

bruises left behind

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bruises left behind

by [lanallite](#)

Summary

“First, I ravish you,” Ilya murmurs, his lips brushing Shane’s bruised ribs, sending goosebumps rippling across his skin. “Apologize for injury I gave.”

Shane’s breath hitches as Ilya’s hand slides down his body toward his ass. He can barely breathe when that rough fingertip brushes his hole, and it’s not because of the bruised ribs.

“And then?” he asks, voice breathless.

Ilya looks up, eyes dark and heavy with desire. He presses one final kiss to the marred skin before digging his fingers deeper into Shane’s skin, making him gasp.

“And then, I give you new bruises. Better ones to remind you of me.”

or; Ilya feels bad for being rough with Shane on ice... Shane, on the other hand, is kinda into it.

Notes

like everyone, i fell down the heated rivalry rabbit hole HARD. i’m obsessed with these little freaks and i had to write them. i have sooo many other ideas but i unfortunately have finals this weekend so this is all i got for now. this one is just a short pwp

also i have no idea where this would fit in canon, but who cares. enjoy :)

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



For two players who've been pitted against each other their whole careers, Shane has never once had the urge to actually *harm* Ilya Rozanov.

People outside the sport probably expect brawls whenever Hollander and Rozanov end up on the ice together. Even Shane has to admit there's good reason for it—Rozanov is notorious for his mouth, always chirping, always pushing buttons just for the fun of it. It only makes sense that the league's most well-known rivalry would be the one everyone expects to explode.

But that's not how they work. Shane isn't rough with Rozanov on the ice.

Partly, it's because Shane simply isn't that guy. His parents raised him to be respectful, and he has zero interest in becoming the league's next cocky asshole. That role already goes to Rozanov.

And also, he doesn't need any more attention drawn to the two of them. Every time they share the ice—or even breathe the same air—Shane knows how the night will end, with the

two of them together behind closed doors. Keeping things clean and focused helps keep the speculation to a minimum. At least, that's what Shane tells himself.

Rozanov plays along. Mostly. He keeps it to the bare minimum: rough enough with Shane to keep the rivalry rumors burning, rougher around Shane's teammates to uphold the asshole-Russian persona he thrives on. The crowd eats it up. Rozanov eats *that* up.

So yeah, the two of them are rivals, but not the bloody-knuckles kind. It's a narrative everyone else pushes harder than they do. Still, Shane feels the weight of it now, in the second period of the Montreal vs. Boston game, tied score, tension thick enough to skate through.

It's been a brutal game. People love the Montreal-Boston rivalry, and every player feels it. Both teams are evenly matched, the puck moving like it's wired with electricity. Shane keeps his head clear, ready for the turnover he *knows* is coming.

And he's right. He's waiting near the boards when Montreal angles the puck towards him and it slides straight toward him. He scoops it up, already sprinting toward the Boston goal. He's got a clean lane. His teammates are coming towards him, ready to assist, but Shane can already see the perfect shot unfolding in his mind.

He commits and drives forward—

—and then something slams into him with the force of a freight train.

His entire left side smashes into the glass. The grind of his ribs against the boards knocks the air out of him, pain flaring sharp and hot. Shane gasps, losing the puck as his vision blurs. He drops to the ice before he even realizes he's falling, a low groan scraping out of his throat.

Somewhere above the ringing in his ears, he hears a whistle. Definitely a minor. Definitely deserved. Whoever the Boston idiot is, Shane hopes the ref sends them straight to hell.

His teammates skid toward him, ice spraying.

"Hollander! You with us?"

"I'm good," Shane huffs, though his voice comes out thin.

Hayden leans over him, scowling murderously. "It looked like a bad hit. Real bastard move."

J.J. snorts. "Are we shocked? It's *him*."

Shane blinks away the blurry edges, ready to ask who exactly decided to smash him into the wall—when he sees the culprit, dressed in black, arguing explosively with the ref.

Ilya Rozanov.

Shane pushes himself upright, wincing. He shoots Rozanov a glare, ready to deliver a very clear *what the hell was that?* But Rozanov's face hits him harder than the check did, sending the words out of his head.

Rozanov looks... not smug. He looks *frazzled*. Two Boston teammates are gripping his arms, holding him back—not from the ref, but from skating straight toward Shane.

His eyes are wide, almost wild, with concern. His mouth hangs open like he can't quite formulate the words he wants to say. Worry flickers across his face, quickly swallowed by something that looks dangerously close to guilt. When Shane meets his stare, Rozanov's shoulders sag a fraction, like seeing Shane conscious is the only thing letting him breathe.

"You sure you're alright, Hollander?" Hayden asks, dragging Shane back to reality and helping him up.

"Yeah. Fine," Shane grits out, shaking his arm. The movement jolts his ribs, sending a sharp sting through him.

Hayden notices instantly. "Medic should check that."

Shane waves him off. "I'm fine. Boston's down a man. We can push for a goal."

"You think Coach is letting you stay on the ice?" J.J. says incredulously. "You're wincing just by breathing!"

"No, really, I'm good," Shane insists. Hayden gives him a look. Shane offers what he hopes is a reassuring smile, but he knows it probably resembles a grimace. "Promise. One little check isn't taking me out."

"That's not your call," Hayden mutters, guiding him toward the bench.

As Shane skates past the penalty box, he can't help glancing over. Rozanov sits inside, elbows propped on his knees, helmet still on but pushed back just enough to show the strain on his face. His eyes find Shane immediately.

Every tiny wince Shane makes, every stiff breath, flickers across Rozanov's expression like a punch he's taking himself. His jaw flexes; his brows knit. For a second, he looks ready to stand up and rip the box door open just to get to Shane.

A strange twist coils low in Shane's stomach at the sight—something hot, sharp, and absolutely not caused by the bruised ribs.

He tears his gaze away before he can think too hard about it.



Montreal loses 3–2 to Boston. Shane could blame the ache in his ribs and how each stride sends jolts through his body, he knows that would be a weak excuse.

Boston played better. They had more shots on goal, and though the game had been neck-and-neck, Montreal's defense was doing most of the heavy lifting. Shane can't help but feel some of the blame land on him. He didn't play like himself—he scored once, while Rozanov scored twice. But the brutal hit earlier had thrown him off his game, and that's an easier pill to swallow than admitting he wasn't on top of his game.

He's just about to follow his team to the locker room when the medic grabs his arm, stopping him.

"We gotta check out that injury."

"It's nothing unusual," Shane protests, but the medic's insistence is firm.

"Still looked nasty when it happened," he replies. "Humor me, please?"

Sighing, Shane follows toward the away team's medical room instead of the locker room. He knows his teammates need a morale boost after the loss, but that's out of his control now.

The check is quick. Shane winces as he strips off his gear, revealing bruises Rozanov left across his ribs.

"Tender, but not broken," the medic says, fingers pressing cold against the yellowing marks. He hands Shane a towel-wrapped ice pack. "Ice them. Don't put more pressure on them, but knowing you, that's not gonna happen."

Shane knows the medic is talking about his job, but a small part of him can't stop thinking about Rozanov, the address sitting in his texts, along with their plans for tonight. He gives a curt nod, forcing down the flush creeping up his neck, before heading toward the locker room.

The team's morale is low when he returns. There's talk of next time, how they'll take Boston down—and a little side chatter about getting back at Rozanov for the hit. Shane doesn't comment. He heads straight to his stuff, seating himself with a wince.

"How're the ribs?" Hayden asks, concern etched across his face.

Shane doesn't answer. Instead, he peels back his compression shirt, revealing the large yellow bruises blooming across his ribs where the barrier had slammed him, red marks imprinting into his skin.

Hayden sucks in a sharp breath, wincing. "Ouch. That's a doozy."

Shane snorts, lowering the shirt and pressing the ice to the sore spot. "Yeah. Got me good."

"You still good to play?"

"Medic says so. Can't stop me, anyway."

By the time Shane gets on the bus back to the hotel, he's not in the mood for the team. A loss always leaves the Montreal Voyageurs in a sour mood, and he doesn't want to get dragged down with them. He scrolls through worried texts from his parents, reassuring them he's okay after the hit, and snorts at his mom's angry texts that if Ilya Rozanov so much as *touches* her boy again, she'll rain hell on him.

If only she knew.

Speaking of, there's a couple texts from him, sent not too long ago. The previous texts he got from *Lily* went unanswered, it being some risqué texts about their plans to hook up later that night and an address. Shane opens the thread.

Lily:

I'm sorry for the hit. It was too rough from me and I did not mean it.
How are you?
Did it hurt too bad?

Shane:

I'm okay. Hurts like hell, but I'll survive.

The typing bubbles flicker on Ilya's end. They appear, disappear, and reappear for what feels like hours. Finally, a buzz sounds a reply.

Lily:

Will you still come over tonight?

Shane furrows his brows. It's such a small question for the amount of time it took to get a reply. He knows the medic warned him not to put too much pressure on his ribs, but months have passed since he last saw Ilya. Months of craving something only Ilya can give, and Shane knows Ilya feels the same.

His fingers move without Shane meaning to.

Shane:

I don't know. Not unless you give me good bruises.

He hovers over the send button and suddenly, the words hit him. His face flushes hot, a pit of embarrassment twisting in his stomach. Ilya has teased him about his terrible sexting for years, and the little voice in the back of Shane's mind is already making fun of him. He bites his lip, fingers drumming nervously against his phone case.

He deletes the unsent text and quickly types something new.

Shane:

Yeah. Be there at 11.



Despite the loss, the rest of the team decided to go out for drinks and watch another game at some local sports bar. Shane easily gets out of it, claiming his ribs aren't up for a night in town, but the second he's sure his teammates are gone, he's already on his way to Ilya's place.

He's been there a few times in the past, whenever Montreal played Boston here. He knows to sneak in through the back, and the code still hasn't changed in years—which honestly feels like a safety issue, but sure. Before long, Shane's in the elevator, heading up to the floor where Ilya lives.

Each step forward feels heavy, and it's not just the dull ache in his ribs that flares with every sharp movement. His heart thuds harder as the floor numbers climb higher and higher, until he's staring at Ilya's familiar door.

Shane takes a deep breath. He's just about to knock when the door swings open before his knuckles can touch the wood.

Ilya Rozanov stands in the doorway, staring at Shane like he knew—down to the exact second—that he'd show up. His eyes are sharp, intense, jaw set like he's been pacing behind the door this whole time. The moment Shane steps inside, Ilya shuts and locks it.

"Take off your shirt," Ilya demands, eyes never leaving him.

Okay then.

It's not unusual for Ilya to boss him around, so Shane isn't thrown by the words themselves. But the look on Ilya's face is different. There's something wound tight in his expression, something that makes Shane's pulse spike. He still doesn't want to push him, so he pulls off his sweatshirt and undershirt in one motion. He doesn't look up as he folds the clothes over the sofa, feeling suddenly exposed under Ilya's stare.

He waits for Ilya's reaction, and all he hears is a sharp inhale.

Shane's half a second from kneeling—assuming that's where this is headed—when Ilya grabs his arm first. He pulls Shane toward the bedroom with a swiftness that makes Shane stumble, and suddenly he's sitting on the edge of Ilya's bed, shirtless and confused.

Ilya sinks to his knees in front of him, and Shane braces himself, expecting Ilya to get to work right there, given the position and all. But instead, Ilya's fingers ghost over the yellow bruises staining Shane's torso—the ones he gave him earlier. The touch is so gentle, so careful, that Shane feels his breath catch.

The room feels too quiet, too still. Shane's chest tightens—not from pain, but from the way Ilya is looking at him, like he's trying to memorize every mark he left and hate himself for them at the same time.

"I am sorry," Ilya says finally, voice low and rough with something heavier than regret.

Shane's brows knit, mouth parting in surprise.

"Don't be sorry," he replies, stunned. "It happens all the time."

"But I hurt you. I was too rough," Ilya responds, voice thick with regret. He can't even look Shane in the eyes when he says the words, eyes transfixed on the bruises. "I am sorry."

Shane reaches out, fingers lightly touching Ilya's chin to tilt him up, guiding his eyes to meet his. Ilya's gaze flicks to the bruises first, lingering, before dragging upward. Regret pools in his expression, a touch of anger at himself, until it softens at the look on Shane's face.

"I don't know," Shane says, a small smile tugging at his lips. "They're not too bad."

Ilya's brows pinch. "What do you mean?"

Heat climbs up Shane's cheeks, a creeping flush that isn't embarrassment so much as confession.

Because these marks—these yellow smudges of ache—are something he secretly wants. They always have to hide them. No hickeys, no bites where anyone could see. But when he's alone, in the shower or getting dressed, he traces the faint outline of a bite on his thigh, the ghost of fingerprints on his hips.

They're a map. A reminder that this is real. And the fact that *Ilya* put them there makes it burn even hotter. Admitting that out loud feels like being burned alive.

"You are not mad?" Ilya presses carefully.

"Why would I be?" Shane says. "They're just... yours."

Ilya's eyebrows lift, understanding clicking instantly. His fingers slip back to Shane's ribs, and a low chuckle hums out of him.

A smirk tugs at the corner of Ilya's lip. "What are they?"

"Oh, fuck off," Shane mutters, face going even hotter. "I don't want to say it anymore."

Ilya pulls off his shirt and moves over Shane, guiding him back onto the bed until the mattress catches him, the bedding cradling the soft, helpless fall of his body.

Then Ilya's mouth is on him—hard, immediate, hungry. The kiss steals the breath straight out of Shane's lungs. He gasps, and Ilya takes the opening, sliding his tongue into his mouth, deepening the kiss until Shane feels claimed, opened, undone from the inside out.

"I think you mean that you like my marks on you," Ilya murmurs against his lips, pulling back just enough to breathe. "You think they are sexy, *da*?"

Shane squeezes his eyes shut. He must be red all the way to his ears. "I didn't say that."

"But you thought it," Ilya says, trailing his mouth down Shane's neck, nibbling lightly—enough to tease, not enough to leave anything behind. "Little minx."

Ilya presses one gentle kiss to Shane's lips, a stark contrast to the bruising force from before. It's soft, almost reverent. Then, suddenly, Shane gasps as Ilya tugs Shane's pants and underwear down in one single, fluid motion, leaving him bare and exposed to cool air. Shane can only watch, his breath held tight in his chest, as Ilya makes quick work of his own clothes, not even letting Shane even move from his position on the bed as he grabs lube and condoms from the nightstand.

"What are you doing?" Shane asks breathlessly.

Ilya comes back, lying down halfway down Shane's body. One hand is positioned near Ilya's head, braced on the mattress by Shane's torso, while the other is positioned at Shane's hip,

almost fully behind him, fingertips brushing his ass.

“First, I ravish you,” Ilya murmurs, his lips brushing Shane’s bruised ribs, sending goosebumps rippling across his skin. “Apologize for injury I gave.”

Shane’s breath hitches as Ilya’s hand slides down his body toward his ass. He can barely breathe when that rough fingertip brushes his hole, and it’s not because of the bruised ribs.

“And then?” he asks, voice breathless.

Ilya looks up, eyes dark and heavy with desire. He presses one final kiss to the marred skin before digging his fingers deeper into Shane’s skin, making him gasp.

“And then, I give you new bruises. Better ones to remind you of me.”

Ilya works his way down slowly, mouthing at Shane’s neck, then his chest, before lingering at the bruised ribs. He kisses them with reverent softness, like each touch might undo the damage he’d left on Shane’s skin. Shane squirms under him, restless energy buzzing through every muscle, but Ilya’s hands clamp firmly over his hipbones, holding him steady, keeping him exactly where he wants him.

He can vaguely hear the click of the lube bottle opening, and seconds later, slick fingers settle at his hole. Shane pushes back slightly, but Ilya clicks his tongue in reply, mouth teasingly at his belly.

“Such soft skin,” Ilya murmurs. “that is why you bruise easily.”

“I don’t bruise easily.”

Ilya chuckles, fingertips lightly brushing the bruised skin, leaving heat in its wake. “What is this, then?”

“Battle wounds. I’m a hockey player. I’m tough.”

“Tough little hockey player,” Ilya says with a small laugh, amusement in his tone. Shane gasps as Ilya’s thumb breaches his hole, just enough to tease. “Not so tough now?”

“Just get on with it,” Shane replies, trying not to sound desperate and failing, badly.

Ilya doesn’t need to be told twice. He ducks his head, and Shane cries out as a hot, wet tongue presses against his hole. Ilya eats him out like he’s starving, licking and sucking at the rim as one slick finger presses inside, then a second. His nimble fingers crook and twist inside of him, stretching him out deliciously.

Each stroke of his tongue is a promise and an apology for earlier, making Shane arch off the bed with a broken moan. However, Ilya keeps him trapped down, one hand splaying on his stomach to keep him secure as he continues his ministrations.

“Oh, oh, Rozanov,” Shane says, fingers tangling in Ilya’s curls, keeping his face down there. “I, fuck, please.”

“Hmm?”

Ilya's teeth tease at the rim, and another finger slides inside of him, crooking and twisting and teasing at that spot inside of him, but never fully hitting it.

Shane throws his head back onto the sheets with a low thud, squirming. “Please.”

“Please what?”

Shane grits his teeth, soft moans breaking through. “Please, *more*.”

Ilya makes a low humming noise in response, not saying anything. That is, until Ilya finally, *finally*, crooks his fingers just so, brushing against the bundle of nerves deep inside him.

He doesn't stop. Ilya's tongue is a wicked, relentless thing, dipping inside to fuck him in shallow thrusts that mimic what Shane really wants. He scissors his fingers, stretching him, pulling a desperate whine from Shane's throat. Every time Shane gets close to the edge, Ilya backs off, leaving Shane trembling and on the edge.

“Fuck me,” Shane gasps, the words torn from him. “I—please, just fuck me. Be rough with me, I can take it. Want you to be tough with me.” He's babbling, but he can't bring himself to care. The ache in his ribs is a phantom limb compared to the desperate, pulsing need inside him. “Please, I'm begging you.”

The words seem to be what Ilya was waiting for. He gives one last, slow lick, a final, teasing curl of his fingers against Shane's prostate that makes his whole body lock up, and then he pulls away completely.

Shane draws his knees to his chest, but lets out a low gasp at the strain on his ribs.

“Wait,” Ilya says. He taps on Shane's side, signalling for him to roll over.

Shane does so, his movements clumsy and uncoordinated. Ilya grabs a pillow to go under his hips, keeping his ass high and supported. “Easier on your ribs.”

“Thank you,” Shane manages, resting his cheek against the cold sheets.

Behind him, he can hear the sound of Ilya putting on a condom and slicking himself off, jerking himself a few times before he positions himself behind Shane, thighs pressing against each other. Ilya's rough hands press into the dips of Shane's hips, firm but not hard, yet, in the way that Shane wants.

Shane feels the blunt press of Ilya's cock at his entrance, but instead of pushing in fully, Ilya teases him, sliding just the tip inside before pulling back out. He's seconds away from snapping at him to get on with it when Ilya finally sinks in with one smooth thrust, knocking the breath from Shane's lungs. Ilya pauses as he fully bottoms, listening to Shane's ragged breaths, barely breathing himself.

Ilya leans down, chest to Shane's back, and kisses him tenderly on the back of his neck. “Is okay?”

Shane nods against the sheets. He feels full, so perfectly full, that any thoughts of his aching ribs is replaced by how right it feels to have Ilya inside of him. "Yeah."

Ilya starts to move, but it's slow at first, keeping a steady rhythm. Shane's ribs burn, but the pleasure inside him burns more, the stimulations from his prostate overriding any lingering ache.

The steady slap of skin against skin sounds in the empty room, creating a cacophony of noise from Ilya's low groans and Shane's whines. Ilya shifts his body, sweaty chest molding against Shane's curved form, driving his cock deeper inside of him. Shane clenches around him on instinct, causing Ilya's hands to grip at his hips harder.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya pants. "You feel so good."

"You're so big," Shane says between the little noises each drive of Ilya's hips releases from his mouth. "Hitting me everywhere."

Ilya shifts his angle, causing Shane to gasp as his most sensitive spot is hit just right. Shane cries out, losing himself in the intense feeling of being filled from a deeper angle. But it's not enough.

"Harder," Shane manages, fingers gripping the pillow like a vice. "I'm not gonna break."

Ilya takes him at his word. The careful, steady rhythm dissolves into something raw and punishing. His fingers, already gripping Shane's hips, dig in deeper, the pressure a delicious pain that Shane knows will bloom into dark bruises tomorrow. Little marks of Ilya, just like he wanted. The thought makes him moan, a ragged sound torn from his throat as he pushes his hips back to meet every brutal thrust.

Each time Ilya slams into him, the head of his cock nails Shane's prostate with an unyielding force. It's not a gentle brush anymore; it's a deliberate, targeted assault, sending shockwaves of pleasure so intense they border on pain coursing through his entire body. The burn in his ribs is a forgotten ache, completely eclipsed by the fire building in his gut.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya grunts, his voice a low, rough growl against Shane's ear. He's leaning over him again, his sweaty chest plastered to Shane's back, the heat of him overwhelming. "So tight. Taking me so well."

Shane can only whimper in response, his words lost to the pleasure. He's completely at Ilya's mercy, pinned down and fucked within an inch of his life, and it's exactly what he craved. He feels Ilya's hand leave his hip, and a moment later, a rough, calloused palm wraps around his neglected cock. The contrast is immediate. Ilya's strokes are just as demanding as his thrusts, fast and tight, his thumb smearing pre-come over the head with every pass.

"Come for me," Ilya pants, his breath hot against Shane's neck. He squeezes Shane's cock, timing the twist of his wrist with a deep thrust that grinds directly against his prostate. "Want to feel you. Now."

That's all it takes. A blinding white-hot explodes behind Shane's eyes. His body seizes up, his back arching as much as it can with Ilya's weight on him. A choked cry escapes his lips as he spills all over Ilya's hand and the pillow beneath him, his cock pulsing with the force of his orgasm.

Ilya fucks him through it, his hips losing their rhythm as he chases his own end. A few more erratic, powerful thrusts and he buries himself deep with a guttural groan, shuddering as he comes. He collapses onto Shane's back, his weight a welcome, heavy comfort, and they lie there for a long moment, just breathing, the only sound in the room their ragged gasps for air.

Ilya presses a soft, open-mouthed kiss to Shane's shoulder, a stark contrast to the roughness from moments before. He carefully eases out, and Shane hisses at the loss, feeling suddenly empty and oversensitive. Ilya deals with the condom before gently rolling Shane over, his movements infinitely tender now. He brushes the sweat-soaked hair from Shane's forehead, his eyes soft as they search his face.

"Is okay?" Ilya murmurs, his voice hoarse.

Shane can only nod, a lazy, sated smile tugging at his lips. His whole body feels like jelly, his ribs aching faintly, but all he can focus on is the pleasant thrumming in his limbs and the overwhelming feeling of being cared for.

"Yeah," he whispers, his voice raspy. "Better than okay."

Ilya gives him that soft, crooked smile—the one Shane pretends doesn't undo him every time—and presses a gentle kiss to the bridge of his nose. Then he settles over Shane, tucking his face into the crook of Shane's neck like it's the only place he wants to be. One hand curls at the back of Shane's neck, keeping him close; the other rests against his hipbone, right between the faint marks from Ilya's touch and the bruises from the game.

Shane feels like he could stay here forever. Injuries, rivalry, the world outside the apartment—all of it can fade away, he doesn't care. He keeps his eyes open, staring at the ceiling, because he knows if he closes them he might let himself fall into this moment too fully.

He bites his lip, his heart and head pulling him in opposite directions.

"Rozanov," Shane whispers at last.

"Hmm?"

"I have to go."

Ilya's head snaps up immediately, eyes narrowing as if Shane has just betrayed him.

"Why do you have to go?" Ilya asks.

"My medic says I need to heal," Shane murmurs, fingers absently curling in the hair at the nape of Ilya's neck. "Keep the ribs iced so they don't bruise worse."

"I have ice here. You stay here and heal."

“Yeah, but Hayden’s going to want to check on me when he gets back from the bar. If he gets to the hotel and I’m not there, he’ll send out a search party.”

Ilya sighs dramatically. “Who cares.”

Shane snorts. “*I* do.” He taps Ilya’s arm, trying to coax him into letting go. Ilya grumbles but loosens his hold, and Shane ignores the stupid little voice in his head that’s begging to feel that grip again.

Ilya keeps up a steady stream of complaints as Shane pulls on his clothes, and Shane humors him with small talk and soft banter. Truthfully, he wants nothing more than to stay—let Ilya fuss over him, be able to settle in the touch he’s been craving for months now. If the circumstances were different, maybe he’d let that voice in his head win. But he knows the team’s worried, and responsibility tugs him toward the door.

Ilya watches him with a wounded look, sweatpants slung low on his hips, as Shane sits at the entryway to put on his shoes. His gaze sharpens with concern when Shane winces as he bends forward, putting pressure on his ribs.

“Do not bend down,” Ilya instructs. “Let me.”

“You don’t have to,” Shane protests, but Ilya has already taken the sneakers from his hands and dropped to his knees.

All thoughts drain from Shane’s head as Ilya kneels and slips his shoes on, tightening and tying the laces with ease—gentle, efficient, almost intimate. It *should* be embarrassing, needing help with something so simple, but with Ilya it isn’t. Instead, heat rises in Shane’s cheeks and settles low in his stomach, warm and twisting.

“Next time we face off, you can injure me back,” Ilya says without looking up.

Shane huffs a laugh. “That’s dirty. I’m not doing that.”

“You are dirty elsewhere,” Ilya murmurs as he finishes the knot.

Ilya rises to his full height on his knees, hands settling on Shane’s thighs. The look he gives Shane is steady, intense, and it steals whatever words Shane might’ve had. He knows he could stand up, clear his throat, and walk out, but with Ilya touching him like this, every sensible thought evaporates.

Then Ilya leans in, head dipping toward Shane’s chest. Shane’s breath hitches as he trails downward. He stops at Shane’s ribs, lips brushing the spot through layers of fabric. Even separated by his shirt and hoodie, Shane can feel the ghost of heat against bruised skin like a flame.

“Tell me when they heal,” Ilya murmurs against his ribs, fingertips gliding carefully along the tender area. It doesn’t hurt when Ilya touches them.

Shane sucks in a breath. “I don’t know,” he manages. “Some of the bruises you gave me... I might want to keep them awhile. For memory’s sake.”

Ilya chuckles warmly at that, and presses one last gentle kiss to the spot before straightening. His fingers linger on Shane's side, tracing small, soothing shapes. Finally, he leans in and kisses him, deep and slow. Shane melts into it, sighing softly at the familiar, grounding warmth.

"Don't worry," Shane murmurs against his lips. "I'll get you back by winning the Cup this year, Rozanov."

Ilya smiles into the kiss. "In your dreams, Hollander."



End Notes

comments and kudos are always appreciated! also i'm active on twitter if you want to talk about anything, including upcoming fics :D

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