

Some Protector

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Some Protector

by [kooksie](#)

Summary

With thousands of adoring fans screaming out onto the ice, Rozanov knows he can't lash out at any player who body checks Hollander (except himself, duh) without raising suspicion.

But when Shane gets attacked walking out of Ilya's apartment complex, all bets are off.

Notes

I'm imagining this takes place either before or in place of Shane's on-ice injury ("tell him I'm fine") scene. Please be forgiving about my creative liberties... I keep getting visions of hurt/comfort stories and I can't stop lol

Title: From Role Model's "Some Protector"

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

There are two orange slices left. Ilya carefully extricates the stringy pith from one of the slices, the larger one, before handing it to Shane, who's laying next to him on his bed.

"Your reward." Ilya deposits the orange slice in Shane's palm.

Shane takes a bite of his slice, spraying a bit of juice from the fruit onto his bare chest. When Ilya notices Shane is done chewing, Ilya passes the final slice over to him too. Shane accepts it cautiously.

"Double reward," Ilya says by way of explanation. "For making me come twice."

Shane huffs, letting his head fall back against Ilya's bedframe. When he cranes his neck back down, strands of brown hair fall into his eyes. Ilya combs the hair back into place with his fingers. "The prize doesn't match the effort, you know. I make you come twice, and I get... two orange slices?"

Ilya nods. "That was my last orange."

Shane rolls his eyes fondly. "Okay, so, what do I get if I suck you off now?"

Ilya cranes his neck to get a better view of his kitchen in the distance, as if assessing the state of his fruit bowl. "You get, let us see... half a banana. Because I need the other half before practice tomorrow."

Shane scoffs, the corners of his lips twisting upward. "You're an asshole."

"And you will get my endless gratitude."

Shane bumps Ilya with his shoulder. "Not interested, sorry."

Ilya smirks back at him, a flirtatious glint to his eyes. “Russians show gratitude in many ways, you know.”

“Oh, I know,” Shane groans. “How am I gonna explain how sore I am to the team? I was riding the bench most of tonight’s game.”

Ilya shrugs. “I log this as - what is it? Ae-ro-bic exercise on my fitness watch. Just show them that.”

Shane twists underneath Ilya’s satin sheets, moving to face Ilya. His freckled face is showing mild surprise. “You do *not* log our sex as an actual cardio session.”

“I do.”

“But, it’s... it’s not actually, like, we’re not going on a run.”

Ilya eyes Shane’s chest pointedly, which glistens with sweat. Ilya has thick beads of sweat along his hairline to match.

“Alright, alright,” Shane acquiesces. “Continue to meticulously track the duration and caloric burn of our sexual encounters, not weird at all.”

Ilya folds the paper plate on his lap in half, the orange peel he managed to remove in one go getting swallowed up inside it. He gets up to chuck it in the trash, but climbs back underneath his satin sheets after.

“So,” Shane starts, as Ilya wriggles under the covers to inch his way closer to Shane, “I should probably go.”

Ilya's head freezes on its way down to Shane's chest. "Go?"

"Yeah." Shane pats Ilya's head in soft strokes. "I feel bad, not waking up in the same hotel as the team. Maybe if we had won tonight, it'd be different. I wouldn't feel as bad to stay over with 'Lily.' But they need to know I feel the loss as much as they do."

Ilya sits up, his nose inches from Shane's. "You are saying, if Raiders had not beat you tonight, you would be sleeping in my bed?"

Shane smirks, and when he speaks he blows hot, delicious air against Ilya's face. "I guess so."

Ilya groans, a low and dangerous noise in the back of his throat. "Come on. Hollander. You couldn't have told this to me before the game?"

Shane bumps Ilya's shoulder again, which makes Shane bounce back from the force of it while Ilya sits still, unflinching. He's like a statue, this guy: unmovable. "I've heard of sore losers, but never a sore winner, Rozanov."

"It is late," Ilya urges. "How will you get home?"

Shane slips out of bed, pawing at his clothes to shrug them back on. "Taxi. I'll wave one down."

Ilya drums his fingers against his knee. "You are too famous for taxi."

Shane tilts his head to stare at Ilya as he shrugs his arms through his shirt sleeves. "Uh, that's not true. And anyways, would you rather I take your private driver back? Oh wait..." Shane smiles at him deviously. "You don't have one."

"Oh, but you do?"

Shane bites his lip. “Okay. You got me there.”

Shane drifts over to the front door of Ilya’s condo, taking a deep inhale as if to gather Ilya’s scent permeating the space. Ilya follows him to the door, dragging his feet, like this part pains him. And truthfully, it pains Shane too.

“I’ll see you soon, won’t I?” Shane tries, aiming for an upbeat tone.

“I will need to check team calendar,” Ilya murmurs. When he sees Shane’s face, he amends his words. “But yes, soon, I think.”

“Okay. Well.” Shane seems to fumble for what to say. Ilya reaches up to cup the back of Shane’s neck, twist his fingers into that soft, boyish hair, and press his lips against Shane’s. They kiss soundlessly, until Ilya presses in deeper and Shane moans into Ilya’s mouth. Shane breaks the kiss eventually, looking rather dejected to have done so. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Hollander.”

The door clinks shut and Ilya leans his weight against it, his heart pounding.

Shane slips his hoodie over his head as he leaves Ilya’s apartment complex, always with that nagging paranoia that he’ll get swarmed by paparazzi or by crazed fans the second he steps out onto the sidewalk. But this is Boston, not Montreal: Shane would be remiss to think any Bostonian is tripping over their feet to get his autograph. It’s more likely they’d be stopping him to tell him he’s walking too slowly, this is the sidewalk, buddy, not a tortoise race, and can you please step to the side, because some people have real places to be?

The deadpan humor of Bostonians matches Rozanov all too well. Shane doesn't think he can ever walk these red brick streets without every small detail reminding him of Ilya.

Shane walks without issue to the first big street with traffic lights. There are only a handful of cars on the road at this hour, but no taxis in sight. Shane turns right onto the street, hoping to find a busier road at one of the upcoming intersections.

He grabs his headphones from his cross-body bag and clamps them onto his head, relishing in the blessed reprieve from faraway ambulance sirens and the howl of the wind. He puts his playlist of workout songs on shuffle and settles with whatever comes on first.

He nods his head along to the song radiating through his skull. The music is so loud that at first, Shane doesn't hear a voice call out to him.

-- do you know --

It's all Shane makes out. He shrugs his headphones off, craning his head in all directions for the source of the voice. He sees a tall, bearded man in a graphic tee speaking from a gap between two storefronts.

Hey man, I was just saying, do you know where Congress Street is?

Shane blinks a few times, shaking the exhaustion off his bones. No, sorry. I'm not from here. He leaves his headphones in his hands, but moves to continue walking.

Can I just check Google Maps really quick? The man asks. My phone is dead.

Oh. The weight of Shane's phone in his hand is like a brick. Um, I don't... He opens and closes his mouth, grasping for words.

“Man, it’s fine. Can you just help me make sense of this map, then?” The man procures a paper map seemingly out of thin air. “I just need to find the T stop. I’m really lost.”

“Okay,” Shane offers, slipping his phone into his pants pocket discreetly. The man makes no move to fully extricate himself from between these two buildings, so Shane inches closer to the alleyway, his eyes focused on the map. “This will be like the blind leading the blind though, I should tell you. I’m really not from -”

The moment Shane is within arm’s reach, the hand holding the map unclenches, letting it float to the floor, and the hand wraps around Shane’s wrist and tugs him *hard*.

Shane stumbles, righting himself in the alleyway, face to face with this man and his scruffy beard. Shane doesn’t bother asking questions: he takes off in a run in the opening of the alleyway that he entered from.

He bumps into the big belly of a different man who blocks the exit, this one partially balding with a yellowed, toothy grin. Shane turns back around and finds that he is caged in on either side by these men. He gulps, his breath hitching.

“Wallet. Now.”

Shane attempts another breath, which comes out as more of a cough. Every nerve of his is awake, humming, as if his skin has been turned inside out and pressed between these strangers.

“Okay,” Shane says, forcing deference into his voice. The last thing he needs right now is to anger these men before he forms a plan. “It’s in my bag. I’ll grab it.”

Shane reaches for his bag, elongating the movement as much as he can by reaching for the zipper at a snail’s pace. One of the men shoves him back by the shoulder. “Today, motherfucker.”

“Sorry. Sorry.” Shane unzips the bag halfway, pauses, and straightens up to throw a swing of a punch against the bearded man’s face.

The man cries out, stumbling back against the brick, as Shane’s fist careens into his nose. Shane wastes no time, shoving past him to reach the other end of the alleyway. As he steps past the man he punched, he stumbles jumping over the man’s feet. He rights himself, but the precious time lost is enough for his partner in crime, the potbellied man, to grab onto the back of Shane’s hoodie and yank him backwards.

Shane barrels into the brick wall of the alleyway, the back of his head striking the wall with a sickening crack. He squeezes his eyes shut, and when he opens them his vision is blurry. He reaches his arms up to shield his face, so what he’s not prepared for is a fist to his stomach, which has him doubled over, wheezing.

“Wallet. I’m not going to say it again, pretty boy.”

Shane winces, blinking back the spots in his vision. “Al-alright. Sorry.” Jesus, he’s apologizing to his aggressors, can he get any more Canadian? He reaches into his bag and procures his wallet in the palm of his hand. He lets the man he punched grab onto it, feeling defeated. His only consolation is the steady drip of blood from the man’s nose.

Okay, so he’ll have to cancel his credit cards, replace his driver’s license, perhaps ask for another “Free Harvey’s For Life” ID card since the restaurant chain custom-made one for him and it’s his dad’s favorite spot...

But he’ll live. He’ll be fine.

The guy he punched is eyeing him with disgust and disdain. Shane’s own expression is likely not much kinder.

“We want the whole bag,” the bearded man hisses.

Shane winces, tilting his head as if considering. What else does he have in there, besides his wallet? A book, a phone charger, but nothing special. He never comes to Ilya's place with any hockey memorabilia, just in case anyone recognizes his bag or what's inside.

A hand against his shoulder shoves him back into the brick wall. Shane flinches, his chest tight. "We weren't asking, fucker. Give us the bag."

Realizing it's still slung across his body, Shane lifts it up over his head. The second it's off his body, he drops it onto the ground, where a cloud of dust blooms around it. The bearded man snatches it up off the ground.

"Please," Shane whispers. "Can I go now?"

The two men seem to experience some conflict, here: The potbellied man tilts his head, looking an awful lot like he's about to say yes, while the man Shane punched is shaking his head resolutely.

"Soon," he says, finally. "Hand over your phone."

Shane's stomach drops. "I - I don't have my phone."

It's not just that Shane is a horrible liar, it's that the man *saw* Shane holding his phone just minutes prior. The man crosses his arms. "Your phone, or we'll kill you."

Shane furrows his eyebrows. That seems rather presumptuous, he thinks, given that he's a professional athlete in his prime, although these two seem not to recognize him. Then, he sizes up his opponents, realizing that he might actually be able to take them both down. Especially if he throws one of them against the other...

Shane feels something hard nudge at his ribs. He glances down unwillingly.

Oh, he thinks, dimly. That's what they meant by 'we'll kill you.'

The man he punched is pressing a handgun to his ribcage, twisting the muzzle against his body so that it bunches up into the fabric of Shane's hoodie.

Shane wills his anxiety down, because the worst thing that could happen right now, beyond what has already happened, is for him to have a panic attack. He glances between the men. "I gave you everything else."

The man moves the gun from Shane's ribs to his hipbone, twirling it like a toy. "Your phone."

Shane bites his lip. The amount of proprietary information about the league, about sports as a whole, and not to mention about him and Ilya on his phone mean that handing it over as is is a nonstarter.

"O-okay. Alright," Shane says meekly, just to buy himself some time. He reaches into his pants pocket slowly, fingers wrapping around the phone within the pocket. He clicks the lock button, types in what he hopes is his phone passcode, and prays with all his heart that when he hits the bottom left app, the "Phone" app, that his memory of the interface will suffice. He doesn't think he can dial 9-1-1 without looking down at the keypad, but he has an idea of something else he can do: He presses what he *hopes* is the "Recent Caller" button.

"Today, please," the larger man huffs.

Shane's breath picks up unwillingly, a wave of anxiety threatening to render him immobile. He focuses on his adrenaline and avoids eye contact with the gun. In his pocket, he thinks he can hear the faintest sound of a call dialing, but he feels around with his fingers until he finds the volume button and cranks it down to the lowest setting. "I will. I promise. Just - can I reset it first?"

A mildly surprised expression douses his captor's face, like he hadn't considered that as a request. He tilts his head, pondering, and then shakes it. Shane's face falls. "No. Give it as is."

Shane curses under his breath. He might have given himself away with that one. There's nothing left to do, he finds: he reaches into his pocket and procures the phone. Now, he can see the screen fully in the second before he locks it: "*Lily*" is on the other end. What Ilya is saying, if he's saying anything at all, Shane has no idea.

Before he gives up the phone, he holds it behind his back.

"The thing is, how do I know you're not gonna kill me even after I hand this over?"

Shane spits the word "kill" with more fervor than the others, praying the phone call picks up his voice.

The man Shane didn't punch responds. "We won't."

"But you have a *gun*," Shane continues, again with an emphasis on "gun."

The man he *did* punch lunges at him, stopping short before touching him, but the motion still makes Shane flinch. "Motherfucker, if you don't hand it over, we really will kill you!"

"Okay," Shane insists, wincing at the dull throbbing of his stomach. "I will hand it over. Look, weird question, but do you do this a lot? Do you frequently wait in the *gap between two buildings a block north of The Beacon Condos* -"

Shane is cut off by a sharp slap to his cheek that throws his face sideways, making his whole body stumble. He winces, feeling the awfully familiar pinpricks of tears behind his eyes. But he feels slightly less morose at the fact that he managed to communicate his location - to the best of his knowledge, at least.

All he can hope is that "Lily," on the other end, is listening.

He lets his phone get snatched from his loose-gripped hand, all fight within him lost. He realizes dimly that “Lily” is still on the other end of the line when the bearded man locks the phone and shoves it into his own pocket, unnoticing. Shane tries to predict the next logical step to ensure his survival in this interaction, but when he sees the man across from him tuck his gun away, all that fills his body is an odd mixture of relief and fear.

He studies their solemn faces silently as they move out of the alleyway, Shane stuck in an uncomfortable lean against the brick wall. They look rather self-satisfied. He’s glad that he was able to land a punch on at least one of them. No one can say Shane Hollander goes down without a fight.

He eyes the mouth of the alleyway in a haze, the dim streetlights illuminating the sidewalk beyond. Shane thinks he’ll just lay here for a bit, in this comfy gap, his only belongings left being the clothes on his back. He slides his back down the wall, his hoodie picking up crumbs of dirt from the bricks.

Maybe he can write a book, some time in the distant future, about the insignificance of material things. *We should all just be*, he would write. *No need for a phone, or a wallet. Live in the moment.* He’s alive, anyways, and he’s fine, or at least he will be fine. He repeats that again in his head: *I’m alive, I’m fine, I will be fine. I’m alive, I’m fine, I will be fine. I’m alive* -

A high-pitched yowl, like someone just ran over hot coals, sounds out from the street. Shane’s bar for shock value tonight is quite high, so he hardly startles, until he hears another pained scream, followed by a muffled groan. It all culminates in a different, deeper voice: “*Blyat!*”

Shane knows that voice. Goddamnit, he *knows* that voice.

He pushes himself up off the ground. Ilya’s hulking silhouette, his broad shoulders and sculpted forearms, fill the gap between the buildings.

“Hey,” Shane offers weakly, lifting a tentative hand up to wave.

Ilya rushes toward him as if on autopilot. The moment Ilya is within arm's reach, Shane's limbs decide unanimously to refuse to hold him up any longer. He lists sideways and Ilya catches him like he weighs nothing.

"Fuck," Ilya mutters against Shane's ear, his voice desperate and heaving. *"Fuck. Fuck."* Then, Ilya says something in Russian that Shane is scared to know the meaning of.

Ilya maneuvers Shane to lean against one of the walls. Shane throws his head back, exhausted, baring his neck.

Ilya grabs onto Shane's chin with his fingers, pulling his entire face down with it. He rotates Shane's head to the side, gently, eyeing the reddening of his cheek. He makes a low *"tsk"* sound in his throat.

"I'm - I'm fine," Shane assures, as Ilya maneuvers his head to the other side, checking the rest of his face. Shane's voice betrays him by coming out shaky and weak. *"I'm just s-startled. But I'm fine."*

Ilya releases Shane's chin reluctantly. When Ilya's hand pulls back, Shane notices his knuckles are bloody.

"Woah," Shane breathes, feeling slightly loopy. *"Are you okay?"*

Ilya's hand disappears from Shane's sight, but he feels it against his waist a moment later. *"Not my blood."*

"Oh," Shane nods, feeling faint. *"Okay. Well. Thank you for coming. Unfortunately for me, they got away with it. They took all my shit."*

Ilya presses his lips together. *"I have your items. Your 'shit.'"*

Shane tilts his head confusedly. “Huh?”

Ilya grabs Shane’s wrist and pulls his hand over to the bag laying cross-body against Ilya’s hip.

“That’s my bag,” Shane whispers, face breaking into an expression of wonder.

Ilya nods, patting the bag gently.

“But my phone. My wallet.” Shane groans, knocking his head back against the brick. “We’re fucked, if anyone reads -”

Shane whines out at the loss of Ilya’s fingers against his waist as Ilya fishes into the bag. He pulls out two thick items that he can miraculously hold in one hand, due to his ridiculously long fingers. “Phone. Wallet.”

Shane gasps. “Wow. Oh, wow. Thank you.”

Ilya’s hands find Shane’s waist again, then seem to think better of it and land on either side of his head, his thumbs stroking Shane’s cheeks. “Where are you hurt?”

Shane fidgets in Ilya’s hold. “Just my cheek, really.”

Ilya meets his eyes. “Liar.”

Shane scoffs. Ilya’s gaze gets softer, his eyes swirling with concern and his eyebrows scrunched up, like he’s the one in pain. It weakens Shane enough to tell him the truth. “One of them jabbed me in the stomach. S’ fine. And my head hurts a bit.” Ilya’s left hand leaves Shane’s unblemished cheek to roam around the top of his head, carding his fingers through his hair. “No, the back,” Shane mutters. Ilya’s hand travels obediently to the back of Shane’s head, where he presses down lightly. Shane hisses in pain.

“Sorry,” Ilya offers. “This is horrible. Sorry.”

Shane shakes his head. “It’s not your fault.” Shane opens his eyes wider, seeming to become more aware of his surroundings. “Did the men run off?”

Ilya points his head in the direction of the alley opening. “They are out there, still. Sleeping.” Ilya grins at Shane devilishly. Shane’s eyes drift down to Ilya’s bloodied knuckles, then back up to his face.

“Oh, sleeping,” Shane nods along, feeling oddly fond at the vengeful look on Ilya’s face. “We - I should probably call the police. But, now that I have all my stuff back...” Shane’s voice gets weaker, his expression pained. “Can we please - first, can we go home?”

Ilya’s face transforms into something vulnerable. Shane hardly realizes what he said until after he’s said it. “Yes,” Ilya agrees. “Home.”

Ilya refuses to let Shane walk on his own the entire couple blocks or so back, instead holding Shane up with one thick arm behind his back.

“You know that I’m a high-performance athlete, right?” Shane drawls as Ilya readjusts Shane in his hold yet again.

“Yes, so you need high-performance doctor,” Ilya quips, gesturing down at himself.

After Ilya unlocks the door to his condo, he deposits Shane onto the bed. He presses a quick kiss against Shane’s neck before he practically runs to his freezer and takes out five ice packs. He begins his trot back to the bedroom, but before he does, he turns around and grabs the final banana from his fruit bowl.

Ilya places the ice packs unceremoniously around Shane's body: one on his stomach, one against his cheek, and one on the back of his head.

"Oh," Shane breathes unwillingly, shivering at the cold surrounding him. Ilya, as if noticing this, grabs a blanket and wraps it around Shane's waist and legs.

Ilya is quiet for a few moments. Then, he mutters in Russian: *"I'm going to fucking kill these people. The only regret I would have is that when they are dead, that I cannot kill them again. To fucking touch Hollander - of all people -"*

Shane tilts his head, glancing up at Ilya. "What was that?"

"I said, how are you feeling?"

Shane rolls his eyes. "I know enough Russian to know that is *not* what you just said." Ilya drums his fingers along Shane's shoulder. "I'm fine, honestly. No broken bones, plus I have all my stuff back, thanks to you." Shane grins up at Ilya with the little energy he has left. He shrugs. "It basically feels the same as a rough practice."

Ilya squints down at him. "You are not going to practice tomorrow."

Shane hisses a little at the feeling of the melting ice pack dribbling down his bare stomach. Without him saying anything, Ilya seems to notice the twitch down by his belly button, because he readjusts the ice pack to a new position. "I still could."

"But you should not."

Shane bites his lip. "I got roughed up a little. It happens."

Ilya shakes his head, his eyes cloudy. “Do not downplay.”

Shane sighs deeply. “Yeah, maybe I won’t go to practice. I dunno.”

Ilya moves his hands to Shane’s shoulders, kneading the muscles there. Shane realizes belatedly that Ilya is giving him a massage. He leans into it.

“I myself am not going to practice,” Ilya says.

“What? Why?”

Ilya glances down at him, his pupils large. “I am your high-performance doctor, remember?”

Shane chuckles, his stomach sending a pulse of pain with the motion. “Yeah, well, your bedside manner leaves something to be desired. I seem to recall my *doctor* telling me he’d give me half a banana for a blowjob.”

“Horrible doctor,” Ilya agrees with a shake of the head. “But, offer still stands.”

“You’re an asshole,” Shane says with a wry smile.

Ilya doesn’t respond with a usual quip. Instead, he stares down at Shane’s face where he’s sprawled out on the bed. He places his palm over Shane’s where it’s spread out over the ice pack on his cheek, and Shane silently lets his own hand drop as Ilya takes over holding it. “I am so glad you are okay.”

Shane feels his heart stutter in his chest. Something about Ilya’s pained expression makes Shane want to do whatever he can to get him smirking again. “Come on, would it be so bad if they went through with it? You’d finally be number one in the league,” he teases.

Ilya stares back at Shane solemnly. “I do not want to be number one unless you are my number two.”

Shane tilts his head, forcing Ilya to move the ice pack along with it. “Was that supposed to be romantic?”

“Yes.”

“Even though you essentially said I’m a worse player than you?”

“Yes.” This time, Ilya’s face does break out into a small grin.

Shane smiles back at him. He gestures towards his bruised stomach and to the ice pack on his cheek. “Look at me, Rozanov. I’m fine. I’m good to go to practice tomorrow.”

Ilya huffs. “You can go to practice or not. But I will not be going to my practice.”

“Why?”

Ilya feigns nonchalance. “I just do not want to go. Tonight’s game exhausted me. If you want to do me a favor, you will stay here too. Keep me company.”

Shane eyes Ilya suspiciously.

“What?” Ilya asks innocently.

“Are you really trying to out-self sacrifice me?” Shane accuses. “Make it seem like *I’m* doing *you* a favor by staying home and not the other way around?”

Ilya flips over each of the ice packs around Shane's body: first the one on his cheek, then the one behind his head, and finally the pack on his bare stomach. It feels nice, like switching to the cool side of the pillow. "If the pants fit."

Shane side-eyes him. "If the *shoe* fits."

"Your shoe will fit," Ilya insists.

"What?"

"What?" Ilya repeats.

Shane sighs, a deep, exhausted one. "Okay. I won't go to practice."

"You'll stay here?"

Ilya is staring back at him with wide, expectant eyes. "Yeah," Shane breathes. "I'll stay here." He moves to sit up and winces as the ache in his head returns full-force. Ilya springs into action, propping up a pillow behind Shane's neck.

It's only when the fog around his head clears that he remembers what he sat up to do. His eyes drop down to Ilya's soft lips, then rake back up to his eyes. "I want..."

"Yes?" Ilya asks, curious.

"I want the banana." Shane eyes it on the mattress.

Ilya hands it to him reluctantly. “Here.”

Shane breaks it open and steals the first bite. He passes it to Ilya, who takes a bite twice the size.

“Are you sure you don’t want *my* banana?” Ilya asks, smirking in that obnoxious, lovable way only he knows how to do.

“Jeez, Rozanov. How do you say ‘sex addict’ in Russian?” Shane ponders, yanking the banana back and finishing it off in a bite that fills his entire mouth.

Ilya swipes at Shane’s cheeks, as if to scatter the freckles there. “Sex addict, hm. How you say it is.” He clears his throat, then begins speaking in Russian: *“I can’t stop guys on the ice from slamming you into the glass. Same way you can’t stop me from slamming you into the glass, haha. But where it matters, whenever I can, I will protect you. And I know you might not need it, but that only makes me want to protect you more.”*

Shane finally swallows down his bite of the banana. “That was way more words than ‘sex addict.’”

Ilya feels, horrifyingly, a blush rise to his cheeks. Does Shane really know more Russian than he’s letting on?

“You were listing sex positions, weren’t you?”

Ilya bites his lip to hold back his laugh.

“Well. Weren’t you?”

Ilya reaches into Shane’s mop of brown hair and ruffles it, relishing in its softness. “You caught me. Yes, I was.”

Shane grins triumphantly back at him. It takes everything in Ilya not to kiss him hard, right then and there, and never stop. “Knew it.”

End Notes

I appreciate comments so much! Thanks for reading.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!