

can't wait to unravel me (unravel you)

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by [aspiringtoeloquence](#)

Summary

Shane plans on spending his night off at dinner with Hayden and Jackie, but it turns out that Ilya has other ideas.

Or: twenty four hours isn't long enough.

Notes

Title is from unravel by Elissa Sun, maybe my favorite song discovery from the soundtrack.

As always, I owe idoltina my life.

More notes at the ~end~

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

Shane is at dinner.

Ottawa's next home game is on Thursday, and some kind of facility maintenance issue cancelled their practice tomorrow, so Ilya has chosen to send increasingly graphic thirst traps. It's not until his phone buzzes to let him know that his doorcode has been used that Shane realizes some of them are being sent from his bed. In Montreal. Where Ilya was previously not.

When did you get to my place?

Lily: *Busy now, like you. You have camera.* 📷📷

It really speaks to Shane's lack of sleep that he does this, because if he had thought this text through for even a millisecond, he would have known exactly what he would find, and wouldn't have dropped his phone on the hardwood.

Ilya's shoes are in the hallway, a trail of duffle bag, jacket, and fucking socks on his floor again. Obviously Ilya is naked in his bed, his underwear sitting pointedly on the couch, and for Shane's own sanity he will not access the live feed that he knows might catch even a glimpse. He is at dinner with friends. There are *children present*, in theory. The younger ones are in bed already, and the older are playing in the living room, but Shane is still a *guest*. Ilya can *wait*.

Shane's phone buzzes instantly from the floor.

"Everything okay, man?" Hayden says. "If you've gotta split we get it, or we can watch —"

"Hay, look at him. Does he look like he wants to watch hockey?" Jackie leans to pat Shane on the shoulder. "You're welcome to stay, Shane, but I know the schedule has been brutal on you boys this week."

It has. Honestly, Shane has been so focused on games (the most heavy game weeks of their season, and a travel schedule so convoluted he hasn't been able to do more than talk to Ilya on the phone in ten days) that he's already starting to wonder if there's anything in his fridge to cook Ilya breakfast.

He makes his excuses, to Hayden's obvious, exhausted relief, promises to join them for a backyard barbeque the next weekend, and makes the heroic effort of leaving his phone in his pocket until he is in his car. (When Hayden puts this together, Shane knows, he is going to be unbearable).

The picture from his high end security system is crystal clear, Ilya spread out on his dark blue sheets, body, tilted so the cameras can catch his smirk as he slowly, methodically jerks off in Shane's bed.

Jesus fucking christ

Lily: Does blasphemy make you drive so slow?

Shane does not run red lights, but the ten minute drive home is somehow both faster and longer than it has ever been.

Being taken apart and then painstakingly put back together by his boyfriend's tongue does, oddly, help with the headache he felt forming between his temples.

They've kissed plenty since he got here, but Shane thinks that secretly this may be his favorite Ilya kisses – the desperation fucked out of him and a slow, syrupy smile carrying his lips over Shane's face, jaw, ear...

He's murmuring in Russian, and Shane doesn't know most of the phrases yet, but he knows. He *knows*. "I'm really glad you're here."

Ilya sits back, traces Shane's jaw with his hand. "It was...what is it you say? I had...a week. But to be here with you, it is better." He pulls Shane's jaw to him, kissing, and shifts to pull Shane's whole body into his neck, it feels like. "I am glad too."

They stay there for a long time.

Ilya claims that he has a brunch meeting in town tomorrow, which Shane's mother then calls to confirm. They see each other often, living in the same city, working together on the foundation, and his mother considering Ilya family, albeit privately. But Ilya and his mother sometimes get this look in their eye, a gleam that Shane finds particularly forboding.

Shane does not want to know, probably, what this brunch entails.

His mom is well known for good management advice, as well as being generally knowledgeable about the business, and the Irina Foundation news has been talked about enough since its inception that Shane can afford to not be paranoid, and instead just be glad Ilya and his mom get along so well. That Ilya can have his parents, who are great, and that Shane can feel confident that two more people in this world know how much Ilya Rozanov deserves to be loved.

It's nice to be responsible for at least three members of that club.

They're in bed, talking about the upcoming fortnight's travel, when Shane remembers. "Wait, weren't you supposed to have a thing tonight?"

Ilya doesn't even consider it worth a shrug, just plays with Shane's fingers. "It doesn't matter. I reschedule."

"You didn't have to do that." It feels like so much, all the time, but Shane never wants Ilya to feel like his life isn't his own.

"Eh, 'have to.' If I didn't want to see you so much, I wouldn't have driven here." Ilya says, and the humor edged with warning in his voice makes Shane's discomfort spike.

He knows exactly what happened, now. Ilya got a text practice was cancelled and climbed in his car immediately, to drive to Montreal during rush hour. He did this because he loves Shane, so that they could see each other in the measly amount of time their schedules happen to overlap.

Ilya's thumb is tracing uneven circles on his hip. It's soothing, and it feels almost like the weight of his hand presses at the bruise of worry that this will all be too much for Ilya; that one day he will choose not to get in the car.

Ilya absolutely sees some of this in his face, apparently. "Maybe I need to see you, do you think of this?" Ilya rolls onto his back. "Maybe I am having some kind of desire to hear you tell me in person how much you have missed me."

"Is everything okay?" Shane's hand settles on Ilya's chest. "Did something happen?"

"Nothing." When Shane shows some measure of disbelief, Ilya makes a deepy annoyed clicking noise with his tongue. "I mean, really is nothing – there is not, nothing big and tragic." He links his fingers through Shane's. "I mean, is just week without you, and is busy, and it feels – bad. Worse than normal." He kisses the back of Shane's hand. "So, I think, maybe some Montreal sunshine will help. Is healing."

Shane does not point out that it has been raining all day. He doesn't push on what 'worse' means. He takes this moment, this man in his bed and his life and his heart, and he lets himself breathe.

When he gets home in the early afternoon Ilya is back from brunch, although his mom is talking through the speakerphone. "– with them, not if Cleveland loses on Friday. I think your particular brand will work better, but they don't have the best track record with this kind of thing."

"Hey," Ilya says to Shane, reaching an arm out. "Shane's here now," he adds for the benefit of the phone. "I will ask him about dinner next week, but I think Wednesday is only day, maybe."

“Okay, honey,” his mom says, and Shane has no idea which of them she’s talking to. “Make sure you get some rest.” She must sense Shane’s confusion, because she adds “both of you.”

“Don’t worry, I make sure he is rested.” Shane snorts, and Ilya frowns with an eyeroll. “What, I am a very relaxing person.”

“I’ll talk to you tomorrow,” she says, then pauses. “Ah, maybe just text me when you’re free.”

“Thanks mom. Love you.”

“Love you.”

Ilya is already pushing himself off the couch. “How was it?” He grabs them each a can from the kitchen. “Did you try new idea?” He points at a takeout container on the table. “We order you salad, but you need more protein, so I think I will cook something for you extra. What did Hayden say? Was good idea, no?”

Shane nods. Ilya twists his hands in a gesture for more. “We play you here in two weeks. Not sure I should give away my secrets.”

Ilya grins. “I beat you no matter where you put them on the ice.” He takes a long sip and Shane is still completely insane over this man, unfortunately. “This reminds me, I will be back here soon, so I order new lamp, same as the one we broke last time, to help in bedroom. Glasses are good, but we don’t want your eyes to go all…” he struggles for the word, and substitutes a gesture, gaze moving around wildly.

“Wait, that *I* broke? You broke it –”

“I want to see you better.”

“I think you have a lamp fetish.”

“I just want to celebrate. Was our anniversary.”

Shane rolls his eyes, studiously ignoring both the pleasant way Ilya’s obvious joy settles over him and the way nouns and articles start to leave his speech when he’s relaxed. It *was* a good night. “By your count, we have about six different anniversaries.”

Ilya finally moves to press him towards the couch, “I cannot help this, we have many things I wish to remember. First time we met, first time you wanted to fuck me –”

“The draft was basically on your birthday anyway.”

“It was very good present, sweaty Shane Hollander eyefucking me in gym.” Ilya tilts his head in acknowledgement, eyes closing as though he is picturing it. “I am very grateful you give me this gift. But then, better, there is also anniversary of when we kiss, and when I fuck you _”

“You do know that normal people do not keep track of this, right?”

“Is not my fault they are not a good boyfriend.” He’s climbing into Shane’s lap, threatening the stability of the ginger ale in Shane’s hand. “I excel at many things. But for next summer, the big one, I have many ideas already.”

Shane has been thinking about it too, an oasis at the end of the playoffs. Hopefully one of them will be coming off a cup win, and they’ll be back at the Lakehouse, Shane incredibly smug over his three cups. The two of them relaxed in the way he’s only really felt there, outside the lines of team and media and a hundred and thirty fucking miles of distance.

Shane kisses him, then, ginger ale set safely on the coffee table. He kisses him for bringing home food, for the plans they have, later in the summer, for the summer camp kickoff, and for the fact he knows that these brief hours together are all they’re getting until the next Ottawa/Montreal game or until Shane is able to blow off his schedule. Maybe he can make a foundation visit, do some of the logistics for facilities in person? They’ve done the drive for way less than this – there have been nights one of them has done it just for the privilege of sleeping in each other’s bed.

Ilya probably has to leave that night – Shane knew they probably wouldn’t get another full night, but he was hoping they’d at least have the day. He’s waiting for the text, and he doesn’t want that to ruin this – his boyfriend in his lap, reaching for the tie on his sweats, here and real and *Shane’s* –

Ilya is muttering Russian into his ear, and Shane curses that his vocabulary isn’t good enough yet to know exactly what he’s saying – frustrating, he needs to dedicate more time to studying – but he catches a few words – *perfect, mine, love* – and before Ilya can wrap those clever fingers around him Shane puts a hand on his chest.

“Bed. We should – I want you.”

“You have me.”

“We need to – please, let’s –”

Ilya pauses with his thumb resting at the base of Shane’s cock. “Are you sure this is what you want right now? I think there is time for both, and I have not yet made you –”

Ilya’s thumb twitches, and Shane’s moan is strangled enough that Ilya cuts himself off to try and swallow it whole. “Okay, okay,” he whispers into Shane’s neck, and his neck kisses almost always make Shane’s brain go quiet. “We will defile the couch later.”

“Defile?” He allows himself to be pulled to the bedroom.

“Is vocabulary word.” Ilya pulls his shirt off. “I learn it from the word-of-the-day app your father recommend.”

“Maybe don’t talk about my dad when you’re taking off your clothes. Or defiling me.”

Ilya snorts while Shane navigates folding his pants. “How is your knee?” Ilya checks, crawling onto the bed. He has his arms behind his head, like he’s enjoying the view, and there isn’t a lot that Shane cares about more than the loving way Ilya’s eyes drop past to check the faded bruising from a practice a few weeks ago.

“Fine, it’s not even sore.” Ilya’s ribs had been way worse. Shane reaches the bed and settles himself next to Ilya, hand running down his side like he’ll be able to feel where the long faded bruises were. Ilya leans into his touch. “Did you hear anything about practice?”

Ilya’s smile flickers. “We are on for tomorrow.” He pulls Shane’s hand off his chest and kisses the palm in apology. “I will leave very early. I will stay.”

“You need to sleep. I know it isn’t the longest drive –”

“I’ve done it on less sleep. So have you.” He sees Shane’s face, and softens his tone. “Maybe we go to bed early, yes?”

Shane has never been a social butterfly. He has dinner at Hayden and Jackie’s, yes, and might let JJ convince him to go out once or twice a season, but he knows he has a reputation as not-that-guy. It’s true, and he prefers it that way. But he knows that this is one of the many ways he and Ilya are different. Ilya spent a lot of years clubbing, partying, and drinking (and, yeah, hooking up with other people), and yes, Shane isn’t exactly sorry that this version of his boyfriend chooses to see him instead, but...

Ilya in any light is beautiful, but him flushed with joy, celebrating or commiserating with his teammates, isn’t something Shane would ever want to take from him. He wonders how many invitations to drinks Ilya has turned down, how many times he’s backed out of a team bonding night to sit in traffic for a few precious hours together.

“It’s okay. You need rest,” he ends up saying. “I love that you came here, but I get it.”

Ilya tilts his head. “You are very...” he struggles to find the word. Shane remembers the first time they talked, and Ilya telling him a decade later that he was having such trouble translating to English in his head all that trip that he was worried his hands would shake from the nerves.

Ilya takes his hand. How far they’ve come. “You are overthinking,” he diagnoses correctly. “Come here.” As frantically as they had come to bed, the tension has left them now, and the urgency Shane feels has nothing to do with sex and everything to do with the way the warmth of Ilya’s body fits as he pulls Shane close.

“I think I can come to you next week,” Shane suggests. “We can have dinner with my parents, or I can tell them we want the time to ourselves. They won’t mind. They see both of us enough.” More than he and Ilya see each other, certainly. Shane tries not to be jealous.

“Is okay. It will be nice to see you before Buffalo.” It kicks off a week of travel for him, ending with Ilya back in Montreal. Shane hates Buffalo on an ordinary day, but the city

taking Ilya away soon somehow makes it feel personal.

“That drive from here would be worse.”

“All journeys to Buffalo are worse. Especially with your terrible car.”

Instead of opening that door again – not all hockey players have a stable of sports cars, and his boyfriend is just *that guy* – Shane kisses him. It’s maybe reinforcing bad behavior, but on the heels of this trip, the effort, he’s willing to risk it.

He feels Ilya smirk into the kiss, and yeah, if he were allowed, Shane could get used to this.

End Notes

Thank you to the What Chaos! podcast crew for identifying Ilya's canonical lamp problem, and also for pointing out that while a rose represents love (we love Rose in this house!), a Lily is said to represent everlasting love.

P.S. I was reading the first book while I wrote this, but have not yet touched The Long Game. I am interested in opinions on if I should wait and experience the (I have no doubt excellent) TV version first (though it's a LONG WAIT).

P.P.S. Technically this ~could~ be canon to the book, taking place just after the epilogue, if that's your jam (with obvious minor alterations for the cinematic universe – eg: team names, Sveta being a boss).

P.P.S.S. Sorry, Buffalo.

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