

Crossed Check

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Crossed Check

by [honeymoonsetter](#)

Summary

Shane deserves a special treat for making it through a tough season. He doesn't know how special the brownies at the Centaurs' party are.

aka hospital Shane on the good drugs makes his return

Notes

Inspired by [this tweet](#).

I love loopy Shane and doting Ilya so much, I couldn't get this out of my head. It's generally set post-playoffs and pre-Shane's birthday in TLG, but please ignore any timeline inconsistencies.

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

In Shane's defense, he deserved a treat. It was healing to allow himself something as indulgent as sugar and flour and chocolate and butter. He was finally getting to relax after so much time staying guarded, and having a few drinks with Ilya's teammates at his house might have pushed him to lower his inhibitions just a little more.

In the Centaurs' defense, Shane's strict macrobiotic diet was known throughout the league. They didn't know he'd been working on dropping some restrictions (starting with chicken parmesan). The fact that he was even drinking to celebrate the end of the season was a shock.

So really, it was no one's fault that when Shane wandered into the kitchen and saw a plastic bag partially filled with little pre-portioned 2-inch brownie squares, he decided to try one. They looked so good, dark and fudgy with a swirl of caramel and peanuts dotted throughout, and Ilya would be so proud of him for pushing his limits a little.

The thought of Ilya's smile when he tasted that chocolate during a kiss was enough to convince Shane to try one.

He chewed it slowly, savoring it, and it tasted as good as he'd hoped. It really had been so long since he'd had anything so sweet and rich.

Maybe they were actually healthier than he thought. It had an aftertaste he couldn't quite place, something a little earthy. Maybe they were made with olive oil or something. He'd have to find out who made them and ask for the recipe.

He washed it down with the last of his drink, grabbed another beer and rejoined the party.

After an hour or so of chatting with some of Ilya's teammates about the season, his mouth felt a little dry – probably from the fire pit smoke. He mumbled something about heading inside, went to stand and wobbled a bit. His diet must have really shot his tolerance. He glanced around, but everyone was enjoying the party and didn't seem to notice. He focused on looking more sober than he felt until he got back inside.

The short walk left him feeling a little dizzy and lightheaded. Sitting down would be good. He plopped down on the couch, sinking a little deeper with each breath. His breathing was kind of fascinating, actually. He considered how everyone can breathe all the time without thinking about it, kind of like how it feels when he's on the ice and his body knows how to move him around while he focuses on the play. And his body felt good right now. Different though, even from the times he'd really gotten drunk off shots and Champagne after a cup win. The closest thing he could compare it to was when he'd spent hours being thoroughly taken apart by –

"Ilya! Hiiiiiii!" His face broke into a giant grin as his boyfriend walked into the room.

"Ah, there you are. I could not find you outside. Most people are leaving." Ilya took in Shane's slumped position on their couch, his head lolled at a slight angle against the cushion with his arms at his sides, and smirked.

“Did you have a bit too much to drink, Hollander?”

Shane giggled and shook his head no, then held one arm straight out before dropping it to pat the cushion to his right. Ilya rolled his eyes but moved next to him, careful to leave some distance since he knew Shane was still nervous about their closeness around other players.

Shane rolled his head to the side to look at Ilya, then his eyes widened like he'd just remembered something.

“Ilya! Ilya, I need to tell you something. It's important.” Ilya raised one eyebrow while Shane's eyes went slightly unfocused for a moment, his face scrunching up cutely until they locked eyes again.

“I'm having, um, a really good time with your friends. And I... ateabrownie.” The last few words blended together, both rushed and a little slurred, and Shane closed his eyes with a pleased smile.

Ilya's fond smile faded as he caught up with Shane's halting speech.

“You ate a brownie? The brownies that are in the kitchen?” Ilya's eyes darted across Shane's face as Shane looked at him again.

“Yesssss, I knew it would make you happy. It was just a little one but it was soooo good.” Ilya ignored his body's reaction to Shane's tone on the last few words and his half-lidded eyes.

“*Tchyort*. Yes, I am very proud of you. You deserve it. And it was just one?” Ilya blew out a relieved sigh when Shane nodded.

“Okay. I am going to check something in the kitchen. How are you feeling? Do you need anything?”

Shane looked very serious again. “Ginger ale.”

One side of Ilya's mouth twitched. He nodded and moved to stand up, but Shane made a little wounded noise as the cushion shifted.

Ilya bent down to kiss Shane's hair softly. “I will be right back, *moy lyubov*.”

He left with a tight smile as Shane gave him a little wave and leaned back into the cushion.

Ilya was going to kill Zane Boodram.

He snatched the plastic bag off the counter and marched over to his linemate.

“Boodram, how much is this?”

Zane looked down at the bag and grinned. “No charge for an end-of-season treat, but if you really want to pay me for them...”

“I will already be paying for them,” Ilya muttered. “They are strong?”

“They’re good shit, that’s why they’re so small,” Zane shrugged. “They’re not that strong, but it really depends on your tolerance.”

“And what if someone has no tolerance?”

Zane cocked his head, but before he could follow up, a very nervous-looking Luca Haas rushed into the room. He stopped short at the two of them.

“Captain, ah, Shane Hollander is asking for you.” He wouldn’t quite make eye contact with Ilya, who thrust the brownies into Zane’s hand.

Ilya strode back out of the room, stopping by the fridge on the way. Zane and Luca trailed behind him.

He was greeted by the sight of his boyfriend chatting animatedly at Wyatt Hayes, who quickly looked at Ilya with an expression of abject fear.

“Rose’s movies are so bad and they paint her all the time but she’s still so nice and pretty. I keep trying to tell Ilya but I think he’s still mad about the time we were at this loud club and – Ilya! Helloooo! Guys, did you know Ilya Rozanov’s here?”

There were a few murmurs of “Oh my god, I’ve never heard him talk this much” and “Don’t they both live here?” before everyone fell silent and turned to look wide-eyed at their captain.

Ilya stood for a beat, then walked to stand directly in front of Shane and brushed his fingers across his forehead with a gentle smile.

“Yes, I am here now. Do you want your ginger ale?”

Shane grinned and nodded, reaching out with grabby hands. Ilya carefully positioned himself next to his boyfriend on the couch, cracking the tab on the can and making sure Shane had a good grip on it before sitting back and fixing Zane with a deadly glare.

“Oh shit,” Zane whispered. “Hollander’s crossfaded.”

The Centaurs looked back at Shane, who was gulping his drink.

“How is it, *moy lyubimyy*?”

Shane hummed happily. “It’s the best! I’ve never had ginger ale this good. It’s sooo cold.” He broke into possibly the worst Russian accent any of them had ever heard: “Ginger ale good? Cold enough?”

He giggled again before his face crumpled. “That was so mean and I’m so sorry but it’s okay now because I love you.”

Zane turned to Wyatt, who had slowly moved to join his other two teammates and observe... whatever was happening. “I know that impression was terrible, but why does Roz look like

he got cross checked?”

Shane was staring at Ilya with a raw, hopeful smile, and Ilya’s brief pained expression turned soft. “I know, I love you too.”

The other Centaurs started to back away, suddenly uncomfortable at watching this moment between the two best players in the league.

“We’ll be out by the bonfire if you need anything, Roz,” Wyatt waved awkwardly.

Before they could get all the way out of the room, Shane squinted and raised his eyebrows, like he was solving a complicated problem in his head.

Suddenly, he put his hands up to his mouth in a circle and made a howling noise before doubling over laughing. He raised his hands up to make the noise again but was laughing too hard to accomplish more than a few sputtered whistles, which made him laugh even harder.

“Oh my god, I think I broke him,” Zane said.

“Did Rozanov also take something?” Luca asked, staring at the unabashed lovesick expression on Ilya’s face.

“No, no this is something else,” Wyatt said, fascinated at seeing this new side of his friend.

Shane, still recovering from his laughing fit, leaned over to grab Ilya’s left shoulder roughly. Ilya raised an eyebrow and shot an unimpressed look at the rest of his teammates as Shane tugged him closer, but his eyes widened when Shane suddenly used his shoulder as leverage to haul himself into Ilya’s lap and bury his face in his neck.

Wyatt’s eyebrows reached his hairline, Zane’s jaw dropped, and Luca let out a tiny squeak.

Ilya carefully extracted Shane’s face from where he was lazily kissing at his neck to hold Shane a slight distance away, resting his hands on his shoulders. Shane frowned grumpily before noticing Ilya’s teammates again and seemingly coming to a realization.

“Ohhhhh,” he fixed the gathered Centaurs with his best approximation of his serious captain face, pitching his voice lower and flatter. “It’s okay, we’re married.”

He finished with a determined nod before smiling devilishly and fully licking Ilya’s jaw.

“I thought they were getting married this summer?” Wyatt whispered to Zane before Shane started talking again.

“Ilyaaaa did you know we’re married? Do you remember the rings? I love you foreverrrrrr.” He trailed off into humming something that sounded like...*Moana*?

Ilya was biting his cheek to keep from laughing but looking at Shane with undeniable love.

“Yes, *moy lyubov*, I remember. The girls and Arthur did a very good job.”

Shane leaned back and looked at Ilya hungrily before whispering something that made Ilya's hands flex against Shane's waist as he shushed him quickly.

"Okay, that is enough. Party is over, goodbye." Ilya glared at his teammates. Zane and Wyatt smirked back, and Luca looked like he'd seen a ghost.

By the time Ilya heard the front door shut, Shane had stopped his efforts to escape Ilya's grip and grind in his lap. He was molded to Ilya's front, nosing drowsily at his neck. Ilya carried him upstairs like a koala, gently resting him on their bed.

"Ilyaaaaa," Shane murmured, "This was so fun. Your team is so nice."

"I do not think you will be so happy tomorrow, but I'm glad you had a good time." Ilya leaned down for a soft kiss. "Goodnight, *ya lyublyu tebya*."

Shane closed his eyes and smiled sweetly. "Mhm, ya blue bee blah."

End Notes

On Twitter [@honeymoonsetter](#)

Reference for Shane's failed [loon call attempt](#).

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