

Rhythm and Blues

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Rhythm and Blues

by [strawhat_star](#)

Summary

When he was told he'd be doing another on-ice advertisement in Nashville, Shane had secretly been hoping the other player would be Rozanov even knowing Boston had a game scheduled that day.

Shane has an ad shoot in Nashville, faces yet another racist, and texts Ilya.

Notes

NOTE: use of slur and brief attempted sexual assault (but not really? tag is mostly to be safe)

NOTE: mentions of sex and allusions to blow jobs (consensually. referring to Shane/Ilya)

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

Nashville, Shane had decided rather early on in his hockey career, was a weird city. He didn't know music that well, and he really didn't understand the hype for country music that everyone in Nashville seemed to feel. Even some of their own team got all weird in Nashville, Hayden said it was something in the air the first game they played there, and Shane had just shrugged helplessly as they flipped through ten radio stations in their rental car before deciding on silence.

When he was told he'd be doing another on-ice advertisement, this time in Nashville, Shane had secretly been hoping the other player would be Rozanov even knowing Boston had a game scheduled. He was a little disappointed when he got to the rink from the airport and saw the other player for the shoot was one of Nashville's players. Miller, Nashville's first line left wing, two years older than Shane and the second draft pick from his year as well.

"Shane, there you are." The director greets as Shane steps into the rink, wearing his old team Canada uniform from juniors.

"Sorry." Shane says, stepping out onto the ice and skating over to where they're standing. "Traffic from the airport was awful."

"No worries." The director says, waving him off. "We're going to start with some solo shots of Miller here so makeup can see to you. Then we'll do some duo shots and then some solo shots of you."

"Okay." Shane agrees, nods to Miller in greeting and then skates back towards the bench where the makeup team is waiting.

"Can you crouch a little more?" The makeup artist asks as he leans over the boards, and Shane nods and pushes his left skate further out. "Perfect."

"We're just going to do a little bit of concealer and highlight." The makeup artist tells him, starting with a primer. "Maybe some contour."

"Whatever you think is best." Shane tells her, closing his eyes and waiting.

"All right, you're good." The makeup artist says after a few minutes, smiling at Shane as she steps back and gives him a once over.

"Thank you." Shane smiles, nods to the makeup artist and then slowly skates back over to where the director is taking solo shots of Miller on the ice.

"All done?" He confirms as Shane skates up behind him, motioning for Shane to join Miller near center ice when Shane nods. "We're going to have you back to back first. Shane, go ahead and hold the bottle up like you're going to drink from it, and Miller hold it sort of down at your side."

"Just like that." The director nods, taking several quick photos as one of the assistants adjusts the lights a little. "Shane, tilt your head a little. Like that, perfect. Hold that."

Shane checks his phone as they take a break to adjust the cameras for a more focused set up, rolling his eyes at the texts from 'Lily'. There's a few from nearly two hours ago, preemptively shit talking Vegas. The most recent text is from only three minutes ago, and Shane finds himself typing out a message before he can stop himself. 'Lily' replying back almost instantly.

Lily: Want to bet?

Lily: How many goals we have on Vegas tonight.

Lily: You had 7-1

Lily: I think we get 8-0

Lily: First period 3-0

Lily: 6-0

Lily: We tie this time, I guess

Jane: At least ask me to bet when it's a team I can root for.

Jane: And we didn't tie because I didn't take the bet.

Lily: This mean you root for me tonight?

Lily: You cheer on Boston?

Lily: Always knew you would agree I am better player.

Jane: Everyone's better than Vegas.

Jane: They're Vegas.

Lily: That not what you said

Lily: You said you root for me tonight

Lily: Bet you secretly have Boston jersey

Lily: You wearing it right now?

Normally, Shane would roll his eyes and tell him to fuck off, but Shane's feeling particularly emboldened for some reason, so he snaps a photo of himself in his 'Team Canada' jersey and sends it through before he can second guess himself. The frame captures the lower half of his face and half of the maple leaf on the front of his jersey, the number on his shoulder cut off

partway through the '2' to keep it from being too obvious should anyone else glance at Rozanov's phone.

Jane: [Image]

Jane: Nope.

Lily: You decide to go back to juniors?

Lily: Return to your skill level.

Jane: No. Fuck you.

Lily: What happened to your freckles?

Lily: Where did they go?

Lily: Answer me. Where freckles?

Jane: What?

Lily: Do not what me, Hollander.

Lily: Why no freckles?

Shane looks over the image he sent again, realizing the concealer the makeup artist had done for him earlier mostly covered his freckles. He sort of furrows his brows at his phone, trying to figure out why Rozanov had noticed that before he had. He's halfway through a response when Miller appears at the bench beside him and Shane turns off his phone and shoves it back into his backpack.

"Are we back?" He asks, looking around quickly to make sure he hasn't missed being called over.

"Not yet." Miller says, glances from where Shane had just stashed his phone to his face.

"Who were you texting?"

"No one." Shane replies, because Hayden had assured him multiple times that that wasn't a rude response and that most people just took it as a sign to drop it.

"Didn't seem like no one." Miller pushes, raising a brow at Shane's bag.

Shane zips his backpack up, shoves it back under the bench. "Well it was."

"Uh huh." Miller nods slowly, looking Shane over. "I didn't know you got girls. I thought japs were like celibate or something. Or maybe you're not 'cause you're a canuck too."

Shane bristles, relief flooding through him when the director calls them back over to continue shooting. Shane's quick off the bench, skating over and listening as the director walks them through the mood board and idea photos for this next part. Shane listens intently, nodding along and reviewing the reference ideas, forcing himself not to pay attention to the way Miller's leaning a little closer to his side than he needs to be to look at them too. He has no idea what Miller is up to after those comments at the bench, and Shane honestly doesn't want to know.

Shane's overly aware of it the rest of the shoot, the way Miller leans a little further into his space. It looks friendly for the cameras, but Shane can't help but feel uncomfortable about it, unprepared. It makes him wish the other player doing the shoot with him was Rozanov again, and he tries to force his brain to think it is as he smiles at the camera. Shane doesn't think it's working too well, but the director doesn't comment on it, nodding to himself.

"Alright. Miller, that's good for the day. Thank you so much." The director says, nodding to him and then turning his attention to Shane. "Let's get some solo shots of you, now."

"Alright." Shane agrees, skating over and looking over the pose ideas they've got and then skating back to his spot as Miller heads off the ice.

Shane notices the way he lingers, sitting on the bench near his backpack instead of heading down the hall to change out of his gear. Shane ignores him, focuses on the director and the cameras and the ad shoot instead of Miller and the set of his jaw as he watches Shane take photos and the weird quirk of his lips when he'd asked who Shane was texting and the overbearing way he'd been leaning into Shane's space as they came back for photos.

"And that's a wrap." The director calls nearly an hour later, nodding to himself as he reviews some of the photos with Shane. "Thank you so much."

"Thank you." Shane says back, shaking his hand and smiling to the director and the rest of the crew.

Shane skates off the ice, relieved Miller is no longer sitting on the bench as he grabs his backpack and pulls on his skate guards before he heads down the tunnel to change. He had half an hour to pack up and head back to the airport, flying back out to Calgary so he'd be there for the game they had tomorrow. Shane decides against showering there, shucking his jersey up over his head and then starting to undo his pads. He hears the locker room door again and glances at it, forcing himself not to tense at the sight of Miller stepping back into the room.

"You all done?" Miller checks, and Shane nods, sitting down on the bench to undo the laces of his skates.

"Just finished up." Shane says, moving a little faster to get changed.

"I heard a rumour," Miller starts, smiles at Shane in a way that's all teeth and makes his stomach churn. "That you japs are all smooth and hairless."

Shane's jaw clenches, and he makes quick work of shoving his skates into his bag, yanking his basketball shorts up over his base leggings instead of changing out of them. He zips his bag roughly, pushing to his feet. Miller steps in front of him before he can try and get past him to leave the room, and Shane looks pointedly past him, tugging the strap of his gearbag up onto his shoulder.

"My car's almost here." Shane says, but his fists are clenched at his sides, and he's silently praying for Miller to touch him so he can swing at him.

"They can wait." Miller says, reaching into his pants pocket and pulling his phone out. "You aren't even done changing."

"I am." Shane argues, lies, because he really just wants to get out of here.

"Go on." Miller shakes his head, motioning towards Shane. He starts to lift his phone, camera app not yet open, and Shane resolves to apologise to his mom later as he drops his gear bag and raises his hands, shoving Miller back hard.

Miller's phone goes clattering across the floor, and he pushes back against Shane who draws his fist up and swings. It's less controlled than Shane means it to be, the way his fist connects with Miller's temple and sends him slamming into one of the stalls. Shane takes a deep breath, can hear the crew outside the locker room starting to move at the sudden crash, and steps forward. He grabs the back of Miller's shirt and pushes, shoving his head against the stall again seconds before the door opens.

"Are you okay?" Shane forces out, does his best to sound concerned and adjusts his grip on Miller's shirt to make it look like he's trying to hold him up instead of slamming his face into the stall. "Shit man, I didn't mean to leave my bag there. I thought you'd already left so I didn't think about it. I'm so sorry. Are you alright?"

Miller groans something halfway incoherent, and Shane steps back as one of the staff kneels in front of Miller, helping him to sit down in the stall and pressing Miller's shirt up to his bleeding nose. Shane grabs his bag from the floor, pushes it as he lifts it up so it looks more like it was in the middle of the room, so it seems more like it could have tripped Miller.

"Everything alright?" The director asks as he steps into the room, worried eyes flicking from Shane lifting his bag off the floor to the staff fretting over Miller.

"He tripped on my bag." Shane lies, hoping it sounds convincing. "I was in a rush to get changed so I could make my flight and I didn't realize he was still here."

"Fuck." Miller spits, and Shane glances at him worriedly, praying Miller won't say what actually happened.

"Miller, man. I'm so sorry again. I didn't mean to leave my bag there." Shane says, because if he repeats it enough then maybe Miller will think it's true, Shane's pretty sure he's got a concussion from the hit. "I've really got to get going though, my car's outside..."

“Go.” The director nods, waving for more staff to come to the locker room. “We’ll take care of him. Don’t miss your flight.”

“Thank you so much.” Shane says, tugs his hoodie over his head and then grabs his bags. “I’m so sorry again. So sorry.”

Shane practically runs from the room, gear bag over one shoulder and holding his backpack in front of him. His car thankfully is outside when he gets there, and Shane quickly shoves his gear bag into the trunk and then slides into the backseat, smiling politely towards the driver. He sits still for a minute, glancing at his bruising knuckles and then tugs his phone from his backpack. There’s seven missed texts from ‘Lily’ and one from his mom confirming his return flight information. Shane sends her a quick thanks and then opens his text history with Lily.

Lily: Why no freckles?

[7 New Messages]

Lily: Answer me

Lily: Why cover freckles?

Lily: You doing ad shoot today?

Lily: Is post on story

Lily: Hollander.

Lily: You play Calgary tomorrow, да?

Lily: On flight?

Jane: Not on the plane yet, heading back to the airport now.

Jane: They did makeup for the shoot, it covered my freckles.

Jane: Why do you care?

Jane: I didn’t even notice they were covered.

Lily: Face looks wrong

Jane: Thanks so much, asshole.

Lily: Not mean that

Lily: Freckles make right

Jane: Are you saying my face looks wrong when my freckles are covered?

Lily: да. That.

Lily: What is flight?

Jane: Why?

Lily: Answer.

Jane: 1212. Nashville to Calgary

Jane: Why?

Lily: You stop in Denver?

Jane: Did you just look up my flight number?

Lily: Answer.

Jane: Yes. There's a layover in Denver.

Jane: Why the fuck do you want to know?

Lily: 🍆🍆🍆

Lily: In Denver

Jane: What?

Jane: Are you concussed?

Lily: We both stop Denver.

Lily: Two hour overlap.

Lily: 🍆🍆🍆

Lily: Yes?

Jane: You're insane.

Shane knows he's blushing as he shoves his phone into his pocket, grabbing his backpack and thanking the driver as he gets out of the car. He tugs his gear bag over his shoulders, ignores his phone buzzing in his pocket as he heads into the airport and goes to the desk to check in. He keeps his hoodie pulled up as he walks, his head tilted down in hopes that no one will recognize him. Shane doesn't check his phone again until he's sitting outside his gate twenty minutes later.

Lily: You not want?

Lily: Month and half until next Boston Montreal game

Lily: Think about it

Jane: I am not letting you fuck me in an airport.

Lily: No.

Lily: You are not quiet enough for that.

Lily: You suck my dick.

Lily: No interest?

Jane: Fuck you.

Lily: Is opposite. And no.

Lily: But can do other stuff.

Lily: So?

Jane: This is insane to even suggest.

Lily: That is yes?

Lily: Hollander.

Lily: You want or not?

Jane. Fuck. Fine. Yes.

Lily: See you in 3 hours 

Jane: I hate you.

Jane: See you in three hours

Ilya meets him in the private lounge bathroom when Shane's plane lands, frowning at the sight of him. Shane frowns back instantly, watching as Ilya grabs a handful of paper towels and wets them in the sink, tugging Shane over quickly. Shane stands still in front of him as Ilya pushes him back against the counter, stepping between his legs and wiping the makeup from his cheeks. He's gentle about it in a way Shane hadn't been expecting, as he rubs at the makeup on Shane's face with a wet paper towel until Shane rolls his eyes and pushes him back, tugging a pack of makeup wipes from his bag.

“That won’t work.” Shane tells him, and Ilya snatches the makeup wipes from him instead, still frowning.

His expression doesn’t even out until he’s wiped all the makeup from Shane’s cheeks, and he nods proudly to himself when he’s done, grabbing Shane’s waist and spinning them around so Ilya’s leaning back against the counter and Shane’s standing in front of him. He raises an expectant brow at him, and Shane glares without any heat behind it as he drops to his knees. Ilya’s hand cupping his cheek and his thumb brushing over his freckles as Shane undoes the drawstring of his sweatpants.

End Notes

This was supposed to be more focused on the Shane punching someone thing like the other fics in this series, and somehow became mostly Shane and Ilya texting. I don't know how that happened, actually.

Fun Fact: Nashville to Calgary and Vegas to Boston flights can both have actual layovers in Denver, I checked.

Fun Fact 2: The flight number Shane gives Ilya is the number of Ilya's room during the Tampa All Star Games from the show.

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