Detained

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by FestiveFerret

Summary

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>
> Shane's head snapped up and he lost his rhythm on the rowing machine. He slowed to a stop so he wouldn't hit himself in the face. One of the weight benches exploding wouldn't be enough to pull his attention away from his teammates' conversation.
>
> "No, what happened?"
>
> "Dude got fucking arrested."

Notes

> I'm going to be fully honest, the two canons are completely twisted up together in my head right now, haha. I tried to keep this open ended about whether it's the show or the books, but I think it's actually a bit of both. At this point, I've done so many rereads and rewatches, my blood is 89% all things GCU anyway. Hopefully, you can enjoy it as either!
>
> I am confident that the police stuff in this isn't very accurate, but that's okay. Just go with it :P
>
> Thanks to Ashy for beta!

See the end of the work for more notes

"Did you see what happened to Rozanov after the game?"

Shane's head snapped up and he lost his rhythm on the rowing machine. He slowed to a stop so he wouldn't hit himself in the face. One of the weight benches exploding wouldn't be enough to pull his attention away from his teammates' conversation.

"No, what happened?"

"Dude got fucking arrested."

Shane's heart stopped beating. *What the fuck?*

"What?"

Shane ground his teeth together to keep from spinning around and asking more questions. He bent over his knees, squeezing his eyes shut to make it look like he was taking a breather instead of blatantly eavesdropping.

"Yeah, he got in a fight with some dude at a club over some girl and someone called the police."

Someone barked out a laugh. "Yeah, that sounds like Rozanov. What an asshole."

Shane picked up his phone and stood. He made his way to the exit door, but Hayden caught his eye on his way out. "See you on the ice?" Hayden asked, but Shane shook his head.

"Gonna skip optional today," Shane said. "Bit of a twinge in my hip and I think I should rest it."

Hayden nodded. "Yeah, man. Good call. See you tomorrow."

Shane waved a finger in salute, then slipped out of the gym. He grabbed his bag from the locker room, carefully not thinking about anything at all besides breathing. *In and out. In and out.* He threw his bag in the back of his car and got behind the wheel.

And then he lost his shit.

"What the *fuck?"* he screamed, slamming his palm on the steering wheel. He whipped out his phone and started furiously googling.

What his teammates had said seemed to be true. Ilya had been arrested in the wee hours that morning after the police had broken up a fight at Ultraviolet, after Shane had left. He hadn't been seen since, and no news outlet or social media seemed to know where he was.

There was no moment when Shane considered ignoring this, no possible way he could come to the conclusion this wasn't his business and he should stay out of it. His only thought was that he had to find Ilya, and he had to find out what the fuck was going on.

He called Ilya three times and texted him, but the calls went straight to voicemail, which suggested his phone was off.

His next thought was Cliff. He was Ilya's closest teammate and if anyone had been there at the club and knew what happened, it'd be Cliff. But Shane also had no reasonable excuse for reaching out to him and asking, and there was no way Cliff wouldn't want to know why Shane was poking around in the other team's business. In fact, that issue ruled out talking to anyone from Ilya's team.

So he called the club.

Ultraviolet was closed, but someone answered, probably expecting their fifth "I lost my phone there" call of the morning. "Hello?"

Shane decided to lie. "Um, hi. I was there last night and I saw all that shit go down with the police and the fight."

"Uh huh…"

"I just - I have a video of it on my phone and I thought the police might want to see it. Do you know which police station they were taken to?"

"Call the non-emergency line."

"I did, but they wanted me to email it and I'm not really comfortable with that. I really wanted to talk with the officers who were there. I know you probably can't tell me anything, but if you just knew which precinct they were from, that would help a lot."

The person sighed. "I think I have a card, hold on." A moment later, they came back on the line and gave Shane all the info from the arresting officer's card.

"Okay, thank you."

Shane considered calling the station for a while but decided it was better to just show up and try to charm his way in to see Ilya. Or at least find out if he was still there at all or had gone back to the hotel and just wasn't talking to anyone. It wasn't a long drive, and there was no one in the parking lot or in the waiting room, so he went right up to the receptionist.

"I'm here for Ilya Rozanov," he said, in French, trying to sound authoritative. Maybe they'd think he was Ilya's lawyer and let him in. He almost snorted at that, but carefully kept his face blank.

"ID?" the officer at the front desk asked, sounding so bored, Shane wouldn't have been surprised if she fell asleep right there and left him hanging.

Shane handed over his license, then crossed his fingers in his pocket that she wasn't a hockey fan, though surely she already knew who her current detainee was. He should probably be wishing she *was* a fan, so he'd be more likely to get what he wanted, which was eyes on Ilya Rozanov.

"One moment." She got up and stuck her head through a door in the back and talked to someone for a moment, then reappeared. "Okay, follow me."

A buzzer sounded and she gestured towards a door to her left. Shane walked through it and she met him on the other side. They walked down a grey, cinderblock hall lined with windowless doors, and then turned a corner. She opened a door with a pass card on her belt and gestured Shane inside. "Press the button when you're done."

Inside, Ilya was sitting slumped on a bench with his arms crossed over his chest. His eyes barely flickered up when Shane walked in. His expression didn't change at all. The door swung shut, locking them alone in the room together.

"What are you doing here?" Rozanov asked. Shane could smell the sweat and stale beer even on the other side of the room.

"I was about to ask you the same fucking thing."

Rozanov spread his arms wide. "I am arrested."

"What happened?"

"Does not matter. Go home, Hollander."

"What are they charging you with?"

"I do not know." He shrugged.

"What the fuck? Do you have a lawyer?"

He shrugged again.

"You're really not going to tell me anything?"

Ilya remained stonily silent.

"Fuck this." Shane slammed his hand on the button, turning his back to Ilya. There was a small huff of air behind him, but Shane ignored it. The door buzzed open, and the same officer met Shane there. She closed the door behind him.

"Can you walk me through what's going on here?" Shane asked, trying not to sound too desperate. "I'm trying to help him out."

But the officer brightened a little, perhaps eager to have something to do to alleviate the boredom, and she nodded. "Yeah, let's have a look. Come with me." She led him back to the front desk, and spent a minute pulling things up on her computer. "Police were called to Ultraviolet at 3:45am this morning and broke up an altercation between a man and Mr. Rozanov. They were both detained following the incident. Mr. Rozanov declined the opportunity to call someone."

"How much longer is he going to be detained? Does he need a lawyer?"

"He could go home now, if he signs a few things and has someone to drive him. He answered some questions, but hasn't really been talking much. We were waiting on an interpreter because he wouldn't sign the forms to release him and we weren't sure if he understood. Honestly, he was mostly here overnight to sober up."

Shane sighed. "Give me the forms. I can talk to him."

"English or French?"

"English, please."

It took her a moment to print everything out and she handed them to Shane. He read through everything once first, then went back to the room where Ilya still sat, staring at the floor. He looked up when the door opened, eyes going wide with a brief flash of vulnerable surprise when he saw Shane there again. Then the vulnerability shuttered closed again. "I told you to go home, Hollander."

"Fuck off," Shane snapped back, without heat. "Here." He shoved the forms in Ilya's lap. "They're letting you go, but you just need to sign a few things. I looked over it all. It's all standard shit."

Ilya looked down at the pages then back up at Shane. There was something in his expression that Shane couldn't quite put his finger on, something easily taken as discomfort with Shane's meddling, but the look in his eyes was too similar to that day at the press conference when Shane had jumped in and taken a question he knew Ilya hadn't understood.

The legalese in the forms was probably far beyond what Ilya could understand, so he needed to either refuse to sign and wait indefinitely for someone who spoke Russian, or trust Shane.

So Shane slumped down on the bench beside him and translated, summarizing each page in simple English, and then he waited. He realized he'd been holding his breath when Ilya uncapped the pen and all his air came out in a woosh.

An hour later, Ilya had his phone and his shoelaces back and was climbing in the passenger seat of Shane's car. "I can take Uber," Ilya said.

"Yeah, I'm sure selling his story to the tabloids will really make that driver's day." Shane started the car and plugged Ilya's hotel into his GPS.

"I'm sure everyone already knows I was arrested."

"Everyone *thinks* you were arrested. And besides, he doesn't have to tell the truth. All he'll have to do is show proof you booked the ride and he can tell everyone any batshit story he wants. There's so little information available, some shitty rag will publish it just to get the scoop. He'll tell someone you were booked for murder and you're out on bail and they'll believe him."

There was a loaded pause. "Am I on bail?" Ilya asked softly.

Shane shot him a look. "No! What? You really don't know what happened there, do you?"

Ilya shrugged. "There was a lot of French and some very fancy English and I was still a little drunk."

"You weren't arrested," Shane explained. "You were detained. And they decided they had no reason to hold you, so they let you go, they just wanted to make sure you were sober enough to make good choices first. A consensual bar fight isn't assault in Canada, so I guess they decided you were both eager and willing. For now at least." Shane shot Ilya another looking, searching for answers to the question he hadn't asked, but Ilya was still a closed door.

"Okay."

Shane turned the corner towards Ilya's hotel and almost slammed on the breaks. "Shit."

Ilya leaned forward in his seat then blanched. "Fuck."

Reporters were clustered outside the front doors, eyes scanning the streets for any sign of Rozanov coming back.

Shane flicked on his right blinker and changed lanes, then took the next turn. A block later, Ilya glanced over at him. "Where are you taking me?"

"To a back alley to murder you for being a fucking idiot."

Ilya's lips twitched, and Shane forced himself to look back at the road. "I can just go straight to airport. Flight is like…seven hours from now."

"Oh yeah, cause sitting trapped in an airport for seven hours is a great way to avoid the press. No one will ever find you there."

"I don't - You do not need to do this, Hollander."

"I know."

"Okay." Ilya huffed out a sigh. "Thank you for getting me out, now take me to the airport, and I will handle the rest."

Shane pulled into the parking garage under his building. "We're here. At least come up and take a shower before you go sit in a tin can with your poor teammates. You smell like someone poured a beer on you after a bag skate. If you want to go to the airport after that, I'll give you a ride or call you a cab."

Ilya was silent for long enough that Shane put the car in park and got out. He pulled his bag out of the trunk, and was quietly pleased to see Ilya's door open. They made their way up to Shane's apartment in silence. Shane hung his bag on its hook and gestured vaguely towards the bathroom. "You know where the shower is."

A smile flickered across Ilya's face and then disappeared. Heat flushed up the back of Shane's neck as he thought about the last time Ilya had been in his shower. Not that there was anything at all sexy about their current circumstance.

While Ilya showered, Shane checked the news reports, but they didn't have any additional information than they'd had a few hours ago. He spread the papers from the police station out on his dining table, but they offered little insight into what had happened. And now that Shane had Ilya safe and where he could see him, all he wanted was to know what the fuck had happened at that club after he'd left.

Because while Shane's teammates might think of Ilya as someone who'd get in a bar fight and get arrested, Shane knew he wasn't. Ilya had a smart mouth and was too perceptive for his own good, but he saved the violence for the ice, and even then it was well-timed checks and not out-and-out brawls. For Ilya to hit someone off the ice, he must have been really pissed.

He also, for all he was known to be a ladies' man, wasn't going to throw a punch because he wanted the same girl some other guy did. Ilya knew there would always be beautiful women interested in him, and he didn't need to get in a brawl to prove he was worth going home with. If the girl wasn't into him enough to ignore the other men in the room, Shane doubted Ilya would be interested at all. What Shane had taken for cockiness when they first met, was more like a deep desire for someone's undivided attention. He gave his undivided attention to people and accepted nothing less in return. And Shane knew all too well what it was like to have Ilya's undivided attention focused on him. It wasn't something you gave up easily.

The last time Shane had seen Ilya the night before, he hadn't seemed pissed enough to fight or like he wasn't getting enough attention. He'd seemed to be having a pretty fucking good time, actually, with his tongue down some random girl's throat. The same, wild, nauseous feeling flared up in Shane's gut as his mind helpfully replayed that moment over and over. The pounding music was replaced with the pounding of Shane's heart in the recap.

Footsteps behind him shocked Shane out of his thoughts and he spun around to see Ilya standing at the bottom of the stairs, wearing a towel. It was slung low on his hips, the alluring line of his v-cut drawing Shane's eyes south. It was how he'd looked the first time he'd propositioned Shane, the first time it had occurred to Shane that this was something he might get to experience - wet curls framing his face and a towel that was more seductive than being entirely naked would be.

Shane swallowed hard. "Are you more hungry or tired?"

Ilya blinked at him. "What?"

"I assume you didn't get much sleep or food at the police station. So do you want to eat or sleep?"

"I -"

"And don't say you're going to the airport, that's stupid."

Ilya pushed a hand back through his hair, sending the curls wild. "Tired I guess. I am not very hungry. Perhaps still hungover."

Shane went to the fridge and grabbed an electrolyte drink. He tossed it over the table and Ilya caught it. "Go take a nap then. I'll make sure you don't miss your flight."

"Where should…" Ilya waved a hand.

Shane shrugged. "There are four beds in this place. Pick one. I don't care. Oh, and you can grab clothes from my dresser if you want. Pretty sure you know where everything is."

"Okay." Ilya stared at Shane for a long, uncomfortable moment, then turned and walked back up the stairs. Shane fully resisted the urge to watch him go, longing for a peek under the hem of the towel.

Twenty minutes later, Shane was nearly nodding off himself, so he set a timer for an hour and went up to take his own nap. His heart stuttered for a moment, as he pushed open his bedroom door, wondering if Ilya had chosen the bed they'd once shared and trying to decide what he'd do if he had. Would he climb in beside him? Or would he sleep in his own guest room to maintain space between them?

But the question turned out to be moot. Shane's bed was empty, and the door to the farthest guest room down the hall was closed.

Shane climbed in bed and pulled the covers up to his chin. He left the door open, so he'd hear if Ilya got up before him, then he closed his eyes and immediately fell asleep.

An hour later, Shane was shocked awake by the chiming of his alarm and he sat up, smacking the dryness out of his mouth. The nap had only made him feel worse - overheated and dehydrated - instead of relieving any of his exhaustion. And his stomach still churned with anxiety and confusion.

He shuffled down the stairs to find Ilya sitting at his table, scrolling his phone, and eating one of Shane's protein bars. He glanced up when Shane appeared. "This is disgusting," he said, taking another bite.

"Yeah, I don't think they're supposed to taste good. Then you might start thinking they're candy instead of manly man fuel."

"Well, all of your food is disgusting, so it makes sense." Ilya's eyes stayed on his phone.

The urge to make a crack about tuna melts being the epitome of refined taste welled up in Shane's throat, but he swallowed it back down. He had no desire to bring either of their thoughts back to that day.

Shane sat down at the table opposite Ilya and dragged the stack of police paperwork in between them. "You still haven't told me what - Holy *shit*, Ilya." The first name fell out of his mouth without permission as Shane stared at Ilya's face, and he couldn't take it back.

"What?"

"You have a pretty serious black eye. Is your nose broken?" Shane got up and went to the kitchen. He had an entire drawer of ice packs in his freezer and he picked a squishy one.

Ilya touched his face gingerly. The heat from the shower must have bloomed the bruise because Shane hadn't noticed it so prominently earlier. "I don't think so. Just sore."

Shane shoved the ice pack into his face, and Ilya's hand came up to catch it, fingers brushing over the back of Shane's hand. Shane snatched his hand back. "It looks bad."

Ilya shrugged.

"You still haven't told me what happened last night."

"It does not matter."

"Everyone's saying you and another guy got in a fight over a girl."

Ilya's gaze drifted away, out the window, the ice pack blocking Shane's view of his expression. "Sure. That is what happened."

"I don't think it is."

"It does not matter."

"You were arrested. It actually matters a lot."

Ilya rapped his fingers on the table. "You said they let me go. Not arrested, detained."

Shane huffed, annoyed that his own pedantry was being thrown back at him. "That doesn't mean they can't charge you later if they come up with enough evidence to. They know who you are and where you live. It could affect your ability to come to Canada to play."

Ilya snorted humourlessly. "I do not think that is what will affect my ability to play. Me being benched for being in the news for a bar fight will affect my ability to play."

Shane's mouth fell open. "Are they seriously benching you for this? These reports aren't even accurate!"

"It does not reflect well on the team."

"That's bullshit. You're not the first NHL player to get in a fight."

Ilya shrugged again. "I have not talked to anyone from the team," he admitted, "but I would not be surprised."

"Tell me what happened."

"You know what happened."

"Tell me what *actually* happened."

"Why are you so sure it is not what everyone says? I got in a fight over a girl. Makes sense, right? I am asshole and I like women."

Shane shook his head. "Not like that, you're not."

"Right, because you know me so well."

Shane grimaced, but he didn't back down. He might not know Ilya that well, but he did know him better than most, and he was utterly confident that there was something he wasn't saying about last night. "Look, all this legal stuff is confusing even to someone whose native language is English, and it sounds like your team might not have your back on this, so I just want to make sure you understand what could happen."

"And why is that your problem?"

"It's not. But who the fuck else is going to help you in Montreal?"

"The team would have sent someone eventually."

"You have a black eye. That means the other guy got a swing in. Only way that happens to you is if you weren't expecting it or you were so drunk a hit that hard would have put you flat out anyway."

Ilya didn't say anything.

Frustration finally reached a boiling point and Shane smacked his hands on the table. "Why *the fuck* won't you let me help you, Rozanov?"

"Why the fuck do you want to help me so bad, Hollander?"

Shane swallowed hard, a thousand answers he couldn't say spinning through his mind. *Because it guts me to see you in pain. Because somehow this feels like my fault. Because no one's ever said my name like you did that day. Because I can't play hockey if it's not against you. Because I'm starting to think I won't ever be happy if I'm not with you.*

But he didn't say any of those things, instead he tipped forward until his head hit the surface of the table and he sighed. "I don't fucking know, okay? I just couldn't leave you rotting in jail. So now here we are, and I'm the person offering to help you, so take it or leave it. I can drive you to the airport whenever you want."

For a long time, Ilya didn't say anything, then Shane heard him set the ice pack down. Shane sighed, waiting for the sound of Ilya getting up to leave, but instead, he spoke.

"I went to the club to get laid." His voice was soft, a little distant, and Shane sat up, but didn't say anything, just waiting. "I got some drinks, and danced, and found this girl."

Shane took a breath in and let it out slowly. This part, he knew.

"She was nice and seemed to like me. She'd been there for a while already. We danced, and we were both enjoying ourselves and then…she seemed…not right."

"Not right?"

"She was tripping, like she was very drunk, but -" Ilya's brow creased. "Something was off. I thought she was maybe not okay. So I took her to the bar to ask the bartender to call her a cab or maybe take her phone and see if there was someone we could call for her."

"Okay…"

"Then while I'm waiting for his attention because it was very busy, this guy comes up and says oh there you are, come with me, and tries to take her arm. I ask him who he is, and he says he is her boyfriend. I say she did not tell me she has boyfriend. And he starts to get kind of -" Ilya broke off and gestured with his hands.

"Pushy?"

"Yes, this. He gets pushy. Trying to take her arm and take her away from me. And when he reaches for her, she starts to say, 'I don't know that guy, I don't know him.'"

"Oh shit."

"Yes. So I am not letting him take her. I say we should get her a cab alone and if he is really her boyfriend he can call her in the morning. But he starts to get angry, and when I put her behind me, and my hands are holding her up, he sucker punches me in the face."

"Jesus, Ilya."

"I should not have let him make me mad, but I hit him back. Someone must have called police and they took both of us. I made sure they took the girl too, to see if she needed hospital. I think maybe she was drugged."

Shane let out a long breath on a sigh. "Where were your friends?"

"All had left except Marly and he was off in other corner with someone when it happened. When the police came, I told him to just go, so he would not get in trouble too." Ilya's jaw flexed and his fingers touched his temple with a wince.

"Okay." Shane couldn't help thinking that was pretty shitty friend behaviour, but he kept that to himself. "I still don't understand why you didn't want to tell me."

"Because I am embarrassed, Hollander!" Ilya abruptly snapped, like the last strap holding his composure together had suddenly broken. "Okay? I am fucking embarrassed that you and your perfect girlfriend made me so fucking angry that I had to go out and dance with that girl just to try to feel normal again. I am fucking embarrassed that I was so distracted by you being there that I did not even notice she was sick until she nearly passed out, and I am fucking embarrassed that I was so fucking pissed off about all of it, that when he hit me, I hit him back." Ilya pushed to his feet, his chair scraping loudly on the hardwood floor. "Are you happy now? You want to help me so badly? Forget this ever happened. I will deal with it myself." He started to stalk off towards the front door, but Shane launched himself out of his chair and grabbed Ilya's sleeve, stopping him.

"Wait."

Ilya stilled, but he didn't look back. The line of his shoulders was tight and angry, tensed with defensiveness.

Shane pinched the fabric between his fingers, realizing Ilya had taken his offer and put on some of Shane's clothes. He was wearing joggers that were a few inches too short and one of Shane's oversized hoodies from some giveaway. "Wait," he repeated, "Ilya."

"Please," Ilya whispered, not needing to finish his request. *Please let us just forget this. Please let us pretend this never happened.* But Shane had been doing a lot of that for a long time, and he couldn't let this go.

"I'm embarrassed too," Shane admitted quietly. His heartbeat was so loud it rattled in his head, but he kept his feet glued where they were, refusing to let himself run again.

Ilya froze, then turned back, eyes finally finding Shane's, expression unreadable. "For what?"

"I'm embarrassed that I was so freaked out by us doing anything together that wasn't just sex that I had to go out and get a girlfriend just to feel normal again. I'm embarrassed that I was so upset just seeing you dance in a club with a random girl that my now *ex*-girlfriend immediately figured out that I had something going on and asked me about it, which is why she's an ex. And I'm so fucking embarrassed that I ran out that day at your place instead of talking to you about how I was feeling."

Ilya swallowed, his throat bobbing. "How were you feeling?" Shane had never heard Ilya sound so cautious, so unsure.

"I panicked," the words came out rough like Shane's throat was closing up. "I - there was - it was…different."

Ilya gave a short, sharp almost-nod, one with plausible deniability. "It does not have to be different," he offered, like they could just rewind that moment on Ilya's couch to some point before, where Shane didn't know what it felt like to have Ilya kiss him like he meant something by it.

"I…maybe I liked different. Maybe I liked it so much it terrified me."

Then Ilya finally turned all the way, bringing his body into Shane's space, opening that door that had been locked closed all night. His tongue skated over his bottom lip and his eyes locked on Shane. There it was: every ounce of his attention, and it made Shane shiver. "Maybe I liked different too," Ilya confessed roughly.

Shane let out a tight breath then slowly leaned forward until his forehead hit Ilya's chest. Ilya's arms came up and wrapped around him. It was as if some horrible, twisted up knot inside Shane's chest had been tugged on just right and had fallen open, loose strings finally giving him the space to breathe properly. "Let me help you with this. You need a Canadian lawyer that doesn't work for the team to make sure you don't get fucked over. I don't know anything about legal stuff, but I can find someone you can trust."

"Okay," Ilya whispered into Shane's hair.

"Okay." Shane tucked his fingers under the hem of the hoodie Ilya had borrowed. He was pleased to find no shirt underneath. "Pretty sure, this has been one of the most stressful days

of my life."

Ilya burrowed his face further into Shane's hair. "I know good way to relieve stress," he murmured, sending a shudder down Shane's spine.

Shane snorted out a laugh. "Really? After the day you've had?"

"Especially after hard day. But I want you all the time. After every day." It was the closest either of them had come to actually confessing to wanting more, a step closer in this dance they were doing. Shane couldn't help but push up against Ilya's chest to press a kiss to his lips, wishing he was brave enough to repeat the words himself.

Ilya let a breath out of his nose, like there was some last edge of tension he needed to release, then tipped back against the wall, drawing Shane with him until there was no space between their bodies.

They kissed, and Ilya cupped the back of Shane's head with his hand, fingers splayed wide, like if he didn't hold him tightly enough, Shane might slip away. It was strange, doing something they'd done a hundred times before and finding a way for it to be like nothing Shane had ever experienced. Ilya wasn't rushed, wasn't desperate, but wasn't holding back, either.

Ilya's hands slid up the back of Shane's shirt, palms flat, fingertips dancing up Shane's spine. Then Ilya abruptly broke the kiss and dropped to his knees. Shane braced his arms against the wall, breath already coming in broken pants. He couldn't help but remember the first time they'd met up, their positions flipped as Shane finally felt the weight of a cock on his tongue after years of trying to convince himself it wasn't what he wanted.

Now he knew with perfect clarity what he wanted: Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya tugged down Shane's sweatpants and sucked him down without teasing, easing Shane deep into his throat in one hot, wet swallow.

"Fuck," Shane hissed. "That feels so good."

Ilya's hands flexed on Shane's thighs in response and he hummed, the vibration around his cock making Shane shudder. Then suddenly, this wasn't enough, this wasn't what he wanted. Shane hooked the back of Ilya's neck and tugged up. Ilya pulled back and looked up at Shane questioningly from the floor, lips pink and plush and slicked with split.

"Come to bed with me," Shane husked out, not knowing how to say that he wanted to feel every inch of Ilya pressing him into the mattress.

But Ilya, as always, seemed to read his mind, because one stumbly trip up the stairs later, clothes shed in a pile by the door, Ilya tipped Shane down onto his duvet - finally in Shane's bed instead of the guest room down the hall - and covered over him, nestled between Shane's thighs.

"I've missed you," Shane confessed.

Ilya smiled, then winked. "I am very missable."

Shane snorted and smacked him. "Fuck you."

"Yes, I plan to."

"Well, hurry up then." Shane tipped his head back, grinning, closing his eyes, baring his everything to Ilya.

A hot mouth nuzzled under his ear then drew a line of kisses down Shane's neck. Shane drew a deep breath in then let it out, sinking into the sensation. There was a pause as Ilya rummaged around in the drawer Shane kept his supplies in, then a moment later, Ilya's fingers, slick with lube, teased Shane's rim.

Shane rolled his hips as Ilya worked him open, urging him to go faster, give him another one, get closer to that moment when Ilya pushed inside him, filling him up.

After what felt like a lifetime, Shane got his reward, a groan leaking out of his throat as Ilya slowly pressed inside. Ilya set a slow, steady pace, fucking Shane with deep, unhurried strokes, finding every place that set off fireworks. It wasn't long before Shane was gasping, grinding forward to meet every press of Ilya's body.

"Yes, come on. I want to see you come for me," Ilya murmured, his pace stuttering in a way that Shane knew meant he was getting close too.

"Fuck!" Shane's back arched as his orgasm slammed into him like a brick wall. He gripped Ilya's shoulders like they would keep him from falling off the edge of the world while he made a mess of his own chest and stomach.

Ilya's mouth fell open as he watched Shane come, his thrusts becoming frantic and his breath short. Shane had barely come down from his own orgasm before Ilya pushed in, stilled, and Shane could feel him throbbing against his rim.

They collapsed onto the bed, still twisted up together. For a long time, they just stayed there, fingers dancing lightly along whatever skin they could find, breathing slowly returning to normal. Then Ilya got up to clean up and when he came back, he drew Shane into his arms, onto his chest.

Ilya kissed the top of his head then he twirled a strand of Shane's hair through his fingers. "I have to go," he said roughly. "My flight…"

"I know."

Ilya leaned back until he could make eye contact. "I don't want to go," he said carefully, pointedly.

"I know," Shane repeated, making sure Ilya knew he wasn't taking this as their usual cut-and-run. "I don't want you to go either." He stroked his hand down Ilya's chest, trying to memorize the feeling he would be without again soon. "I can drive you to the airport."

But Ilya shook his head. "There will probably be reporters looking for me. Let's not give them a picture of us together to add to the pile of shit out there about me today."

Shane sighed. "Yeah, you're right."

"Three weeks and then we play again."

"We're flying in from St. Louis the night before. We'll probably get in late, but I could come to your place…"

"Yes." Ilya's arms tightened around Shane.

"All Star break, maybe we could…"

'Yes."

"Okay." Shane sat up, drawing Ilya up with him. He took his head between his hands and kissed him gently, first over his bruised cheek and then on the lips. "Catch your flight. Don't say anything to the reporters, talk to your team. Tell them the truth about what happened. There were witnesses there, I'm sure someone will back you up. I'll text you the name when I find a lawyer. I know someone I can ask, a friend of my dad's. He'll know the right person." He took out his phone and hit a few buttons to order a cab to his apartment. The app said it'd be there in seven minutes.

Ilya nodded. "Alright."

"You're not losing your job over this," Shane said firmly. "And, regardless of all that… you did the right thing. You know that, right? You saved that girl from something horrible happening to her. That was really brave."

Ilya's eyes softened, and Shane wondered if there was a tiny hint of pink on the unbruised cheek. "Thank you."

Shane kissed him again. "Okay, now you're really running late. Grab your stuff. Oh, shit, we should have put your clothes in the wash."

The corner of Ilya's mouth twitched up in a small smile. "Is okay. I will wear this." He stood as he pulled Shane's hoodie back on. "I will give back to you in Boston next month."

Shane's stomach flipped at the thought of Ilya wearing his clothes, but now, the fear over it giving them away wasn't nearly as strong as the pleasure in knowing Ilya would be sitting on the plane smelling Shane's laundry detergent and thinking of him. Shane pushed up to his knees on the edge of the bed. "You can keep it. But, uh -"

"Yes?"

"Maybe when I'm in Boston, I'll take one of yours."

Ilya's smile broke into a full grin. "You can have all of mine. Wear them to bed every night. Touch yourself and think of me." He leaned in, cupping Shane's cheek and rocking his hips

forward against Shane's chest.

Shane shoved him away. "We don't have time for that." He groaned as his body took a decided interest in Ilya's scenario. "Get out of here before we make you miss your flight. The last thing you need is even more ill-will with your team. And, um, text me okay?"

"I will. I will call you. Tomorrow." Ilya pulled him into another kiss, gentle, but with a hint of spice, a reminder and a promise of what was to come. He walked to the door and turned back, eyes raking down Shane's body one last time. "Goodnight, Shane."

Shane gripped two fistfuls of the duvet to keep from launching off the bed into Ilya's arms. "Goodnight Ilya."

End Notes

I'm on Discord and tumblr as @FestiveFerret! <3

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