since I'm going to hell

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by weeb_grass

Summary

Shane and Ilya roll up to the Metros' stadium together. In Ilya's sports car. For God and all the world to see.

AKA: bring your hockey boyfriend to work day.

AKA: you remember that one scene in *Twilight* where Edward rolls up to school in his silver Volvo and Bella steps out all nervous and timid, and Edward just wraps his arm around her, sunglasses on, fucks left at the doorstep? It's that, but a Metros vs. Centaurs game.

Notes

my stupid code refuses debugging, so I wrote this instead.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya takes the last turn toward the stadium, and Shane sinks further down into his leather seat, slouching so hard his knees hit the bottom of the dash. His legs spread, hands tucked into the front pockets of his hoodie. He's got sunglasses on, but no ball cap, a fashion decision he's starting to deeply regret. Ilya side eyes him, bringing his hand up from the stick shift to squeeze Shane's upper thigh reassuringly.

“Solnyshko, you do not need to do this,” he says softly, slowing their approach to the stadium. “We can turn around right now.”

For a brief moment, Shane considers it. They could pull up to this last light, make a U-turn in the left lane, and drive home so that Ilya can drop him off at his own car. They can arrive at the game separately, approach their teams separately, act like they didn't just drive over from the home they share in two separate vehicles. They could do all these things, take all these minor precautions, and the Metros would still make a point of ignoring his existence as best they could.

“If they're going to pretend you're not there anyway,” Ilya had argued last night, folding their laundered clothes aggressively, “you might as well quit pretending we don't share life together.”

Which— fair. Ilya hadn't said it explicitly, but Shane knows he's antsy to quit acting like they're not a couple, like they don't love each other. Their secret's out, the bandaid ripped off. There's no reason Ilya shouldn't be allowed to drive his fiancé to work. He's been so patient with Shane, so very understanding; he deserves to feel like there's some semblance of normalcy to their partnership.

“Last call, sweetheart. I'll need to get in left lane soon if you want me to turn.”

Shane lets out a deep breath, squaring his shoulders and shuffling up the leather into a normal seated position. He grabs the hand Ilya's resting on his upper thigh, squeezing his fingers before letting them loose. Ilya moves his hand to the stick, ready to shift down.

“I'm okay,” Shane says evenly, breathing deeply to steady his heartbeat. “It's going to be okay.”

He glances over to catch Ilya smiling at the road, his grip on the stick shift loosening.

“You know,” he starts with forced casualness, still not looking at Shane, “many people meet their partners at work.”

Shane smiles, resting his head against the window. His fingers squeeze into a fist, then release, flexing against his sweats as they drive through the last traffic light without slowing down.

“Can you imagine if we'd met at a corporate office?” Shane asks, eyeing the stadium as they come up on it too quickly.

He doesn't see the smile on Ilya's lips as he replies, but he hears it.

“Cute little office boy. Probably intern. Manning the printer, grabbing me coffee.”

“Um, why am I your subordinate in this fantasy of yours?”

He finally looks over, watching Ilya give a nonchalant shrug.

“Is my fantasy. I want to be CEO, working hard, wearing tie, tying you to headboard with it later.”

Shane rolls his eyes. Ilya downshifts the vehicle, slowing so they can turn into the stadium parking lot. A good number of cars are already parked there, most of the Metros gearing up for a longer warm-up at their home game. Shane’s usually the first to arrive, but he's allowed his fiancé to drive them this morning. His fiancé who is irritatingly just shy of being on time for anything.

“If I win tonight, I'm the CEO in your fantasy,” Shane grumbles.

Ilya barks out a laugh, turning down the first row of vehicles.

“Deal. You win, I make you low-fat, sugar-free lattes and wipe down your desk with Lysol before I bend you over it.”

“Careful, you don't want to get me hard before the game.”

Ilya wiggles his eyebrows, suggestive and cheeky.

“Don't I?”

The conversation's cute, but not distracting. Shane feels the rumble of the car's engine beneath his feet, feels the low noise it makes when pushed into second gear. They drive closer to the stadium, passing familiar vehicles, many with car doors half-open and occupants grabbing their stuff from the back seat. They drive by Comeau, who glances up at the sound of Ilya’s ostentatious vehicle, then does a double-take when he clearly sees Shane riding in the passenger seat. His look of shock quickly turns into an ugly scowl. Shane jerks his head forward, avoiding looking at his team directly and wiping his sweaty palms on his pants. Ilya doesn't tease him, doesn't say anything as they drive up to Shane's spot, a space reserved close to the stadium for the home team's captain. If anyone is still curious as to whose car just rolled in, there's no denying it now.

Ilya parks and cuts the engine.

Shane plants both hands on his upper thighs, inhaling deeply. He squeezes his eyes shut, allows himself to linger in the comforting smell of Iya’s leather seats, his steaming coffee, his expensive cologne. *Ilya.* He tries very hard not to think about the wandering eyes of his teammates who’ve no doubt clocked the situation by this point. If there’s one thing Ilya knows how to make, it’s a statement.

“Hey,” Ilya says, voice gentle and soothing. Shane feels his hand grasp the base of his neck, index finger rubbing circles into the baby hairs growing there. “Moy lyubimyy, is okay. We’re okay.”

Shane nods, repeating: “We’re okay.”

He opens his eyes, turning his head to catch Ilya’s smile. Ilya uses the grip he has on his neck to pull him forward, kissing him softly before pulling away.

“Let’s go play some hockey, hmm?”

He exits the car swiftly. Shane takes one more deep breath, then opens the car door, stepping out into the cool Montreal air.

Ilya stretches his arms out, wide and exaggerated. He walks around to the back of the vehicle, opening the trunk to grab his and Shane’s duffel bags. Shane, for his part, tries not to check for the reactions of the handful of Metros walking toward the stadium. He fails miserably. Two teammates stop dead in their tracks, watching wide-eyed as Ilya slings the two duffel bags over his shoulder and slams the trunk shut. One teammate is still walking, but slowly, clearly gawking. Most are still standing at their vehicles, not bothering to hide the fact that they’re openly staring. Shane feels his skin crawl. He ducks his head, shuffling around the side of the vehicle to stand awkwardly next to Ilya.

“I can take my bag,” Shane says, fidgeting as he reaches for the strap of his duffel. Ilya passes it over, laying the strap over his shoulder himself. He then pats both of Shane’s shoulders playfully, smiling down at him, bright and charming.

Shane realizes then that for all the nerves churning and twisting in his gut, Ilya is happy. No, not just happy, but *delighted* to be here. It’s evident in his steps, bouncy and quick; in the way his chest puffs out, like he’s proud to be here, with Shane. He’s proud to be with Shane.

Oh, Shane thinks, warmth seeping into his gut, spreading to his limbs and cheeks. He feels his heart slow, his smile widen. He’s been so wrapped up in his own nervousness, in gauging everyone’s perception of his relationship, that he’d forgotten this is something Ilya’s ached to have for *years*.

Shane is private, but that doesn’t mean he’s cold. When Ilya locks the car and turns to lead them toward the stadium, Shane grabs the strap of his duffel. Ignoring the sharp gazes sent their way, he tugs at the strap, pulling Ilya against his side. He uses the momentum to push himself up onto his toes, kissing Ilya’s cheek playfully.

Ilya stops in his tracks, staring down at Shane with a stunned expression. Then, like the sun breaking over the horizon, a wide grin dawns on his face. He huffs, half-chuckle, half-scoff, then swings his free arm around Shane’s shoulder to pull him back against his side. They keep making their way toward the stadium entrance, Ilya’s arm thrown over Shane’s shoulder, and Shane’s head ducked down, a small, grateful smile refusing to leave his lips. It’s the perfect moment for the Otowa bus to roll up, a few of Ilya’s teammates leaning out of the windows and wooping and hollering in Ilya’s direction. One of them cat-calls, and Ilya flips them off, wearing a bright smile.

The bus parks at the front of the stadium, offloading the Centaurs just as Ilya and Shane make it to the entryway. Ilya drops his arm from around Shane’s shoulders to hug a few of his teammates. Shane tries to temper down the stab of envy he feels at watching Ilya’s team treat

him with a kindness that borders on reverence. It makes him hyper-aware of the Metros slinking past them in silence, not so much as a nod in Shane's direction as they enter the stadium. He's not left to wallow in his own thoughts for long, as Hayden chooses that moment to pop his head out of the doors of the stadium.

"Hey!" he grins, jogging over to him and joining in watching Ilya's little band of misfits jostle each other around. "Was wondering where you were at. You're usually, like, super early."

"Ah, yeah," Shane knows he's blushing, can feel the heat rising to his cheeks as he speaks. "I, uh, drove in with Ilya."

Hayden's brow furrows slightly.

"With— Oh!" He smacks his own forehead. "Right, duh. Same house and—"

"Yeah," Shane shuffles his feet, stuffing both hands in his pockets. He lets out a wide yawn, about to turn and ask after Jackie, when Ilya pipes up from his crew.

"Babe!" Shane looks over, as does Hayden, as do the three Metros who've just made their way to the entrance, stopping in their tracks to watch with disdain. Shane ignores them.

"Hmm?" He tilts his head, and Ilya leaves his group to approach him, holding out his travel mug.

"Here, you can have rest," he forces it into Shane's hand, then ruffles his hair playfully.

Shane wrinkles his nose.

"You put milk and sugar in here."

"Oh my God, Hollander. Is fat-free milk anyway, because your fridge is only full of healthy, sad things. Take it!" He pushes his sun shades up, tucking them into his curls and behind his ears. Shane thinks he's being unfair; they both know he's got a thing for Ilya's sympathetic eyes.

"Besides, sugar will be good for you. Give you energy for the game."

Shane rolls his eyes beneath his own shades, but nonetheless takes an obliging sip.

"S'good," he grumbles, and Ilya beams.

"Wow," Hayden says, stunned. "I don't think I've ever seen you willingly ingest a simple carbohydrate."

Shane knocks his chest with the back of his hand.

"Shut up."

Ilya begins walking backward toward his team.

“Will see you after game, yes?”

Shane shrugs, taking another sip of his (admittedly) delicious coffee.

“Yeah, babe. You’re kind of my ride.”

Ilya’s wicked smile is knowing, coveting. Shane knows he only brought it up so that everyone could hear that Shane had ridden into work with him today. Possessive freak. Shane adores him.

Ilya winks, then turns back to his team. Shane and Hayden turn to enter the stadium, but just as they’re about to walk inside, Ilya calls out for him again.

“Hey, Hollander!” Shane turns, already mentally prepping himself for equal parts embarrassment and fondness. He’s got one hand on the door handle, blocking a gaggle of Metros from entering the stadium. Whatever, they can wait.

“If we win, you’re making dinner tonight.”

Shane smirks, shrugging his shoulders casually.

“Sure, babe. As long as you’re cool with salmon and brown rice.”

Ilya makes a gagging noise, shaking his head furiously.

“Ugh, nevermind. If we win, *I* make the dinner.”

Shane laughs, unbothered by the sneers thrown his way by his team. His fiancé, his beautiful, perfect fiancé, has eased a tension in him that’s been building for weeks. He leaves the front entryway with Hayden, feeling a familiar lightness as he steps into gameday. He realizes later, as he meets Ilya on the ice, that the fluttering in his chest, the lightness in his steps, is joy. Pure, unadulterated joy. He’s happy to be here, to be playing hockey with the love of his life. He’s grateful to know his love for this game still exists; that he just needed to wade through a bit of muck to find his way back to familiar territory.

At the puck drop, he meets Ilya head-on, unable to keep himself from smiling, even when Ilya wins the draw. After all, it just means Shane gets to chase after him.

End Notes

laughing to myself thinking about Ilya accidentally stalling out right in the middle of the parking lot because Shane does something unintentionally sexy. like popping a button. or drinking iced coffee from a straw. if you don't know what I'm talking about, that's okay. you've never owned a piece of shit vehicle from the dark ages, and i wish nothing but love and light for you.

anyway, hugs and kisses, mua mua

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