maddening, and perfect. He gets to enjoy seeing Shane take his cock in further and further, gets to enjoy how good it feels, how amazing Shane looks like this. Ilya gets lost in it, mouth parted, breaths coming fast. He could spend the rest of his life doing this; fuck hockey, fuck their careers. He wants Shane in bed like this all the time, his body always ready and open for Ilya. He’s sure he would never get tired of it.

Ilya keeps whispering nonsense to Shane, encouraging him, unable to tear his eyes away. His head spins when Shane takes him all the way in, down his throat, his eyelids closed almost all the way, drunk on his dick. His cheeks have gotten rosy and there’s spit gathering around the corners of his mouth; his hair is all messed up from Ilya’s grip. He looks like a fucking sex dream.

Ilya’s climax builds slowly, starting low in his stomach, climbing up his body, his limbs. He tingles all over, knows he’s close, warns Shane with a soft groan and a pull to his hair. Shane hums in approval and Ilya comes into his mouth, comes so long and so hard he has to finally squeeze his eyes shut, almost crushing Shane’s hand in his. Shane swallows it all, pressing a kiss to his tip when he pulls off.

“Good boy,” Ilya rasps, overwhelmed.

He hears Shane take a stuttering breath, then he tucks Ilya in and flops on top of his body. Ilya manages to wrap his arms around him. “Hey. You okay?” Shane asks.

“I feel like you sucked my brain out, give me a second.”

Shane laughs, resting his cheek on Ilya's chest and going quiet. It takes a while before Ilya's brain turns back on. "Your turn." "Um..." Shane sounds a bit embarrassed, which makes Ilya crane his neck to look down at him. In that moment he realizes that Shane is soft. "I already —no need."

Holy shit. "You came from the blowjob?" Fuck, that's so hot. He pulls Shane up for a kiss, and Shane looks a lot less awkward about it after. "You're perfect."

"Thanks," Shane replies, a mix of deadpan and pleased. "How are you feeling?"

"Great, my boyfriend just came from giving me a blowjob."

"I'm serious! Do you feel okay?" Shane searches his face for reassurance.

"Yes. I would tell you if I didn't. I am not that stupid."

"You're not stupid at all," Shane says. "Just reckless. And stubborn. And careless. And an asshole."

Ilya is too tired to parse through all those words. He just ends up giving Shane a smug smile, which makes Shane roll his eyes amusedly.

"Nap now?" Ilya asks.

"I'm not sure I'm supposed to let you fall asleep."

"Is not concussion, Hollander."

Shane blinks at him consideringly and then relents. "Okay. I'm gonna go get cleaned up, then."

"And after you are going to watch me nap the entire time, I bet."

"Yep."

Ilya can live with that.

End Notes

and then ilya almost dies in a plane crash ❤️

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