para sa streets

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by splatticus

Summary

Shane wonders if it's weird that he's not a more jealous person, considering Ilya's sexual history. Maybe it'd have festered more have they been apart for longer than that one season of hiding, when he was still Montreal and heartsick for someone a province away. But now that they're both in Ottawa, that scenario is impossible.

Four of Ilya's old conquests.

Notes

Content warning for an anxiety attack that plays out on the page.

Unbeta'd. Tongue in cheek title from Hev Abi.

See the end of the work for more notes

He first meets Svetlana on the driveway of his cottage as she's getting out of the passenger seat of Ilya's Mercedes SUV. She's luminous and fresh-faced, wearing a swishy maroon romper, curls piled up high in a bun. She smiles widely as soon as their eyes meet, and starts walking towards him even as she shouts back at Ilya in Russian to bring in her luggage.

"Hi, it's good to meet you," Shane, says extending his hand. "I hope the flight in was all right."

Svetlana's grip is firm and warm. "Don't worry, I'm used to Canadian airports. Hello. Happy to finally meet the world-famous *Shane*."

She pronounces his name in such a peculiar and pointed way, and it somehow makes Ilya blush as he approaches them with a luggage in each hand. "For fuck's sake, Sveta."

Shane doesn't know what that's all about. Must be some inside joke.

The two talk mostly in English from that point on, for which Shane is grateful. He's now able to translate Russian sentences in discrete bursts, but gets lost around rapidfire banter. Svetlana's sardonic wit is evident even in this language, and she merely laughs at most of Ilya's ragebait material. Their interactions make it evident why Ilya has kept this friendship for so long, and why she's one of the very few people from his home life who is invited to their wedding.

Shane and Ilya are preparing an early dinner while Svetlana sits at the counter, a glass of hard seltzer swirling in her hand. Her body is turned a bit to the side, her attention on the television as it plays the early coverage of the MLH entry draft that's happening the next day. With all the chaos of getting outed, the drama of the playoffs, not to mention the wedding that's--*holy shit*--happening in two weeks, Shane has barely even looked at this year's prospects the way he has been able to for the last several years.

A few minutes of watching the TV goes by, when Svetlana says to no one in particular, "I think the Finnish goalie is going number 1 overall tomorrow."

"What?" The pan jerks in Shane's hand, almost spilling the sauce he has been trying to thicken. There has been no goaltender going first in the draft for almost two decades, and it's a popularly peddled truism that they're too high risk for a top five pick. "No way Vancouver would do that, they'd be the laughingstock of the league."

Svetlana shrugs, one shoulder raising. "It's not a deep skating pool this year, and he was the sensation at World Juniors. You can't beat that kind of momentum. He doesn't act immature on the net so his development will probably last, what? Two years at most?"

"Finland still got bronze with him on net," Ilya cuts in. "They were nothing special."

"He kept Canada at 1-0 for a whole game," Svetlana replies. "In international play. They arguably did better than Russia, getting silver from a 5-2 loss was sad."

A run of crisp Russian expletives leaves Ilya's mouth--the ones Shane is able to translate makes his eyebrows progressively go higher. Svetlana merely raises both hands and basks in the onslaught, head tipped in such an Ilya-like manner that Shane boggles at it.

"Don't crucify me for speaking the truth."

"The truth is you're a traitor."

"Sorry, I don't listen to people who still think Corsi is a reliable metric."

A snort escapes Shane involuntarily, and Ilya's head whips towards him in abject betrayal. He cries out, "*Blyat*, do I need to expect disrespect from my husband too?"

Shane fights the urge to smile with all his might. "Well, the papers aren't signed yet, so there's still time to reconsider."

The rest of the night plays out in the same vein. Much to his own surprise, it's Shane who keeps the conversation going, peppering Svetlana with eager questions. He has never talked with a girl whose hockey knowledge runs this deep; goalie prospect talk with Rose would probably only get so far. It's even different from the way hockey dudes talk to him--there's usually an undercurrent in those, like they're subtly trying to one-up him, put him in his place. Nothing of that sort of feeling here, just Svetlana with her keen eyes and an encyclopedic understanding of the whole European hockey landscape. She's very easy to like.

Shane's mom drops by early the next the morning, just as the MLH draft coverage is starting. She keeps looking weirdly at Svetlana for the first hour or so, blatantly enough that Shane feels compelled to lead her to the kitchen and scold her.

"Mom, stop making her uncomfortable. She's important to Ilya, they're childhood friends."

"And there's no problem with that. It's just that--" Yuna leans against the counter with her arms crossed. It still amazes Shane how far they have come as son and mother, that he can notice when she is squirming. "You know that she's Sergei Vetrov's daughter, right? The goalie?"

"... okay? Yeah?"

"Her dad used to kill Montreal in the playoffs! I still haven't forgiven him for 1997. That was our last real shot at the cup before you came along."

Shane groans. "*Seriously?*"

"Just give me a second to get over it. I promise to be nicer."

Yuna keeps her promise and the rest of the time watching 32 teams call or trade away a pick was filled with good-natured catcalls and wry commentary. Svetlana stands up and bows when the Finnish goalie did, in fact, get drafted at number 1. Shane gives her a well-deserved round of applause, and a not so subtle hint for her to take her talents to the Centaurs' front office.

Later, he and Ilya are preparing for bed. They have convinced Yuna to stay the night instead of going back to the family cottage. Meanwhile, Svetlana is staying in the other guest room, and they've already made plans to take a boat ride after the 2nd and 3rd rounds of the draft tomorrow.

As Ilya is crawling into bed, Shane tells him, "I think she's gonna break a ton of hearts during our wedding."

"Yes. Can't wait to watch her bully other men at the reception. Not just me."

Shane snuggles next to his shirtless husband, marveling at his warmth. "How come you never told me how smart she is? I think I have a crush on her brain."

That earns him a sharp pinch on the side.

"Don't joke about that even a little. I will put all of us on TMZ again."

Shane is surprised enough to laugh at that, muffling the sound against Ilya's chest. It took a while for any joke about the media to be funny again for him. But well, they're getting married in two weeks and Shane's signing with the Centaurs the week before that. They can afford to breathe easier these days.

They snuggle wordlessly for a couple of minutes, Ilya's hand resting against his spine. Shane can tell from the cadence of Ilya's breath that he isn't asleep yet. Softly, he asks, "Svetlana's so beautiful, though. There really wasn't a spark between you?" With how attractive they both are, their sexual chemistry would've surely been tremendous.

"Hmm." Ilya's chest rumbles against Shane's ear. "Maybe friend spark. Not what we have."

"What kind of spark do we have?"

"The marriage kind."

Ilya captures his mouth as he twists them around, pushing Shane down the mattress. That night, Shane has to struggle to keep the noises down, a novel experience while they're in the cottage.

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Shane seldom meets any of Ilya's former hookups for the simple reason that they never go to Ilya's old bachelor haunts. Club music overstimulates Shane no matter the city, and their teammates have all but given up on inviting them both after games, except in special circumstances. Ilya now proudly declares himself as thoroughly domesticated, usually minutes before he does the most depraved shit to Shane's body.

Things work a little differently in Boston. The Centaurs land in the afternoon and are given leave to fend for themselves for the rest of the evening. A matinee game the next day means no morning skate to contend with, and so most of the team makes plans. Wyatt is the only one to tag along with Shane and Ilya for dinner at a Russian restaurant in Newton. Shane recognizes the neighborhood from the years they were hooking up, Ilya's old house a short

uber drive away from the town center. A wave of fond nostalgia comes over Shane. They used to never be caught dead in the same neighborhood block, let alone holding each other's hand. Not like what they're doing as they are led along with Wyatt to the more private section of the dining hall, reservations made under the name *Hollander-Rozanov*.

It's only after they've received the starters--roasted brussels sprouts for himself and large plates of salmon and blinis for Wyatt and Ilya--that Shane starts to notice something weird.

"The maitre d' keeps looking over at us," he whispers to Ilya later, while it's just the two of them at the table. Wyatt has excused himself for a minute to call his wife. "Do you know him?"

Ilya follows his gaze towards the man, squinting slightly. A few seconds go by, then his expression smooths out before he says, "Ah, maybe. I think I slept with him a long time ago."

That makes Shane blink a couple of times. "Oh."

"Not here, I didn't pick up people at restaurants before. Maybe a club near here." Ilya's smile turns impish as he leans closer, kissing him lightly on the cheek. "Why? Jealous?"

"In your dreams."

"Is okay if you are, I'm very hot."

Throughout dinner, Shane observes Ilya. He barely even glances away from the table, spending most of his time making fun of Wyatt for his most recent life insurance ad. Is he ignoring the maitre d' on purpose for Shane's sake? Or is he really just nothing to Ilya now, another face in the crowd? Shane doesn't quite know how that would feel like. Even when they were young, Ilya always seemed able to track him unerringly. And sure, Ilya had iced him out something fierce when he was with Rose, but even then that had felt like a palpable, oppressive force. They have never been indifferent to each other.

Furtive glances aside, the rest of the night goes by uneventfully. The maitre d' checks in on them right around dessert, and it's Shane who compliments him and the staff for a delicious meal and good service. The guy's professionalism doesn't waver, addressing Ilya as part of the group and nothing more. Shane can respect that at least--he's lost count of the times Ilya has been flirted with right in front of him since their marriage. Like it's a personal challenge for those men and women to what? Convince Ilya to leave Shane right there, and go home with them? It's all very strange.

Shane wonders if it's weird that he's not a more jealous person, considering Ilya's sexual history. Maybe it'd have festered more have they been apart for longer than that one season of hiding, when he was still Montreal and heartsick for someone a province away. But now that they're both in Ottawa, that scenario is impossible.

Bood once chirped Ilya, *"How can Hollzy miss you when you never get out of his face?"* Shane had laughed along with the rest of the locker room, but deep inside he didn't strictly agree with Bood. Shane misses Ilya when he goes in a meeting with the coaching staff and Shane's not included. When they're doing sets at different sections of the team gym. Shane is

missing Ilya right now seconds after orgasm, as he's pulling out his softening dick and walking stark naked into the hotel bathroom. Misses Ilya while he is wiping Shane down, come trickling out of him. How could that even be possible?

"Something the matter?"

Shane startles and looks up down at Ilya, who is nuzzling against his chest like a particularly needy cat.

"Nothing," Shane murmurs. He plays with Ilya's sweat damp hair. "Just thinking."

"I did shitty job then, if you can still think." Ilya says. He starts nibbling at Shane's ear. "Should maybe try again."

"No chance, we're gonna be chafing at this rate. We have a game tomorrow"

"What is 'chafe?'"

"You know," he mutters, feeling his face heat up. "When the skin gets irritated from doing the, uh, thing too much."

Ilya leans away from him, lidded eyes raking down Shane's body. Slowly, Ilya's knuckles brush up the length of his inner thigh, before resting against his still oversensitive rim. "You mean this part can get even redder?"

"*Stop,*" he pleads. But he's already parting his legs wider, making space for his husband.

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Rose has a movie featured at Cannes at the end of May and she invites them both to the premiere. It's two weeks after the Ottawa Centaurs lose in the second round--an event that would have been heartwrenching had Shane and the rest of the city not been still high off the team's Cinderella cup run the previous season. As it was, there was barely any blip among the pundits when the paparazzi sites post photos of them brushing shoulders with actual movie stars.

They stay around to enjoy the sun and the beach even when Rose leaves for the rest of her press junket. Shane is more than happy to spend another week or two and watch Ilya play the glamorous tourist in the South of France. He seems to have packed a grand total of three shirts for their entire vacation, pecs always out and unruly curls turning lighter in the sun. Shane has started teasing him for acquiring some freckles of his own.

One day at the hotel pool, Ilya sits next to him and stares in a weirdly intent way. He says, "I received an invitation. To a yacht party, on the dock."

"Oh. That's a thing around here, right?"

"Yes. This party is with Russian expats who live in France."

Shane bookmarks his paperback with a finger and turns towards Ilya. Worrying about his husband finding community is always at the back of his mind these days, especially since Ilya still sometimes falls back to blasé indifference when it comes to how much he misses Russia. "That sounds nice, are you going?"

"Maybe we can go together." Ilya shrugs. "If you like."

A quick peck on his husband's nose. "I do like. I want to show off my husband."

Ilya hauls him into his lap for a more thorough kiss, uncaring that they're poolside in full view of the rest of the hotel. Shane drops his book to run his fingers through Ilya's windswept hair. They are both breathless and starting to get hard when Ilya tears his mouth away. He says, "I'll make a call. My friend Sasha will have a car pick us up."

The car turns out to be a limousine, long with dark windows, and there's a beautiful man already sitting inside with his back to the driver. This is Sasha, Shane assumes. He has brooding eyes and red, pouty lips, his long legs stretching languidly across the length of the limo as he sips on a glass of champagne. Shane knows he himself is not so bad in the looks department, but his face is not the kind that you put in old fashioned paintings of mythology and stuff. Not like this one.

"Hello," he drawls as he watches Shane and Ilya climb into the car. Then he says in Russian, "*Married life suits you well, Ilyusha.*"

Shane catches the gist of it, but he still appreciates it when Ilya rumbles, "English please, Sasha."

"It's fine, you don't need--"

"Oh, don't worry about it," Sasha interrupts him with fluttering eyes. "I do want to practice my English on you. In any case, is there anything you'd like to know before we reach the party, my cute couple?"

"I can ask if there's someone there who wants to fight me, but a brawl does not sound so bad right now, actually."

Shane gives Ilya a dirty look, who only turns to him with a wink. Sasha laughs, breathy and low.

Conversation between Ilya and Sasha ebbs and flows, and Shane contributes only the most surface of responses. Sometimes someone he vaguely knows from hockey gets mentioned, but they quickly move on from them, so he doesn't get a chance to respond.

The limo is crawling to a stop at the marina just as Sasha quips, "Papa's been miserable since he took the Khabarovsk job and he's been taking it out on us. Too proud to demand that they fire the new Yekaterinburg coach so he can take it back. And for what?" He makes an undignified snort as he gets out of the car.

They are walking up the gangplank when it clicks for Shane. He tugs at Ilya's linen shirtsleeve and whispers, "Hey. Is Sasha *the* coach's son?"

"Yes," Ilya says, sighing. Shane doesn't get a chance to react to that, as some partygoers already onboard spot them and catcall them into hurrying along. There's very little chance of conversation over European electronic music anyway.

It's not that Ilya transforms in this crowd and becomes a different person. But he becomes shinier, a little chrome-like somehow. More brittle as well, none of the chaotic goofiness that he displays in the Centaurs locker room. Shane watches his jaw clench a couple of times, which means he must be hearing some backhanded comments that he'll refuse to translate later even if Shane bugs him.

Shane is doing just fine at the party, up until he's not. The yacht is docked and stationary, but the slight bobbing that comes along with being on a boat makes his stomach queasy. The sound system is relentless pulse against his temple, fighting for attention with the rest of the glitzy spectacle. Slang-filled and slurred Russian sentences are tossed back and forth over his head and at some point even the French that peppers the conversations around him start to lose all meaning to Shane. He doesn't know if the others in attendance are mocking them, posting them on social media for others to scrutinize, declaring how it's such a waste that Ilya Rozanov is now tied to this tedious bore of a man, a great loss to the partying community on both sides of the Atlantic. The hand clutched in Ilya's own turns clammy, and that's probably when his husband notices. Ilya takes one look at him and downs his tumbler of vodka, then proceeds to lead them both to the left side of the boat, back to where the gangplank is located

Feeling slightly removed from his own body, Shane observes how effortlessly Ilya flows around the crowd even with him in tow, like he's skating past a series of pylons. He's shouting bombastic and mocking things all throughout, entertaining enough to the other guests that it obscures their swift exit.

Ilya calls Sasha from the dock so they can be allowed to commandeer the parked limo, and a few minutes later they are moving. Shane shakes wordlessly throughout the car ride, hand still swallowed up by Ilya's own. He holds on so tightly that his fingernails dig crescents into Shane's skin, points of pain that prevents Shane from floating away and disintegrating.

The world blurs and darkens until they finally enter their hotel room. Ilya sits him down on the bed, then kneels in front of him.

"Now I need you to breathe for me, sweetheart."

Moisture leaks out of Shane's eyes from the first indrawn breath, more from the relief of letting go than anything. Shane tries to match his breathing to Ilya's words, head lolling forward to thump against Ilya's clothed chest. That's all the permission Ilya needs to hold Shane as he falls apart, murmuring Russian endearments. Nicknames with diminutives stacked on top of each other. Shane's heartbeat slows as he tries to translate each one: *my little paw, my grand love, little boss, my soul, my little pie, my little lamb, my spark.*

Ilya helps him out of his clothes once he calms down enough, his touches whisper-soft as he wipes the tears and snot from Shane's face and neck. Leaning against the headboard, he urges

Shane to use him as a pillow, before turning off the single table lamp to blanket them both in darkness.

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"So a party like that," Ilya starts to say eventually. "Bad idea for you?"

Shane puffs out a frustrated breath. "I don't know, it was not too bad in the beginning."

"Is the reason Sasha? I know I should have told you before this." Ilya nuzzles his temples. "I'm sorry, *lyubimyy*."

Shane takes a beat to take this suggestion seriously. The revelation did catch him a bit off-balanced, but he had already suspected a deeper connection between the two of them early on in the limo ride, and it didn't feel off to him then. Sasha didn't really do anything out of bounds beyond that first foray into flirtation. He was even nice enough to lend them his car, even though that was under Ilya-induced duress.

"I don't think it's about Sasha. He was sweet in his own way. Very flirty."

"I think I should stop letting you meet other Russians. You are vulnerable to Slavic charm."

Shane tucks his face against Ilya's neck, endeared by this man who thinks that there's anyone in the world who can hold a candle to him. Softly, he says, "Though I wish I could have met you much earlier so we could've been childhood friends. Like you and Sasha. And others in the party. They know so much about you."

He's jealous of them, he realizes. But only because they have experienced a part of Ilya that he could never hope to touch. Shane wonders if Ilya was ever soft or vulnerable with them, or perhaps he'd already been as sharp-tongued and cocksure as his rookie year persona. If he's always had the swagger of a boy who had no one teaching him how to choose his battles, and therefore fought them all.

"No, it's a terrible idea." Ilya's response is flat and abrupt. "I don't want to meet you as a kid."

Shane raises his head to look at him, slightly hurt at his vehemence. "Why not?"

Ilya takes his face between his hands and stares deeply into Shane's eyes in the darkness. "Imagine I meet you as a young boy. I become obsessed. I don't pay attention to anything else, even hockey. I play so badly that I don't get drafted into the MLH. What's the word? Negative case result?"

"Worst case scenario?"

"Yes, that. It's a disaster."

"In this scenario, I would also be playing hockey. We could've pushed each other to get better," Shane says, trying to change his mind. This earns a disgusted sound from Ilya.

"You will know me when I was still bad at skating backwards at fourteen. Is a turn off."

That makes Shane laugh out loud, and he crowds closer against Ilya to kiss his lips. Him and his husband, such a weird set of hangups they have between them.

Eventually, Shane feels normal enough to want a shower before sleeping. Ilya waits for him to finish up, dragging him into bed so Shane can be the little spoon. He's already drifting off when he hears an aborted laugh from Ilya.

"What?" he asks groggily.

"Just a silly thought," Ilya answers. "I fell in love with you when we were eighteen. That makes us teenage sweethearts."

"That's a wholesome way to look at it," Shane says. Then, "If we gloss over all of the obscene shit you introduced me to."

Ilya makes a humming sound. "Nobody needs to know how slutty you were for me from the start, sweetheart. I'll keep your little secret."

END

End Notes

hello gang lmao

I tend to subscribe to the canon and logic of the TV show, even though I project events off of the book series. One tiny deviation, however, is that in this fic Svetlana is still the daughter of an old hockey pro who played for Boston.

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