

Robbed :(

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Robbed :(

by [paleredheadinascifi](#)

Summary

Lily

You have been robbed :(

By children

Jane

What??

Lily

They are small business men

Like lemonade stand

But they are selling your things in lobby

Or, Shane is terrorised by twins who live in a hotel in Boston.

Notes

This is entirely Carter's (@rockstarravii) fault. A terrifying visionary who somehow knew that The Tipton is in Boston. I publish this onto the public internet in your honour.

Do the timelines match up? Not really. But today, they do to us.

Fair warning. This is ridiculous. Thank you and I'm so sorry.

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

Shane is vibrating out of his skin. It has been *months* since he and Ilya have been in the same city. He will never, ever admit this, but the situation had become so dire that he'd accepted an invite to some niche awards night just to have a reason to be in Boston.

It's also how he's ended up in this fancy ass hotel. The room is nice — big, spacious — but he's felt unsettled since he arrived to a swarm of paparazzi buzzing around the entrance. He'd pulled his cap down as low as it'd go, sunglasses securely in position, but no one had taken a single photo of him.

Turns out they were there for the socialite whose name is on the building.

Still, it spooked him, just knowing they were there. If Shane had had it his way, he'd be at Ilya's house right now, far away from socialites and the prying lenses of paparazzi.

But Ilya had heard he'd been put up in the fanciest hotel in town and insisted on coming to him. Shane's pretty sure he just didn't want to do his own laundry.

Unfortunately, Shane couldn't care less where they are — he's aching just to see him.

Hence, all the vibrating out of his skin. Ilya should be here any minute now. *Any second.*

His phone buzzes in his hand.

Lily

There is problem

Fuck. He knew this was a terrible idea. He had probably been swarmed by paparazzi before he even set foot in the lobby.

Jane

??

Lily

You have been robbed

:(

By children

Shane stares at the screen, but the words don't magically rearrange themselves into any sort of order that makes sense.

Jane

???

Lily

[selfie of Ilya grinning with two blonde kids, twins, both wearing Team Canada sweaters]

He zooms in on the photo. Fuck, he looks so hot. He loves Ilya's smile. And that's - - wait a fucking minute. Those are his sweaters?? Before he even deletes the image, he replies:

Jane

Are those mine??

Lily

Yes

Robbed

Jane

What???

What's happening?

Lily

They are small business men

Like lemonade stand

But they are selling your things in lobby

Holy fuck. What the fuck? Shane spins around in a panicked circle, then heads for the dresser. He rifles through it, and fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. His stuff is gone. His sweaters are gone.

Jane

Are you joking?

I can't find my sweaters

Are you being serious??

Lily

I have bad news

:(

Sales are very bad

Boston does not want your loser socks for losers

His *socks*???

Shane gasps, throwing open the drawer above, to reveal a notable lack of socks. His socks!
His innocent socks!

Jane

Which socks?

I need my socks!

I'm coming down there

He spins in another panicked circle, looking for his shoes. Oh god. His *shoes*. His - - oh.
Never mind. His shoes are right by the door where he left them. He takes a step towards the

door when his phone buzzes again.

Lily

Yes you will like this store

Ugly socks for boring people

Oh god. *Oh god.* Ilya is down there. Ilya is down there in the lobby of this hotel with all its socialites and paparazzi and Shane's *socks*.

What the fuck is he doing? He can't go down there. *Ilya is down there, and he's with the enemy.*

Jane

I can't actually come down there

Lily

Do not worry

I am doing back alley deal

Under table

Told them I will make voodoo doll from socks

Stab it with pins

Oh no

Thief children are getting in trouble

Jane

Why is that bad??

Lily

Look at them :(

[photo of twins with Shane's socks on their arms getting yelled at]

They are little baby Boston fans with same face

Shane doesn't see *anything* cute about it. He doesn't even know how they got in here. He went to the gym for a few hours, but otherwise he's been *inside the room*.

At the scene of the crime.

They could've taken anything. Fuck. He opens every drawer he can find and tries to remember what he brought with him.

Jane

How did they get into my room??

Lily

This man is very angry

They have been banned from lobby

:(

Where will they do their sales?

Jane

Did they take my fucking sunglasses

Where are my sunglasses

Lily

[straight-faced selfie with Shane's sunglasses on]

This angry man is having heart attack

Oh, *come on*. His sunglasses

Jane

What?

What's happening??

Lily

I am falling on thief children's sword

Jane

???

Ilya doesn't elaborate, which means that Shane is essentially stuck in the depths of pacing back-and-forth purgatory for every ticking second of the fifteen minutes it takes for the next text to come through.

Lily

Ding dong

Open door

Is he fucking insane??

Shane swings the door open to find Ilya grinning, a bellman's cart full of Shane's things in front of him. He still has Shane's sunglasses on his face.

"You are punk," he announces.

Shane blinks. "What?"

"Like TV show. Rah! Surprise! Joke is on you."

Shane closes his eyes and sucks in a breath. "Get inside."

Ilya grins, pulling the cart into the room. Shane checks left and right for any onlookers, then shuts the door behind him.

He turns, glaring at Ilya. “What the fuck?”

“What?” Ilya grins. “There is your things,” he says, gesturing at the cart. “You should say *thank you, Ilya. You are the best and so handsome.*”

Shane is so fucking confused.

“You got kids to steal my shit?”

“Yes,” Ilya nods. “If you ask angry man in lobby, that is story.”

Shane sighs. “How did they even get in here?”

Ilya shrugs. “They said they live at hotel. Maybe they climb through air vent like spies.”

Shane whips around to eye the air vents like small, twin spies might indeed drop from them at any minute. Oh god. Oh god, they could have - - they could have - -

“Oh my god,” Shane breathes, eyes wide with panic. “You can’t be here.”

“Yes,” Ilya agrees, entirely unfazed. “I am returning stolen things from friendly rivalry punk that was all my idea. Whoopsies.”

Right. Right. Okay, everything’s fine. Everything’s normal. Everything’s fine, and Ilya is... wearing his shirt?

“Are you wearing my shirt?”

“Yes. We did trade. One fashionable shirt from sexy Boston captain same price as all your boring things.”

Shane scoffs. “Only ‘cause we’re in Boston. And they stole my things! That’s - - it’s illegal! You’re not supposed to negotiate with terrorists.”

“Oh, I am sorry. Would you like me to trade back? Give thief children all your things?”

“Fuck off,” Shane says. Then, softer, “Thank you.”

“Hmm. Yes,” Ilya hums. “I will go now,” he says pointedly, brows raised. “Back to my house.”

“Okay,” Shane agrees, because he didn’t come all this way *not* to.

“Maybe lock your doors when you leave, yes?” He teases.

“Fuck off.”

“Bolt down your windows.”

Shane sighs. “I got it. Thanks.”

“Okay,” Ilya nods, biting down a smile. “Back to my house I go. Bye-bye, Hollander.”

Shane shuts the door, refolds all his clothes, puts them back *exactly* where they’re supposed to be, and orders an Uber.

End Notes

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