Drastic Measures (go back to standing in the corner, Hollander)

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by JulianHartley

Summary

“What are you doing?” Hollander asks, even though he is well aware that he has caused an avalanche.

“I'm going to show you what can happen to boys like you when they forget their underwear.”

OR: Shane comes home drunk and says he was at a bar with a man who repeatedly hit on him. Ilya resorts to drastic measures.

It is a late December evening. It is already completely dark outside, and the snow-covered road leading to the cottage seems to disappear into the darkness, unlit by any of the motion-activated lamps. The temperature outside has dropped by a good dozen degrees compared to what it felt like in the morning, and Ilya feel that his home is not any warmer.

He is terribly cold, his numb hands are shaking uncontrollably, and his legs, wrapped in a blanket, seem to be shaking as he nervously looks out the window. For a Russian, he does not tolerate the Canadian winter very well and has already fallen ill in the second week, which has ruled him out of training and matches until he finishes his course of antibiotics. This is hopeless, because he feels fine, is not contagious, has not had a fever for several days, and yet he will have to stay at home for another four days.

He tried to calm his nerves in various ways: he prepared lunch boxes for Shane, watched a replay of the match, played a silly game about hockey, on the cover of which he once accidentally found himself, tried to finish reading a book, but it didn't help. He was still distracted and, above all, terrified.

It's almost midnight, Shane finished playing the home game, which he lost about four hours ago, but he still hasn't come back. Ilya had sent several threatening text messages and even more messages saying, *where the fuck are you, hollander*, finally ending with a desperate *sweetheart, im worried,* and had called dozens of times, but Shane still wasn't answering.

Ilya wasn't the type of boyfriend to panic and call as soon as his beloved was late. He probably wouldn't have considered the delay to be anything terrible, had it not been for the events of the past: that nightmarish night when he found his mother, that one terrible match during which he stood paralysed on the ice, watching as the semi-conscious Hollander was carried away on a stretcher. In addition, Shane was never the party type who would go to a bar after a match, whether they won or lost. He only celebrated big wins, usually for an hour or two, sipping ginger ale, already planning his escape to his quiet home in the back of his mind.

Ilya tries to rationalise that there was no accident during the match and that the situation with Irina Rozanov is not something that could happen again with Shane. At least, that is what he hopes. Despite everything, the fear remains, and that voice is louder than the rational part of Rozanov's mind. He could have had a car accident on the ice- and snow-covered streets.

The man is about to call Yuna, or even the police, when the door opens and a flushed, laughing Shane bursts through the door. His cheeks are red from the cold, and his eyes are shining with joy, and although the weight lifts from Ilya's heart, he immediately notices that Shane is drunk as a skunk.

"Ilyaaaa!" he shouts from the doorway, throwing himself into his arms. "I missed you!"

The man returns the hug and all the fervent kisses that Shane begins to shower him with after a moment, but he knows that in the situation they find themselves in, he has to talk to the man.

"You've been drinking." Ilya states rather than asks, looking at his red cheeks and glassy eyes, his distracted smile and exposed neck. "It's fucking December, where's your scarf?"

Shane's enthusiasm wanes a little when he sees Ilya's reaction.

"Are you angry?" he asks, lowering his head like a scolded child.

"I'm angry that you didn't text me to say you'd be late. I was worried," he says, letting Shane hug him again, while trying to warm his numb hands and shoulders.

"I swear, I was only at the bar with Wilson for a moment, I didn't drink much, you didn't need to worry," Shane assures him, as if alcohol was the cause of Ilya's concern.

And although Rozanov had been more worried than angry until now, the name hit him like a slap in the face. The man had repeatedly tried to flirt with Shane, indiscreetly suggesting a meeting at his place, ignoring Ilya's existence, and once brazenly tried to *kiss* Shane in Ilya's presence, so, well, the man had a right to feel jealous.

"With who, excuse me?" Ilya asks angrily.

"With Wilson, you know, the hockey player from..."

"I know who Wilson is. Did it ever occur to you for a single fucking second that he was trying to get you drunk in the hope that you would become *easy*?"

Shane is still standing between the hallway and the sofa, his eyes wide open, now bewildered by the man's anger. He can't remember the last time, if ever, Ilya was so jealous and angry during their relationship.

“Did he touch you?” Ilya asks, now completely quiet, his anger having smoothly transitioned into horror.

“What?”

“I'm asking if he tried to get you into bed in any way.”

“Ilya, no, I wouldn't do that to you,” Shane begins to explain, his eyes now glistening in an I'm-about-to-burst-into-tears kind of way. “I only love you.”

Ilya exhales as if in relief, but he is still tense and uncertain. Shane sees this and tries again to slip into the man's arms and begins to plant soothing kisses on his face.

“Ilya...” he begins, wanting to assure him that he would never in the world let anyone seduce him, but Rozanov immediately silences him.

“I don't want to hear it,” he says, running his left hand through Shane's hair, then pulling it back so that it doesn't cover his shoulders or neck. He immediately begins leaving kisses and bites on Shane's shoulders, finally moving on to creating bruise-pink marks on his neck, from below his ear to his collarbones, which will tell Wilson and the rest of the admirers that Shane is absolutely taken and no one but Ilya has the right to touch him.

One of his bony hands is still tangled in dark hair, while the other gently slides down toward Shane's belt, until finally, slender fingers slip under the fabric.

And then Ilya is surprised again, and the grimace returns to his face. Shane sees a mixture of anger and fear, inexpressible anxiety, and above all, surprise.

“Where the fuck is your underwear?”

Shane blushes as his pants are half unzipped and Ilya waits for an explanation.

“Well, uh, I was uncomfortable, so when I was changing after the game, I decided to take it off.”

Ilya calms down a bit, knowing that another Canadian hockey player had nothing to do with Shane's lack of underwear, and he can't say that Shane's actions weren't a little hot, but he's still angry. After all, Shane literally flaunted without underwear all evening.

He immediately lets go of Shane and, squeezing his wrist tightly, pulls him toward the bedroom.

“What are you doing?” Hollander asks, even though he is well aware that he has caused an avalanche.

“I'm going to show you what can happen to boys like you when they forget their underwear.”

Ilya pulls Shane further toward the bedroom, pulling off his sweater and coat along the way. When they are just behind the bedroom door and Shane expects Ilya to push him toward the bed, Ilya tightens his grip and pushes Shane between the door and the nearby wall. Now the man is pressed against the cool concrete, and Ilya twists his arms behind his back, presses his chest as close as possible to Shane's bare back, and brushes his finger against his lips, which immediately, with unusual boldness, begin to suck on Ilya's thumb. He knows that drunk Shane is much bolder and probably absolutely interested in the whole situation, so he is all the more amused by what is about to happen.

“And now,” he whispers, brushing his lips against Shane's ear, reddened from the cold. “...you wait here.”

And with that, he immediately pulls his lips away from the freckled skin, moving away.

“What? I thought...” Shane begins, turning his head and giving Ilya a displeased look.

“What?” asks Rozanov, raising an eyebrow and watching with amusement as his boyfriend tries to return to the state he was in a moment ago: to all that dirty foreplay. "Because of you, I was worried all evening and couldn't concentrate on my book or playing the video-game. And you were out with some boy, got drunk, paraded around without underwear all day, and didn't even apologize properly. That's very rude, Hollander. So you'll stand in the corner, sober up, and I'll finish the chapter in the meantime. *Maybe* when I come back, we'll finish what we started."

“Rozanov, you can't leave me now!” Shane whines, trying to hug him and pull him in for a kiss that might convince Ilya to stay in the bedroom.

“You left me and went drinking, so maybe next time you'll think twice before making plans with Wilson. I'll be back soon, go back to the corner.”

And indeed, after these words, he leaves, ignoring Shane's further complaints and screams.

When he returns, almost an hour later, Hollander is standing in the same place, between the wall and the door. His hair falls over his forehead, and his face has taken on an unhealthy flush, not caused by the cold. He is still wearing his half-unzipped pants. Ilya almost softens and wants to run up and take him in his arms, but he stays in character. He knows that Shane is having as much fun as he is, maybe even more.

“I hope you know what you did wrong?” he asks from the doorway.

“I'm sorry I got drunk. And that I didn't wear my underwear. And that I met with Wilson. Can you kiss me now?”

Ilya can no longer bear to look at Shane's unhappy expression, so he immediately presses his lips against Hollander's thirsty, sinful mouth, finally pulling his pants down completely. And, well, Shane really does look like he's *can't* wait any longer. Their lips still press against each other as if they haven't kissed in ages, Shane's hands desperately clutching Ilya's flannel shirt, and it seems as if they are not just an ordinary couple living together, but two lovers meeting for the last time. When they pull apart, Ilya runs his fingers through Shane's dark hair and grabs it in his hand, pulling it back hard so that Shane's entire neck is at his disposal. The man lets out muffled moans, squeezing Ilya's forearms as he kisses and bites his neck, leaving more bruises and pink marks. Ilya is jealous and territorial today like never before, and he intends to make it clear to all the hockey players in the world that Shane is taken.

Finally, Ilya pushes the naked Shane onto the bed, hovering over him and focusing on his exposed, muscular chest, which rises and falls irregularly under the weight of the man's breath. He kisses his shoulders and collarbones, tasting his freckles with his tongue, focusing on his sternum and ribs, and finally pulling his mouth on Shane's nipple, at the same time wrapping his hand around his cock, moving it lazily up and down.

Shane fidgets restlessly on the bed, moaning and cursing, clenching his fingers in Ilya's hair. His knuckles are white, and his lips are completely swollen from biting them, and Rozanov can see that Shane is already at the end of his endurance.

“Ilya, please, I'm close...” Shane gasps in one breath, burying his head in the crook of Ilya's neck, biting his shoulder warningly.

“No way,” he says, tightening his grip on Shane. “You don't deserve it.”

“Ilya, damn it!”

The man feels Shane's teeth almost piercing the skin on his collarbone, so he decides to take pity on Shane, who is close to tears. It's not that Ilya is really mad at him.

“Say: *I promise I'll never forget my underwear again, unless Ilya wants me to forget it*,” Ilya asks, exaggerating the situation a little. After all, he's amused, so he decides to take advantage of Shane's desperation and how he's writhing on the bed.

“You're crazy,” he says at first, but he's too close, so he quickly gives in. “I promise... damn it, I promise I'll never go anywhere without my underwear again, unless there's an opportunity not to wear it.”

And although it's not quite what Ilya wanted to hear, he finally lets Shane come, kissing his lips one last time. He sees his distracted smile a moment later, and well, it's one of those suspicious smiles. He's known his boyfriend long enough to know that he's about to say something absurd, like he did back in the hospital years ago.

“I haven't actually been anywhere with Wilson,” Shane says after a moment, and Ilya's guess is correct. “But I knew that if I made you jealous, you'd pull my hair and get all *like that*. And I didn't wear my underwear on purpose!”

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