

Second Time's The Charm

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Second Time's The Charm

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Summary

“You have pretty eyes,” Shane says, staring directly into his.

“My eyes are not pretty. I am not the pretty one,” Ilya teases, his own hand coming to hold the one Shane still presses against his cheek.

“You have a pretty dick,” Shane retorts and Ilya snorts.

“Well, I cannot argue that.”

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Shane is once again, hospital-bound and high as a kite.
This time, Ilya can enjoy it a bit more.

Notes

I binged this show in 2 days and I can't stop thinking about it. My main thought was that the hospital scene was good, but it could have been better. This is set some undetermined time after the end of the show.

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

Ilya despises hospitals. He hates the smell. The artificial look. The doctors, with their stern faces and quick feet. The nurses, with their bright smiles and haunted eyes as they shuffle from patient to patient.

Most of all, Ilya hates hospitals because twice now, Shane has been sent to them.

Ilya is outside the building as he paces, hidden between a wall and a hedge. With every step, he fights the urge to say screw the cameras, the people and their nosiness, and just run to Shane. But he doesn't, because he knows Shane wouldn't want him to.

At least this time, Shane isn't alone. This time, his parents were also there to witness the moment an opposing team member took a turn too hard and knocked Shane to the ground with their stick. They were there to hold Ilya back before he went and cut the man's dick off to shove it in his mouth.

Yuna is surprisingly strong.

Shane's parents drove with him to the hospital, where they promised to get him the moment they knew the situation, and Shane would be alone. That was half an hour ago, and Ilya is getting antsy. Why were they taking so long? It looked like Shane had been speaking when they put him into the ambulance, but what if something was slowly taking hold? What if there was a bleed inside?

Ilya clenches his fist, resisting the urge to punch the wall. Shane would only get mad at him when he saw the bruise.

He punches the hedge instead. It does not have the desired effect.

"Uh, Ilya?"

Ilya swivels sharply to the side. David is standing there. He looks concerned, so Ilya takes a deep breath and pretends that he does not want to destroy property.

"He'll be alright," David says first, as though he knows they are the only words that will soothe Ilya. "He's got a concussion. Again. But nothing's broken, he's just a bit banged up." A small smile forms on David's face. "They still gave him the good stuff, though. Kid really can't hold his narcotics."

The corner of Ilya's lip twitches. Last time, Ilya had been too worried about being spotted to enjoy Shane on drugs. This time, Ilya won't be running away. He will be there for Shane.

There to see what non-boring things he reveals.

It takes a while to reach Shane, as they are forced to hide behind corners until the corridors are quiet and there is no sly patient with a phone waiting to capture him. While they are now outwardly friendly, Ilya intends to stay with Shane for as long as he is able to, and that is not the sort of thing new friends would do. Even those in business together.

It is all worth it, however, when he sees Shane's dilated eyes light up at his appearance.

"Ilya! You came!"

"Of course," Ilya replies. Yuna gives his shoulder a friendly squeeze before she and David depart.

"Come here," Shane says, holding out his arms. There is a bandage around his head, and the beginnings of a large bruise appearing near his elbow, but with falls on ice, Ilya knows how much worse it could have been. He walks forward and takes one of Shane's hands in his own. The touch soothes the beast that had been raging within him.

"Closer. Join me."

Shane waves his free hand towards the small sliver of bed that is exposed beside him. Ilya raises an eyebrow.

"I cannot fit there. I will crush you."

"I don't mind."

Shane does something with his eyes. It is perhaps supposed to look suggestive. But since Shane cannot manage suggestive even when he isn't on drugs, he is entirely unsuccessful.

It's still cute, though.

"I will give you this instead," Ilya allows. He leans forward to capture Shane's lips in a light, slow kiss. Part of him wants to crush Shane towards him, to release the fear he'd felt the moment he saw Shane fall, but he reins himself back. This is enough. Shane is here. He will be ok. There is time for more later.

As they part, Shane's palm rises to cup Ilya's cheek. He has a large, dumb smile on his face. As much as Ilya knows it is down to the drugs, it is still nice to see. So often, Shane hides himself behind a mask, afraid to reveal his true self to the world. Afraid that people will judge him for the things he does, the things he likes. The person he loves.

"You have pretty eyes," Shane says, staring directly into his. That is another thing he rarely does, and Ilya takes the moment to enjoy it. To study the flecks of amber within the molten brown of his iris.

"My eyes are not pretty. I am not the pretty one," Ilya teases, his own hand coming to hold the one Shane still presses against his cheek.

"You have a pretty dick," Shane retorts, and Ilya snorts.

"Well, I cannot argue that."

Shane laughs. "Asshole," he says affectionately.

"Your asshole," Ilya says, pressing a kiss to Shane's palm.

He takes a seat in the visitor's chair and pulls it up as close as possible. While he won't be taking up Shane on his invitation, he still craves to be near him. Ilya rests an elbow on the small patch of empty space and rests the side of his face on the pillow. It's uncomfortable, but it would take a natural disaster to move him.

Shane turns his head so that their noses nearly touch. "Hey," he whispers.

"Hey," Ilya whispers back.

"I learnt some more Russian."

"Oh?"

Every so often, Shane likes to try to surprise Ilya with words and small phrases in Russian. Ilya suspects he is learning it through some stupid app, since he likely wouldn't want to risk a tutor making the connection, but it is endearing nonetheless. Even if his grammar is teeth-grindingly bad.

To prove his point, Shane mutters some half-garbled Russian.

"I did not hear you," Ilya says patiently. "Perhaps Russian is best left spoken when you are better."

"No. No. I wanna say it," Shane complains. Ilya huffs, but waves a hand out, encouraging him to try again.

What he hears next makes his heart skip a beat. He tells himself he must have misheard him, or that Shane didn't understand the words he was speaking.

But no, even though his grammar was still atrocious, there is no mistaking what he asked.

"Well?" Shane prompts in English. Though his eyes still have the glaze that comes from the drugs running through his blood, there is also sincerity there.

When Ilya doesn't answer, Shane continues. "Scott. He's so happy. Even with all the shit. And people are changing. Hockey is changing. I know it's quick. But it's not really, is it? It's been ten years."

Ilya fights to keep himself calm and not throw himself away from the bed. Ridiculous question or not, Shane is hurt, and Ilya will not leave him now. But that means he must speak.

"You would not ask that. Not if you were not here," Ilya says, not sure who he's trying to convince.

"I would, I would ask you to marry me. Getting injured again, it made me think, I don't wanna wait. What if we lose the chance? We've already wasted so much time."

"You were never going to die," Ilya says harshly, the thought of that incomprehensible. Forbidden.

“I know, but I just...I wanna do it, Ilya. Do you?”

A war rages within Ilya. One side tells him not to trust this moment. That Shane is high, and once he is better, he could regret asking him. If that happens, he’s not sure his heart could take it.

The other side tells him Shane is not like that, even now. He wants to say yes, because he cannot imagine life without this man by his side. He wants the world to know that Shane is his, and he is Shane’s.

Even now, Shane knows what to say.

“I promise, I’ve been thinking about this for a while. If you want proof, I’ve bought a ring.”

Ilya licks his dry lips. “You bought a ring. How did you know my size?”

Shane treats him to a look suggesting he is stupid. “I stole one and got it fitted. It’s in my sock drawer.”

Ilya digests this information. His heart settles as he carefully formulates his response.

“You, Shane Hollander, are not going to propose to me in a bland, soapy hospital room, on drugs, with your parents waiting in a crappy little coffee shop below. That is cliché. Boring. No, you will first take me to your cottage, where we first said we loved each other. Sentimental. Then, we shall eat a meal not prepared by you and make love multiple times. Finally, we shall go outside, and beneath the stars, you will ask me. In proper Russian. Understood?”

Shane’s lips, wide in a smile, tremble. “And you’ll say yes?”

“Maybe,” he replies.

Of course, it’s a yes.

End Notes

I hope you liked this! Apologies if anyone seemed out-of-character. Next stop is reading the book and some fic.

Comments much appreciated :)

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