

With You...Always

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With You...Always

by [OikawaHajime13](#)

Summary

Ilya washes Shane's hair.

Notes

These two have taken over my thoughts completely and I just had to get this ficlet out.

Trigger warning: mentions of an injury.

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

The terrible hospital visit is over, but Shane still looks pale, the angry red stitches near his eyebrow drawing Ilya's eye every time he moves. The black eye Shane's going to sport for the next week darkens by the minute. Honestly, he just looks like a mess. A mess who got blindsided by an angry defensive man who was pissed at Ilya and pushed Shane into boards, resulting in all this.

"You cannot go into our bed covered in blood."

Shane flips him off as he slowly walks toward the en-suite bathroom and massive shower. Shane attempts to reach for the shampoo out of the shower, but Ilya grabs his wrist, steering him toward the edge of the large tub.

"Absolutely not," Ilya says, his voice low and firm. "You are not getting that cut wet or wash your hair over the sink. I will run us a bath then I will clean you up."

Shane sighs, exasperated but clearly too tired to fight. He leans against Ilya as the other man checks the temperature of the water cascading into the tub. With slow movements, Shane attempts to pull his shirt off but Ilya just bats his hands away.

"I do that. You just sit."

"Always so bossy," Shane mutters but dutifully raises his arms so Ilya can slip the team shirt over his arms. With great care, Ilya moves it over Shane's head, careful not to touch the gauze padding covering the cut.

"You like when I am bossy. Gets you hot and bothered. See?" Ilya says, pointing to Shane's crotch where his dick is already half hard.

"Shut up."

"Never."

Ilya crouches down to carefully slide his hands up the side of Shane's sweatpants before reaching waistband. Bracing his hands against the tub, Shane lifts his hips up, the sweats sliding down his muscled thighs.

"Baby, have I ever told you how your muscles turn me on?"

Shane laughs, flicking Ilya's cheek as his husband just grins at him. They go quiet for a moment as the gentle rush of the water fills the quiet space. Ilya quickly removes his clothes, grabs a cup from the counter and slides into the bath.

"Come, my love, let me take care of you."

Shane carefully climbs over the edge of the bath tub, lowering himself to sit so he's leaning against Ilya's chest. Once he's fully settled, he sighs contentedly.

Scooping a cupful of water, Ilya carefully pours the water over Shane's dark hair, putting a wash cloth over the bandage to protect it from getting wet. He repeats the process, gentle hands rubbing the water through Shane's sweat soaked hair.

He reaches for Shane's favorite shampoo, pouring a good amount into his palms, working them together to create a lather before he starts massaging it into Shane's hair.

"Feels good," Shane admits, relaxing his neck as Ilya keeps massaging the tension out of him.

"Don't get comfortable," Ilya banters, his fingers beginning to work through the thick strands. "This isn't a spa. This is trauma care, executed by your Russian nursemaid."

Snorting, Shane says, "You'd make a terrible nursemaid."

Ilya rinses the shampoo out and repeats the process, working the peppermint-scented shampoo into a thick lather. His thumbs trace slow, careful circles near Shane's temples. He feels Shane's breath hitch just slightly.

"I do not like when you are in hospitals," Ilya says softly, "I do not like seeing you get hurt and I can do nothing."

"Nothing?" Shane replies, "You sucker punched Tomlinson in the eye. We'll be sporting matching black eyes."

"Yes, well, I had to send a message to anyone who wants to hurt you to get to me," Ilya says, "they touch you, they die."

"That's incredibly dramatic," Shane replies, leaning against Ilya's chest, turning his head to place a kiss on Ilya's cheek, "but also very sweet."

Ilya's hands trail down to rest against Shane's hips, massaging slightly, unaware of what he was doing to Shane.

"You know, if you wanted to touch me this badly, you could just ask," Shane teases, his voice gravelly with need.

Ilya leans down, his mouth near Shane's ear, the minty scent of the shampoo mingling with Shane's own unique, familiar smell—sweat, winter air, and expensive cologne. "I am just making sure your ribs aren't broken, Hollander," Ilya whispers, the lie thin and transparent. He lets his fingers slide up Shane's back, leaving a trail of goosebumps. "They seem...intact."

He rinses the shampoo out, the hot water running down Shane's back and chest. Once he's done, Ilya grabs the thickest, softest towel they own and wraps it expertly around Shane's head, ruffling the damp hair.

"There. Now you look slightly less like a drowned raccoon," Ilya says, stepping back, his eyes dark and assessing.

Shane just pulls the towel off, tossing it carelessly aside. His hair is slicked back, his pale face suddenly very visible, the sharp cut looking even more prominent. He pushes himself away from Ilya to face him, gaze locking onto Ilya's.

"Now what?" Shane asks, the banter gone, the question purely an invitation.

Ilya doesn't answer with words. He only reaches out, resting his palm flat against the cool, damp skin of Shane's chest, right over his beating heart. "We get you dressed and fed," he says, though his thumb is moving in a slow, possessive circle, and he makes no move to actually move away.

"I can think of a better way—"

Ilya slaps a hand over Shane's mouth, "Dressed and then food. You can try to seduce while I cook for you. If you succeed, we fuck."

15 minutes later, Shane passes out mid bite, head leaning against their wooden headboard. Ilya moves the plate, jostling Shane enough that he swallows the bite of bread. Turning down the sheets, he pulls Shane to rest against his chest, whispering, "Do not scare me like that, Shane Hollander. I can't bear seeing you hurt."

Shane sleepily mutters, "Love you, Ilya."

Ilya kisses his forehead, "I love you more, my love."

End Notes

Should I continue a little series of domestic HollaNov fluff? What would you like to see?

Comments and kudos greatly appreciated.

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