get bloody with it

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get bloody with it

by Anonymous

Summary

> “Is not my fault!” Ilya insists. “I had to do it. There was a squirrel.”
>
> Shane’s mouth falls open. “A squirrel?” he demands, disbelieving. “You risked your life for a squirrel?”
>
> Or: five times Shane saw Ilya with blood on him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

1.

Shane is off the rink when it happens, so he doesn't know what starts the fight. He just knows that one minute, Ilya is bent over at center ice, waiting for the puck to drop, and the next, Radcliff, the opposing center, is laying him out with a fist to the face.

Shane lurches to the edge of the bench, grabbing at the wall like he's going to vault over it, but it's not necessary. Bood is already surging forward to yank Radcliff off Ilya, and then the ref is getting involved, shoving elbows and yelling for folks to break it up. On the ice, Ilya is already pushing himself to his feet, laughing disdainfully.

"Your punch could use work," Shane hears Ilya call after Radcliff as he's led off the ice. "Like a child."

Of course, Ilya gets called off the ice for a concussion check, and Wiebe pats Shane's shoulder to send him in as a sub. Shane passes Ilya on his way to center ice, and he pauses for a moment, grabbing Ilya's wrist.

"You good?" he asks lowly.

Ilya grins at him, revealing blood between his teeth. Shane really shouldn't find it as sexy as he does.

"I'm great," he says. "And they lost their only good forward. Smart strategy, yes?"'

Shane rolls his eyes, hard, releasing Ilya's wrist. "Asshole," he says, but then Hayes gets a shut-out and they win 3-0, and he can't exactly argue with the results.

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2.

Shane is running on the treadmill when he gets the call. "Don't panic," Ilya says, so Shane is panicking even before Ilya says, "I may have been in a tiny little car accident."

Even already out-of-breath and tired, Shane doesn't think he's ever covered the five blocks between their house and the neighborhood turn-out so fast.

He doesn't bother with the car; he figures it'd take too long to find his keys. "Jesus *fuck,*" he manages, as he skids to a stop next to where Ilya is sitting on the back bumper of the ambulance, looking none the worse for the wear except for a small bandage wrapped around one forearm, a spot of blood atop it. "You scared the fuck out of me."

Tiny little car accident, Ilya had said, which, knowing him, could mean anything from a fender-bender to his car being flipped and totaled in the ditch. Looking at the car, now—Ilya's favorite black Corvette, with its hood crumpled from a collision with a lightpost—Shane thinks it was probably somewhere in the middle.

“Is not my fault!” Ilya insists. “I had to do it. There was a squirrel.”

Shane’s mouth falls open. “A *squirrel?*” he demands, disbelieving. “You risked your life for a *squirrel*?”

“Did not risk my life,” Ilya says, shaking his head. “This is dramatic. I was driving very slow. At worst I get concussion.”

“Concussions can kill you,” Shane says. “Squirrels are a pest anyway!”

Ilya frowns at him. “They have fluffy tails,” he says. “Are cute.”

“They’re literally overpopulated!”

“Does not mean they deserve to be run over by car,” Ilya says. “Pop like little blood balloon. Sad way to die. Even if the car is as sexy as mine.”

Shane shakes his head, disbelieving. “You are… you are…”

“Best person ever, yes, I know,” Ilya says. “Now, can you ask the paramedic if I can go? He has horrible thick accent, I cannot understand anything he is saying.”

The paramedic is from Saskatchewan and, to be fair, he does have a pretty terrible accent. “He’s all clear,” the paramedic tells Shane, looking up from scrolling TikTok in the front of the ambulance. “Just got a small cut on his arm from where he banged it against something. If it starts bleeding again and you can’t get it to stop, bring him in to the hospital. Otherwise, change the bandage every twenty-four hours.”

The cops, in turn, confirm that Ilya’s DUI test came back clear—“Of course it did, it is ten in the morning,” Ilya says, frowning—and Shane is cleared to take Ilya home. Ilya pouts at the wreck of his Corvette as Shane drags him back to their house.

“Goodbye, Varvara,” Ilya says sadly. “I love you, Varvara.”

“I am actually going to murder you,” Shane says.

That evening, Farrah sends them a link to an article in some gossip blog about Ilya’s crash. While it never explicitly says so, it heavily implies that Ilya must have been drunk off his ass to crash into a tree trunk the way he did and suggests that perhaps he bribed the police to get away with it.

“Surely this is libel,” Shane says, frowning.

“Ah, who cares, is just rumors,” Ilya says. He grabs Shane’s phone and tosses it towards the end of the bed. Shane glowers at him.

“You’re going to break my phone screen one of these days,” he says.

“Then I will buy you a new one,” Ilya says. He’s slung one leg over Shane’s lap and is rocking his hips in little circles. “I think there are better things to focus on. No?”

“You’re right,” Shane agrees, tipping Ilya onto his side as he rises from the bed. “Your bandage needs changing. I’ll go get the gauze.”

Ilya groans into his pillow.

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3.

Technically, Shane doesn’t have to be at the rink right now. He’s not the captain anymore—a change that has been admittedly difficult to adjust to—which means he could be at home, sleeping in, instead of here, sitting in a cramped little conference room, looking through paperwork.

But Shane has always been a light sleeper, and when Ilya’s alarm went off this morning, Shane knew he wouldn’t make it back to sleep. And, sure, he could have stayed at home and done yoga or something, but this new life is novel enough that Shane isn’t used to it, yet. He still wants to hang out with Ilya whenever he can.

So here he is, before practice, flipping through contract paperwork as Ilya, across from him, does the same. Shane sees the figure on one contract and whistles through his teeth. “Shit,” he says. “They really want this guy.”

“Who is it?” Ilya asks, leaning over. “Ah, yes, Sharma. Wiebe wants him very badly. Thinks he has good potential as left defender, which you know is our weak point.”

Shane hums skeptically. “And what do you think of him?”

Ilya shrugs. “I think he also has good potential. A few problems with his play, but Wiebe talked to him and he’s very confident that he can fix them. And if he does, he will be very valuable player. So, I think it is good.”

“It’s a gamble,” Shane says.

“Agree,” Ilya says. “But Wiebe agreed to do two-year contract. So risk is lower. Anyway.” Ilya grins at Shane. “It has been risky to sign all our best players. Worked out so far.”

“I don’t think you were a risky move,” Shane says.

Ilya puffs out his chest. “No, but I am always special.”

Shane rolls his eyes and is about to retort when Ilya suddenly hisses and drops the contract he was holding. He turns his gaze to Shane, his eyes suddenly big and childlike, lip sticking out like a shelf. “Papercut,” he says.

“Oh, no,” Shane says dryly. “The horror.”

Ilya pouts, holding his finger out to Shane. “Kiss it better?” he asks.

And Shane knows he expects Shane to roll his eyes and push him away. But he glances around and—well, they *are* alone. And there's nothing more fun than surprising Ilya. So instead of brushing Ilya off, Shane grabs Ilya's wrist and bends his head and sucks Ilya's poor paper-cut finger into his mouth.

Ilya makes a sound that Shane has very rarely heard outside of their bedroom.

"Oh my god," Ilya says, faintly. "I have sexiest husband on face of the earth. He is going to kill me."

Shane rolls his tongue around Ilya's finger. It tastes like copper and salt, and it should probably gross Shane out a bit, to have Ilya's blood in his mouth, but then again, it's Ilya. It's not like Shane hasn't acquainted himself pretty well with Ilya's fluids before. He gives Ilya's finger a hard suck, looking up at Ilya through his eyelashes, and can see his husband's breath visibly stutter in his chest. Victory.

Smiling, Shane lets Ilya's finger go with an audible pop. Then he straightens up, wiping his mouth with the back of one hand, and affects a completely casual demeanor.

"How is that? Better yet?"

Ilya gapes at him. "I think my brain is broken," he says finally.

Shane can't help the smile that flits across his face. "Like your brain ever works well," he says, and laughs at Ilya's indignant shout.

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4.

Shane's eardrums almost burst when Ilya squeals, "*Kittens*!"

"Jesus fuck, Rozanov," Shane says, barely resisting the urge to cover his ears with his palms like a child. "I didn't realize you were a squeaky toy."

Ilya ignores him, far too focused on the pile of kittens mewling and tripping over each other on the stained dog bed. When the shelter workers had asked what animals they were here to visit, Shane had said, "Cats," and Ilya had added, "The cuter, the better." Apparently, someone had interpreted that as kittens, because here they were, laid out for them like produce in a grocery store.

"These kittens are about six weeks old," the shelter worker who's accompanied them into the kennels says. She's got pink hair and snuck a quick picture of Shane and Ilya while they were signing liability waivers, when she didn't think they were looking. "So they wouldn't be ready to go home for a bit, but a lot of our adopters need time to get their homes ready, anyway."

"Shane," Ilya says. "Shane, look at them. Look at these baby paws. And the faces! This one looks like you. So grumpy!" Ilya lifts up a little grey kitten whose tiny face is indeed scrunched up in anger.

“He’s pretty cute,” Shane admits.

“He’s the cutest little baby I have ever seen in my life,” Ilya declares. Then amends, “Except for Anya. Anya still is cutest.”

Shane rolls his eyes. “Don’t worry, she can’t hear you.”

“I mean it,” Ilya says. He turns to the grey kitten, and informs him seriously, “You are not as cute as my Anya. But you are very cute!”

Shane glances around at the cages lining the walls. Most of them are empty, but there are a few that have sulking cats curled up in them. “Are these cats available?”

“Oh! Yeah, of course, these are our older kitties,” the shelter worker says. “They range in age from about two to fifteen, give or take.”

Shane leaves the kittens to Ilya and walks slowly around the room, examining the cats in each cage. Most of them pull away from their cage doors when they see him, except for one. It’s a beautiful pale orange cat that meows when it sees him.

“Hello,” Shane says, reaching out tentatively towards the bars. The cat contemplates his finger for a moment before slowly reaching out and laying its paw on top of his fingernail. Shane’s heart melts in his chest.

“That’s one of our younger girls,” the shelter worker says when she sees where Shane has paused. “We think she’s about four years old.”

“I thought all orange cats were boys,” Shane says.

“Ah, so you’ve done some reading! That’s a common misconception. Most orange cats are males, but females can be orange, too, it’s just really uncommon. This girl is definitely a rarity.”

Delicately, Shane rubs his finger across the cat’s paw. “She’s so sweet.”

The shelter worker coughs. “I mean, she can be!”

Shane raises an eyebrow at her. She offers him a sheepish grin. “She’s kind of evil,” the worker admits. “That’s why she’s called Goblin.”

She nods to the construction paper nameplate taped above the cat’s cage, which Shane hadn’t notice before. It’s decorated with witch hats and ugly faces and the name GOBLIN: QUEEN OF EVIL.

Shane bites his lip. “She probably hates dogs, then, right?”

“Oh, actually, no,” the worker says. “Just people. She loves other dogs and cats. And you, it seems. Do you want to try holding her?”

Ilya, of course, takes one look at the way Shane is delicately cradling Goblin against his chest and abandons his fluffy little kittens. “Hello, baby,” he coos, approaching with one hand outstretched, and is rewarded with a slash of claws for his troubles.

“Hey!” Shane chides, bouncing Goblin once in his arms. “That’s not nice. That’s Ilya! We love Ilya.”

Blood is beading on the back of Ilya’s hand in three perfectly parallel lines. “Well, she definitely reminds me of someone,” Ilya says, as the shelter worker hurries off, presumably to get band-aids.

“Yes, she reminds me of someone, too,” Shane says, meeting Ilya’s gaze.

Ilya smirks. “Little baby Shane Hollander, so afraid of love,” he says.

“Little baby Ilya Rozanov,” Shane retorts. “Fighting everyone who wants to be his friend.”

“Oh, so you wanted to be my *friend,* did you?” Ilya asks.

“Who said anything about me?” Shane says. “I’m talking about Scott Hunter.”

Ilya groans. “Please, do not bring up that fossil. I was having a good day.”

“I thought Hunter was hot?”

“He’s also five million years old,” Ilya says.

“Five hundred at most,” Shane says.

Ilya grins at him. It’s so warm and loving that Shane has to avert his eyes lest his heart burst from his chest. He looks down at Goblin, who is contentedly curled with her head between Shane’s pecs. “What do you think of her?” he asks.

“I think she is ours,” Ilya says. Shane’s head jerks up. “As long as she likes Anya,” Ilya amends.

“Well, who wouldn’t like Anya?” Shane asks. He hefts Goblin a bit in his arms, so her sweet little face is turned to him. “Hey, Goblin. Do you want to be our cat? Come live in our house?”

Goblin meows as if on command, and Ilya breaks into a laugh. “I think that’s a yes,” he says.

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5.

Shane and Ilya are halfway through chopping the vegetables for stir-fry when Ilya shouts, his knife clattering onto the cutting board. Shane turns in time to see a few drops of blood splatter onto the wood before Ilya is darting for the sink to stick his hand under the water.

“Stupid,” he says, as he cranks on the faucet. “Hand slipped.”

Shane sets down his own knife. “Let me see. Here, here.”

The cut is fairly long, but it’s shallow. Shane examines it for a moment before he lets Ilya stick it back under the water. “Hold on, we’ll need the first aid kit. Mom! Where do you keep the bandages?”

There’s a banging sound and then Yuna appears in the doorway, brow furrowed. “Bandages?”

“Ilya doesn’t know how to use a knife,” Shane says, ignoring the way Ilya gasps in theatrical indignation behind him.

Yuna tuts, going to join Ilya at the sink. “Let me see,” she demands, then peers at the wound in the exact same way Shane did three seconds earlier.

Shane rolls his eyes and looks at Ilya, expecting him to be laughing, too, but Ilya’s only smiling, happily subjecting himself to Yuna’s examinations. Shane’s heart clenches in his chest. “Bandages?” he asks again, when it’s clear Yuna doesn’t intend to leave Ilya alone.

“Under the sink in the bathroom,” she says, without looking away. “If there isn’t any gauze in there, there should be some upstairs. I don’t think a Band-Aid is going to do this, you really got yourself good, sweetie—“

Shane fetches the bandages, and then he stands by and watches as Yuna insists on wrapping Ilya’s wound herself. “Shane is terrible at this,” she tells Ilya. “He always bandages himself up like he’s taping a stick.”

“It’s the same basic principles,” Shane grumbles.

“Yes, except you have blood and a stick doesn’t,” Yuna says. “I swear, one of these days you’re going to really cut off your circulation and lose a foot to gangrene.”

Shane rolls his eyes. Ilya is grinning at them, eyes ping-ponging back and forth between them like this is a tennis match. “Shut up,” Shane tells him, and Ilya’s expression goes wide-eyed and innocent.

“Me?” he says. “I have done nothing! I am perfect.”

“Yes, you are,” Yuna agrees, taping the final bit of gauze in place and stepping back. “So be more careful with knives, yes? You can’t break my perfect son. Does that feel okay?”

Ilya flexes his hand. “It feels great,” he says. “Thank you, Yuna.”

Yuna pats his cheek. “Anything for my favorite son.”

“You know, sometimes, I really regret introducing you,” Shane says, forgotten in the background. They both ignore him.

It’s probably for the best. Anyone who looks at him right now would know he’s lying, and Shane does, after all, have a reputation to maintain.

End Notes

let me know if anything in here reads too similar to other fics! I have been binging everything anyone in this fandom writes like crazy and I no longer remember what I came up with vs what I read somewhere else

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