

The Hit

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The Hit

by [dntat](#)

Summary

Ilya blinked. His vision was still swimming, and he was vaguely aware of the medics at his side, but all he could focus on was Shane.

Shane, who had just lost his goddamn mind for him.

Notes

I love these boys being absolutely feral for each other, so here is Shane taking matters into his own hands after someone is mean to Ilya.

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

The game had been brutal from the very start.

The Toronto Guardians were playing like they had a vendetta against the Ottawa Centaurs, and against Ilya in particular. Ilya, used to being public enemy number one, was smiling through it all. He actually loved moments like this, where his opponents were targeting him and the crowds were throwing out their best insults. It was his second favourite sound, next to a winded, humiliated crowd.

Well, maybe his third favourite sound. His favourite sound was the one Shane made when he came on Ilya's cock. But now wasn't the time to be thinking of that.

Instead, Ilya turned his attention to Tim Hartinger, the Toronto Guardians hulking defenseman. He had been after Ilya all night. Ilya had taken a cheap shot after the whistle, a slash to the back of his knees, and a gloved punch to the ribs when the refs weren't looking. He'd managed to shake them all off so far, although his body was aching.

Then, during a power play in the third period, Hartinger finally got the chance he had been looking for.

Ilya had just passed the puck to Shane – beautiful, perfect Shane – when Hartinger blindsided him.

The hit was vicious. Ilya's breath was knocked out of him as he was slammed into the boards. His helmet cracked against the glass, and for a second, everything went dark.

There was a roar from the crowd, outrage and delight combining into a deafening wall of sound, as Ilya crumpled to the ice. He opened his eyes slowly. His vision was blurry, but he could still make out Hartinger's skates stopping inches from his face.

Then, the bastard spat.

The glob of saliva hit the ice right next to Ilya's head.

"Bet this won't be the first time you're put on your back tonight," Hartinger sneered down at him.

Ilya felt rage overtake him. He commanded his body to move. He was going to get up. He was going to—

A blur of Centaurs red dashed across the ice before he could do anything.

Shane.

Hartinger barely had time to turn before Shane's fist connected with his chin. The crack echoed through the arena. Hartinger staggered back, his eyes wide. The crowd erupted.

Refs swarmed in, grabbing at Shane, holding him back from punching Hartinger again. The cameras zoomed in, and Shane's face, enraged and terrifying, flashed across the jumbotron. A

collective gasp rippled through the stands.

“You ever do that again,” Shane growled. “I will fucking kill you.”

Hartinger stared at Shane. Then, he swallowed and skated to the penalty box without another word.

Ilya blinked. His vision was still swimming, and he was vaguely aware of the medics at his side, but all he could focus on was Shane.

Shane, who had just lost his goddamn mind for him.

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The fluorescent lights in the medical room were making Ilya’s eyes hurt and his head pound. Dr. Mishra, a no-nonsense woman with dark hair and sharp features, had just finished checking him over, and he was looking forward to getting out of there as soon as possible.

“Mild concussion,” she said, stepping back. “You’re lucky it wasn’t worse. I’m putting you on bedrest for the next 24 hours, and then we’ll check in again.”

Ilya grunted. Luck had nothing to do with it. “I have a hard head,” he said.

Dr. Mishra gave a small laugh as she tidied her supplies. “Of that I have no doubt. Now, I’ll be right back. Please stay here until I return.”

“Of course,” Ilya lied. He had absolutely no intention of following that particular order, and from the look in the doctor gave him as she left, she didn’t believe it either.

Ilya had just finished gathering his stuff when the door slammed open. Shane stood there. He looked like he had run to the medical room directly after the game. His knuckles were taped, but there was blood smeared across his fingers. His shoulders were tense and his eyes were wild, but the second his gaze fixed on Ilya, the tension in his body melted away. Before Ilya could even open his mouth, Shane had crossed the room and was pulling him into a crushing hug. His arms locked around Ilya’s back, fingers digging into his jersey.

“Whoa—” Ilya wheezed, laughing. “Shane, I must— breathe—”

Shane loosened his grip slightly, and Ilya wrapped his arms around him. “Are you okay?” he murmured.

There was a rough exhale. “No.”

Ilya huffed a laugh. “I am fine. Going to fucking destroy Hartinger next time I see him, but fine.”

Shane finally pulled back just enough to glare up at him, his hands still gripping Ilya’s shirt.

“He spat at you.”

Ilya grimaced. "Yes, well, he is an asshole."

Shane's jaw clenched so hard Ilya thought he might crack a tooth.

"I wish I could hit him again."

There was something dark in his voice that made desire start to burn in Ilya's blood.

"Shane." His lips curled into a crooked smile. "Punching people for me? I did not know you were so romantic."

Shane didn't smile. He brushed the edge of Ilya's jaw with one hand, feather-light but possessive. Then he slid his hand behind Ilya's neck, tangling his fingers in Ilya's sweat-damp hair as he pulled him in.

Shane's mouth was hot and demanding. Ilya grabbed Shane's jersey, hauling his body closer. The metallic taste of blood from his own busted lip mixed with the sweat coming from Shane. When they finally pulled back, Shane's eyes were dark and his chest was heaving. He rested his forehead against Ilya's. "Can we go home?"

Ilya smiled. "Da. And you can be my nursemaid. Must be very hands-on. Maybe I need help undressing too, kotik."

A soft cough rang out behind them, and both of them turned toward the door. Harris stood there, openly staring. Behind him, Wyatt and Troy were focused on the wall and floor, respectively. Shane groaned and buried his face in Ilya's shoulder.

Harris cleared his throat. "So. We were just coming to check on Ilya." His eyes flicked between them. "But it looks like Shane's already... handling it."

Shane made a choked noise. Troy snickered.

"Harris," Ilya said, all false innocence. "Shane was just checking my pulse. Only the best care for the best player, yes?"

"Checking it down your throat," Troy muttered.

Troy finally found his voice. "Oh my god—"

Wyatt clapped a hand over his mouth, dragging him backward out the door. "We'll just... come back later."

The door clicked shut. Shane lifted his head, glaring. "Did you know they were there?"

Ilya kissed him, quick and biting. "Maybe. Now take me home."

End Notes

In my headcanon, Hartinger gets in lots of trouble for this stunt, and it is the catalyst for him eventually getting booted from the NHL.

Hope you enjoyed! Kudos and feedback are greatly appreciated. 💕

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