

Just one call away

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Just one call away

by [Nituaii](#)

Summary

"Ilya. What the fuck happened?" Ilya wiped over his nose with the back of his hand again, frowning at the sticky smear left on his skin.

"Nothing."

"What the fuck do you mean nothing! You have a busted lip! Your nose is bleeding!" Shane's voice was louder than he would have liked.

Or: Two times Ilya gets hurt and the one time Shane is there to make it better.

Notes

Heyo everyone

This one was kinda hard to write ngl. I'm not sure if I like it much.

I had the idea of Ilya's dad being an ass at the Olympics but time line wise it wouldn't have made sense for Ilya to seek Shane out there so I had to fabricate that one. Dunno if I love it.

Let me know what you think!

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

Ilyas phone buzzed. *Having a good time?*

Ilya stared down at his phone, his fingernails scratching and catching against the corner. Fuck, why was Hollander texting him now, here? Didn't he know... He pressed the power button, shutting off his phone completely and stuffed it into the inside pocket of his suit jacket. He shook out his arms, trying to get the jitters to leave his muscles.

Ilya was standing in front of his fathers hotel room, six minutes to six.

He didn't want to be here, would much rather be nursing the stinging pain of their loss at some bar or even in those god-awful athlete village rooms. At least there he would be left alone.

Not paraded around like a show horse to this countrys rich and famous, to important ministers and politicians. People that could ruin Ilyas life. Had ruined his life, in a way.

He shook out his hands again and knocked on the door.

The voice that called him was familiar. Cold. Ilya braced himself as he pushed the door open.

Every blink hurt as Ilya stood between his father and some minister. Surely someone important. His father had been ranting about their failure against Latvia the night before, going on and on about how good discipline couldn't fix even the laziest of people. About how it was really a captains job to make sure the team worked together, and a loss primarily their fault.

Ilya had started to tune him out at some point, sipping from the glass of vodka from time to time.

It stung when the alcohol brushed over his split lip.

He could already tell his eye would be swollen tomorrow.

The hand on his arm tightened painfully and Ilya blinked, returning to the conversation mentally. Fuck. He hadn't been listening.

"Good night, Grigori. Ilya. We expected more from you."

Ilya bowed his head in acknowledgement, the tight hold his father had on his arm marginally loosening.

"I will not disappoint you again."

His words were hollow, repeated again and again throughout the night.

Ilyas cheek throbbed where his fathers fist had landed hours ago.

The good thing about having a son that played a physical and dangerous sport: No one ever really questioned Ilyas injuries.

Ilya was staring down at the rink, watching the Sweden vs. Finland game. He'd had to ice his black eye last night, his team mates not mentioning the injuries that had not existed when Ilya had left the village that previous morning.

A slight headache was throbbing behind his temples, his eyes narrowed against the bright lights illuminating the ice.

"Hey."

Ilya felt his body stiffen at the voice, his hands curling where he'd stuffed them into the pocket of his coat. It took him a moment, a second to gather and brace himself. He couldn't talk to Hollander. Not here. Not with the country watching his every move, blaming him, cursing him, for losing their chance at a victory on home soil.

He finally turned towards Shane, and even with the pressure bearing down on his shoulder he could not help the fleeting joy of seeing the man.

"Not here, Hollander."

"No, I wasn't.. I just wanted to see how you're doing."

"Fine. Go sit down."

Ilya could see that Shane didn't believe him, could feel his gaze running along Ilyas injuries.

Had Shane seen the game?

Did he know that Ilya hadn't taken a hit that would warrant such injuries?

No one else had noticed. Why would Shane?

Ilya watched with growing horror as Shane took a step toward him, the Canadian mans hands mirroring his own, stuffed into the pockets of a white fleece team jacket.

"Rozanov, I..."

"Hollander. We are not anything. Go away." He couldn't stop himself from glancing around. They were alone on the walkway, behind the highest seats which weren't occupied. And still, Ilya felt like someone was watching him constantly, like one wrong word could expose everything between him and Shane. Like a look in his eyes, like a kind word would be enough to expose his deepest secrets.

Ilya wasn't sure what would happen if such things came out, especially being here. He couldn't imagine it'd end well. He had no doubt his father would make sure Ilya would disappear off the face of the earth.

"I was just... Are you okay? I didn't see you get hurt on the ice and.." Shane began to sound unsure, his voice quiet enough to almost be drowned out by the noises of the stadium.

"Please. Go."

Ilyas voice was tight, his gaze returned to the game playing below them.

"You didn't answer my text."

Why couldn't Shane just leave him alone? Why did he have to be here, acting so caring and understanding? Couldn't he see how risky this was? How dangerous this could be to Ilya? To both of them? Ilya bit at his lip, the split from last night reopening. He tasted blood.

"No, I didn't answer your fucking text. Will you go?"

His voice was louder than he had intended. He could see the shock on Shanes face as he turned toward him, surprising both of them. Then Shanes expression closed off, his mouth drawing into a line.

"Fine. Fuck-" Shane turned away and Ilya worked hard to ignore the new pain blooming in his chest.

Ilya could not ignore it.

He felt guilty, bad, about shouting at Shane.

Realistically, he knew it wouldn't be too weird for the Captain of Team Canada to speak to the Captain of Team Russia. Especially since Russia had tanked hard and Canada was looking at a real chance for Gold. Their rivalry was known even in these parts of the world, had been commented on throughout the games already.

But Ilya had reacted in a panic. He had been worried, stressed, about being found out. About someone seeing it in his eyes, the way he looked at Shane.

He could hear faint bass booming. There was a party going on not too far away, surely not the only one of the night. Olympians were... Happy to party, or so Ilya had found out. And if these games had been anywhere else, he knew he'd be in the middle of it all.

But no, he was laying in his too small room for three grown men to share, one of his team mates snoring into his pillow, the other surely getting lucky somewhere else tonight.

He couldn't count how much debauchery he'd already witnessed.

Ilya stared up at the ceiling of the room, the faint booming, the snoring, slowly starting to overstimulate him.

His thoughts kept returning to the hurt in Shanes eyes as he had turned away from him.

"Fuck!"

His team mate stirred but did not get up, and Ilya jumped out of bed. Fuck. He couldn't sleep like this, couldn't think like this. It was pissing him off. His head was hurting, his eye had started to swell shut, his nose hurt when he accidentally touched it and he kept biting at his split lip because he was an idiot that couldn't help himself.

Ilya pulled on some black sweats and a thick jumper, slipping out of the room.

He needed to do something. He needed to...

... see Shane.

Fuck.

Ilya followed the sound of the party, finding a mixture of all teams and countries. This was what the Olympics was about, in a way, right? Coming together and celebrating the love of sport, to make friends and share this insane experience very few in the world would ever have.

Ilya was absorbed into the crowd in an instant, with open arms and a drink pressed into his hands. It didn't matter that he was the Captain of Team Russia that had lost just days ago. It didn't matter that the person passing him the drink was from Team Latvia. For the first time since arriving back in Russia, Ilya let loose completely and he smiled.

The years flew by like this, with Ilya feeling free when he was playing in the NHL, and feeling trapped every summer he had to go home. It did not get easier. Or better.

When his father finally died, Ilya for a brief, stupid moment, thought it was finally over.

His older brother was quick to fill the void.

Like father, like son.

And every time, all Ilya did was think of his lovely young niece, still a baby. Reminded himself it would only be for a week or two. And then he could go home.

The time spent at the cottage was the happiest he had ever been, in his whole life.

Fate had a way to taint such things. Perhaps the universe was upset, tried to balance the sheer amount of happiness he'd experienced in the last two weeks. Maybe it was Karma for something Ilya wasn't quite sure he'd done.

He opened his apartment door to none other than Alexei.

Ilya hadn't even unpacked the suitcase yet, still filled with dirty clothing he'd worn in Canada, the bottle of Vodka David had gifted him nestled safely between pants and T-Shirts.

"What are you doing here?" Ilya stared at his brother, irritation clear in his eyes. Alexei had never before come to America. Had never cared enough about Ilya to. Their father was dead.

He'd given his brother his apartment in Russia. They hadn't spoken since the funeral.

There was no reason for him to be here.

Ilya got no warning before he was punched in the face, his head snapping backwards as he was caught in surprise.

He stumbled a few steps into his apartment, Alexei hot on his heels as he followed Ilya. He didn't raise his hands against his brother. Trauma was weird like that. With his father then his brother... Ilya saw no way fighting back would help this situation. It was always easier to just... Take it.

The door fell shut behind Alexei.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, hm? Think you're all high and mighty. Too good for Russia now, is that it? Did you spend your summer fucking some little bitch? Multiple?" Alexei continued to swing at Ilya even as he retreated. His knuckles connected with Ilya's cheek bones and diverted against his nose. Ilya could feel the crunch in his brain. Pain bloomed like a hot flash against Ilya's face, tears involuntarily filling his eyes. Another and Ilya tasted blood in his mouth. "Or was it a man? Did you neglect your family to fuck a fa-." Ilya exploded, hooking his brother right under his chin.

He wasn't about to let that man insult Shane, even if he didn't know that what he was saying was true. He descended upon his brother like a feral animal.

Alexei was slightly taller than Ilya still, a quite strong build.

But Ilya was a pro athlete. A hockey player. And he finally had enough of the abuse.

He had his brother on his back in a few seconds flat.

Ilya knelt over him, a hand to Alexei's throat, as he pressed him down. One knee was against his brother's sternum, his lips twisted in an angry scowl.

"Don't you *ever* come here again. We are not family. This stops now." Ilya spat, blood dripping from his lip. His heart was racing, stuck in his throat as he looked down at Alexei.

His brother, for the first time in his life, looked scared. "Get out of my apartment. Get out of my life."

Ilya pushed his hand down, then got off his brother and stood.

"I don't want to see you again, I don't want to hear from you. I will **never** step back a foot into that apartment, into your life. Into Russia."

Ilya was breathing heavily, his pupils dilated from the adrenaline coursing through his body.

Standing up to his brother like this, to his father in a way too... Ilya's blood was pumping a hundred miles a minute.

"Get out." Ilya watched as Alexei sat up, then stood, still looking at Ilya as if he had lost his mind. His control over Ilya was crumbling and Ilya had never felt so satisfied.

"I SAID GET OUT!" Ilya screamed at his brother, blood and spit flying.

Ilya sank onto his couch as his brother scrambled for the door, the click of the lock falling into place resonating through the quiet apartment.

He had no idea how long he sat there, just trying to calm his breathing, wiping at his nose every so often. He had a headache again.

But he felt lighter. A burden lifted from years of fear. Even if it had been disguised as respect.

He'd stood up to them. Finally.

Shane was on the exercise bike in his apartment in Montreal, letting the work-out end with some slow kilometres on the bike to let his muscles cool down slowly.

It had barely been 12 hours since he'd seen Ilya and he couldn't deny he already missed him very dearly.

Shane picked up his phone, propped up in the cup holder, and clicked on the very first contact in his list.

It took about three seconds for Ilya to accept the facetime call and one for Shane to freeze at the sight over the phone.

"Ilya. What the fuck happened?"

Ilya wiped over his nose with the back of his hand again, frowning at the sticky smear left on his skin.

"Nothing."

"What the fuck do you mean nothing! You have a busted lip! Your nose is bleeding!" Shane's voice was louder than he would have liked.

He was pissed. He was scared.

Who had dared to hurt Ilya like this? Who could have hurt Ilya like this?

"Who did this."

Shane hadn't realized that he was already out of his home gym and heading toward his bedroom. He was holding his phone close, trying to really decipher all of Ilya's injuries.

Ilya finally looked up into the camera, deflating a little.

"It is ok. He is gone."

"Ilya. Please. Talk to me."

Shane watched with his heart aching as Ilya took a deep, grounding breath.

"It was my brother."

Shane frowned, confused. "Since when... Has he ever visited you before? What did he want?"

Ilya shrugged softly, falling back into his sofa.

Shane was all the way to his bedroom, already grabbing clean clothes and stuffing them into a duffel bag.

"I do not know. He came to my house. I open the door. He hits me."

Ilya shrugged as if to say *-don't worry about it, it's not that bad-*, which left Shane fuming.

How dare he hurt Ilya like this.

That man was so very gentle and kind, always making sure people were treated with respect, thanking staff at bars, apologising for his rowdy team mates. He had been calm and collected with Shanes parents. Sure, he liked to rile people up but he never hit below the belt unless the occasion asked for it. Even then, those things stayed on the ice. In no world could Shane imagine Ilya acting in a way that warranted such a treatment.

And most importantly: That was **his** man. That coward had hurt his man. Shane hadn't known he could be this possessive, this protective, over someone that quite clearly could hold their own in a fight.

"He just came to your house and hit you? What the fuck, Ilya! That's so fucked up."

Shane had to stop for a second, forcing himself to take a steadying breath.

"It was not first time. Is okay. I can take it."

Shane stilled, feeling his blood drain from his face. Not the first time...

Suddenly he was back in Sochi, watching the game Sweden vs. Finland. Ilya had been injured then too, quite similarly to now. Shane had had a bad feeling about it then too. He had watched the game Russia vs. Latvia. He had known Ilya hadn't been hurt on the ice. He hadn't asked further back then. Shane felt sick.

They'd done this to Ilya before. They'd abused him before. And Ilya hadn't fought back. Not until now.

Why now? Shane was clutching his phone so hard his knuckles were turning white. He tried to breathe, tried to calm down. Ilya had defended himself, his brother was gone. His father dead.

He was getting far too worked up. He would be no help to Ilya over the phone if he was just screaming about what an asshole of a brother he had. He really wanted to, though.

"I think he was... upset." Shane couldn't hold in a snort at that, throwing his clothes into the bag with more force than necessary. "He was saying about me not going to Russia this summer. Abandoning family. He said if I was staying with some..."

Ilyas voice trailed off, refusing to repeat the insults that had indirectly been aimed at Shane. Sure, Alexei hadn't known that for one, it was true that Ilya had not come to Russia because of his lover and two, who exactly the person was that Ilya had spent his time with. But he really did not care to repeat it. Shane should never hear such things. Ilya began to wipe his hand on his pants, looking at his knees rather than at Shane.

Shane could read that on his face, not pressing further for any more information. He took another steadying breath, forcing his voice to calm.

"Ilya. Are you okay?"

The pure concern in Shanes voice made Ilya look back at his phone, his sore lip quirking up at one side.

"I'm okay, moy lyubov."

"Okay."

"I really am."

"Okay-"

"I already miss you."

Shane smiled sadly, his body longing to be close to Ilya again.

"Me too."

Ilya sighed. "I should wash. This is sticky. I will call later, yes?"

Shane nodded. "Yes, please. If you feel dizzy, promise you'll go to the hospital, okay?"

"I will be ok. I have been hit harder on ice. My brother isn't hockey player."

"Even so, I worry for you." The love evident on Ilyas face made Shane wish once more that teleportation was a thing of reality. He wanted to hold him so badly, wanted to take care of his wounds.

Shane forced himself to smile, waving at the camera.

With a quick goodbye they ended the call and Shane stared at his black phone screen for a moment.

Fuck.

The season was starting back up in a few days, training camps and meetings. He really had no time to be driving to Boston simply because his boyfriend had gotten beaten up and seemed a little sad and lonely.

Shane was driving to Boston.

Ilya called back an hour later. Shane declined the Facetime request and pulled him up on speaker in his car.

"Hey, Ilya. I can't really watch my phone right now, is this okay too?"

"Of course."

"Are you feeling okay? Dizzy?"

"I am ok. No dizzy, no vomiting. My lip hurts. Someone should kiss it better."

Shane laughed softly into the phone, staring down at the road. He'd already crossed the border into America.

For some reason, Shane didn't tell Ilya that he was coming.

Perhaps it was because he was afraid Ilya would tell him to turn around. Maybe it was because he wanted it to be a surprise.

"Yes, well. It will be a while until we play Boston."

"Maybe I can visit."

"And tell the press what? You wanted to see an actually good team train for once?"

They chatted for a bit, about any and everything. Even after two weeks together, practically joined at the hip, they still had so many things to talk about.

They hung up about an hour into the drive, and Shane spent the rest of it listening to an audiobook.

He arrived at Ilyas building shortly after one A.M.

Sitting there in his car, the city dark and quiet around him, Shane felt like an idiot.

Why had he not told Ilya he would come?

He had no key to Ilyas place. Surely he was also already asleep? He must be tired from a day of travelling and then family drama.

Shane sat there, both hands on his steering wheel, and stared down the empty road.

After seven minutes he swore, grabbed his duffle bag, and made his way into Ilyas building. All the way to Ilyas floor, his fingers clenched and unclenched to release his nervous energy.

Before he could chicken out, he knocked at Ilyas door, hard.

It took a long time for the man to open. At least it felt that way, standing in the hallway in the middle of the night.

Ilya looked so cute, even with his cheek starting to bruise and swelling, his lip puffy too. His hair was tousled, curls standing up every which way.

"What- Shane?!"

Ilya grabbed Shanes forearm, pulling him into his apartment quickly, then held him at arms length, both his own hands on Shanes shoulders.

"Hi." Classic.

"What are you doing here?"

Shane shrugged, Ilyas hands so warm. God, he'd already missed him. How were they going to do this whole long distance thing again, until Ilya could transfer? And even then, Ottawa and Montreal were not that close.

"I..." What was he doing here?

"I just. When I saw you like that I just had to come here and check on you. It's silly, I'm sorry."

Shane barely finished speaking before he was crushed in a tight hug, pulled into Ilyas embrace.

Ilya pressed his face into Shanes neck, breathing him in deeply.

Shanes hands came to rub along Ilyas naked spine, and they stood there for quite some time, just holding one another. Breathing each other in.

"Are you okay?" Shanes lips brushed against Ilyas shoulder as he spoke.

Ilya nodded.

Then he shook his head and began to cry. His tears weren't loud sobs, he wasn't shaking or shuddering.

Instead they just ran along his cheeks, slowly, gently, quietly and soaked into Shanes hoodie.

Shane could hear him sniffle every so often, his fingers continuing their careful trace up and down Ilyas spine.

"I've got you. I'm here, okay? It'll all be ok. You're safe."

They stood like this for quite some time, Ilya pressed against Shane, curled into his body. His sniffling slowly began to subside, until his breathing calmed fully.

"Let's get you back to bed, hm? We can talk about this tomorrow."

They were both tired, the day weighing on them, the emotions slowly releasing from their bodies.

Shane took Ilya by his hand and led him to bed. He pushed for Ilya to sit, pulled off his hoodie and pants and crawled under the blankets with his boyfriend. Still such an exciting new word to say, to think.

"I'm here." Shane opened his arms and Ilya immediately crawled into them.

They curled up together under the blanket, Shane comfortable on his back, Ilya curled onto his chest, a leg thrown over his hip.

Shane pressed a kiss to Ilya's forehead, then another, and they drifted off to sleep.

End Notes

I'm also on twitter

[@TaekWonmyHeart](#)

in case you want to scream at me :D

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