

Baby, I'm Yours

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Baby, I'm Yours

by [dabforpalermo](#)

Summary

After taking multiple hits and a painful loss, Shane Hollander faces his worst enemy. Not the press, not the injuries- himself.

Or: Ilya soft doms Shane into subspace and makes him feel better after a bad game

Notes

Ahhh!! My first heated rivalry fic! I'm so in love with this pair and been reading the hell out of everyone's amazing fics.

All mistakes are mine, I'm deathly ill with COVID right now and the brain fog is no joke

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

There's a slight chill in the air as Shane trudges- more like limps- back to his hotel room, eyes frantically checking corner to corner to ensure that nobody slips out, not wanting any of his teammates to observe this display of weakness. He breathes a deep sigh of relief when he steps inside, closing the door behind him, pressing his back up against the cool frame, but still, something feels wrong.

He decides it's simply the ache of his body after a hard game- the way he was absolutely crushed against the boards half a dozen times by overachieving rookies all wanting to be the one to take down *the* Shane Hollander. His ribs are aching, heart thudding loudly against them, as he drags himself over to the bathroom and carefully tugs his shirt up, the bright fluorescent lights showing the disgusting display of colours painted across his chest, back, and sides.

It's almost beautiful, in a way.

Shane brings a shaking hand down to press against the bruises, a hiss escaping his lips without his control. His lip is split- an incident when the mouthguard slipped out of his mouth and he scrambled for purchase on his lips- so the warm air from his throat tickles it gently. He's too aware of his surroundings, too aware of everything he did wrong tonight, too aware of the questions from the reporters.

"You're not a rookie anymore, Hollander. Think these kids can continue to out play you like this?"

"Your face-offs were sloppy tonight, letting each of them go toward the other team. How do you and the guys plan on fixing this?"

"You disappointed a lot of people tonight, Hollander."

Their voices cycle through his head, like distant memories that somehow feel entirely too close, and he doesn't even register the way he's aggressively pressing down on the bruises again until his knees buckle under him. With shaking hands, he can't catch himself in time, and clips his nose against the sink, the new wave of pain making the voices shut up for a moment.

He can feel his ribs protest as he hyperventilates, his hand coming up to cup his bleeding nose, and he wants to get up, wants to wash his face, wants to lay down in bed, but he can't. He's stuck, here on the freezing bathroom tile, body shaking with adrenaline and chill, and for the first time in a while, he doesn't see a way out.

The blissful dulling of the critical voices in his brain fades away after a few beats, when Shane's internal monologue starts creating his own critiques. *Lazy*, his brain supplies. *Useless. Alone.*

He can't tell exactly when his fist goes through the wall, just a few inches above the floorboard, but once it does, the tension in his shoulders release, his hand turning bloody as he pulls it out of the drywall.

He's *so* fucked.

He collapses back against the wall, his breath still uneven, and is too stuck in both his mind and his pain to notice when the front door quietly creaks open- only hears it being locked and panics.

Of course. *Ilya.*

Their usual game day hookups are often the only reason Shane can get out of bed anymore. He scrambles, trying to stand up, but the flare of pain throughout his entire body sends him crashing back down on the floor, a sob tearing through his mouth and alerting the other man of his location.

"Hollander?" His rich voice sounds from outside the bathroom, the door cracked slightly, but he remains outside, a tension in his voice that Shane hasn't heard before. "I am here."

"Yeah!" Shane squeaks out, voice cracking. "Hold- hold on, I'm good, I just need a- just need a second to--"

Rozanov opens the door the rest of the way, eyes darting from Shane's shaking body on the floor to the blood on the counter, then back to Shane. "You are hurt."

"I'm fine, I'm fine, I just--"

Rozanov drops to the ground in front of him, cupping his face with both of his hands, and lifting it up, frowning at the bleeding nose and tears running down his face. Shane tries to duck away, tries to hide himself, but Ilya doesn't let him, keeping a gentle but firm grip. He studies him for a long moment before speaking. "This was not reporters, da?"

Shane lets out a wet laugh, but Ilya doesn't seem to find it funny, the furrow in his brows only deepening. Shane sucks in a shaky breath. "No. Not- not reporters."

"Then who?"

Shane falls silent, embarrassed, and once again attempts to squirm away. "Just- just give me a minute to- to clean up. Then I'll be good for... for whatever."

"I do not fuck sad boys."

Shane manages to free his head, looking down and trying to keep the shakiness of his voice out. "Then go."

"You hurt yourself, Hollander," Ilya says, his tone implying he has no intention of following Shane's weak order. "I help you now."

"You don't have to--"

Ilya shushes him, fingers finding his chin where it's tucked into his chest and pulling it out. Shane squeezes his eyes shut, not wanting to see the worry in his gaze, and when Ilya releases him and stands, his breathing picks up again, thinking *he left, I finally did it, everyone wants to leave me, I really am all alone-*

"Breathe," Ilya's voice is like an anchor, cutting through all the noise in his head. He's back with him on the ground, his hand holding the nape of his neck tightly, and he's trying to make eye contact, but Shane can't open his eyes, can't see the disappointment, the disgust. "*Now. You follow me.*"

"I can't," Shane whispers, the words coming out as a sob. Maybe this is the time his ribs broke, stabbing into his lungs, sucking all the air out of his body, because he just can't get a breath in. "Ilya, I can't, I can't, I can't--"

"You can," Ilya responds, leaving no room for arguments. "Because I tell you to. And you are good boy who likes to listen, da? Look at me, sweetheart."

Shane's bloody hand comes up to Ilya's shoulder, gripping hard even though it tugs at his new wounds, and he cracks his eyes open, finding Ilya's gaze instantly.

"Good. You listen good," Ilya praises, but the dominant edge in his voice is lightened by the worry in his eyes as he stares at Shane. "Breathe slow. In now."

Shane chokes on his breath, coughing wetly, and squirms around as the panic starts to creep back up. Ilya tightens his grip on his neck, shaking his head.

"You try again. In, one, two, three, four. Hold. Out, one, two, three, four. Good boy."

Ilya leads him through a couple rounds of this, never shying away even as Shane whimpers and whines like a child, holding him tightly and not letting go. Slowly but surely, his breathing settles, but Shane still begins to feel... off.

The panicked feeling in his brain has been replaced with a sleepy, relaxed haze, as if he knows Ilya is here, and nothing bad can happen when he's around. There's a fuzzy edge to his vision that normally would stress him out, but every time his brain tries to scare him, he simply looks up at Ilya, who is watching him carefully.

"You are breathing now," Ilya states, and his voice sounds like honey cutting through Shane's ears. "Can you walk?"

In all fairness, Shane tries. He really does, but his legs are too weak to hold him, and the shift upright makes his pain flare up, but right when he's about to fall again, Ilya is there. He reaches around to hold the back of his thighs, lifting him up like he weighs nothing, and carries him out of the cold bathroom, gently depositing him on the soft bed. Shane misses the proximity as soon as he lets go, hands childishly reaching out to grab for him, but Ilya is back in the bathroom already.

Shane adjusts himself on the bed, sitting back against the headboard, and tries to make sense of the floaty, tingly feeling he has throughout his entire body. It's as if somebody wrapped him up in a warm blanket. He doesn't even know he's whining for Ilya until the man returns with a first aid kit.

"Yes, yes, I am here," he soothes, sitting on the bed next to him and reaching for his face. "I clean nose now. This will hurt."

Shane tries to flinch away from the alcohol swab, but Ilya keeps him tightly in place, the firm grip only adding to the floatiness he's feeling. Ilya is so strong- this is a common fact by many, but only Shane knows how he throws his body weight around during sex, lifting and pinning and folding and-

"Open."

Shane's mouth drops open without a second of hesitation, causing Ilya to chuckle quietly and begin to wipe some blood away from his mouth, paying close attention to the split lip. He wipes down his chin, grabbing a bandaid and place it on his nose where he cut it, then moves onto his hand.

“This must have nothing to do with the hole in the wall, no?” Ilya teases gently, though there’s still mostly concern in his voice, as he cleans his knuckles. “What did the wall ever do to you, Hollander?”

“Mm,” Shane protests, eyes slipping shut in relaxation even though his hand burns. “No.”

“No? Not the wall?” Ilya prompts, grabbing the role of bandages and beginning to wrap his hand up. “What is *no* for, Hollander?”

“That.”

Ilya looks up, confused, and gently pokes his leg. “What are you talking about?”

“‘M not *Hollander*,” he mocks the accent, words slurred softly around the edges. “What you said b’fore.”

“Ah,” Ilya exhales. “Well, I say many things in small time, so I do not know what you speak of.”

Shane squirms, a whine in his throat, and gently pushes at Ilya, who tuts softly.

“Good boys ask for what they want.”

“Sweetheart...” Shane breathes, face flushed and eyes still closed. “I like it.”

“Say please.” There’s a teasing hint in his voice, but Shane doesn’t register it- doesn’t register anything other than Ilya.

“Please,” he repeats immediately. Ilya chuckles quietly.

“Usually you are a brat. Today you are sweet. So yes, you are my sweetheart.”

Shane’s eyes flutter open, and he looks absolutely wrecked, as if they’ve gone through multiple rounds of sex already and he’s been thoroughly fucked out of his attitude.

“You are hurt anywhere else?”

Shane shakes his head, because he doesn’t feel anything other than relaxation, and hums a little.

“Good. You change clothes now. Too much blood on these.”

Shane gently grasps his hoodie, tugging it gently. “Want this one.”

“You want mine?” Ilya laughs quietly, but immediately strips his hoodie off, letting it fall on the bed next to him. He reaches up to grab Shane’s sweater, his breath hitching at the bruises on his ribs. “What are these?”

“M cold,” Shane whines, feeling the cool air brush across his sensitive chest. Ilya knows just how sensitive his nipples are, so it’s a wonder he’s letting them sit there untouched.

“Shane. You are bruised.”

“It’s fine.”

Ilya shakes his head, dragging Shane’s sweater off of his head and hissing at the marks around his upper body. He mutters something in Russian, something Shane can’t make out, and he barely has any time to reach when Ilya’s warm hands cup under his armpits, sitting him up straighter. He presses gently along the bruises on his back, watching closely for any

reaction that would indicate anything is broken, and must deem it acceptable enough, because he settles down. “Arms up.”

Shane listens to the command, raising his arm as high as they can go without hurting, and Ilya gently deposits his own sweater on Shane’s body. Instantly, the smell of cigarettes, cologne, and sweat fill his nose, and he takes a deep breath in, a gentle moan of relief coming from his mouth.

Ilya disappears to pull on one of Shane’s shirts before joining him in bed again, pulling both of them under the covers and gently positioning Shane to be laying on his chest, his fingers carefully rubbing up and down his spine.

“You played well today.”

Shane feels a twinge of bitterness cut through his cloudy mind. “No I didn’t.”

“You did. You make two goals and one assist. That is more than others on your team.”

“I played bad. I’m not good.”

Ilya pulls back enough to drag his chin up, locking eyes, and shakes his head. “You are good. You are the *best*.”

Shane feels his eyes well up with tears again. “That’s not what the reporters think.”

“Fuck them,” Ilya says bitterly. “All they want is to sell paper with your name on it. They do not care about you. I care for you, and I say you are good.”

“M good?” Shane asks, his voice weak and trembling. Ilya leans in and kisses the side of his mouth, avoiding the cut on his lip, and nods.

“You are good. For me, for team, for everyone.” He kisses him once more for good measure.
“My sweetheart.”

“I don’t know how... how I’m gonna face them tomorrow,” Shane mumbles, falling back against his chest, feeling the thick weight of sleep begin to fall over him. Ilya keeps his hand on his back, pressing kisses to the top of his head.

“You will be okay. You are strong,” Ilya speaks into his hair. “And if they upset you, you come tell me, and I deal with them.”

“How will you-“

Ilya shushes him, pulling him even closer. “Sleep, sweetheart.”

And, well, Shane isn’t going to start disobeying orders now. Not when they’re given with so much softness, so much care, so much... *love*.

He falls asleep with one thought on his mind: this is the man he will marry.

End Notes

Please let me know what you think and if you have any recs for fics involving these two!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!