

The World's Worst Thief

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The World's Worst Thief

by [theemporium](#)

Summary

“I would hope not,” JJ snorted, nodding as his eyes glanced at Shane’s shirt for a short moment. “Looks a bit big, Hollzy. Trying to put on some muscle and take my spot as Montreal’s enforcer?”

Shane frowned, glancing down at the shirt he had thrown on without a second glance. He wasn’t proud of the way he let his alarm run through, keeping him twenty minutes late from the schedule he had planned in his head. It was fine, he reached the airport on time (and was earlier than half of Team Canada). But it had left him frazzled.

So frazzled that he hadn’t even stopped to think about the shirt he pulled on.

His cheeks burned with stark realisation as he glanced down at the black Bauer shirt he was wearing. It wasn’t his, and JJ clearly knew that too considering it was at least two sizes bigger than the ones Shane usually wore.

Because it was Ilya’s.

.

Or, Shane's habit of stealing clothes from a certain blond Russian and being caught red-handed a few times.

Notes

You wouldn't think I am a full time uni student who should be studying for exams and working on her dissertation with the way these two idiots have been rattling around my head the last two weeks. Anyways. Here's another fic. I haven't felt like this for a ship in so long. I honestly don't know what to do with myself.

Once again, please ignore whatever dodgy timeline this seems to take place in.

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

“We are going to the fucking Olympics!”

Shane smiled to himself, chin tucked against his chest as he rustled through his backpack in an attempt to find the earphones he swore he remembered packing the night before. He was usually organised—probably to a level he didn’t need to be. But between games and training and pretending like his mind wasn’t preoccupied with a certain blond Russian, packing for the Olympics slipped his mind until a few days ago.

And for Shane Hollander, that was practically the equivalent of packing hours before the flight.

He frowned down at the contents of his backpack, pushing aside the hockey autobiographies he swore he was going to read eventually to see if his earphones slipped behind them when he felt a rough hand slamming into his back.

“C’mon, Hollander, look alive! It’s the Olympics,” JJ grinned wildly as he stood in the aisle in his Team Canada fleece and toque, looking far too hyper for someone who was about to travel over thirty hours. “We are gonna show them we are the best!”

“Hell yeah we are,” he grinned back because he couldn’t help himself. Because it was an honour to represent his country for the Olympics, to be picked for the roster. It was an honour that he did not take lightly, despite his apparent inability to pack his bags with any sense of organisation.

He *swore* he packed his earphones.

“Damn, Hollzy, I thought being a hotshot would mean companies would want you to look good in their stuff,” JJ continued, unperturbed by the fact most of the team had already taken their seats and were likely getting ready for take off soon.

“Hm, what?” Shane asked distractedly, his head almost buried in his backpack as he felt his fingers tangle up in some wire.

“Yuna Hollander seems like the kind of woman who would rip Bauer to shreds for making her son look stupid,” JJ commented, lighthearted and amused.

It only made Shane’s confusion grow as he finally snagged his earphones from the bottom of his backpack, pulling them out in a pathetic show of victory before turning to his friend.

“What, I’m not sponsored by Bauer?”

“I would hope not,” JJ snorted, nodding as his eyes glanced at Shane’s shirt for a short moment. “Looks a bit big, Hollzy. Trying to put on some muscle and take my spot as Montreal’s enforcer?”

Shane frowned, glancing down at the shirt he had thrown on without a second glance. He wasn’t proud of the way he let his alarm run through, keeping him twenty minutes late from the schedule he had planned in his head. It was fine, he reached the airport on time (and was earlier than half of Team Canada). But it had left him frazzled.

So frazzled that he hadn't even stopped to think about the shirt he pulled on.

His cheeks burned with stark realisation as he glanced down at the black Bauer shirt he was wearing. It wasn't his, and JJ clearly knew that too considering it was at least two sizes bigger than the ones Shane usually wore.

Because it was Ilya's.

It was his shirt that he left behind after their shared night in Shane's apartment a few weeks ago. It was his shirt that Shane had washed and tucked away with the rest of his shirts in his dresser because he was too cowardly to message Ilya about it, too afraid that Ilya would say something—like ask for it back.

A deeply embarrassed part of Shane's common sense was self aware that keeping your rival-turn-fuck-buddy's clothes was a bad idea, especially when said piece of clothing had become a favourite of Shane's to lounge around his own apartment in. But wearing it on a plane with the rest of your team as you fly out to said rival's home country for a global event?

Far worse than a bad idea.

"I, uh," Shane cleared his throat, pretending like his whole body wasn't suddenly too warm whilst also resisting the urge to pull his hoodie on. "I picked up the wrong size and then we won the game against San Francisco so I thought it was good luck—"

JJ cut him off with a laugh, loud and boisterous and so him. "Never change, Hollzy, never change. Love how weird you are, dude."

"Ha," Shane laughed pathetically, smiling through the sheer panic running through his body as JJ eventually got bullied back into taking his own seat a few rows behind him.

The panic didn't settle even after JJ had left. Instead, Shane sat there on the plane surrounded by his teammates, his heart beating wildly in his chest and blood roaring in his ears as he stared blankly at the seat ahead. He quickly plugged his earphones in, letting some random song fill his ears as he tugged the sleeves of his shirt over his hands and pretended it didn't make him feel a little bit calmer.

JJ didn't comment on the baggy shirt after that, not when Canada was winning games and Shane was scoring goals like it was the easiest thing in the world.

Shane never did give Ilya that shirt back either.

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Amongst the craziness of being a professional athlete and having millions of people know who you are, the cottage felt like it was in a fantasy world far, far away from everything that consumed Shane's life during the season.

It was peaceful and comforting and, in some ways, it felt like *home* to him. The true kind of home where you could be yourself, where you could shut out the rest of the world, where you could have the people that mattered most to you close by and nobody else. The fact his parents were only a short drive away made it even better, in Shane's opinion. Even with Montreal and Ottawa close together, he didn't see them as often as he wished he could during the season.

Even with the off season, Shane never once slacked on his training and it was something David Hollander knew well. It was a habit he gained very early on in his career, when he was young and rosy-cheeked and insisting that he needed a routine despite being eleven years old. He probably took peewee hockey more seriously than most professional players did at higher levels.

Yuna had supported it. She had always been the one to help him evolve and grow, to push him and guide him and be the anchor he needed as he took the sport more seriously. She had been the one to grow his brand, to get his name out there, to make sure her son would have no reason for anyone to doubt his raw talent and skill.

David was never as intense as the other two, but it didn't mean his support wasn't there in other aspects. Even now, when Shane was an adult and one of the best hockey players in the world, David found ways to still support his son and make his hectic life a little easier.

It was why he would sometimes get up before the sun had even broken through the clouds to make his way to Shane's cottage and prepare a healthy but fun breakfast for his son after his morning runs.

David cherished the small moments he got to have with just him and Shane, especially when the hockey season practically kidnapped his son from him.

"Five miles?"

"Seven, actually," Shane corrected with a smile as he made his way into the kitchen, sweaty and panting and smiling like someone who hadn't woken up at the crack of dawn for a morning run. "I beat my personal best for five last week so I thought I would push myself."

"Always chasing a goal," David said fondly, shaking his head. "I take it I should add extra kale to your smoothie then?"

Shane snorted, but didn't disagree. He grinned when David added more anyways.

"It wasn't too cold, was it?" David asked, glancing at his son over his shoulder and giving him a once over before returning his gaze to the counter in front of him.

Shane's cheeks burned as he glanced down at his t-shirt and shorts combo. It was nothing different to how he usually ran—except maybe for the fact his shorts were a few inches

shorter than normal.

“Uh, no,” he choked out, urging himself to keep his voice as steady as he could as David focused on their breakfast. “I was fine.”

“You sure? Your running shorts look like they shrunk in the wash,” David grinned, his back still to Shane so he missed the way his son’s blush grew. “Wouldn’t want you catching a cold, bud.”

“M’fine,” Shane assured his father, his heart pounding and his fingers twisting the hem of his shorts as he tried to pull them further down his thighs. “I’m gonna shower.”

“Don’t take too long,” David called over his shoulder as Shane made his way upstairs. “Breakfast will be done in fifteen.”

Shane’s heart continued to pound in his chest as he made his way to the ensuite, quickly moving to turn the shower on like the water running would drown out his panicked thoughts. He pulled his phone from his pocket, fingers pressing the buttons a little heavier than usual before he quickly shedded his clothes and jumped into the shower.

Jane: *your shorts suck for running btw*

Jane: *why are they so short*

Lily: *is for the view ;)*

Lily: *make my ass look great*

They did. And they made Shane’s ass look great too if Ilya’s reaction to the photo he had sent before his run said anything.

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Injuries were something that just came hand-in-hand with being a hockey player.

The sky was blue, grass was green and you will have a grocery list of injuries to pair with your career as a hockey player. Shane had been lucky, all things considered. He was never the biggest guy on the ice, but being as talented as he was usually meant he was an easy target

for people on other teams. There had been more than enough scrums started by his teammates to defend his honour after a dirty hit.

Sometimes, those dirty hits landed just as intended.

It had been a week since a huge defenceman from Florida had crushed him against the boards. It hurt like a bitch at the time, but it wasn't until the next day when Shane had tried to get out of bed to go on his morning run that he felt like his whole side had been hit by a bus.

His skin was an ugly array of purples and blues and greens, staining down the left side of his torso. It hurt when he lightly pressed it. It hurt to raise his arms above his head. It hurt to even breathe in certain angles.

Shane had barely taken his shirt off before the team doctor told him he was out for at least a week and given some painkillers to help for the first few days.

Yuna hadn't even hesitated before she made the drive to Montreal, insisting that she was more than happy to stay with her son for a few days to help him out whilst the rest of his team went on a west coast roadie. She knew her son could be particular about certain things when he was sick or injured, knew he could be a bit of a handful.

Yuna Hollander was more than aware that her son—who she loved very much—was downright needy and difficult when he allowed himself to be. Which, albeit, it was rare for Shane to reach said level of needy and difficult but when it happened, it was a lot.

“You’re shivering.”

“M’not,” Shane murmured, lips pressed together as he kept his eyes glued on the tv that was currently playing some game tape he wanted to review. He wanted the tablet but the last thing she wanted was him straining his eyes for hours on a small screen.

“Shane,” she said, a certain tone in her voice that was enough for her son to flash her a sheepish smile.

“Fine,” he murmured, his cheeks tinted pink. “Can you please grab me a hoodie from my wardrobe?”

“Of course, honey,” Yuna smiled, pressing a quick kiss to the top of his head before heading towards his bedroom.

It took less than a minute to grab the first hoodie she could see and make her way back to the living room. But when she went to hand the piece of clothing to Shane, she noticed the way his nose scrunched up a little. He almost looked affronted.

Yuna glanced down at the hoodie, failing to see what was wrong with it. It was a simple hoodie, one of his old Team Canada ones with his number printed just above his heart. It was one she had seen him wear many times before. Now, it seemed as though Shane wanted anything but *this* hoodie.

But Yuna knew her son. She knew he had his quirks and she knew he had certain things he was particular about. However, she was also slightly exasperated by the fact he made her drive him to the grocery store *twice* yesterday because they had apparently picked up the wrong type of granola. She wasn't going to make this easy for him.

"Is there something wrong, Shane?" She asked, trying to keep her amusement from her voice as she watched Shane's gaze flickered between her face and the hoodie she was still holding out to him.

"Uh," Shane cleared his throat, his cheeks burning. "That's, uh, not the right one."

Yuna raised her brows.

"There's another one, in my wardrobe. It's, like, grey. And soft. And—" He cut himself off before giving his mother a hopeful smile. "Can I get that one? Please?"

Yuna just shook her head, a small huff of laughter escaping her lips as she headed back to his wardrobe to get the correct hoodie. She hadn't even noticed what was so special about said hoodie until Shane was pulling it over his head and nuzzling his cheek against the fabric, looking as though he was drowning in fabric with how big it was on him.

Then her eyes caught the Cyrillic script sprawled across the chest and just gave her son a knowing smile. But she was nice so she decided to keep her mouth shut, even if she did snap a picture to send off to a certain blond Russian.

Ilya: *very cute! will heal him faster so you don't have to take care of big baby*

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Ilya Rozanov had a problem.

It was a problem he had been dealing with for a while—years even. It was a problem that affected his daily life. It was a problem that would continue to affect him from this day forward.

It was a problem he never wanted to solve.

For years now, Ilya had been dealing with random items of clothing from his wardrobe going missing. A t-shirt here, a hoodie there. Sometimes it would take him weeks to notice, and sometimes the thief would proudly walk around mere minutes after committing the crime.

But the thief looked good in his clothes so Ilya could never bring himself to say anything—not when it was a sight he absolutely adored.

“Do you want salmon or chicken for dinner?”

Ilya barely processed the question, his arms pressed against the kitchen island as he ogled his husband. He had walked into the kitchen a few minutes ago, intent on bothering Shane and possibly trying to convince him to go out with him and Anya.

Instead, Ilya had been drooling over the way his sweater was engulfing his husband.

Shane looked like something out of one of Ilya’s many, many dreams he had about him. The sweater was one of Ilya’s favourites from when he was young—a baby blue one that was soft and smooth from many wears over the years, the elastic along the wrists and hem gone. He had remembered packing it when he first moved from Russia to America, he remembered finding comfort in the sweater.

Ilya was bigger than he was then. So much bigger that now that same sweater was a little tight on him, especially around his shoulders and arms. And if he raised his arms above his head, it would expose his stomach.

But on Shane? It was just long enough that Ilya could only see a small peak of the boxers he was wearing underneath. It was one of those things that reminded Ilya that even if Shane was impressive—bigger than the average person, and much stronger too—he was still smaller than Ilya. He made Ilya’s clothes from *years ago* look like they were made for him *now*.

Ilya fucking loved it.

Paired with the messy hair he hadn’t fully combed through since he got out of the shower and the glasses on the bridge of his nose, Shane looked as though he had walked straight out of one of Ilya’s many fantasies.

“Ilya?”

Ilya blinked, snapping out of his own thoughts to find Shane looking at him expectantly, wide eyes and rosy-cheeked from the warm shower he just took and—

Well, Ilya believed he was justified in rounding the island and wrapping himself around his husband the second he was at arm’s length. He wound his arms around Shane’s waist, fingers fiddling with the loose hem of the sweater as he nuzzled his face against his husband’s neck.

“Thief can choose dinner,” he murmured, slipping his hands underneath the sweater and pressing them against Shane’s stomach. “I don’t mind.”

“I’m hardly a thief if you leave it out for me to take,” Shane defended, leaning back into Ilya’s chest as he continued to frown down at the recipe book he had been flipping through.

He had been getting better at choosing more ‘normal’ recipes to follow, as Ilya liked to put it. Normal meaning recipes that weren’t from a crazy controlled diet that usually stressed Shane

more with all its rules over the actual benefits. The cookbooks had been Yuna's idea of a compromise and they had been working pretty well.

"Yes because leaving it on *my* side of wardrobe is like a target for you," Ilya teased, pressing a few chaste kisses along the length of Shane's neck and was delighted at the way his body shivered in response. "I married a thief."

"Whatever," Shane's cheeks burned as Ilya's hands continued to wander, as his lips continued to trail over exposed skin. "We need to choose."

"Hmm, you pick," Ilya murmured as he tried to bite back his grin at the noise Shane let out as his nails scratched along his abs. "I am busy."

Shane huffed, though he didn't pull away from Ilya. "Stop being busy and choose."

Ilya hummed. "Can I choose the next thing you steal from me?"

"No, you—I don't steal!"

"I think you would look sexy in my jersey," Ilya continued, the words whispered against Shane's neck as he led him one, two, three steps forwards until he was pressed against the counter. "Rozanov on your back. Eighty-one. Would be sexy to see while I fuck you."

"Shut up," Shane grumbled, his breath hitching at the way Ilya's fingers teased along his waistband. "M'not wearing your stupid jersey so you can fuck me like I'm some puck bunny."

"But you would make such cute puck bunny," Ilya teased, grinning as he pressed a smacking kiss to his husband's cheek. "Cutest bunny since you are always hopping on my—"

"Whatever!" Shane shoved him away, his body feeling just as warm as his blushing face as glared at his cackling husband. "I'm making salmon. Just for me. None for you."

"Aww, sweetheart," Ilya cooed, laughing still as Shane dodged him to walk around the kitchen island. "Don't be like that. I'm sorry. I will let you steal more clothes. I am nice like that."

Shane's glare hardened. "I hate you."

Ilya's grin only grew. "You love my clothes."

"And I still hate you."

"It is okay. I love you enough for both of us, my pretty thief."

"Have fun making your own dinner."

End Notes

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