

strawberry wine

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by [lisbonhotel](#)

Summary

“It was a bad hit, Shane,” Hayden says, worriedly. He looks up to where Ilya is quietly observing them, leaning against the lockers with his eyes fixed intently on Shane. “Ilya, doesn’t it look bad?”

“Is not bullet wound,” Ilya says flatly, “he will be back on ice within week.”

or, Shane and Ilya play on the same team and hate each other in every way but one...or so Shane thinks until he gets hurt on the ice and Ilya is a little too nice about it all.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

AU where Shane and Ilya get traded to play on the same team but are still hooking up and have to keep their relationship secret

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

On a random Wednesday, just after the season starts, Shane Hollander is traded to the Toronto Stars in exchange for *four* players.

There's uproar in the hockey world and rumours flying left and right, but the truth is simple: he's wanted to get out for a while. Poor management and bad trades have bled Montreal dry, turning it into something Shane barely recognizes. His mother had told him to *jump off that ship before it sinks* more times than he could count, and he'd finally taken her advice.

It had all been quite the commotion, Toronto having a historic rivalry with Montreal *and* being home to *Shane's* rival, Ilya Rozanov, but Shane couldn't be more sure that leaving Montreal was the right decision, no matter where he ended up.

Toronto fans had been buzzing with excitement, everyone thinking the same thing now that they had *two* superstars on the same team: this really could be their year.

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The fans were right.

Since Shane's trade, Toronto has jumped four spots in the rankings, making playoffs a real possibility. He knows hockey is a team sport, and he's endlessly grateful to their strong defense and their brick wall of a goalie and their phenomenal coaches. But he isn't going to lie and say that Toronto's turnaround isn't linked to his time on the ice.

Well...his *and* Ilya's. The two of them are some of the best players the city has ever seen, no doubt.

He misses playing *against* Ilya, of course—there isn't any feeling quite like playing against someone who can actually keep up—but being on the same team as him is just as good.

Ilya understands the kind of hockey that Shane has struggled to verbalize his entire life. They exist on another level, and they exist there alone; pushing each other to be better, to think faster, to play sharper.

It makes the sex that much better.

“God,” Shane moans, letting his head fall back. Ilya’s almost as good in bed as he is on the ice. Though Shane has to admit that thinking of Ilya’s stellar performance during last week’s game only gets him harder. Shane thinks about the game they have *tonight* and Ilya’s promise of a hat-trick, then he thinks about Ilya actually doing it. “God,” he groans again.

“No need to call me that,” Ilya teases, putting his mouth back to work after.

Shane tries to scoff, but it sounds embarrassingly like a moan the second he opens his mouth. “Shut the fuck up,” he says, breathless.

Ilya lifts his head, raising an eyebrow at Shane. “Not very nice.”

Moving to Toronto had been such a last-minute trade that Shane hadn’t even thought through what it meant for him and Ilya’s arrangement.

As it turns out, it meant nothing. Except that they didn’t need hotels anymore, not when they lived in the same city, and Ilya’s apartment was 15 minutes away. Frankly, everything in Toronto was 15 minutes away.

They met at Ilya’s, and only Ilya’s. And they fucked more than ever.

After practices, before practices. On their days off and after games. If Ilya was lucky and he managed to convince Shane like he did today, they fucked before games, too.

The consistency was everything, especially for Shane. He didn’t want to fuck just anyone; he didn’t want to be with new people every time. But with Ilya so close, Shane could have *who* he wanted, *whenever* he wanted. It really was the perfect setup.

“Rozanov...” Shane’s voice catches in his throat when Ilya presses a soft kiss to the inside of Shane’s thigh. Then another, a little closer to Shane’s dick, but not close enough for it to give him any kind of release. He moves closer, and closer, his lips feather light, hovering over Shane’s skin. “Stop teasing,” Shane groans.

Ilya’s lips quirk into a sly smile. “Say sorry.”

“What?” Shane asks, hoping his irritation is evident, even if it's under layers of his ridiculously horny, heavy breathing. “No.”

“Hollander,” Ilya warns, then wraps his mouth around Shane’s dick and pulls off immediately. Shane’s entire body shudders, and the heat pooling in his stomach only grows.

“Fine,” he says, rolling his eyes. He’s not sure what’s more annoying: Ilya’s teasing or how easily Shane gives into it. “*Sorry*. Can you suck my dick now?”

Ilya raises an eyebrow, dissatisfied.

Before he can complain, Shane sighs, reaching forward and pushing a hand through Rozanov's curls, tugging the way he knows he likes. "I'm sorry," he tries again, "can you suck my dick *please*?"

"Good boy," Ilya says, smiling. It makes Shane impossibly harder, and he can hardly process that before Ilya is taking him into his mouth fully.

Shane lets his head fall back again, eyes closed and practically whimpering as Ilya works his mouth around him. Ilya's strong hands are gripping Shane's thigh, reaching up Shane's torso, pushing his legs apart; Shane is cumming in seconds, barely enough time to give Ilya a warning, but Ilya knows Shane well enough to know when to pull off. Shane coats his own torso in cum, too blissed out to care about how Ilya's cum from when they'd fucked earlier is still on his chest.

Ilya kisses him softly, lying down next to him and pushing the hair out of Shane's face. He kisses Shane's jaw, then his shoulder, "Let me clean you up."

"No," Shane protests, turning his head to kiss him again, "stay. We're going to have to shower soon, anyway. We have to leave for the game."

"Shower?" Ilya asks, giving Shane a bored look. "*Before* a game?" He tucks his face back into Shane's neck, pulling him closer, and Shane closes his eyes briefly at the warmth of the contact.

Not much compares to getting fucked by Ilya, but the feeling of his bare skin against Shane's own as they bask in the afterglow is a close second. Even then, it has to come to an end.

"Yes," Shane argues back, "Unless you want to play the game covered in cum."

"*I'm* not covered in cum," Ilya says, putting both hands up in surrender.

Shane rolls his eyes, kissing Ilya softly and climbing on top of him to deepen the kiss, "Now you are," he mumbles the words against Ilya's lips, looking down at where their chests are now pressed together.

Ilya groans, but he's smiling, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist to hold him in place as he kisses his neck. "Five minutes," Ilya says, mouth leaving hot kisses along Shane's throat.

Dizzy from Ilya's mouth but still aware that they *have a fucking game soon*, Shane glares at him, "*One* minute."

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The game starts well enough, with Shane scoring a goal in the first few minutes after a perfect assist from Hayden.

Toronto had acquired Hayden at the beginning of the season, just before they got Shane, because Hayden had been smart enough to save himself any more of Montreal's torture. It was stellar to get to keep playing with him, especially when they worked so well together.

Shane scores again minutes later. When he's swapped off, Ilya scores once.

Once he's back on the ice, giving a passing smile to Ilya as they trade spots, Shane realises he has 2 goals, and Ilya only has 1. They'd made a bet earlier about who would reach 3 goals first, and now, Shane is determined. The winner gets to make the other do whatever they want—kind of a loose prize because they're more than willing to please each other regularly, but they're both so competitive that Shane is sure the added layer of *winning* will add something to it.

He snags the puck easily from the other team, whizzing around every player in his way. He's just about to take his shot and score again, he can see the clear path to the net, and he catches Ilya's grin from the bench in his peripheral vision, just as he skates forward, his vision goes black.

It takes Shane a moment to open his eyes, wincing at the faint ringing sound that he *hopes* isn't coming from his ear, but it probably is. He blinks, then blinks again. Getting checked is always strange, the way you can go from zipping across the ice to being on the floor out of nowhere, but Shane has never been checked like this. He's never been completely laid out. He can barely fucking move his legs to get him back upright.

"Shane?" He hears someone's voice, he can hardly make it out through all the fucking ringing and the commotion and the fighting and the sharp pain crawling up his torso.

He tries getting up, to no avail, lying motionless and out of breath, praying to god his season isn't over.

"Shane?" This voice he knows. This voice he'd know anywhere.

"Ilya," he reaches out, or at least attempts to, his arms moving barely an inch. He wonders what Ilya is even doing on the ice; he'd been on the bench just seconds ago.

He hears Ilya's concerned voice as the medics lift him up and wishes everyone would stop asking him questions so he could clearly hear what Ilya was saying, so he could reassure him that he's *fine*.

Shane spends the next 20 minutes telling *everyone* that he's fine. His coaches, the medics, their manager. Everyone except who he *wants* to be with right now.

Pulling his jersey and pads off had been agony; raising his arms even slightly resulted in a stabbing pain, much less pulling his jersey all the way over his head. But he didn't want anyone to take him to the hospital or even consider him unable to play, so he bit down hard on his tongue and let himself be inspected.

There was a bruise forming alongside his hip, a deep, ugly red taking up the entirety of his right hip. Once they'd ruled out the hospital entirely, Shane sat down, his legs almost shaking under the pain in his torso. Realistically, he knows he can't play today, but he doesn't want to be out for any more than that.

"Shane," his coach says, "you took a bad fall, just—"

“Look,” Shane stands up, walking around him, arms stretched out, “I feel absolutely fine.”

“You think I don’t see you wincing, Hollander?”

“I’m *fine*,” Shane repeats.

Coach rubs his forehead with a sigh, “Fine, but you’re out for the game. And you’re resting on this bench in this fucking locker room until third period is over.”

“But—”

“You can watch the game from here, on the TV,” Coach says, pointing to the corner of the room where a large screen displays a stream of the game, “Now sit down.”

Shane does as he’s told, not wanting to get benched, and graciously accepts the painkillers he’s given by his assistant coach. He lies back down, trying hard not to wince, even as a sharp pain shoots up his hip, because everyone is still looking at him.

As the locker room filters out, he closes his eyes, squeezing them shut tightly and gripping the edge of the bench to try and stifle the pain. When he looks at the screen, he sees that the score is now 3-2.

“Toronto is having a difficult time finding their footing after seeing star player Shane Hollander get wheeled out by medics,” one of the reporters says, “Ilya Rozanov looks to be taking it especially hard, missing yet another seemingly clear shot on goal.”

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By the end of the second period, they’re losing 4-3

Everyone filters into the locker room, most of them making a beeline toward where Shane is seated.

“Jesus Christ,” Hayden says as soon as he sees Shane's torso. There are deep creases in his brow, and he’s at Shane’s side immediately.

During the break between first and second period, Shane had still been with the medics, so this was the first time anyone on the team had seen him since he was lying flat and unresponsive on the ice.

The bruise, which only seems to be growing and turning a purple-ish tone, probably makes him look worse than he feels. Though he does feel pretty shit.

“I’m fine,” Shane insists, but he lets Hayden inspect the area and get a good look to make sure nothing else is hurt.

“It was a bad hit, Shane,” Hayden says, worriedly. He looks up to where Ilya is quietly observing them, leaning against the lockers with his eyes fixed intently on Shane. “Ilya, doesn’t it look bad?”

“Is not bullet wound,” Ilya says flatly, “he will be back on ice within week.”

“Okay, guys,” Coach calls from the door, “Unless one of you can magically heal him by crowding around the bed, grab your water and come sit outside for debrief.”

Everyone starts to filter out, except Ilya. He walks toward Shane slowly as the door shuts.

“They’re meeting outside,” Shane says, breath hitching slightly as Ilya squats down in front of him.

“Yes,” Ilya replies coolly, “good observation.”

“Ilya—”

“Does it hurt?” He asks softly, fingers grazing lightly over the skin that’s starting to bruise.

Shane takes a deep breath at the contact, goosebumps rising on his skin. Even after Ilya takes his hand away, Shane can feel the ghost of his touch. “I’m fine,” he stutters out.

“Idiot,” Ilya says, but Shane can’t find a trace of malice in his tone. Instead, weirdly, Ilya’s voice is laced with concern, strained and worried just like the look in his eyes. “Your skin is purple.”

Ilya presses a soft kiss to his thumb, then brushes it along Shane’s hip.

Shane feels everything come to a stop. He knows it’s not possible, but his hip barely hurts, not under Ilya’s touch. Not when all of Ilya’s attention is focused on him, just how Shane likes it. His beautiful, concerned eyes and soft, caring hands, all working to make sure Shane is okay.

“Just a bruise,” Shane replies. He catches Ilya’s hand in his own. He brings it to his mouth, pressing a soft kiss to his fingers, then one to his thumb where Ilya had kissed before.

“Shane—”

“I’m fine,” Shane cuts him off. He tilts Ilya’s face up, forcing his eyes away from Shane’s hip and to his face instead. “And I’m going to win.”

“What?”

“Three goals,” Shane says, “I have two, and you only have one. I’m closer to three.”

Ilya clicks his tongue and shakes his head, “It wasn’t closest to three, it was three.” He’s smiling now that he’s sure Shane is fine, fine enough to argue at least.

“Two is closer to three, therefore closer to winning, therefore the winner,” Shane counters. He’s hoping Ilya will take the bait and start playing to win again. One injury can’t throw off their entire game like this.

“Ilya,” someone calls from outside, “you in there?”

“Give me one minute,” Ilya calls back. He stands up, then grins down at Shane, leaning so his lips are next to Shane’s ear. “You’re on, Hollander. Hope you’re ready to be my prize.”

Chapter End Notes

yes, i did change ilya’s home team to toronto instead of boston...as a canadian hockey fan i just cant, in good faith, write anything in support of boston. sorry rachel reid. and sorry boston bears/raiders.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They win 5-4 with Ilya scoring both and bringing his game total to three. Shane grins when it happens, willing to do *whatever* Ilya wants—just like he normally does—but *especially* now that he won them the game.

He celebrates with his teammates in the locker room when they come back, assuring everyone that he's fine for what feels like the hundredth time. He watches as the boys hit the showers, then change and head out one by one as he feigns being busy, messing with his laces or reaching for his clothes, or doing *anything* to make it seem like he isn't stalling.

Which he absolutely is.

He doesn't want anyone to see him try and get ready, not when he knows he's going to be wincing in pain, biting on his cheek like he is now to distract himself from the sharp pain in his hip. A pain that's started spreading to his thigh, which, as Shane saw when he painfully slipped into sweatpants earlier, is also bruised.

It sounds mostly empty, and he's sure everyone's left by now until he sees Ilya walk into the locker room, shirtless with just his sweatpants on. Shane's mouth would water if he wasn't biting his cheek so hard.

"You waited until everyone left?" Ilya asks off-handedly, like he didn't just figure out Shane's entire plan, like it was obvious to him the entire time. He walks to his locker, pulling his bag out and packing up his stuff.

"I'm fine," Shane replies, almost annoyed that Ilya had worked it out so quickly.

"I didn't say you aren't," Ilya shrugs. "But you aren't."

Shane rolls his eyes, "I'm—"

"Then get up," Ilya cuts him off, drinking out of his water bottle as he motions for Shane to stand. Shane doesn't move for a moment, and Ilya repeats, "If you are fine, then get up."

Shane puts one hand against the wall, pushing himself up, then looks at Ilya with a smile, "See?"

"That was pathetic. Old grandmother could stand up quicker than that." Ilya tells him. He takes another sip from his bottle, then raises an eyebrow, "Okay, now walk."

"I'm not a dog doing tricks for you," Shane glares at him, but heat pools in his chest when Ilya gives him a cocky smile.

“Walk, Hollander,” Ilya says again, a tone of finality in his voice that makes Shane feel almost compelled to listen.

He attempts walking forward but severely underestimates his pain *and* the weight he’s placing on his leg as it buckles under him. Ilya is by his side in seconds.

“So you *can’t* walk,” Ilya says, still holding Shane up. “You still need to get changed, though.” He guides Shane forward toward his locker so he can get his things.

Once Shane gets his locker open, Ilya retreats, going back to his own so he can finish getting dressed.

Getting dressed is as bad as Shane thought it would be, but he tries his best to keep his composure as he slips his hoodie on. He shoves everything else into his bag quickly, before looking down. There, waiting at the bottom of his locker, are his shoes.

He winces at the idea of bending down, but going home barefoot doesn’t sound much better. He reaches down to get his shoes and lets out a sharp breath, staggering from the pain shooting up his torso.

“Hollander,” Ilya scolds, reaching forward to steady Shane and bring him back upright. “For five seconds, stop hurting yourself,” he says, wrapping a firm arm around Shane’s shoulders and bringing him back to the bench. “Can you sit?”

“I think so, yeah.” Shane puts one hand against the wall for support and clings to Ilya’s jersey with the other. Having Ilya this close...Shane’s hardly focused on sitting down. He does, however, notice the concentrated look in Ilya’s eye, his gaze fixed on Shane’s hip as he lowers him slowly toward the bench.

Once Shane is sitting, Ilya walks back to Shane’s locker, grabbing his shoes. He kneels in front of him and grabs his leg by the calf.

“What are you—” Shane starts, trying to pull his leg away, but Ilya holds up a hand, motioning for him to stop.

“Shut up,” he says, cutting Shane off. He lifts one of Shane’s legs, slipping his shoe on and placing it down gently to tie the laces. Shane stares in shock, unmoving even as Ilya does the same to his other foot. When he’s finished, he looks up at Shane and rolls his eyes. “Shut *up*.”

“I didn’t say anything,” Shane protests, putting his hands up in surrender. But when Ilya turns around to walk to his own locker, Shane’s face breaks into a splitting grin, idly running his fingers along his calf to trace the path of Ilya’s gentle hands.

“Let’s go,” Ilya says a few minutes later, his bag packed as he motions for Shane to follow him out the door.

“Go where?”

“Outer space, Hollander,” Ilya rolls his eyes. “Let’s go fucking home, obviously.”

“Right but—”

“But nothing,” Ilya cuts him off again, walking toward Shane and putting his stuff down. “Leave your car here, I’ll take you home.” He helps Shane up again, then picks up both of their bags, placing them on one arm and supporting Shane’s back with the other.

“Rozanov, I can—”

“You can do nothing,” Ilya says, pushing him forward slightly to get Shane walking. “You can barely move, you cannot drive. You are going to get in accident.”

“Hey,” Shane protests, “I have *never* gotten into an accident.”

“Which is shame because your car is very boring,” Ilya says plainly. “Anyway, you have *never* had half your stomach be purple with bruise,” he teases, mocking Shane’s voice. “So no driving for you.”

“Fine,” Shane groans. “But we’re taking my car.”

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They don’t take Shane’s car.

Ilya claims he wouldn’t even *know* how to drive something so boring, and then says he’s not going to cheat on his car with an *uglier* car because it’s disrespectful.

So, Shane ends up in the passenger seat of Ilya’s ridiculously expensive, horribly impractical, tiny little sports car.

Shane looks out the window idly. It’s dark, and his head is a little dizzy from how fast the car is going, but he can make out the streets. They’re familiar but...Shane can’t put his finger on why something feels off. He realises it a moment later when they turn onto what is distinctly Ilya’s street.

“You’re taking me to *your* place?” Shane asks, turning to Ilya in the driver’s seat. The roads had only been familiar because of how many times he’d driven himself here. It really was too convenient living in the same city.

“You can’t even *walk*, Hollander,” Ilya says slowly, like Shane is stupid. “If you were honest with coach and doctors, you wouldn’t even be going home. They’d have you on crutches or in hospital.”

He has a point. If Shane had told everyone how much it truly hurt, they wouldn’t have left him. But he couldn’t risk being out for more than *one* game. He’d take the next few days to himself, skip some practices and ice his hip, and he’d be back in no time. If he’d let the doctors get too involved, they’d keep him on the bench for God knows how long. They didn’t get it. Ilya does, though. Shane can tell from the look on his face.

“Look,” Ilya says, a little bit softer. Shane notices that they’re turning into his parking garage. “You don’t want to tell coach, fine. But I’m not coach, yes?” He looks away only to check his mirror as he backs up into his parking spot, then he looks back at Shane. “If you go home alone, you are just going to hurt it more, yes?”

Again, he has a point. Shane follows him to the elevator, reluctantly, but follows nonetheless, letting Ilya hold him up as they walk through the hallway to his door. It’s completely empty, but Shane glances around anyway. The last thing Shane needs after this injury is a headline story of him clinging to Ilya in his apartment complex.

Still, being pressed against Ilya like this, his warm skin soft against Shane’s, his firm, strong arms holding Shane up easily...or maybe it’s a Pavlovian response to being in Ilya’s apartment, where he only ever visits for one thing.

Whatever it is, Shane is pressing Ilya against the wall before it’s fully shut. He kisses him hard, like he’s wanted to since the game started. Like he always wants to, in some ways.

“Hollander,” Ilya says softly, his breath heavy against Shane’s mouth. “This isn’t what...” his voice trails off when Shane kisses him again, but he pulls away again. “This isn’t what I brought you here for,” he says, maybe *too* sincerely.

Shane looks at him curiously, pulling his head away slightly but keeping his hands buried in Ilya’s hair. He’s too far gone in how much he *wants* Ilya to think about anything other than having him.

“Yeah, yeah,” Shane says with a smile, leaning forward. He brushes their lips together softly, “You want to ice my hip so bad. You can do it after you fuck me.”

Ilya’s eyes darken when Shane does it again, softly brushing his mouth against Ilya’s, then kissing his cheek instead. He kisses down Ilya’s neck, then back up, meeting his lips softly. Shane hardly knows what’s gotten into himself; usually, he likes to wait for Ilya to initiate. But right now...right now everything Shane could possibly want is standing a breath away from him, and he wants to take it.

“Hollander,” Ilya lets out, voice low and strained. “You need to shower,” he says after taking a breath, but he keeps kissing Shane back, hungrily, “and put ice on your hip.” He pushes up Shane’s hoodie, hands roaming his bare torso, cautiously avoiding any bruised skin.

“I can barely walk,” Shane says, echoing Ilya’s words from the car. “Might need some help in the shower.” His voice is raspy, and he hardly recognizes it as his own.

“God,” Ilya groans. “Since when are you this horny? Thought I fucked you good before the game.” He holds Shane’s face in his hands, tilting it to the side to press hot kisses along Shane’s throat. Shane moans, embarrassingly loud, when Ilya sucks a sensitive spot just along his jaw. “You got hard watching me score 3 goals, didn’t you?”

Shane doesn’t reply and pulls Ilya back in for a kiss; partially because he’s *right*, Shane *did* get hard after Ilya’s winning third goal, and partially because he’s hard right now and wants to get fucked, ideally soon.

He pulls Ilya toward his bedroom, hands wandering up his shirt until he gets the hint and takes it off. Ilya is gentle as he undresses Shane, careful as he slips his hoodie off, even though Shane is sure he wouldn't feel anything other than the closeness of their bodies. Every few seconds, Shane forgets he's injured altogether. He really wouldn't mind if his hip was in a little pain if it meant getting his bare chest pressed against Ilya's faster.

Ilya seems to mind, though. Even in the shower, as they lazily press their mouths together, naked bodies flush against each other, Ilya handles Shane with care.

He softly presses Shane against the wall, "I'm not fucking you," he says.

Shane pouts, too irritated and too horny to be embarrassed, "What?"

"Not with your hip, Hollander," Ilya says.

Shane groans. His stupid fucking hip. "It barely hurts," he argues.

"Good," Ilya presses a quick kiss to his mouth, "Let's keep it that way, yes?"

And with that, he sinks to his knees as the water runs and kisses along Shane's stomach.

Shane closes his eyes as Ilya moves his mouth further down. He feels his lips hover softly over Shane's hip before pressing a small kiss to the bruise. Shane feels emotion well up in his throat, but he pushes it down as Ilya takes him into his mouth. He will *not* cry while getting head. How fucking embarrassing.

Ilya moves his mouth expertly, knowing all the ways to make Shane squirm.

"Fuck, Rozanov," Shane breathes, looking down. Ilya's wet curls cling to his forehead, eyelashes fluttering against his cheeks. He really is so gorgeous, even like this. *Especially like this*, Shane thinks.

Ilya looks up at him, cheeks hollowed, and Shane's heart stutters, almost to a fucking stop. He runs a hand through Ilya's hair, pushing it back. "You're gorgeous," Shane says, out loud this time.

Ilya smiles, continuing to take more into his mouth, and Shane moans again, unable to help it and not really trying to keep quiet, anyway. He knows Ilya likes him loud, enjoys drawing noises out of Shane in the way only Ilya can.

Shane finishes quickly. He tries to warn Ilya that he's about to cum, but Ilya only takes him to the back of his throat, humming as he swallows before kissing softly back up Shane's body. Shane pulls him up to his feet and kisses him easily.

Shane turns them, so Ilya is the one pressed against the wall, and starts to drop to his knees when Ilya stops him.

"Slow down, Mr. I'm Fine," he says, keeping one arm firmly around Shane's waist and holding him up. "You cannot get on your knees."

Shane scoffs, “Yes, I—”

“No,” Ilya says firmly, pressing a soft kiss to Shane’s cheek. “Next time.”

Ilya’s dick is hard between them, though, so Shane takes it into his hand, slowly getting him off with lazy kisses to the neck. Ilya rests his head against Shane’s shoulder, whispering soft profanities in Russian and English against his skin as Shane speeds up his hand.

“Fuck, Hollander,” he whispers, kissing Shane’s shoulder, then capturing his lips into a kiss. He presses their foreheads together, “So perfect, so good for me.”

Shane moans against Ilya’s lips, feeling himself get hard again. Having a dick around Ilya is truly prison, one word and Shane is fucking horny again.

Ilya comes fast with his mouth heavy and hot against Shane’s. He smooths the hair out of Shane’s face, holding it gently, and kissing Shane’s cheeks, then his nose.

Shane loves this. Loves the after—when they’re both a little blissed out and their touches have no motive other than just touching. He lets Ilya finish cleaning them both up in the shower, lets him wrap Shane in a towel and sit him down on his bed as he dries his hair lightly.

Ilya gets dressed quickly as Shane sits on his bed, still relishing the feeling of Ilya’s hands on him moments ago. Ilya presses a soft kiss to his head when he’s done, “Do you need help with your clothes?”

“I’m—”

“Yes, you’re *fine*,” Ilya says, mocking Shane with a ridiculous impersonation of his voice. “But do you need help?” He asks again, more seriously.

Shane’s heart leaps. “Maybe with my shirt.”

“Good boy,” Ilya teases, ruffling Shane’s hair. He’s only joking, but it makes Shane’s cheeks burn anyway. Ilya takes a shirt out of his drawer and slips it onto Shane, then looks at him again. “Anything else?”

“I’m fine for the rest,” Shane says. “Honest, I promise,” he adds when Ilya rolls his eyes.

“Come to the kitchen when you’re done,” Ilya says with another kiss to Shane’s forehead. Shane closes his eyes at the contact.

He really wouldn’t mind getting injured more often if *this* is the treatment that comes out of it.

He only winces once when he slips his underwear on, and maybe slightly cringes at the pain when he puts on the sweatpants Ilya laid out for him.

He walks slowly to the kitchen, trying not to put too much weight on his right side, and finds Ilya staring at the open cupboards.

“You want a sandwich?” Ilya asks, turning to look at Shane.

“You’re going to make me dinner?” Shane teases with a smile. He walks around the counter to stand next to Ilya in hopes of getting another kiss, and Ilya obliges easily.

“I’m going to make *me* dinner,” he corrects, lips brushing against Shane’s. “And I can make two plates.”

“I’ll take a sandwich,” Shane says, smiling. He really can’t stop smiling. “And maybe a Tylenol?”

They chat idly the entire time Ilya makes dinner, talking about the game, their teammates, their standings and how they actually have a fucking shot at playoffs. Ilya makes Shane sit up on the counter and hold ice to his hip, which Shane is happy to do because every time Ilya turns back and sees that *yes*, Shane is *still* icing his hip, he gives him a satisfied nod, sometimes even a kiss.

They don’t do this much—there isn’t really a need. They fuck, Shane goes home, and they repeat. It’s an unvarying cycle that Shane is eternally grateful for. No hard social niceties, no unpredictable conversations, nothing for him to figure out on the spot.

Or so he’s always thought.

As it turns out, spending time with Ilya doesn’t take energy out of Shane like it would with most people. It’s...surprisingly easy.

Shane doesn’t even mind that he didn’t plan for these conversations because he finds them flowing naturally, like he knows what to say, like it doesn’t matter *what* he says as long as it’s what he means, which is perfect. Anything that comes out of his mouth seems to be the right answer.

It’s ridiculous that he’s never felt so comfortable making idle small talk.

He wonders if he hit his head on the ice, too.

They talk as they eat, they talk as they watch reruns of games on Ilya’s couch after dinner. Shane rests his head in Ilya’s lap and lets Ilya hold the ice against the side of his torso.

When he starts dozing off, Ilya pushes the hair off his forehead and gently whispers, “Bed time?”

Shane mumbles something incoherent as Ilya stands up and leaves to put the ice back in the freezer. By the time he comes back, Shane is sitting. He lets Ilya pull him to his feet and take him to bed.

Ilya pulls Shane onto his outstretched arm, then wraps his other arm around Shane’s waist, careful to make sure his bruised side is facing outward and doesn’t get pressed between their bodies. He runs his fingers through Shane’s hair, holding his head against his chest.

Funnily enough, once they're lying down and Ilya is doing all the right things to put Shane to sleep, Shane couldn't want anything less. He doesn't want to do anything but talk to Ilya longer.

"Ilya," he says, voice low in case the other man is asleep, but he doubts it. He looks up, and Ilya is looking down at him, a small smile playing at his lips. He reaches up, kissing Ilya softly. "Hi."

"What do you want, Hollander?" Ilya asks, but he's still smiling. He cups Shane's face, caressing his cheekbone with his thumb before pulling him in for another kiss. It's simple and short and sweet.

"Bored," Shane replies.

Ilya laughs softly, "If we're not sleeping, we should be icing your hip."

Sometimes they talked like this after sex, their words a breath away from each other. Faces close and lips brushing. Everything ceasing to exist except the two of them, looking intently at each other, laughing softly.

"Enough with the hip," Shane says, kissing Ilya's cheek softly, then the corner of his mouth, "It's—"

"Fine?" Ilya mocks, laughing against Shane's lips.

"Fuck you," Shane says, kissing him again, just because he can. Just because Ilya is looking so beautiful, and looking at *him*.

Shane wonders if Ilya looks at everyone this way, like they hung the moon, like they're the only thing in the room. Surely not...nobody would be able to get anything done.

Still, Shane isn't naive enough to believe he's the only person Ilya smiles at, or that he's the only person in Ilya's life.

But sometimes he likes to think that this look is just for him, sometimes he lets himself abandon rational thought and believe he's something special in the sea of people Ilya fucks. He lets himself laugh into Ilya's mouth and smile when they kiss and pretend it's more than it is.

Even though it isn't, and Shane doesn't want it to be. Their arrangement is simple and easy, uncomplicated, detached, and the *only* way this works.

Still, lying here in the dark, Shane can pretend.

"It looked bad when you fell," Ilya says, his voice small. "Is good that you are okay."

"I thought it *wasn't a bullet wound*," Shane says, imitating Ilya's accent when he quotes him from earlier.

"Shut up," Ilya says, but he's laughing warmly.

“*This* nice to me over a bruise,” Shane says, teasing, “you’d be a whole new man if I got shot.”

Even in the dark, he can feel Ilya looking at him intently. “Same man,” Ilya says finally, “maybe more honest.”

Shane leans forward and kisses him. It’s easier to press their mouths together than it is to think about what that means. “Go to sleep,” he says against Ilya’s lips.

“You’re in *my* home,” Ilya says, yawning, “making fun of *me* and telling *me* what to do?”

“Usually *you* make fun of me and tell me what to do.”

“Hmm,” Ilya mumbles, obviously tired, “I like that better.”

“I’m sure you do,” Shane says, smiling through his yawn.

“Goodnight, Shane.”

Shane kisses him softly one more time before tucking his head against Ilya’s chest, “Goodnight, Ilya.”

Chapter End Notes

thank you much for reading....

i kind of want to make this a longer fic/series where this AU is more explored. im kind of obsessed with the idea of sneaking around on the same team so if people like this maybe i will consider expanding it!

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