

a thing for stitches

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/57091150) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/57091150>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike , Ilya Rozanov & Rose Landry , Ilya Rozanov & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Gilbert Comeau (mentioned) , Hayden Pike (mentioned) , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	No Plot/Plotless , Wound Tending
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of in sickness and in health
Stats:	Published: 2024-07-03 Words: 1,101 Chapters: 1/1

a thing for stitches

by [chaosatsea](#)

Summary

Shane is on nurse duty after Ilya's macho stunts

Shane was holding Ilya's face still with his left hand while he used a gauze soaked in iodine to attend the cut on his husband's cheek with his other hand. His husband was lucky the cheekbone wasn't broken or splintered. However, Ilya seemed more mad about the fact that a Montreal player had hit him first than about the injury itself.

"Fucking Comeau" his husband mumbled.

Shane flinched. Gilbert Comeau was one of the few Montreal players he had considered a friend during his time with the Voyageurs, but then he had turned his back on Shane the moment they'd been outed. Shane had even sent him an invitation to the wedding, but Gilbert hadn't bothered attending. It still stung, being let down so spectacularly but so many people that had been in close proximity to him for over ten years, but it was what it was and Shane was at peace with how things had went down. After all, he had Ilya forever.

It's been almost three years since Shane had married the love of his life and had been drafted by Ottawa. During that time, the only other Montreal player -besides Hayden and J. J., his *actual friends*- who had reached out to him to apologize and sort of try to reconnect had been Patrice Drapeau. Not that they had been particularly close during their time on the same team, but it was nice to stand in a good place with one another.

"You should drop it" he commented.

Ilya grumbled before saying "I do not know what you are accusing me of" and crossing his arms.

Shane took a step back to stare at his husband sitting on the border of the bathtub on their ensuite bathroom with his legs spread to make place for him. Ilya had taken a stick to the face and because of it he had gotten a nasty cut and a rainbow of reds, purples, and blacks on the left side of his face. Despite having been treated right away by their medical staff, Shane like taking care of his man at home. He was kinda worried about how red the sclera of the eye on that side had gotten, though.

"Oh, really? So you don't have a personal *vendetta* against Montreal? I must be imagining things, then" Shane discarded the used gauze and picked a new, clean one.

"Vendetta is-"

"-putting it lightly?" he interrupted "You got the whole team on board, Ilya"

"Moy-"

"I hate how things happened too, baby" he was back into his former position between Ilya's legs holding his face up "But it's in the past. And we're together now, all the time" he kissed his husband on the forehead "And we're the current Stanley Cup Champions. You need to let it go"

"They do not deserve my let go" Ilya put his hands on Shane's hips, staring right up at him "I know you can fight your battles, Shane, but I want to fight those assholes for you"

Shane walked away from Ilya once more, this time to grab the ointment their doctor had suggested from the cabinet.

"Besides, is not like you can say you do not find it hot"

Shane groaned and hit his head against the cabinet, repeatedly. He couldn't even argue with that: against his better judgment, he did find Ilya's macho stunts hot.

"Hot or not" he stood looking at his husband with his hands on his hips, trying to go for a stern looking pose from across the bathroom "You've got to stop. It's not worth it"

Ilya sighed.

"Okay, I will not pick up more fights with them"

"Make sure to pass that same massage to the others" Shane got in front of his husband again and started carefully applying the ointment "And text Hayden to apologize, he didn't deserve that right hook"

"It was not for him! I already told him!" Ilya protested.

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The following day Ilya *did* facetime Hayden to apologize. After all, he was his husband's bestfriend and their nieces & nephew's father; and, no matter how much he and Ilya didn't exactly get along most of the time, he had been a good friend to both Shane and himself all this time.

He only wished that not every one of his actions would be dissected and analyzed as part of his sexuality by the media.

Ilya missed a pass from Shane? *Marital problems.*

Shane skipped a game for a minor injury? *Headed to divorce.*

Ilya got into a fight? *Shane was going to leave him for that.*

And now that he had (accidentally!) hit his husband's bestfriend square on the jaw...

"Rumor has it that Rozanov not only has never forgiven Pike's incident with that infamous fanvideo from a couple of years ago," stated the sports commentator on the TV "but he also is extremely jealous of his husband's close relationship with his former teammate and long-time friend from the Voyageurs. This comment has been going around for quite a while so it's hard to not think about the possibility of Hollander having been involved with Pi-"

Ilya turned the tv off and screamed into the sofa cushion he had on his hands.

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"As if Hayden Pike was handsome enough" Ilya complained with his head resting on his husbands muscular, sexy hockey thighs.

"Ilya, he isn't *ugly*" Rose said from the screen. Shane laughed.

Ilya dismissed the comment with a wave of his hand "After being with me, nobody would turn to look at him. Specially not Shane. His type is 'athletic, big and strong top', remember?"

He thought he heard his husband mumble something that sounded a lot like *ohmygodddd*.

"Listen, '*athletic, big and strong top*', you should probaly get a doctor to check on that" Rose looked at him with concern "It does seem pretty deep. Are you sure you don't need stitches?"

Shane replied 'no, he's not' at the exact same time Ilya said 'da, is okay', which made Rose laugh. His husband assured her they were going to a hospital to get him looked at as soon as they finished the call.

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"I'll tell you what" Shane started looking at his husband once they where back home from the hospital "You *do* look hot now"

Ilya laughed "You have a thing for stitches, Hollander?" he grabbed Shane by the waist and pulled him against his body.

Shane hummed appreciatevely at the contact and the proximity, his sight never leaving the patch on Ilya's cheek covering the stitches he had just gotten "Mmm. Seems like I do" he tangled his arms around Ilya's chest.

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