

Safe With You

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Safe With You

by [strawhat_star](#)

Summary

Ilya hasn't seen Shane in a few weeks, since he ran out of Ilya's house after he called him by his name. It sucks, but Ilya's mostly handling it. He's mostly handling it until they end up at some stupid MHL banquet thing and he sees Shane smiling with some girl at the bar.

Shane's embarrassed, was overwhelmed by Ilya calling him his name because they didn't do that. And he didn't handle it great, and maybe dating a girl right after wasn't the move, but Shane was stressed. He and Rose broke up, because she realized he was gay and Shane felt sort of like an ass even though she said they could still be friends. And he was dealing with it, sort of, mostly he was just trying to avoid it. Until his coach told him he had to be at a banquet and he saw Ilya across the room, then he was drinking a nasty tasting red wine and trying not to look his way.

OR Shane and Ilya haven't talked since Shane ran out of Ilya's apartment, neither of them is planning on talking either, until Shane gets roofied at some official MHL banquet and Ilya takes care of him.

Notes

TW: mention of sexual assault, attempted rape, noncensual drug use (roofies), and physical assault (against the attempted rapist, but it is still briefly there).

The actual descriptive part on that is short and only really one paragraph (SA) and two-ish paragraphs (physical assault), but the fic centers around the direct aftermath of these events and being roofied (mentioned throughout the fic), so read at your own prerogative.

If you want to try and read around the descriptive bit, stop at "...Ilya's pretty sure Shane doesn't want him to be." skip one paragraph and pick up from "'Ilya.'" Shane slurs his name..." Note that there is a minor description in the next paragraph of Shane's mouth being covered.

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

Ilya watches as Shane talks with some girl near the bar, leaning against it and sipping on a glass of red wine. His eyes scrunch just a tiny bit with every sip, and Ilya wonders why he didn't get his typical ginger ale or at least champagne when they both know Shane detests red wine. Something about it being "heavy" and wrong on his tongue.

Ilya turns back as Marleau slaps his shoulder, trying to focus on the conversation. The party is less rowdy than any of them really would like, but it's some official sponsored event that they were told they all had to make an appearance at. Ilya hates it, and he knows Shane does too. He hates himself a little for that line of thought, mentally corrects *Hollander* and then thinks tiredly that he might never actually get to call Shane that again with any weight or feeling behind it since Shane ran out on him almost a month ago.

Ilya glances towards the bar again, lips drawing down as he notices Shane is nowhere to be seen. The girl who had been with him has moved to talking to someone else, and Ilya lets his eyes track across the space in search of Shane because it's second nature at this point. He finds him near the doors, stumbling over himself drunk, and Ilya tries to remember how many glasses he'd seen Shane drink because he doesn't think he's ever seen Shane this drunk. Ilya can only think of the one, the still half filled glass of wine abandoned on the bar counter.

"I'll be back." Ilya says, because something feels off and tight in his chest.

"Find some girl already?" Carmichael calls after him, Ilya flipping him off over his shoulder.

The hallway is empty when Ilya gets there, and he looks towards the closing doors of the elevators before shaking his head and walking to the bathroom instead. He wasn't Shane's keeper, and after their last day together ended so horrifically Ilya's pretty sure Shane doesn't want him to be.

Ilya curses under his breath as he shoves the bathroom door open, and steps inside. He looks up from his shoes to make sure it's empty and freezes, stares at Shane bent over the sink counter with some guy standing behind him. Shane's suit pants and underwear have been shucked down around his thighs, the guy's own pants are around his ankles and his dick hard in his hands where he's been lining up at Shane's ass. Ilya turns sharply, trying to flee, ignoring the hurt welling in his chest because he doesn't have the right to feel that. He's got one hand on the door, about to run from the room, when he hears it.

"*Ilya*." Shane slurs his name on a sob, and Ilya can do nothing but turn back because that screaming feeling in his chest that something is wrong has come back with a vengeance.

Ilya notices this time, the way Shane's pupils are blown and his eyes are hazy. The tear tracks and the bruise forming at his cheek. Shane's hands are shaking and he's trying sort of desperately to push the guy's hand away from where it's clamped over his mouth. Ilya's vision whites out.

He is aware that he's moving, of his hand grabbing the guy's shirt. Ilya knows he rips the guy away from Shane, he can feel the ache in his knuckles as he punches him hard. Ilya shoves him into one of the stalls, a sickening glee in his stomach at the cracking sound of the back of

the man's head hitting the wall. Ilya takes one short moment of gentleness amidst the storm of his anger. Careful as he turns and pulls Shane's pants and underwear back up, gentle as he fixes Shane's belt. It all disappears a second later as Ilya crowds into the stall after the man and hits him again.

"*Ilya.*" Shane cries, and Ilya stops, grabs the man by the front of the shirt and yanks him up the stall wall so the toes of his shoes are just scraping the ground.

"You will not go near him again." Ilya spits into the man's face. "You will say nothing of this. Or I will find you, and I will kill you. Understand?"

The man nods rapidly, desperately clawing at Ilya's hand. Ilya holds him there for a second longer before he drops him, quick as he moves back across the space to Shane.

Ilya grabs Shane's waist to hold him up from where he'd been slumping. Bloody knuckles the only evidence of the violence he'd just unleashed, as his fingers lightly curl into the sides of Shane's shirt and he cups Shane's jaw with his other hand.

"Come." Ilya says quietly, shrugs off his suit jacket and holds it over his injured knuckles. "Let's go."

Ilya checks the hall before he steps out of the bathroom with Shane tucked into his side. He glances at the elevator and then decides against it, tugging Shane across the hall and into the stairwell. Shane sways beside him, and Ilya crouches slightly to get his hands under Shane's thighs and lifts.

"*Ilya.*" Shane mumbles, wrapping his arms tight around Ilya's shoulders and clinging to him like a life line.

"Da." Ilya answers, settling his suit jacket over Shane's head to try and keep people from recognizing him if they run into anyone.

Shane hums, his mind hazy and lost to whatever he'd been drugged with, all the fight drained from his body as '*Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya. Safe, safe, safe, safe.*' echoes around in his head. He's not entirely aware of Ilya carrying him up 15 flights of stairs to the Bears' floor. Or of Ilya checking the hall before carrying Shane down towards his room. Shane barely recognizes as Ilya sets him down on the edge of his bed, careful as he pulls off Shane's shoes and sets them by the wall.

"*Ilya.*" Shane mumbles, bleary as he blinks up at him.

"Da. I'm here." Ilya says back, kicking his own shoes off and then helping Shane to shrug off his suit jacket.

He pauses then, not wanting to do anything further without Shane's explicit permission but also aware enough that the only real thing running in Shane's head is the drug. Ilya sits in silence for a moment, listens to the soft sound of Shane's breathing that echoes through the room. Somewhere in his mind he considers calling for help, but the thought is shut down as quickly as it had been when it came to him downstairs. The media would spin it badly for

Shane, even though he was the one who was drugged and there was nothing he could do. Ilya couldn't make such a career-impacting decision on Shane's behalf.

"Do you want to shower?" Ilya asks, careful as he squats down to look him in the eye and cups Shane's face to try and get his attention.

"Mhm." Shane nods, hiccups. "Feel dirty."

"We will get you clean." Ilya promises, goes to start the shower and then steps back, lifts Shane from the bed and carries him into the bathroom with him.

Ilya sets Shane on the closed toilet seat, puckers about turning on the shower for it to warm up and stripping down to his boxers before he turns to Shane. Shane's eyes are barely open, but he's watching him as Ilya reaches out and pulls him up to his feet.

"You have to undress." Ilya tells him, and Shane frowns at the word, fumbles for the buttons of his shirt, his drug-addled hands failing to undo them. "I will help?"

Shane nods easily to that, pliant and still as Ilya slowly unbuttons his shirt and pulls it off. He's moving slower than he needs to, as he undoes Shane's belt and slowly pulls it from his jeans. Ilya rolls it the way he knows Shane does and sets it on the counter, hesitating as his fingers come to rest on Shane's waist again.

"Off." Shane mumbles and Ilya yanks his hands back, but that only makes Shane's pout more exaggerated. His clumsy hands rising to where Ilya's have fallen away and pushing at his pants. "Off. Ilya. Take off."

"Ok." Ilya whispers, because he has never been good at denying anything of Shane. "Ok. I will take them off for you, da?"

Shane nods quickly, frowns when Ilya doesn't actually move to do so, his voice more a whine than anything else as he says. "Ilyaaa."

"Ok." Ilya repeats, movements deliberate and slow as he helps Shane out of his pants, carefully pulling off the other man's socks as well.

Ilya folds Shane's pants too, sets them on the counter near his belt. He tosses the socks into the pile of his own clothes on the floor, kicking them out of the bathroom. Ilya doesn't close the door, worried how Shane might react. So instead he carefully grabs Shane's hand and starts to pull him into the shower.

"No." Ilya has never stopped moving so fast in his life. "Offff."

Shane pushes at the waistband of his underwear, manages to get his fingers between the elastic and his hips and shoves them down to the floor. He kicks them out in the hall after Ilya's clothes, sort of frowns at the pile for a second and then turns a blinding smile to Ilya, eyes searching for praise.

"Good." Ilya nods at him, not sure what else to say.

Shane beams, stumbles into him and presses close, letting Ilya slowly walk them back into the shower. Ilya lets the spray hit him first, lets Shane adjust to the mist that hits his face before carefully turning them around so Shane is the one under the spray.

“I wash you?” Ilya checks, hands uncertainly settled at Shane’s waist to keep him up.

Shane hums, presses his face into Ilya’s collarbone and goes boneless against him in a way that has Ilya scrambling to wrap his arms tighter around Shane’s waist to keep him from slamming into the floor. Shane sighs contentedly, and Ilya lets out a sharp breath of relief as he manages to keep them both up.

“I wash hair first.” Ilya says, waits until he feels Shane nodding against his shoulder before he actually reaches for the shampoo bottle. He pauses again with shampoo lathered hands beside Shane’s head, announcing quietly. “Touching.”

“*Touching.*” Shane echoes, clinging a little more firmly to Ilya’s shoulders.

“Da.” Ilya huffs out, because he hadn’t truly meant for that to be his warning but the English words were all mixed up in his head right now. He can hear the laughter in Shane’s voice and feel him smiling against his collarbone, and Ilya thinks he would do anything if it meant Shane smiled forever.

“Ilya.” Shane mumbles against his skin as Ilya runs his hands through Shane’s hair. “Ilyaa.”

“Hm?” Ilya checks, unsure if Shane needs something or is saying his name just to say it.

“Feels nice.” Shane whispers, melting a little more against him, forcing Ilya to wrap an arm back around his waist to keep him standing.

“Good.” Ilya whispers back, afraid if he speaks at a normal volume it will break this.

Shane doesn’t say much else as Ilya washes his hair and then his body, keeps up a semi-regular murmur of Ilya’s name to which Ilya replies every time. It’s nice, as long as Ilya doesn’t think about the reason they’re in here in the first place. But he can’t, his knuckles stinging from conditioner and shampoo, the water running just a little pink down the drain. Shane leaning boneless and pliant against him in a way he never normally is, even after good sex. Ilya can’t enjoy the moment or the softness because it isn’t actually theirs.

“All done.” Ilya hums, and Shane mumbles something against his shoulder that Ilya can’t actually hear but knows anyway. “I washed with you.”

“You did?” Shane checks, leans back to get a look at Ilya’s face and nearly smacks his head against the wall.

“I did.” Ilya nods, had scrubbed himself quickly and half heartedly washed his own hair while cleaning Shane because he knew the other man would complain if he didn’t. He had heard Shane quip before that just standing under the showerhead wasn’t actually taking a shower. “I promise.”

Shane hums at that, content as he nods and presses his face back into Ilya's shoulder. Ilya reaches around him to turn off the water, snagging towels for both of them off the bar. Ilya wraps one of the towels around his waist and kicks off his wet boxers, hangs them loosely over the showerhead to deal with later. Then he wraps the other towel around Shane's shoulders, careful as he guides them out of the shower.

"Wait." Ilya says, grabs a third towel from the shelf and throws it over the toilet before he lowers Shane to sit on it. "I will dry you."

"Ok." Shane agrees, tiredly lifts his arms just a little bit away from his body and does his best to move in a way that helps Ilya dry his skin.

Ilya dries himself off as quickly as he can too, lifting Shane and then carrying him back into the room. His body protests just a little, exhausted from playing and then carrying Shane up fifteen flights of stairs. Ilya ignores the ache as he sets Shane at the end of the bed and goes searching through his suitcase for a soft pair of sweats and a shirt for Shane to wear.

Ilya yanks on a pair of underwear and shorts for himself, setting the towel over a chair before he turns back towards Shane. He's aware that Shane will fight less if Ilya does something first, if he's seen the way things go and his brain can follow an assumed order of how things will happen. Shane had called it scripting once, had compared it to reviewing another player's previous games when Ilya hadn't understood the word.

"Here." Ilya sounds, tossing the clothes on the bed beside Shane and then kneeling in front of him. "Lift your foot."

Shane does as told, lifts one foot and then the other as Ilya pulls socks on his feet and then guides his legs through the holes for both the underwear and the sweatpants so they only have to go through the motions once. Ilya carefully lifts Shane from the bed again, finishes getting Shane dressed and then guides him along the side of the bed so he sits at the headboard.

"Do you think you could eat?" Ilya asks, and Shane shakes his head and then nods when he sees Ilya frowning.

Ilya watches him for a moment, studies Shane's expression, before he grabs the room service menu and the phone and calls down a simple order for a bowl of soup and two sandwiches. So Shane has options, but also so he could put them in the fridge easily for later if Shane can't bring himself to eat now.

"Are you hurt?" Ilya asks once he's done, ignoring the ache in his hand and turning to Shane.

He'd seen every inch of Shane's body in the shower, had checked religiously that the only bruise was the light one at the side of Shane's face and older marks Ilya knew were from games. Ilya is almost certain that he had interrupted before anything could truly happen in the bathroom, but he doesn't think he can treat his own hand until he confirms. Needs the ache and pain as a reminder that he could have been too late.

"No." Shane replies, shaking his head slowly. His eyes flick over Ilya then, widening as he sees the blood that's still slowly flowing at his knuckles. "*Ilya.*"

“I am fine.” Ilya promises, cups Shane’s jaw with his uninjured hand and tilts his chin up. “He did not... *touch* you?”

Shane doesn’t tense, not really. Not with the steady thrum of *‘Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya. Safe, safe, safe, safe.’* still singing in his veins. It’s a near thing though, as he’s reminded so suddenly of the events that lead him up here to Ilya’s hotel room, as some of the drug-induced fog in his brain clears just a little.

“You stopped him.” Shane whispers, and the truth of it washes over both of them, the potential for what could’ve been sitting heavy between them.

Ilya nods, hums, brushes his thumb over Shane’s collarbone. “You are safe.”

“Safe.” Shane repeats, meets his eyes. “Ilya.”

“Da.” Ilya replies instantly. Knows Shane wasn’t calling for him, understands the implication of Shane saying his name with the same reverence he’d said safe. Repeats it a third time. “Safe.”

Shane nods, slumps forward until his forehead hits Ilya’s shoulder and then shoots back into a sitting position a second later, fumbling as he reaches out to grab Ilya’s hand. “You’re *hurt*.”

“Is okay.” Ilya promises, but he stands up to grab the little first aid kit from his bag anyway.

Shane had given it to him a few years after they started hooking up, a gag gift after they played against each other just before the Christmas break. He’d made some awful joke about Ilya needing bandaids for the burns of his chirping, which Ilya hadn’t understood, but he’d tossed the little first aid kit into his bag anyway and led Shane’s hands to his pants telling him to unwrap his gift. Ilya had given him a pair of yellow laces the next time they met up, and Shane had scoffed, but Ilya knew they lived tucked away in the bottom of his gear bag.

“Barely feel it.” Ilya adds, sitting back on the edge of the bed in front of Shane and carefully starting to blot the blood away from his knuckles with a wipe.

Shane reaches to take it from him, and Ilya lets Shane do most of the work treating his knuckles and holds back any sign of discomfort as Shane presses too hard or his off-kilter hands drag something across the wound. Arguing would be worse, Ilya knows. He also knows in the morning, when Shane is not lost in the haze of some drug, that Shane will insist on redoing the bandages and checking the wound again, so Ilya isn’t too concerned about the subpar bandaging job Shane is currently doing.

“Better.” Shane hums, lifts Ilya’s hand to his lips and presses a featherlight kiss over the bandages he’s just wrapped around Ilya’s knuckles. “Better?”

“Better.” Ilya agrees, bringing Shane’s hand up to his own lips.

Ilya presses a soft kiss to Shane’s fingertips, and then to his palm, and finally just sort of presses his face into Shane’s palm with his lips barely brushing at Shane’s wrist. They both take deep breaths at that, Shane watching Ilya with a spacey wide-eyed look and Ilya seeking

comfort through the steady press of Shane's hand against his cheek. Ilya doesn't actually know how long they sit there like that, forces himself to sit up when he hears the knocking of room service at his door.

"I will be right back." Ilya promises, waits a minute for Shane to blearily nod before he stands up from the bed and walks to the door. Ilya takes the room service tray and shuts the door behind him, quick as he walks back around the corner.

"Ilya?" Shane asks as he catches sight of him, blinking at him tiredly.

"Da." Ilya answers, sets the tray down on the little table and looks over the dishes. "Can you eat? There is soup."

"Ilya." Shane repeats instead of answering, and Ilya steps back to the bed to take Shane's hand.

"Da?"

"I was drugged." Shane mumbles, the most aware of himself he's been all night.

"Yes." Ilya whispers, Shane still bleary and not all the way there. "You were."

"I'm so stupid." Shane groans, pressing his face into his hands.

"Not stupid." Ilya corrects vehemently. "You were drugged. You did nothing wrong."

"I knew it tasted weird." Shane's voice is partially muffled by his hands, as Ilya relents and sits back down on the bed beside him. "I kept drinking it anyway. I just thought it was the wine. I shouldn't have..."

"You did nothing wrong." Ilya states, firm in a way that has Shane tilting his head to look at him. "You did nothing wrong. Is not your fault."

"You almost killed a guy for me." Shane says, and his eyes widen like he's surprised he said it, but Ilya just nods.

"I did." He confirms, completely unphased. "Still might."

"Ilya." Shane hisses, grabbing at Ilya's hands. "You can't just-"

"He drugged you." Ilya spits venomously. "He tried to *hurt* you."

"You stopped him." Shane says. He remembers seeing Ilya in front of the bathroom door and then feeling Ilya's hands gentle on his hips, knows there are moments between but can't actually list them out. "You didn't let him hurt me."

"Of course not." Ilya quips, glares and then his expression immediately softens. "You are, more here?"

"It's wearing off." Shane confirms, his head starting to ache. "I think."

“Can you eat?” Ilya asks again, can see Shane starting to slump and knows he probably won’t be awake for much longer. “Just a few bites. For me, yes?”

Shane really doesn’t think he can, nausea washing over him like waves, but he nods despite himself. He’s never heard Ilya’s voice so worried and uncertain, and he hates knowing he’s the one who caused it to be like that. He knows somewhere in his mind that it’s not his fault, like Ilya said, he didn’t do anything wrong, it was just a bad situation. Shane can’t stop from thinking that if he’d noticed earlier, if he’d done something different, then they wouldn’t be here.

“Can hear your brain turning.” Ilya mutters, dragging the side table over towards the bed. He sets the room service tray and a cold can of ginger ale down in front of Shane, setting a coke down for himself. “Try. Small bites.”

Shane nods, lifts the spoon Ilya hands to him and is relieved when his hand only shakes a little. Ilya watches while trying to seem like he’s not, opening both of their cans and then looking over the sandwich he’d picked for himself. He doesn’t actually take a bite until after Shane has, relief washing over his face and his shoulders slumping a little.

Shane manages to eat about a third of the soup in the time it takes Ilya to finish his sandwich and chips, and Ilya smiles proudly at him when he finally sets the spoon down, quick as he cleans up and pushes the side table back where it goes. Shane watches as Ilya moves around the room, tidying up their dirty clothes from earlier.

Ilya disappears into the bathroom for a minute, returning with a toothbrush and a small towel for Shane, his own toothbrush in his mouth. Shane takes it easily when it’s offered to him, brushes his teeth and swishes his mouth with the cup of water Ilya offers to him. He spits back into the cup after a moment of hesitation, wiping his mouth with the towel. Ilya is gone when he looks up, and Shane panics for a moment, hears the faucet in the bathroom but doesn’t really process what’s happening until it shuts off and Ilya steps back around the corner.

“Sorry.” Ilya says when he sees Shane’s face, quick as he sits on the edge of the bed and grabs hold of Shane’s hands. “Should have said I was going.”

“It’s fine.” Shane tries, but it sounds weak to his own ears.

“Sleep now?” Ilya asks instead of pressing him on it, and Shane’s infinitely thankful for that as he slowly nods. “I turn off lights, be right back.”

Shane nods, feeling a little stupid about it. Ilya smiles softly at him, leans forward and presses a firm kiss to Shane’s forehead before he stands again and rushes around the corner to turn off the main lights. He’s back only a few seconds later, gentle as he reaches out and grabs Shane’s hands in his own, squeezing lightly. Ilya climbs over Shane instead of walking around the bed to get in the other side, slides under the covers and lays back against the pillows.

Ilya hesitates, thinks about pulling Shane against him but stops. Shane makes the decision for him, turns and presses himself against Ilya’s side as soon as Ilya has properly settled under

the covers. Ilya wraps his arms around him quickly, holds tight and relaxes for the first time since he opened that god damn door. Shane presses closer when he feels the tension bleeding from Ilya's body, sort of melts against him in a way that's more pulled in than earlier, in a way that has Ilya letting out a breath and squeezing him tighter.

"This is ok?" Ilya asks into Shane's hair, pressing a kiss to the crown of Shane's head.

"Yeah." Shane nods, voice muffled by Ilya's collarbone.

"Good." Ilya murmurs, pressing another kiss into Shane's hair and then settling back properly against the pillows to sleep.

"Good." Shane agrees softly, letting sleep settle over him, safe in Ilya's arms.

In the morning they would talk about what happened, and what had happened with them, what was going to happen with them. In the morning they would figure out what to do and how they were going to handle everything. Until then, Ilya would lay there listening for any out of place noises until the soft, steady sound of Shane's breathing lulled him to sleep.

End Notes

Sorry if they're OOC, I genuinely wrote this at 3am while I was coming down off pain meds (author vs glass table did not go my way, I think I'll win it next time though).

Hope you liked it, if there are any errors or anything let me know in the comments and I'll fix them. Thanks for reading!

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