

all tied up

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by [strandnreyes](#)

Summary

When Ilya accidentally cuffs him and Shane to the bed, there's only one person in Montreal they can call to get the key.

Notes

set somewhere in the time when Ilya plays for Ottawa and Shane plays for montreal

Shane is blissfully unaware of much of anything outside of Ilya Rozanov.

It's his lips on Shane's neck, his hard body pressing him into the bed, and his hands lifting Shane's above his head. The soft click of the cuff being secured around his wrist is new, sending an exciting shiver through his body. If it was anyone other than Ilya, Shane might feel trapped and panicked, but Shane trusts his boyfriend with his whole heart.

There's another click and Shane's arm feels even more strapped down. He frowns, reaching for Ilya with his free hand.

"Ah, fuck," Ilya mutters before Shane can make contact.

That... was not a sexy curse. "Ilya?"

"Is fine," he quickly says, his voice sounding tight. Shane is not reassured.

Ilya isn't looking at him though, his gaze fixed somewhere above their heads. Shane frowns. "What?"

He must sound more stressed than he means too because Ilya's focus is back on him in an instant. "Is okay," he assures gently, but there's a carefully concealed panic there that sends off Shane's alarm bells.

"What did—" His breath hitches when he tries to bring his arm down and can't move. Ilya's arm hasn't moved either, Shane notices. There's no way he... "Ilya."

"Yes, moya lyubov?"

"Do not 'moya lyubov' me right now," Shane snaps. "Are you—" He pulls again, but it only tightens the cuff on his wrist. The cuff that currently has Ilya's wrist locked into the other side. Around the bedpost. How the fuck did he— "Get the fucking key."

"Yes. Key, okay." Ilya nods before he looks around the room. The seconds drag on and then, his eyes trepidatiously land on Shane. "Shane?"

Shane's heart is thudding in his chest. If Ilya suggests they finish first, he's not getting any tonight. "What?"

"Small problem."

Shane's heart falls out of his fucking ass. There's only one reason Ilya wouldn't have the key in his hand already. "Rozanov..."

"Key is on the other side of the room," Ilya confirms. He says it with a forced smile and Shane's eyes nearly bulge out of his head.

"Are— are you fucking kidding me?" Shane blurts out.

They're fucked. They're so fucking fucked it's not even funny.

"Is okay," Ilya soothes and Shane thinks he's lost his mind.

"How is this okay? You handcuffed us to the bed! We're stuck here!"

"We call someone," he says simply, and Shane vehemently shakes his head. The only thing worse than being stuck here is having someone *walk in* on them stuck here. Shane's dick is fully on display and if they can't reach the key, there's no way he can reach his clothes.

"Absolutely fucking not. Who? Who would we even call?"

"Only one person to call. Hayden Pike." Ilya shrugs. "Special treat for him."

Shane thinks of a role reversal, of walking in on Hayden and J— *No*. Nope, nope, nope. He cannot fucking do this.

"No! Hayden is not walking into this bedroom right now," he protests.

"I don't want him to see you naked either," Ilya agrees. He leans closer, kissing Shane's cheek and murmuring. "Might get ideas."

Shane huffs. "He sees me naked all the time."

Ilya purses his lips, looking Shane up and down, and his ability to be aloof and charming is absolutely infuriating right now. "Not like this."

Shane glares at him. "I'm not going to be hard if *Hayden* is in the room."

He's hardly even turned on at this point. Not totally zero because, well, naked Ilya Rozanov half on top of him, but sex is definitely far from his mind at this moment.

"Hayden might be," Ilya muses, and Shane rolls his eyes.

"Okay, Ilya—"

"Is either Hayden, your parents, or the fire department," Ilya says matter-of-factly, and Shane is hit with the crushing realization that he's right.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Shane mutters. "We're calling Hayden, I guess."

"Lucky day for him."

Ilya is able to reach Shane's phone on the nightstand and it only takes a few rings for Hayden to pick up.

"Shane? What's up?" The confusion is evident in his voice, which is fair. Usually Shane disappears entirely on nights when Ottawa is in town. "I thought you'd be... you know..."

"Hello, Hayden," Ilya butts in.

“Oh, great. You’re there,” he mumbles.

Ilya hums, curling his hand around Shane’s hip as if Hayden could see them now. “Yes. I beat you and then I fuck your captain. Great day for me.”

Shane wants to yell at Ilya for adding fuel to the fire when Hayden beats him to it.

“Alright, fuck this. Shane, is there a reason for this call?” he says with a tone that Shane usually hears from Jackie.

Ilya looks at Shane, raising his eyebrows as if to say ‘well?’. Shane closes his eyes and wishes for the forum to swallow him whole. He needs to quit the team after this, if that’s what it takes to never see Hayden again. Maybe hockey all together. “Yeah. Um... I— we really need a favor.”

There’s a pregnant pause. Shane can only imagine what’s going through Hayden’s mind right now. “What?”

“I would not be asking you if I had literally any other option in the world right now,” Shane warns.

“Shane? You okay, buddy?” he asks, alarm is his voice now.

‘He cares,’ Ilya mouths with a fake swoon and Shane swats at his chest.

“Just come to my house. Please. Let yourself in.”

“Dude, Roz is there... if this is some weird threesome invite—”

“Fuck, Hayden. *No*. Just get over here. Soon, please.”

“You should be so lucky,” Ilya adds.

“Not helping,” Shane mutters.

Hayden sighs loudly. There’s rustling in the background, like he’s getting ready to leave his house. “Alright, alright. I’ll be there soon.”

After Hayden hangs up, Shane flops back to the bed as best as he can in their current arrangement. “Fuck me,” he mutters, and Ilya sneaks in a kiss that Shane only barely reciprocates.

“Yes. After.”

Shane doesn’t protest. It’s their one night together for the next few weeks. He’s not so stubborn that he’s going to miss the opportunity.

“We’re at least covering up,” Shane mutters.

“Yes,” Ilya agrees before he goes about wrestling the comforter out from underneath and covering both of their bodies with it.

“There.” He kisses the corner of Shane’s mouth. “Protect your modesty.”

Shane stares at the ceiling. His shoulder is starting to ache a little and his mind sends him on a spiral over what he would do if he had to tell his team doctor that he needed a no-contact day at practice because of sex injury. “Should’ve enjoyed it while you could. You’re never seeing me naked again.”

Ilya chuckles like he won a game Shane didn’t know they were playing. “Liar.”

Shane doesn’t bother arguing. Ilya is right.

“Shane?” Hayden’s voice calls out a few minutes later.

“Did he fucking speed here to come rescue you?” Ilya mutters, and Shane ignores.

“In the bedroom!”

“Dude, what the hell?” Hayden calls out in clear apprehension and Shane wants to melt into the floor.

They listen to the sound of his footsteps drawing nearer, and then the door slowly swings open to reveal Hayden with a hand over his eyes.

Ilya snorts a laugh. “Fucking relax, Pike. Have you never heard of sex before?”

The hand falls. “I have four kids!”

“Ah! So you have heard of it!”

Hayden rolls his eyes and then seems to take in the scene in front of him for the first time. Shane can only imagine the picture they paint, both naked under a blanket, handcuffed to the bed, waiting for him. Shane is never going to mentally recover from this experience.

Hayden, whether consciously or not, takes half a step backward. “Shane, buddy.... What am I doing here?”

“We sort of... um.”

“We need the key. Is on dresser,” Ilya says flippantly.

Hayden’s mouth parts and he narrows his eyes. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“You’re the only one who knows about us here, okay?” Shane pleads.

Hayden seems to realize this, because he shakes his head and starts to drag his feet over to the dresser. “Bad enough that you’re fucking Rozanov. I don’t want to have to fucking see it.”

“Hey,” Ilya protests, with more fire in his voice than from what usually comes with a Hayden chirp. Hayden’s eyes widen in brief panic.

“Not because of the— not because you’re gay,” he quickly explains. He sighs and walks over to Ilya’s side of the bed. “Alright. Fuck you. Where’s the lock?”

Ilya purses his lips and shakes his head. “Ah, no. You can just leave the key right there.”

Hayden’s eyes narrow. He looks at Ilya, then Shane, then back to Ilya. Shane looks away because, well... He wants what Ilya wants too. “Oh, fuck this,” Hayden mutters before tossing the key within reach. “At least wait until I’m gone before you start going at it.”

“Thanks, Hayden. I’m so sorry,” Shane blurts out, and Hayden waves a hand as he retreats to the door.

“Yeah, yeah. We’re fucking never speaking of this again.”

“You can’t talk about sex? You know what they say? You shouldn’t be doing it if you can’t ___”

“Fuck you, Rozanov.”

Ilya smiles. “Goodbye, Pike.”

“Ilya fucking Rozanov off all people,” Hayden mutters from the hallway before there’s the slam of the front door.

“So,” Ilya purrs, mouthing at Shane’s neck. “Where were we?”

God help Shane, he gives in easily.

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