

The Boston Cop Slide

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The Boston Cop Slide

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Summary

What happens when Ilya goes down the infamous Boston Cop Slide, and how does Shane react?

Shane was in Boston, and it was one of the rare occasions when they got there the night before a late afternoon game which meant that he was able to go to Ilya's apartment and spend the night without worrying too much about missing practice or getting weird looks from his teammates.

He gave Hayden his usual 'Lily' excuse and left. His best friend had come to expect his disappearances anytime they played in Boston, and had already set his bags on what was supposed to be Shane's bed, so leaving wasn't difficult.

It didn't take him long to get to Ilya's by Uber. He had his own key, though his boyfriend usually greeted him at the door.

Shane was surprised when the other man wasn't there. "Ilya?" He called, voice ringing through the large entryway.

"In here!" He heard Ilya say from the living room. "Sorry, I didn't realize you were here already."

Shane walked through Ilya's home like he owned it. He had spent enough time there that it almost felt like he did, although most of that time wasn't exactly spent studying the architecture.... In the living room, he found his boyfriend laying on the couch with an icepack pressed against his side.

"What the fuck?" He quickly ran to Ilya, maneuvering the pack away to reveal a large, blooming bruise on his ribs.

"Is fine." Ilya's wince as Shane's fingers ran down his torso said otherwise. "Just a bruise."

"Did you get hit yesterday?" Shane thought back to Ilya's previous game against the Admirals, but couldn't remember him getting struck or pushed any harder than a light shove or two. Nothing that could cause a mark like that.

Ilya shook his head. “Not by Admiral, no.”

“But you got hit?”

“No.”

“Then...”

“Is embarrassing.”

Shane looked at his boyfriend and the blush slowly growing across his cheeks. God, he was adorable when he was bashful.

Since he knew he could take it, he pressed a finger into his bruise. Ilya grit his teeth and batted at Shane’s hand. “Stop!”

“Tell me how you got the bruise.”

“Is-”

“Embarrassing, I know. Tell me anyway.”

Ilya groaned as Shane continued pressing into the bruise. Neither man would admit how pornographic the sound was, nor how hard both of their dicks were becoming. Usually it was Shane who was the masochist in the relationship, but once in a while after a particularly rough injury Ilya could relish the pain.

“Okay,” Ilya finally relented, and Shane removed his hand. “Do you know about... the slide?”

Shane blinked. “What slide?”

“The Boston cop slide.”

“Uh, no, can’t say I do.”

“Can you hand me my phone?” Ilya reached uselessly towards the coffee table, where the device was lying prone. Once it was in his hand, he spent a few seconds typing into YouTube. “Here.”

Shane laid down so he was pressed against Ilya’s unbruised side and their faces were next to one another.

The video was taken during the day. There was a long, curved silver slide that shook for a moment before a cop wearing a yellow safety vest came flying out at lightning speed. He skidded across the ground before coming to a stop, walkie-talkie and flashlight falling out of his belt. The person behind the camera was laughing hard, and then the screen went black as the video ended. In all, it was about three seconds long.

“What the fuck?”

Ilya chuckled and replayed the video. Shane noticed that the cop came out of the slide on his stomach, but assumed he had started on his back. The speed was incredible and highly dangerous for what was likely supposed to be meant for children to go down.

After he had watched it a third time, he turned towards Ilya. “Are you telling me you went down this death trap?”

Ilya grimaced and nodded slowly. “Was a dare.”

“A dare?”

“Marleau. We were out drinking to celebrate win against New York. I got drunk, felt adventurous. We ended up in park and Marleau bet me twenty bucks to go down slide. Video is... how you say... infamous?”

Shane shook his head incredulously. “You’re a dumbass.”

“I thought I was an asshole.”

“That too.” He pressed a chaste kiss against Ilya’s lips. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, fine. Was fun.”

“Fun, really?”

Ilya grinned. Shane always loved when he let his inhibitions down, even if it meant he did stupid stuff like go down a death slide. “I have a video.”

Shane pulled back to stare down at him. “You do?”

“Mhm.” He moved from YouTube to his messaging app, pulling up Marleau’s contact and pressing the first text.

The video was considerably longer than the original and set at night, but the slide behind Ilya was the same. Marleau’s voice from behind the camera boomed, goading Ilya to go down the

slide. The Russian giggled in a way he only did when he was drunk, and he skipped - yes, skipped - over to the ladder leading up to the top.

“Rozanov! Rozanov!” A group of voices chanted. The camera panned over to show four other Boston Rangers with identical grins on their faces. One of them was pumping his fist in the air.

Marleau moved back so that the slide was in view, a small Ilya now visible at the top. His arms were up in a V-shape as he jumped in time with the chanting. “I expect that twenty dollars!” He shouted, accent strong with his inebriation. Suddenly, he disappeared.

The players went quiet as the slide began to tremble, a whooping yell growing as Ilya reached the open area at the end. When he finally appeared, his arms were stretched above his head, somehow still on his back despite the crazy swaying he did as he hit the sharp curves.

Shane winced as he watched his boyfriend slam into the metal siding of the slide, undoubtedly what gave him the deep purple bruise. He was going considerably slower than the cop had, but his speed was still insane. By some miracle he managed to land on his feet, stumbling just a few steps before righting himself with a shout of victory.

The Raiders enveloped him in a hug, and Shane saw a flash of green as a bill passed between Marleau and Ilya.

The video ended on Ilya’s face, childlike joy openly apparent as he held up the money like a trophy.

“Wow,” Shane breathed after a few moments, taking in everything he had just seen. “I take it back, dumbass is an underexaggeration.”

Ilya shoved him playfully. “Like I said, was fun! Made some money off of it too.”

“Money for the pain meds?”

“I was thinking I’d put it in my trophy room.”

“Ah yes, your proudest achievement.”

Ilya shoved him again, harder this time. “Not proudest. Most painful, maybe.”

Shane bit his lip to hold back a laugh. “You’ll have to send me that video. I think Hayden would get it framed if he could.”

“Not a chance, Hollander.”

Ilya couldn’t do much with such an intense bruise on his side, a sentiment he spent many minutes complaining about. However, they were both more than content to lay together on the couch and watch TV.

Shane would never admit it, but ever since he and Ilya had made their relationship official he had started loving their calmer moments. He loved the sex, of course. Nothing would ever top the sex (except Ilya, teehee), but they had spent so much time hiding their feelings from themselves and one another that he cherished the moments when it felt like they were actually boyfriends. The fact that they were now able to do things like this, cuddle and talk, proved that they were something real. Something worth protecting and fighting for.

Every few minutes Shane would chuckle softly as he remembered Ilya coming out of the slide. Ilya didn’t say anything, though his soft smile gave away that he knew what was making his boyfriend laugh.

They stayed that way for several hours, happy and in love, until they both fell into comfortable and dreamless sleep.

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