

February 14th, 2016

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by [Talls](#)

Summary

Ilya's lips purse, and he gets that look on his face that means he's about to say something terrible.

"You are waiting for me to give you chocolate?" he asks, one of his eyebrows even more arched than usual. There it is.

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In which the Boston Raiders are playing the Montreal Metros on February 15th, and it's totally normal for Shane to spend Valentine's Day with his very casual situationship.

Notes

thank you to della for reading this over and telling me it was ready to be posted -- i haven't read the books so this characterization is based just on the show... hope you enjoy them!!!!

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

Shane is in a really good groove these days, is the thing.

He's got one cup under his belt, he's on track to win another this season, he's got all the endorsements a guy could want, and every month or so, he gets railed by one of the best players in the league. His life is good. His thing with Ilya is good too. It's casual. They know each other, know each others' bodies, know how to get each other off. They're in a rhythm. It works.

So, it's with a very casual mindset that Shane checks his game schedule and sees that they have a home game on the 15th against the Raiders, and it's with a very casual mindset that he texts Ilya asking when he'll be flying in. That evening, Ilya responds and says the afternoon before so Shane very casually says he'll see Ilya on Feb 14th, and it's right after he hits send and rereads his message that he realizes what a fucking dipshit he is.

He cannot believe. That he invited Ilya Rozanov to come over on Valentine's Day. That's insane. He's insane.

Shane stares uselessly at the text thread, trying to figure out what he could say, something, anything, that would fix this horrible mistake. Maybe he could tell Ilya that they don't have Valentine's Day in Canada or maybe it's on a different day in Canada. Yes. That's what he'll say. He'll say Valentine's Day is on a different day in Canada. March 5th. Ilya doesn't know shit about Canada, so that'll work.

Shane tosses his phone on his couch and puts his head in his hands. Who is he fucking kidding? Ilya lives in America. He's probably surrounded by non-stop Valentine's Day bullshit everywhere. There are little red hearts on all of the packaging of anything that can be bought at a store. Women have probably been throwing themselves at him for weeks now, trying to get his attention in time for the holiday.

Shane takes a moment to sink to the floor of his living room where things are more safe. He looks at the painting across the room from him. It's a very calming painting.

He can't text Ilya again. That would be even more insane. He has to just ride the wave. Ilya will probably ignore his text, which is fine because Shane doesn't even really care that much about whether or not Ilya leaves him on read these days, and then the next time they're in the same city, he'll wait for Ilya to text first. He's not desperate for a response. He's evolved past that now. He's an MLH Cup winner.

His phone buzzes. He almost pulls a muscle in his back twisting to grab it off the couch. It's Ilya. Jesus Christ, he responded so fast. Shane's fingers fumble on his phone screen as he opens the text thread.

Lily: OK 👍

Well. Okay then. That's fine. That's good. That's part of their rhythm.

"Don't worry," he says to the painting. "It's totally casual."

The painting doesn't argue.

*

A week later in Dallas, Hayden sidles up to him in the locker room after they obliterate the Stallions, 3-0. For some reason Hayden always wants to start a conversation with Shane when he's shirtless.

"Days like this, you really have to feel grateful," Hayden says, with a big smile on his face. "I mean, it's amazing that we get paid for this shit."

"Totally," Shane says, pulling on his shirt. He does feel grateful. His mom talks all the time about him starting a foundation eventually, giving back. His dad likes the idea too. His mom wants him to decide to give it to Asian kids in hockey, but they've both agreed that it's a little early in his career to have that conversation.

"I was thinking, maybe you wanted to give back to your community. Get a few hours of volunteering in?" Hayden suggests. "Sometime soon? Like next week?"

"I'm not babysitting your kids on Valentine's Day," Shane responds, tugging on his sweats.

"Oh, come on, dude," Hayden groans. "The kids love you--"

"You can afford a babysitter," Shane interrupts, before Hayden can make it to the inevitable guilt trip.

"You don't even have any plans," Hayden says.

"Yeah, I do," Shane retorts, before realizing that was a tactical misstep.

"Wait, what?" Hayden asks, insultingly shocked. "You have plans for Valentine's Day? Finally gonna lose that v-card of yours?"

"Fuck off," Shane says.

"No, no, I'm serious, this is exciting. You have Valentine's Day plans, that's crazy," Hayden says, and Shane tries not to bristle at the edge of relief in his voice. "Do I know her? Wait, who am I kidding you've never introduced me to anyone. Should I meet her? Jackie and I can cancel our reservation at Pomme."

"No, you can't meet her, and no, you can't cancel your reservation," Shane says. "Jackie's wanted to go to Pomme since it opened last year."

"If you like my wife so much, why don't you date her?" Hayden asks.

"Her husband can fight," Shane responds, and Hayden grins.

"At least give me a hint," he says, cajoling now. "Is she more Mila Kunis? Or Kate Upton?"

Shane almost doesn't respond, but then he thinks of the hard golden edges of Ilya's face, his sharp jaw, his clear blue eyes, his beauty mark.

"Kate Upton," he responds, and doesn't even really feel like he's lying. "Definitely."

"Wow. Good for you," Hayden says, elbowing Shane lightly. "Be sure to make the most of your time. Valentine's is for making love."

"Don't be gross," Shane says, slamming his locker shut, but he's kind of smiling too.

*

The morning of the fourteenth finds Shane pretty worked up, doing chores to deal with those jitters he gets whenever he and Ilya are about to be in the same city. He's just finished vacuuming the bottom floor of his apartment when his mom calls, so he keeps her on speaker as he washes the dishes, and she tells him about the gifts she and Dad gave each other, and the plans Dad made for them tonight.

"Then we'll grab dinner at that new Italian spot, which was my idea, but I was surprised he got a reservation after they got that lovely review in the Gazette. And then we're getting gelato at Stracci, and then we're going to the rink to skate with each other," Yuna says.

"That sounds great, Mom," Shane responds, wiping down his counters. They always go to the rink to skate with each other on Valentine's Day. It's really cute.

"How about you? Any plans?" she asks, her voice newly probing.

"Just gonna curl up with a good book like always," Shane says. "Take it easy before the game tomorrow."

"Oh, that sounds nice," Yuna says. "You know, that actually reminds me, did you hear about Sidney Adejuyigbe?"

"The tennis player?" Shane asks. "What about her?"

"You remember how she had that horrible knee injury?" Yuna asks. "Well, she's walking fine now, but apparently she won't be playing this season."

"Okay," Shane says, wondering how this will become relevant to him.

"And I just heard that she's going to be in Montreal for the next six months for her PT," she continues.

"How did you hear all this stuff?" Shane says.

"Her agent and yours used to date," she answers. "So, anyways, it turns out Sidney's got a long-standing brand deal with Aston Martin, which you mentioned being interested in two weeks ago. And I was just thinking, maybe you'd want to take her out for dinner tonight."

Of course. How did Shane not see this coming? How could he possibly feel surprised right now?

“You want me to ask a stranger out on Valentine’s day for an Aston Martin brand deal?” Shane asks. He almost asks her who she’s pimping him out to next, but it wouldn’t be worth it.

“It’s not about Aston Martin, honey, and it doesn’t have to be a love connection or anything,” she says, quickly. “But it wouldn’t hurt to soften your image a little.”

“What, I have a hard image because I’m not a playboy?” Shane asks, feeling himself start to snap at her, incapable of stopping it.

“You come off a little like a lone wolf,” Yuna points out. “Like you’re not sociable.”

“Well, I’m not,” Shane says.

“Oh, don’t say that, honey,” Yuna says, annoyed now. “You have those friends—“

“One friend,” Shane corrects, and he doesn’t know why he’s arguing with her about this, this argument makes no sense, he doesn’t know why he’s having it.

“Jackie counts,” Yuna argues.

“I was talking about Jackie,” Shane says, looking Sidney Adejuyigbe up.

“That’s not nice to Hayden, he’s been so kind to you. Look, just think about it,” she says.

“Ever since Sidney’s knee injury, she’s been getting a lot of heat in the papers. I think she could really use a friend right now. Plus I read that great interview of hers in the Wall Street Journal, and I think you’ll really relate to her work ethic. She lives and breathes tennis, and you always talk tennis with your father.”

“Isn’t she in a relationship with a DJ?” Shane asks, reading from the TMZ article on his phone.

“Unconfirmed,” Yuna responds, just a little too fast.

“Mom—“ Shane starts.

Yuna sighs. “I just. I don’t want you to be lonely, sweetheart.”

Shane doesn’t tell her that it’s too late for that. He doesn’t tell her that it makes him feel queasy when he thinks about his life after hockey, how empty it’ll be. It doesn’t matter. None of it matters.

Besides, he’s overreacting. She’s not asking for much from him. She’s right that it could help his career to be seen with women more often. Better if it’s one specific woman, better if she’s high profile too, even better if she’s affiliated with a premium brand that could sponsor him. He knows that. And it would be nice, to be with someone in a way that wouldn’t destroy

everything he's built. That they've built. He sees that she wants good things for him. She's trying to help. She's helping him.

"Valentine's Day isn't the time to start anything," he says, once he's got a handle on himself. "It looks too much like a stunt. If we were going to do something for publicity like that, it would have to feel more organic."

Yuna sighs again. "You're right. That's a good point." She takes a beat. Shane tries to shake off the sinking feeling in his gut. "I'm proud of you, you know that? I just want you to be happy."

"Thanks, Mom," Shane says. His phone buzzes. "Listen, I'm getting a call, but I'll talk to you later. Have a good time with Dad today."

"Of course, Shane, I love you," she says, and he wishes she sounded less sad. He doesn't know what else he could possibly give her.

"Bye, love you," Shane says before he hangs up. He checks his texts.

Lily: See you at 7

Shane takes a deep breath and puts everything he's feeling away. He needs to get ready. Everything else can wait.

*

Ilya texts that he's there at 7:03. He's waiting in the alley when Shane gets downstairs, smoking a dart lazily with his back against the dirty concrete wall. Shane thinks about their first meeting for half a second, his over-rehearsed over-pronounced introduction, Ilya's assessing eyes, the way Shane's body felt increasingly hot and useless as he stood out there in the cold.

Ilya turns to him and his lips quirk up in a smile. It snaps Shane out of the moment. Ilya didn't smile at him back then. That came with time. Effort. Just like everything else worth having.

"Are we spending the night in alley?" Ilya asks, the smirk still firmly in place.

Shane realizes that he's been staring at Ilya silently for the last thirty seconds. "Fuck off," he says, reflexive, stupid. "C'mon."

He turns and walks back into the building without looking back, listening for the sound of Ilya's footsteps behind him. He always knows where Ilya is. In the early days, he was relying on his on-ice awareness. If Rozanov's on the ice, you keep your eyes on him. It was easy to carry those scanning habits into receptions and press conferences and hotel rooms. Now Shane senses him by the way he moves, the way he occupies space. He knows him by instinct. Muscle memory.

The second Ilya steps fully in his apartment, Shane pins him against the front door, his hands slipping under Ilya's shirt to the warm skin of his back. Ilya leans in for a kiss, his hands

coming up to grope at Shane's chest. Shane pulls back for some reason. He doesn't really know why. Maybe he wants to make him wait. Maybe he just likes the view, Ilya pale and gold against the dark wood, looking at him with those clear eyes, warm with want. He'd take a picture and frame it, if it wasn't the dumbest fucking idea he's ever had.

Ilya's lips purse, and he gets that look on his face that means he's about to say something terrible.

"You are waiting for me to give you chocolate?" he asks, one of his eyebrows even more arched than usual. There it is.

"Shut up," Shane says, leaning in to kiss him, and it's so good, it's always so stupidly fucking good, Ilya's hot mouth against his, the feeling of his tongue against Shane's teeth. Tonight Ilya tastes like cigarette smoke which sucks, but usually Shane can convince him to have a mint or two, and besides, his lips are slightly chapped from the plane, and he smells like stale air and faded cologne and cold sweat which means he must have come over as soon as he dropped off his bags at the hotel, and god it gets Shane hard to know Ilya was in a rush to get here.

Shane starts to kiss down his neck, and Ilya pulls Shane's shirt off, then his own, and then they're kissing again and Ilya's walking them backwards to the couch in the living room, and Ilya can navigate them to the couch with his eyes closed, Shane's going to come in his fucking pants.

Shane falls heavy on the couch, and Ilya falls heavier on top of him, and now he's thinking about how easy things feel between them now, Ilya's elbows knocking up against Shane's ribs, Ilya's legs tangled with Shane's, Ilya's face blindly nuzzling against his cheek, asking with everything but words for Shane's lips.

Shane kisses him, and kisses him again, and then lets Ilya pull away to get his hands into Shane's pants.

"Can you come twice tonight?" Ilya asks, his hand wrapped loosely around Shane's aching cock. It's not always guaranteed, and sometimes Shane gets worried about overworking himself before a game, but the Raiders have an injured goalie, and fuck it, he wants to come.

Shane nods quickly, "Yeah, yeah, for sure," he says, pulling Ilya's hand up to spit in it, and then Ilya's mouth is on his neck again, and his hand is stealing back into Shane's sweatpants to work him over, his grip just tight enough to make Shane tense and dig his fingers into Ilya's curls. Ilya starts to move down Shane's body, ostensibly to blow him, but Shane tightens his grip and keeps Ilya in place. He wants Ilya's hand, the friction of it, the calluses on his thumb and palm from constant stick handling.

"Fuck, Hollander, you're wet," Ilya says, and Shane moans at the thought, at getting wet for Ilya like a girl, dripping on his fingers, making a mess of him.

"Shut up," Shane grits out, scraping his teeth on Ilya's jaw as a warning. "Don't say that shit."

“Why, it gets you too hard?” Ilya says, twisting his hand on the next upstroke. “I can feel it in your cock. You jerk in my hand when I say it.”

“Fuck,” Shane groans, his hips rolling to meet Ilya’s hand. “Roz--”

“Just like that,” Ilya says, encouraging. “Fuck yourself with my hand like that.”

“Rozanov,” Shane gasps.

“So pretty when you’re desperate,” Ilya says, his voice low, and Shane comes in a rush, his muscles locking up as he screws his eyes shut, caught in the cage of Ilya’s body as he works him through it with his big fucking hand.

When he can start thinking again, he taps against Ilya’s back. “Shower?” he asks. He doesn’t get a response. He opens his eyes to see that Ilya isn’t looking at him, staring at the painting on the wall across from the couch instead.

“That painting is new,” Ilya says.

Shane doesn’t know what to do with that. He didn’t think Ilya would notice the painting at all.

“Uh, yeah,” Shane says, like an idiot. “I hung it up like a month ago.”

“Your designer didn’t pick it,” Ilya says, and now he’s standing up and walking towards the painting and how did he know, how does he always know things about Shane that nobody else sees?

“No, I did,” Shane says, standing up too, looking at Ilya’s muscled back, the powerful arch of his shoulders. “Dad was invited to an event at an art gallery for work, so he took Mom and me.”

The gallery was the kind of environment that always makes Shane nervous, somewhere between antiseptic and avante-garde, bright provocative colors and sculptures against clean shiny walls. Shane didn’t know where he was supposed to put his hands, so he mostly just put his thumbs in his pockets. His mom was checking hockey scores or typing up emails the whole time, so it was up to him to look interested in the stuff his dad was saying. He wasn’t doing great, but his dad clearly appreciated the effort, so it was worth it.

They had made it to a new room dedicated to a different artist when he saw it. It was so simple. Just a landscape, a frozen lake with tall birch trees in the background, not a leaf in sight. It was almost entirely rendered in shades of blue and grey and white, except for a bird on one of the trees, basically just a small splotch of golden paint. Shane couldn’t stop looking at it, the eerie untouchability of the trees, the cool beauty of the lake, the gleam of almost-warmth on the bird’s feathers.

His dad touched his arm to recall his attention, and after that failed, reminded him that as an MLH player, he could definitely afford a painting from this gallery if he wanted it. His mom stared with narrowed eyes as he tracked down the nearest attendant to figure out how he

could get it into his apartment as soon as possible. The painting was called ‘Summer, Invincible’. Shane couldn’t figure out why.

Now Ilya is staring at the painting the way Shane did then, transfixed. His hand comes up, before he jerks to a halt, his fingers hanging still in the air. Something about that picture looks wrong to Shane.

“You can touch it,” Shane offers, even though Ilya’s hands are probably filthy right now. “It’s mine, so.”

Ilya tenses but raises his hand, until the very tip of his index finger touches the small golden bird. Shane’s breath catches weird in his chest. Without warning, Ilya drops his hand, and turns to Shane, something wild and terrified in his eyes.

“Are you okay?” Shane asks.

Ilya doesn’t acknowledge the question. “I need a drink,” he says, and then walks towards Shane’s kitchen.

*

By the time Ilya starts opening all the drawers in Shane’s kitchen, he looks calmer. He’s comfortable in Shane’s apartment these days, which is good. Shane likes this apartment, the deep quiet of it. The space. He likes how Ilya looks inside of it. Especially when he’s shirtless.

“You have to buy booze for your house,” Ilya says, not for the first time, as his search continues to turn up empty.

“I don’t like drinking,” Shane responds.

“Keep it for guests,” Ilya says.

“I don’t really have guests,” Shane says. Ilya whips around to poke his head in the fridge.

“And you never have Coke,” he complains. “Always ginger ale.”

“I don’t like Coke,” Shane says.

“Boring,” Ilya says.

“Coke is boring,” Shane says, rolling his eyes. “Everyone drinks Coke, it’s like water.”

“Whatever,” Ilya says, cracking open a ginger ale anyways, drinking half and then pouring the rest down the sink. He’s acting out, but Shane doesn’t mind. Something spooked him, and if being sort of annoying is what it takes to calm him down and get him into Shane’s bedroom, then Shane can handle that.

Shane walks closer and corners Ilya up against the sink, bracing himself on the counter to either side of Ilya’s strong frame. Ilya doesn’t look at him, but his body opens to Shane,

letting him get closer. He presses a kiss to Ilya's collarbone. Then another to his neck.

"Do you want to keep calling me boring, or do you want me to blow you in the shower?" Shane murmurs, pressing a final kiss to Ilya's ear.

Ilya considers this. "I have to choose?" he asks.

Shane nods seriously.

*

Ilya looks like a work of art against the brown stone of Shane's shower, his golden body lightly dappled with shadowy bruises from being slammed against the boards a couple hundred times by the Admirals last week, water sliding down his pecs to his abs and into the deep cut of his adonis belt. The view is even better from on his knees. Shane lets his throat fully relax as Ilya fucks deep into his mouth, before he pulls himself out and drags Shane up his body.

"Fuck, yeah, touch me," Shane gasps, clinging to Ilya's shoulders as Ilya's fingers slide between his cheeks, rubbing at his hole. The water is hot on his back, and he can smell Ilya all over, the taste of his cock still warm on his tongue. He's not fully hard yet but he's getting there, his body taking a little time to wake back up after his last orgasm.

"You feel loose," Ilya asks. He presses a finger into Shane and Shane moans, breathing hard against Ilya's well-defined trap muscle. "You touched yourself before I came?"

"No," Shane says, smearing his mouth up Ilya's neck. "Last night."

"Thinking of me?" Ilya asks.

"Shut up," Shane says, nipping at Ilya's earlobe because he can't deny it.

Ilya stills, and then turns off the water, pulling them out of the shower. Shane barely has time to drag a towel over them once, before Ilya is scooping Shane breathless into his arms and carrying him to the bed. They almost trip twice, it's so stupidly dangerous, and Shane can't stop laughing. There must be something in the air.

"Tell me," Ilya commands with an evil grin, throwing Shane wet and giggling onto the bedspread. He's definitely going to have to change the sheets after, but Ilya jumps on top of him and Shane forgets to care about the sheets, which, to be fair, were probably going to need to be changed and washed anyways. "Did you use a dildo, or just your fingers?"

"None of your business," Shane says, kissing whatever damp skin is in reach, Ilya's armpit, his shoulder. "Get the lube."

"You don't want to talk?" Ilya asks, pouting.

"I want you to get inside of me," Shane says, grabbing one of the decorative throw pillows and thumping Ilya with it for emphasis.

“You’re no fun,” Ilya pouts, but he grabs the lube from the bedside table and slicks himself up. Shane flips over to his elbows and knees, and waits for Ilya to get behind him, line himself up with Shane’s hole and press into him. Sometimes Shane wants it so bad he can’t relax and Ilya has to calm him down, but tonight he’s so relaxed from the shower and the handjob that Ilya practically slides into him.

“Oh my god,” Shane says, gasping at the stretch, the deep fullness of Ilya’s thick cock inside of him. “Fuck, that’s good.”

“Better or worse than fingers?” Ilya asks. Shane should have known he wouldn’t drop it. “Or was it dildo? I forget.”

“Rozanov,” Shane tries.

“You wanted me in you,” Ilya says, rolling his hips the barest amount, giving Shane basically nothing. “I’m in.”

“Then fuck me,” Shane says.

“Not until you tell me,” Ilya says. “I can wait. I am very patient when I want to be.” He is. Shane has learned that the hard way.

“I used a dildo, okay?” Shane asks. “Now will you--”

“Who is better?” Ilya asks. “Me or dildo.”

“The dildo is more consistent,” Shane says.

“Oh, then maybe we go get it,” Ilya says, rolling back like he’s about to pull out and fuck, goddammit--

“Never mind, it’s you,” Shane corrects quickly. “You’re better. Now would you just--”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t hear that,” Ilya says, but at least he’s rolled back, his chest plastered to Shane’s back, his breath hot on Shane’s neck.

“Rozanov, please,” Shane says, and now he actually feels it, the desperation. It’s been so long since Ilya fucked him last, and now it’s finally happening, and Ilya’s so warm against him, touching him everywhere, and Shane doesn’t get touched like this ever, and he needs this, fuck he needs it all the time, like it’s air or water or--

“Fine,” Ilya says, pulling back and fucking back into him in one smooth stroke. Shane’s thoughts scatter. “You have been good. Even though you call me boring downstairs.”

“You are such an--” Shane starts before Ilya begins to fuck him in earnest, and then nothing matters, nothing in the world other than Ilya’s cock inside of him. It’s so good. It’s a disaster. It’s going to destroy Shane. It’s going to obliterate him.

Ilya makes a guttural sound and adjusts his angle a little, and it all gets better somehow, the knife edge of pleasure that Shane’s riding getting sharper and more keen. Ilya grips Shane's

hips hard enough to bruise and Shane fucks back against him, their bodies moving in perfect synchrony.

Shane's cock hangs dark and hard between his legs, and Ilya's balls are slapping up against the back of Shane's thighs, and Shane is going to come any second now, he knows he is, but it just doesn't matter, none of that matters compared to the feeling of Ilya, grazing his prostate with every other stroke, relentless and rhythmic and perfect, as if tailored to Shane's exact specifications, Ilya who could be anywhere doing anything tonight, and instead is coming deep inside Shane, filling him up, making him whole again. Ilya pants and gasps against Shane's neck, hot and wet and alive inside of Shane and when he pulls out, Shane almost cries a little, at the world-ending loss, at the emptiness of it all.

*

Ilya doesn't leave immediately after they hook up anymore. He never stays the night obviously, but he'll lounge around, make out for a little, lazily. Once they even started watching a game, but Ilya got a call that made him speak in rapid-fire Russian and left before the second period.

Tonight, Shane's resting against the headboard, with Ilya stretched sideways across the bed, his head on one of Shane's thighs. His body is long and lean and beautiful on the wrecked and tangled sheets. Shane wonders if Ilya would like it if he played with his hair. It's probably not worth the risk. They had a nice time today. Shane doesn't want to ruin it.

"It must suck to not be in Boston tonight," Shane says, the words coming out of him like he's been possessed.

"Why?" Ilya asks, his voice thick and low.

"You know. Valentine's Day and all," Shane says. He's going to stop talking soon. He's being insane, and embarrassing. He'll stop any second now. "You might have had, like, plans or something."

"I would not," Ilya says. Shane's heart does some kind of horrible double beat thing in his chest. "Valentine's Day is heavy. I am not for that."

"Right," Shane says. That's a relief. Well. Not a relief, obviously, Ilya can do what he wants, he always does. But it's a relief that nobody else expected Ilya in their bed tonight. Shane's not a homewrecker or anything. "I get that."

"How about you?" Ilya asks, tilting his head to look at Shane.

"Same," Shane lies. "I don't want to give anyone a wrong impression. I'm all about the game right now. Gonna get the cup again this year."

Shane thinks that Ilya's going to fight him on it, but he just rolls his eyes. "Probably, yes. But we will not make it easy on you."

“You never do,” Shane says. He feels kind of brave for a second, so he reaches a hand to Ilya’s head, tugs at one of his curls. Ilya turns his face into it like a cat getting his ear scratched. It’s cute. Surprisingly cute, for Ilya.

“Why that painting?” Ilya asks, out of nowhere. “Of all paintings.”

Shane shrugs. He’s just as confused as Ilya. “I don’t know. It made me feel calm. Slowed me down.”

Ilya nods, his eyes heavy and faraway. Shane tugs at his hair, reclaims his attention.

“What about you?” Shane asks. “What did you see?”

Ilya doesn’t speak for so long that Shane wonders if he heard him at all.

“Home,” he says eventually. He doesn’t explain. Shane doesn’t ask.

They stay like that for a while. Shane can’t really tell how long. Time moves slow.

*

Eventually Ilya has to get back to the hotel. It’s practically midnight. They might be exhausted for morning skate, but they’ll be able to nap before the game so Shane’s not that worried. A little annoyed though. If it was an afternoon game they could just sleep in.

They track down all of Ilya’s clothes, making out against nearby flat surfaces whenever they can.

They knock shoulders with each other as Shane walks him to the stairwell to the alley, body checking each other and grinning like idiots. It’s silly, and it makes Shane feel a little crazy, but it’s Valentine’s Day. If Shane was ever going to get kiss-drunk and stupid, it would be today.

“I almost forgot,” Ilya says, pausing in front of the door. “Think fast.” He reaches into his pants pocket and tosses something at Shane. Shane reaches up and catches it by instinct, before looking down at what he caught.

It’s a Toblerone bar. Valentine’s Day themed, with a red heart on it.

Shane looks up at Ilya with wide eyes, but Ilya just winks and leaves, the door slamming shut behind him. Shane almost goes after him, but what would he even say? He doesn’t have anything for Ilya. He didn’t think Ilya would want anything.

Jesus Christ. Ilya bought him chocolate. Sure, he probably bought it from duty free on the way in today, it’s not like this was a big deal. But Ilya saw chocolate on Valentine’s Day and bought it just for Shane.

He looks at the bar in his hand. He shouldn’t eat it. It’s during the season. Chocolate is definitely not allowed in his diet. Breaking the rules once makes it easier to break the rules again. So he’s not going to eat it.

His hands shake as he opens the cardboard, unwraps the thin foil on the chocolate. It smears on his hands, melting onto his fingers, still warm from the heat of Ilya's body, just like Shane.

He pops a triangle off and places it on his tongue. It tastes good. Really good.

"Happy Valentine's Day, Rozanov," Shane says quietly, before he wraps the chocolate up, puts it into his hoodie pocket and jogs back up to his apartment.

The Metros win the next day, 4-3. Ilya pulls off a hat trick. Shane blames it on the chocolate.

*

End Notes

let me know if you enjoyed it! i'm excited about these two :)

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