

Bruises and Breaks

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Bruises and Breaks

by [PointMade26](#)

Summary

“You are not... useless. For taking break. Deserve it.”

Shane shuddered. “I’ve gotta prove it. Got to prove it was worth it.”

“You are second best hockey player in the fucking world. You are worth it,” Ilya said firmly. Shane started to argue, but Ilya cut him off. “Three goals yesterday, assist, leading league in points. Very good. Not... pointless. Understand?”

Shane exhaled, tired but comforted.

“You here with me, making me happy” Ilya nudged, “This is very useful. Now... nap.”

Or

Shane took a harder hit than he let on, and Ilya notices, and is soft

Notes

Yes, I am avoiding doing work. Ever the procrastinator over here :/

Shane was *exhausted*. Halfway to playoffs, every win had felt like a miracle stacked on another miracle. But as the season neared its end, the strain was impossible to ignore.

Troy had three broken fingers and had tweaked his knee somewhere in the first half of the season, Bood was playing on a fractured ankle, Dykstra had busted his elbow and was putting off surgery until after playoffs, Chouinard had a broken thumb and had just made it out of concussion rehab, Hayes had a broken hand and a shoulder that threatened to dislocate at any moment, Ilya had been slammed at a Colorado game by Matheson and had been nursing a busted hip and bruised ribs ever since, and Shane himself had a stubborn knee injury.

But somehow, they were managing. Actually, more than managing—they were dominating. Every game was brutal, exhausting, and still they were *winning*. Ilya had scored 73 goals before the regular season ended, Wyatt was hovering around a .930 save percentage with an insane Anaheim shutout, and Luca, astonishingly, had contributed 62 goals in his *rookie fucking season*, establishing himself as Shane's right winger.

Their most recent game, the night before, had ended 5-4 after a last-minute goal against the Admirals. Shane had taken a brutal hit from left-winger Wagner early in the second period but had immediately stolen the puck and scored, keeping their lead intact until the final buzzer.

Needless to say, Shane woke up that morning and it hurt to breathe. Every movement flared pain up his right side. He groaned, learning shallow breaths for a second before heaving himself out of bed for a run. Two miles in, he surrendered, walking back to the hotel, every step jolting his ribs and making him regret leaving the bed at all. He grabbed two breakfast sandwiches from the buffet—edible enough—and rode the elevator up, humming lightly at the thought of his husband, bedruffled curls, sleepy smile. *God*, he was so fucking lucky. Sometimes Shane couldn't believe this was his life.

He ducked into their room, heart thumping in his sore ribs, knee throbbing. Ice after a hot shower, maybe some ibuprofen—anything to take the edge off. Shane dug into his pocket for the key, slipping inside and hoping he could convince Ilya to spend a lazy day with him. They weren't flying home until the next afternoon, and he wanted nothing more than to bedrot with his beautiful husband.

Shane dropped the key, tugged off his runners with a soft huff, then rounded the corner to see Ilya sprawled over pillows, shirtless, scrolling through videos on his phone. Bruises painted his chest in green, yellow, and purple, but he was still impossibly gorgeous. Shane's eyes roamed over Ilya's defined abs before he sat on the bed, kissing him and running hands through his wild curls. They stayed like that for a minute, breathing each other in, savoring the rare stretch of time they could just be. Finally, Ilya pulled back, brow furrowed. "Why back early? Did not think you would be so... fast."

"What, you didn't miss me?" Shane teased, dodging the question. "Also, breakfast sandwiches."

"Hmmm. Did miss you. Always miss you. But... morning run? Why short?" Ilya's accent curled around every word, tired but persistent.

"Didn't feel like it today. I'm tired," Shane said, taking a messy bite of his sandwich, crumbs scattering, ignoring the full weight of Ilya's dogged attention entirely.

Ilya leaned back mock-stern. "You, Shane Hollander, are tired. Who are you, and what did you do with my Shane?"

Shane shrugged with his mouth full. "I'm real. Just skipped a mile. Big deal."

"You are suspicious," Ilya said, narrowing his eyes. "Something is wrong."

"It's not. Just sore, okay?" Shane mumbled.

Ilya huffed, then waved him off. "Fine. Shower. But... I am watching."

Shane emerged from the shower refreshed, hair damp, but groaned when he saw his ribs in the fogged mirror—angry reds and purples creeping toward his sternum, another thick bruise marking his forearm where he'd hit the boards. He pulled on his ragged hoodie, from some

old camp, oversized and comfortable, and loose shorts, glancing briefly in the mirror before heading back toward the bed.

Ilya, sitting upright, caught the small wince as he crawled towards the center of the bed. “Shane... your knee?”

Shane sighed and tucked his face into Ilya’s side. “A bit. Ribs too.”

Ilya, well practiced in Shane’s vague answers, immediately tugged at his hoodie. “I see. You hurt. Knew it is not good when you took so long to get up.”

Shane tried to protest, but Ilya was already tugging. “Let me see,” he demanded. Shane exhaled, lifting his elbow so Ilya could reveal the bruises.

“Shane...” Ilya traced gently along his ribs, wincing at the tenderness. Ilya muttered something in Russian, then, "Knew I should have killed Wagner. Fucking bastard."

Shane hissed as Ilya pressed at the center of the bruise, and Ilya instantly backed off.

Then he groaned as he rolled off the bed. “Ice, Hollander. Was stupid to run like that. Should have stopped after hit too.” He pulled ice packs from the mini-fridge.

Shane smirked. “You too. Hip and ribs. And it wasn’t that bad. It's hockey.”

Ilya huffed, ever unwilling to admit Shane was right, settling back beside him with ice packs and ibuprofen. “Now we sleep. Timer set. Ice off... maybe sleep more.”

Shane nodded, already drifting, nestling into Ilya’s chest. Ilya buried his face in Shane’s damp hair, arms curling gently around him.

“Why run like that?” Ilya murmured.

“Gotta keep up,” Shane snorted.

“You are not... useless. For taking break. Deserve it.”

Shane shuddered. “I’ve gotta prove it. Got to prove it was worth it.”

“You are second best hockey player in the fucking world. You are worth it,” Ilya said firmly.

Shane started to argue, but Ilya cut him off. “Three goals yesterday, assist, leading league in points. Very good. Not... pointless. Understand?”

Shane exhaled, tired but comforted.

“You here with me, making me happy” Ilya nudged, “This is very useful. Now... nap.”

“I love you,” Shane whispered.

“Я тоже тебя люблю,” Ilya murmured contentedly, then, “You are best part of my life.”

Shane smiled, nuzzling further into him. Shane’s ribs hurt less—still there, but dull. He closed his eyes, sleep taking him, smile staying.

Ilya was there, and that’s all that mattered for now.

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