

nasha sem'ya (our family)

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by [Harperquinn](#)

Summary

Shane is kidnapped by Russians hoping to settle a debt from Ilya's brother. Ilya goes to great lengths to retrieve him.

Notes

this takes place while ilya and shane are playing for ottawa and montreal... and... it's my first fic. take it easy on me, okay? :-) i wrote this in a few hours in a fever dream so i would welcome helpful comments!

Ilya knew something was wrong when he heard Anya's crazed barking. He had pulled into his driveway after a three-week road trip that felt like three years. Shane had the next few days off, so he'd driven over and collected Anya from the dog sitter. Ilya had raced home, not even changing from the suit he'd worn out of the arena, looking forward to washing off the stress of a terrible trip and spending some quality time with his beautiful boyfriend.

Stepping out of his orange Porsche Cayman, the sound of Anya's yelps - unusually loud and aggressive - had him pocketing his phone and sprinting to the door. Rushing through the entry and past the kitchen, he dimly processed that the table was set with candles and food, but a beer bottle was shattered, and the amber liquid was splattered on the floor. He had texted when he was leaving the airport to let Shane know he was on his way, and he knew Shane would have been eager for his arrival, too. He also knew that Shane would never walk away from a mess like this.

Anya's barking was coming from upstairs. As he took the stairs two at a time, he began to hear shouting. Was that... Russian? As he crossed the threshold of his bedroom, he felt his entire body flooding with adrenaline, a sensation he was familiar with from playing professional hockey. He struggled to take in everything that was happening before him. Four or five large men wearing black face masks were tearing apart the room and shouting at each other in Russian. At one corner stood Shane, holding his arms up, his face covered in sweat and terror. Behind him stood a man with one arm around Shane's neck and another holding a gun to his side. Anya's barking was coming from the en-suite bathroom where the door was shut. A tiny part of Ilya was relieved they hadn't just shot her.

A quiet, pained "No, Ilya," escaped Shane's lips as they locked eyes. Shane was wearing a dark Metros sweatshirt and jeans, and his feet were bare except for socks. As the men turned to notice him, Ilya resisted an overwhelming urge to sprint into the room and tackle the man holding Shane. Instead, he began to raise his arms as several of the men brandished guns to point at him. Ilya reluctantly tore his eyes from Shane and counted four men throughout the room holding weapons, plus one in the opposite corner leaning on the wall. This man seemed to have just been waiting there while the others had been tearing through closets and dressers. He also wasn't holding a weapon now, instead holding his arms folded across his chest. He was tall - at least as tall as Ilya - and his black t-shirt was tight across his well-built physique. Above the black mask, Ilya could see the man's gray eyes nestled in tan skin.

"Здравствуйте, Илья," he said. He continued to speak in Russian. "We came here looking for you, but we found someone else." He nodded toward Shane.

Ilya's eyes followed his gesture. A tear was slowly leaking down Shane's beautiful, freckled cheek. Ilya gritted his teeth. On the ice, he was a tough player who used aggression often, but he had never felt as violent as he did in this moment. He swung his gaze back to the gray-eyed man, who continued speaking.

“Your brother owes a lot of money back in Russia, Ilya. The people he owes have some very good friends. I see you have good friends, too.”

Ilya spoke, also in Russian. “I have money. Whatever you want. Leave him, and I will get you anything.”

The gray-eyed man tilted his head as he turned to look at Shane and then back at Ilya. Ilya tried desperately to maintain a toughness in his facial expression as they stared each other down. The man seemed to come to a decision, because he stood from where he had been leaning and walked across the room toward Ilya.

“I think I have a better idea,” he said before he pulled out something from his pocket and shot Ilya in the gut with it. Pain shot through Ilya’s entire body as he doubled over and became aware he was being tased.

Ilya lost control of his body entirely as the pain coursed through him. He became trapped by the waves echoing through his limbs. He started to fall forward, but the gray-eyed man caught him, holding him up while electricity coursed through Ilya. Some part of him could hear Shane screaming, but he couldn’t process words; he couldn’t think or even breathe. Finally, the taser stopped, and the man must have let go of him because he collapsed to the floor.

From his dazed state, he could hear the gray-eyed man speaking, but he still couldn’t understand. He realized the men were starting to leave the room, dragging Shane with them. Shane was fighting against them. Ilya tried to move, but he could only reach his arms forward. He could see Shane’s socked feet as he tripped and kicked past him and out the door.

The grey-eyed man knelt beside him. Ilya tried in vain to get up, to fight, but the man pressed his hand against the back of Ilya’s head and said simply, “We will call you soon.”

As the man got up and walked away, Ilya began shoving himself up into a standing position. As Ilya managed to walk out into the hallway, holding his belly and stumbling, he could hear Shane screaming his name from downstairs. The screams were cut off suddenly, and Ilya felt his heart drop. Had they tased Shane, too? He heard more noises and then the sound of his front door slamming.

Ilya tried to will his body to work as he made his way down the stairs. There hadn’t been a vehicle in front of the house when he’d arrived, so how were they coming and going? As he

threw open his front door, he saw a black Suburban pulling out of the wooded area in front of his house.

He stumbled toward his car as fast as he could. His mind was racing. Should he call the police? Probably. The idea of calling the police was abhorrent to Ilya, but could he really fight five men with guns? But if he could at least stay with them, he could keep track of their location. He threw himself into his Porsche and fired up the engine, slamming his fingers onto the phone controls while he turned the car around and peeled out of his driveway, throwing on his seatbelt out of habit as soon as his Bluetooth connected. He silently thanked himself for his addiction to fast cars.

Shane was vaguely aware that he was in the back of a vehicle and someone was tying his wrists tightly behind his back and looping a gag around his mouth. The taser had locked up his muscles so badly that the men had carried his limp body by his arms before tossing him into the SUV. They were careening over the bumpy road that led to Ilya's house, and without the use of his hands, his head was being knocked violently against the floor. His mind was racing with thoughts of Ilya. Thank goodness he was safe now. Shane's mind briefly wondered if that would be the last time he would see his love. He didn't know what had been said in the bedroom, but he knew they wanted something from Ilya.

Shane tried to focus. He could hear the men speaking Russian in the front of the vehicle. He knew he should be trying to keep track of any turns they were making. How far had they gone already? He wasn't sure. He tried to lift his head and look into the interior of the car. He was in the cargo area, and whoever had tied him up must have crawled forward into a seat. He could see the backs of the heads of the men riding in the back, but not much else.

Shane considered his options. Could he kick out the back window and throw himself out? The men would probably grab him before he could do that. As Shane glanced toward the window, he saw headlights. He laid his forehead back down on the floor and blew out a breath. Ilya. He wished Ilya had stayed safely at the house and called the police. It was bad enough that Shane was in danger, but knowing Ilya was refusing to keep himself safe terrified him. As he looked up again, the headlights turned off. "Good boy," he thought. Unfortunately, when turned back to the front of the car, he could tell the men had clearly noticed Ilya's car. They were all looking behind them and speaking. Suddenly, the Russians braked hard, coming to a complete stop. Shane was thrown violently toward the front of the cargo while silently hoping Ilya would be able to stop in time. When he felt Ilya's Porsche slam into the back of the SUV, he tried not to panic. He heard the doors of the SUV opening and brought himself up to his knees as he saw the Russians walking toward Ilya's crumpled car out the back window. Ilya's airbag was deployed, but he could see him moving. "Thank fuck," Shane thought. The Russians raised their guns as they walked toward Ilya. Shane screamed around the gag and began to slam his shoulder against the window. Ilya raised his

hands as he watched the Russians approach. Snot and tears were falling across Shane's face as he watched helplessly. One of the men said something, and the Russians lowered their guns and walked back toward the SUV. Ilya finally looked at Shane, who was leaning his forehead against the window glass and taking panicked breaths around the gag. As the Russians shut the doors and the SUV pulled away, Shane thought that at least his last memory of Ilya would be of his beautiful face, instead of his crumpled body on the floor of their bedroom.

Ilya was grateful for Anya now. He was sitting on the front steps of his house, and he was nervously petting her while she lay next to him. It was still dark, but morning couldn't be far away. There were police everywhere - inside and outside of his home. He knew that the Canadian police were different than his father and the police he had grown up around in Russia, but still, their presence unnerved him more than it calmed him. Someone had handed him a cup of coffee, which sat next to him, untouched.

Two detectives had been questioning him, but they told him to wait where he was for now and that someone would be with him soon. Before stepping away, they asked if he had anyone he could call. He thought of Yuna and David. With the hand he wasn't using to pet Anya, he was gripping his phone, trying to figure out how to tell them what had happened. His mind was a mess - his thoughts were coming to him in jumbled snippets of terror and rage. He certainly didn't know how he could handle speaking to Shane's parents right now. Finding the English to speak to the detectives had been a huge struggle already. Then, his phone began to vibrate in his hand. The number was Russian. He swiped to answer, glancing up at the detectives who were talking with some other police around thirty yards away and not paying him any attention. He hoped that if they noticed him on the phone, they would think he had called family.

“Да?” he said. For a moment, he heard nothing, and he thought his heart might actually stop beating. Finally, he heard the Russian voice of the grey-eyed man.

“You will get him back, Ilya, I swear this to you,” he said. “I cannot promise he will have every piece still attached, or that his lungs will be functioning, but this is really up to you.” Ilya clenched his jaw tightly, trying not to scream. He tried to breathe. He had to say the right thing. He ached for Shane to help him now. He was always the one who knew what to say, how to communicate in delicate situations. He felt like Shane's life was in his hands, and he worried he wasn't up to the task.

“What do you want?” he said, trying to make his voice sound even and strong.

“Your brother owes 400,000 American dollars. But I see you and this guy tonight, and I am thinking, there are so many of us here doing this job, and our fees do not add up to much

when we split them. We have a good opportunity here. I think you do not want people to know that Shane Hollander, the hockey player, is in your house and that you look at him like you love him. And I think you do not want anything bad to happen to this man you love. I think I could say any amount of money, and you would get it to me, but I also know that being greedy causes delays. You can get me 2 million dollars, and I will give you back your Shane. He will probably still have most of his fingers and toes, depending on how long this takes you.”

“Fine. Do you take Venmo?” Ilya said. The man began to laugh loudly. Ilya looked back at the detectives. One of them, a petite woman with brown skin and a serious expression, was holding a coffee and looking at him. Ilya tried to ignore her, but she was walking toward him. She knelt in front of him, staring at his face while placing a hand on his knee. He looked at her, shaking his head back and forth as if to say no to her. Please, don’t get involved. Not taking her eyes from his, she snapped her fingers loudly at her colleagues. She whispered at Ilya. “It’s them, isn’t it?” Ilya knew it was pointless to lie. He nodded. Every part of him hoped that these police would be competent enough not to cause his precious Shane to be hurt. Something about the detective’s brown eyes made him feel he could trust her. What had she said her name was? Detective Martin, maybe? Ilya realized the hand not holding his phone had been digging into Anya’s fur. She was still just lying next to him, refusing to leave his side.

“That’s really funny, Ilya. I am glad you are taking this seriously. Start moving money to a Bitcoin account. I will call you back in two hours.” The line went dead. As Ilya lowered the phone from his ear, the detective grabbed him by the shoulders and stared into his face.

“We already called your cell phone company, Ilya. They will help us try to track that call. We’re doing everything we can. We can’t go inside right now because it’s a crime scene, but I’d like you to come sit in a car with me, and you can tell my partner and me everything that just happened on that call, all right?”

Ilya was grateful that she seemed to be one step ahead of him.

“My dog?” he asked, with a fragile voice that was the complete opposite of the one he’d put on for the phone call.

“Bouchard will look after her,” She turned to make eye contact with one of the other police officers, who nodded. “He has two dogs of his own.” Ilya nodded back at him, giving a weak smile, and stood up to follow her to a car. He realized his legs were wobbly. “Be strong,” he thought. “Shane needs you right now.”

Shane’s hands were going numb. He didn’t know how long they had driven before arriving at the small house where he’d been dragged in kicking and screaming and unceremoniously

tossed onto the floor of this pitch black closet. Thankfully, the floor was carpeted, at least. “What a dumb thing to appreciate,” he thought. On his way in, he’d seen what looked like a small, nicely furnished Airbnb. Occasionally, he heard snippets of Russian speech or footsteps. A toilet flushing. He had managed to work his way up to sitting and had tried in vain to undo his tied wrists. It felt like several large zip ties were around them. There was nothing else in the closet for him to use as a tool. He’d even tried to bring his bound hands down below his feet, but he couldn’t make it work in the small space. He didn’t think there was anyone in the bedroom outside the closet door, but he didn’t know for sure. There was no light coming in under the door, anyway, and the voices sounded farther away. His chest ached from where he’d been tased, and from worrying about Ilya.

Even though terror gripped him from head to toe, he thought that these might be his last hours on earth, and he wanted to try to spend them thinking about something happy. It comforted Shane to imagine the feeling of being wrapped in Ilya’s arms. He tried to imagine kissing him, but he couldn’t think of a specific time. He could only think of the feeling of being wrapped up in Ilya, of the total comfort he felt in his warm arms.

He knew losing Shane would break Ilya, but he hoped he could find some measure of peace when he thought of the time they had together. “Would he keep playing hockey?” Shane wondered. Probably not. He knew he wouldn’t be able to, if anything happened to Ilya. He hoped Ilya would, though. He was too good. Light came in through the bottom of the door, and footsteps approached. The closet door swung open, and Shane was hauled up to his feet. The Russians brought him out to what appeared to be a living room and threw him into a chair. His body slammed down against his bound wrists, painfully. As one of the Russians dragged the gag down out of his mouth, another held up a cell phone.

“Talk,” the Russian said in a deep, accented voice.

Shane didn’t know what he was supposed to say, so he just said the first thing that came into his head when a phone was being held up in front of his face. “Hel...hello?” his voice came out ragged and quiet. He had to push himself to go beyond a whisper.

“Shane, Shane I am...” Shane could hear Ilya screaming on the phone. He didn’t think the phone was even on speaker, but Ilya’s crazed voice was so loud he could hear it anyway. But he was cut off as the phone was yanked away and the men grabbed him, dragging him back toward the closet. Hearing Ilya’s terror broke something inside Shane. As the men threw him harshly back to the closet floor and shut the door, he began to sob and cry.

“Good job,” Detective Martin said to Ilya as he lowered the phone. “We know he’s alive, and you stalled well. We’re going to get him back, Ilya.” Ilya nodded hazily back at her, not sure

if he believed that would happen. Thoughts flooded him with all the things that might be happening to Shane right now. Ilya was in a nightmare he couldn't wake up from. He was sitting in a chair in the middle of the local police station, hoping that they could somehow help him now that he had failed to keep Shane safe. The officers had told him they were coordinating with federal police to do... something with a decoy bitcoin account... it had all been too much English for his overwhelmed brain to understand, and he was beginning to trust Detective Martin enough to hope she knew what she was doing. He knew he was crashing. Someone had handed him a new coffee at the station, and he tilted it up now, chugging it, hoping it would buy his body and brain a little more time for Shane.

Shane awoke face down. Wait, had he been asleep? He wasn't sure now. His whole body was stiff and in pain. He kicked with his feet, trying to get purchase to sit up. Suddenly, his foot caught on something that made a small clanging noise. Was that? He felt with his foot. A hanger. There was a hanger on the floor by his feet. He shifted himself around, glancing to verify there was still no light under the door. As he moved his back and hands toward the hanger, he thought about what this could mean. If he freed his hands, could he fight his way out of here? He was a strong professional hockey player, but those men had guns. Even knowing the futility, he couldn't stop himself. He finally managed to grab the hanger with his hands. It was wire. He tried to work it around to somehow use it to pry off the zip ties. It was difficult because they were so tight, and his hands were so numb from being tied for so long. He worked and worked, trying to find an angle where he could get purchase.

"Ilya, I have an update," Detective Martin told him. Ilya sat straight up in the chair he'd been slouching in.
"Tell me," he demanded.

She was holding a cell phone to her ear, listening, but also updating him. "We tracked their calls to a cell tower outside Maniwaki. The RCMP tracked them to a house. The provincial police broke in, and they found two of the Russians. There's some evidence Shane was there, but they didn't find him. I'll get back on the phone so I can get you updates right away, okay? You keep it together for a little longer. We're going to get him back," She squeezed his shoulder and walked away, quickly. Ilya hugged himself and dropped his face to his chest, rocking slightly. He felt a tear finally fall down his cheek. Suddenly, he felt hands grabbing him and pulling him into a hug. He looked up and realized David and Yuna were there with him. He stood up to grab them back, burying his head on Yuna's shoulder as David wrapped his arms around them both.

"I'm so sorry," he cried into Yuna's soft sweater. "I let this happen. I'm so sorry." Yuna and

David were squeezing him and crying. They stood like that for what seemed like a long time. Even though he knew he had failed to protect their son, Ilya felt incredibly grateful for them in this moment. One of the officers must have called them. Yuna pulled away and held Ilya's shoulders.

"This is not your fault, Ilya. He's going to be okay." Ilya nodded at Yuna, but inside he thought the worst. Shane was dead, and it was his fault.

Shane stopped running long enough to try to get his bearings. After he'd managed to free his hands, he'd crept out of a closet and crawled out the bedroom window. He hadn't anticipated that one of the Russians would be outside smoking and spotted him. They locked eyes briefly when the sound of his feet hitting the ground caught the Russian's attention. After a second, Shane heard a voice inside his head saying "Run. Run right now."

He'd started sprinting as hard as he could toward the forest he could see behind the house. Shane waited for a gunshot to come. He hoped his dark Metros sweatshirt would give him some visual cover in the darkness, but he braced himself and pushed hard. For some reason, maybe they didn't want to make noise, or maybe the Russian had left his gun inside, no shot came. Shane didn't look back to try and figure it out. Even barefoot, he was fast, a professional athlete, and he didn't think anyone was close behind him now. But the night had taken its toll, and he knew he had to pace himself or he might collapse on the ground and be found.

The sun was starting to come up. Shane oriented himself and tried to keep running straight. He had no idea where he was, but he'd figured out the house was south of him. He aimed himself north. The rough ground was tearing the shit out of his feet, but he kept pushing.

Finally, after what seemed like a few miles, he saw a break in the trees and what looked like a highway. As he quickened his pace, he suddenly felt himself launching hard toward the ground, and pain shot through his left shoulder. Someone had tackled him. The Russian man, the leader, was on top of him and trying to pin him down. Shane threw his elbows and feet out hard at the man and managed to flip over to his belly and drag himself slightly out from under him when he felt a sudden, overwhelming pain in the side of his lower back. Shane cried out, and he felt the man behind him press a knee into his back, pinning him. Shane tried to fight, but the pain in his lower back was overwhelming, and the man held him easily.

Suddenly, the gunshot Shane had been terrified to hear for the last several miles rang out. The weight against Shane's back softened, and he felt the Russian man fall to the ground next to him. Shane tried to move, rolling to his side, but as he did so, he could feel that something was very wrong behind him, and he couldn't move himself.

“Shane, Shane, stay with us, okay? You’re safe now,” a voice said. He could see lots and lots of feet approaching him from all around. He looked up to see police with their guns drawn. Shane realized he was getting dizzy and felt like he might pass out.

A soft “Ilya” escaped his lips as he felt himself slide into blackness.

“Ilya, we have him, he’s alive,” Ilya looked up to see Detective Martin staring down at him, still holding her phone to her ear.

“What?” He could only manage. He heard Yuna make a crying noise, and she and David, who had been sitting on either side of him, gripped his arms tightly. Ilya could only sit in frozen shock, staring up at the detective.

“He was hurt,” she glanced over at Yuna and David, then back to Ilya. “He was stabbed. But we were right there and got to him quickly. They’re taking him straight to the hospital. As soon as I know where he is, we’ll get you all up there. He’ll probably be in surgery for a few hours before you can see him, but you’ll be with him soon.”

Ilya tried to feel relieved, but he was frozen. He couldn’t process anything. They have him. They. Have. Shane.

“Hurry, please,” he finally said to Detective Martin. She nodded.

Time was passing in blurry snippets for Shane. He was in a car, and people were holding him. Voices said his name; someone was telling him to stay with us. What did that mean? Stay with who? Ilya. He realized he was saying Ilya’s name over and over. Was he actually speaking out loud? He hoped so. Someone had to call Ilya. He would be so worried. He remembered Ilya’s voice on the phone, strangled and crazed, screaming his name. Then, he was in a hospital bed. A nurse was talking to him.

“Shane? Shane? There you go, wake up now, okay? You’re okay,”

“Ilya, please, Ilya,” Shane mumbled. His mouth and lips were so dry. He struggled to open

his eyes.

“There you go, Shane, come on back to us now. Your family’s on their way.”

“My family,” Shane said. “Ilya.”

Ilya had spent the last hour and a half seething with rage. Shane’s parents and Detective Martin had refused to let him drive to Shane himself, and the officer who was taking them was driving agonizingly slow. He longed for one of his beautiful sports cars that would have had him with Shane already. He was exhausted. He had a terrible headache, and his hands were shaking. He was sitting in the back with Yuna and David while the two police officers rode up front. Yuna reached over and took hold of one of his trembling hands. He looked up, and she smiled at him, squeezing his hand. He tried to smile back. “Please let this car go faster,” he thought.

“Shane, Shane, we’re here.” Shane opened his eyes weakly and found Ilya. Was he dying? He blinked a few times. Ilya was holding him. He turned to see his mom and dad on his other side. He turned back to see Ilya trying to examine him. “God, Ilya has never looked terrible before,” Shane thought. He was lifting the blanket and grabbing his hands, turning his arms. Shane’s left arm seemed to be in a sling, and he could see bruises on his other wrist from where he’d been bound. Shane started to realize that he was okay, he was safe. Ilya wrapped his hand around the back of Shane’s head and put light kisses all over his face. “You’re so bruised up,” Ilya said. Ilya put his forehead to Shane’s. “I’m so sorry, Shane,” he said. Shane took his hand from his mother’s and wrapped it around Ilya’s head, into his perfect curls, as Ilya buried his face in his neck.

“Ilya, it’s okay, I’m okay,” Shane said. Was he okay? He thought maybe he was. They had told him that the surgery had gone well, and he would have some recovery time, but he knew he was strong. His parents were here, and Ilya. Ilya was here with him, and they were both safe.

“Where’s Anya?” Shane said.

Ilya let out a small laugh, then, pulling away to look at him. He even smiled a little. Shane smiled back.

“She is okay, too,” Ilya said. “Our... our family is safe now.” Ilya glanced at Yuna and David, who were smiling. Shane followed his eyes. Tears were staining his mother’s cheeks, and, he noticed, his dad’s as well.

“Rest, okay? I won’t leave you,” Ilya said. Shane could only nod as his throat tightened with the weight of his emotions. He knew Ilya meant it.

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