Hit Me Hard and Soft

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Hit Me Hard and Soft

by Oaks118

Summary

Hollander crumpled to the ice like a ragdoll. The sound of his helmet smacking against the hard surface reverberated through Ilya’s ears.

The game stopped.

Ilya’s heart stopped.

Shane didn’t get up.

“Shane!”

OR: Shane's on-ice injury happens earlier in the timeline before they've said each other's first names for the first time. In his panic, Ilya reveals their relationship to everyone in the stadium by saying Shane's name. He has a nice conversation with Hayden about it at the hospital.

Notes

Hello! I didn't really think this ep needed a coda since it left off on such a high (seriously, it was soooo good!!!) but I still wanted to add something to this series. Since I haven't read the books yet, one of my early hypotheses was that the first names was going to happen when Shane got injured. Imagine my surprise when it was a very different heat of the moment situation lol. But I thought I'd write this as my fic for this episode.

Basically, this is a game near the end of the montage at the beginning of E4 but it's the hit that Shane takes in E5. So they haven't called each other by their first names yet but they've been hooking up for years and have clearly developed feelings. And because this is mostly fluff and super short, we're not gonna worry about the extended consequences of their coming out. I just want them to be happy and in love and super dramatic about it so that's what you're getting here.

Title is from the Billie Eilish album.

Comments and kudos are appreciated. Enjoy!
-Oaks

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 2016

JANE: You're going down tonight.

LILY: You would like that, wouldn't you?

JANE: Very much, yes.

LILY: Do not worry, after I win, I will still go down on you ;)

LILY: My treat for you sore loser.

JANE: You wish.

LILY: Yes. I like you sore very much.

Ilya smirked as he sent that last text, waiting for Hollander's response.

"How's Jane?" asked Connors, smirking just as much as Ilya.

Ilya was quick to hide his phone, "Fuck off."

Connors just nudged his shoulder as he passed by in the lockers.

JANE: You're gonna be the sore one tonight, after we beat your ass.

LILY: You talk very big game for someone with such wishful thinking.

JANE: I know how to bring it.

"Alright boys, game time," called their coach from the locker room door. Ilya set his phone down. He was so fucking hyped for this, already thinking about everything he'd do with Hollander later. Everything he'd do *to* Hollander after he'd won. How he'd take his time savouring his special treat…

Their coach looked at Ilya, "Final words, Captain?"

Ilya kept the smirk on his face as he rose from his locker, "Let's go kick some Canadian ass."

Third period. Ilya had two goals. Hollander had the same.

They met at the face-off. Hollander caught his eye with a playful twinkle and Ilya couldn't help his full-on grin back. He knocked his stick into Hollander's. Hollander knocked back. Ilya laughed. God, this was so fucking fun.

He loved this routine. Playing it out on the ice and then playing it out in the bedroom. Knowing that no matter the outcome out here, Hollander would let him do whatever he

wanted later, whether that was evening the score or, as he was going to do tonight, congratulating himself on a hard-fought win. Because Hollander never gave it up easy, but for Ilya, he always gave it up in the end.

And Ilya really, really loved the chase. Almost as much as he *loved* the reward.

Hollander won the face-off. He took off down the ice and Ilya gave chase, transfixed by the way the Canadian effortlessly handled the puck, weaving between the Raiders' defensemen on his way to the net.

Hollander looked back at Ilya as if check that he was watching, that he was following. He still had that smile on his face, eyes dancing with pure joy.

Ilya's dropped as he saw it coming. His lips parted to shout but he was too late. Much too late.

Hollander crumpled to the ice like a ragdoll. The sound of his helmet smacking against the hard surface reverberated through Ilya's ears.

The game stopped.

Ilya's heart stopped.

Shane didn't get up.

"Shane!" Ilya was skating forward without a second thought, dropping to his knees next to Shane's limp body. Around them, their teammates had started a scrum, Hayden immediately throwing punches. The refs were trying to break it up. Ilya didn't give a shit.

"Shane?" Ilya's heavy breathing had nothing to do with the over twenty minutes of ice-time he'd already played and everything to do with Shane's closed eyes. "Shane, wake up."

Someone dropped down next to Ilya. The medics. They had a backboard. And a neck brace.

Fuck. This was bad. This was really fucking bad.

Ilya started praying. Not to any God, but to his mother.

"Rozanov, you need to move," the medic said. Ilya didn't even look at her, eyes fully focused on Shane's, watching for a flutter of his eyelashes or a twitch of his lips, anything to say that he was still here.

"Shane, please," Ilya's voice cracked.

"Rozanov, give them space," the ref was behind him now. "Go back to your bench."

He put a hand on Ilya's shoulder to move him but Ilya shook him off, "No. Shane?" He turned to the medic, "Is he ok? Please, he needs to be ok."

Ilya backed up enough to give her room as she took Shane's vitals. "Shane?" she prodded him. "Shane, you need to wake up." She held smelling salts under Shane's nose and Ilya let out a sob as Shane's face twitched.

Thank you mama.

"That's it Shane, wake up, you can do it," the medic was still encouraging him.

Shane groaned. Ilya had never heard a more beautiful sound.

"We're going to put the neck brace on you and then move you to the backboard, ok?"

Shane's whole face scrunched, "Whaaa?"

He was talking. He could fucking talk. Ilya sent up a thank you to the heavens.

"Rozanov, I said, go back to your bench," the ref was pulling at his shoulder again. "You need to get back in the game—"

"I don't give a fuck about game!" Ilya yelled, loud enough for the ref to hear. Loud enough for the benches to hear. For his team, for his coach, for the microphones. He didn't care.

The neck brace was around Shane's neck and they were getting ready to roll him. His eyes squinted open at the movement, landing on Ilya. His face scrunched again as he mumbled, "Ilya."

Ilya reached for his hand, trying to be gentle, to not jostle him and make the injury worse, "I'm here. Shane, I'm here."

"They can see us. Ilya, they can see us."

"I don't care," Ilya ran his thumb over Shane's fingers. They were so cold. "I don't give shit, I want to be here. I want to be with you."

He could see the medics and ref glancing between them out of the corner of his eye, but Ilya kept his firmly planted on Shane. "You're ok. You're going to be ok. You need to stay awake."

"Mmkay," mumbled Shane, wincing at the bright stadium lights.

Ilya had to let go of his hand as the medics rolled him onto the backboard. He followed after them as they carried him off the ice. He was briefly aware of both benches of hockey players staring at him with gaping mouths but that wasn't his priority right now.

He didn't even bother taking off his padding as he jumped in the ambulance to the hospital.

Ilya sat in the uncomfortable hospital chair in Shane's room. He was holding his hand, thumb petting over his fingers. They were warmer now.

Shane had been asleep for almost two hours. The nurse was going to come in soon to wake him up, take his vitals. Ilya hadn't moved since the last time they'd done it. He didn't care.

The door opened. Ilya waited for the nurse to ask him to move. Except it wasn't the nurse.

Hayden shut the door quietly behind him. He looked at Ilya with trepidation but still stepped toward the bed, "How is he?"

"Fractured collar bone and concussion," said Ilya.

"Oh."

"He's out for season but doctor says he will be fine."

Hayden was eyeing Ilya's hand still holding Shane's. Ilya didn't let go.

"So…You're Lily, aren't you?"

Ilya almost startled at the name. He turned to Hayden. He was staring at Ilya in shock. Enough so that Ilya knew there'd be no convincing him of anything but the truth.

"Yes." He waited for Hayden's reaction. For Hayden to yell. To get mad at Ilya because Shane wasn't awake right now to hear it.

But instead, Hayden said, "He really likes you, then. Gets all smitten whenever you text him."

It was such an unexpected offering that Ilya actually laughed, "You noticed?"

Hayden smiled, "Oh yeah, the dude is whipped."

Ilya looked back at Shane's limp fingers with a fond smile, "My teammates notice too. They do not know truth, but they still chirp me about it."

"What do you call him?"

Ilya's fond smile grew, "Jane."

Hayden actually laughed at that, "Damn, you two are so obvious."

"You did not figure out so easy."

"No, I guess not. But now…"

Ilya didn't want to ask – he wanted to stay in this momentary bubble for as long as possible – but this would be easier on Shane if things were sorted when he woke up, "What are they saying?"

"Uh," Hayden rubbed the back of his neck. "Well, there's a lot of speculation, but mostly people are kind of assuming…correctly?" he glanced at their intertwined hands again.

Ilya nodded, “Ok.”

“But I’m sure it’s going to be ok. I know it won’t be easy, but this is what’s important, so you’ve got my full support behind you. Even if I think you’re kind of a jackass.”

Ilya couldn’t help his smile. He could see why Shane liked Hayden. “Much appreciated.”

On the bed, Shane let out a groan. Ilya was instantly on alert, fingers tightening in Shane’s as his eyes cracked open. They blinked in the dim light, finding Hayden standing at the end of his bed.

Shane gave him a loopy smile, “Hey, Hay.”

Hayden smiled back, giving Shane’s foot a pat, “Hey bud.”

Shane’s eyes rolled to the side where he found Ilya. His entire face lit up like a kid on Christmas, “Ilyaaaa.” Then his eyes widened, smile dropping, “Ilya?!” Shane looked between Hayden and Ilya in panic.

Hayden was quick to reassure him, “It’s cool man. We’ve already sorted it out.”

“Yes,” Ilya gave Shane’s hand a squeeze. “He is not so bad. For boring Canadian.”

“Hey, I’m Canadian,” Shane pouted.

“I know. You are also boring.”

“I’m uh, just gonna give you two a minute,” Hayden started backing towards the door. “Shane, holler if he tries to murder you. I’ll be right outside.”

Hayden shut the door with a click, leaving them alone.

Shane looked back at Ilya’s hand holding his, then he squinted at Ilya’s face, “You said my name.”

“Yes.”

“In front of everyone, you called me Shane.”

“Yes…You call me Ilya.”

“Well, I was kind of incapacitated,” Shane tried to shrug but winced at his collarbone. He grimaced at Ilya, “What’s your excuse?”

Ilya took a breath, “The man I love was lying on the ice in front of me and I did not know if he would get up.”

Shane’s breath caught, “Oh.”

Ilya squeezed his hand, “I am sorry. I know I react poorly—”

“No,” Shane squeezed back, grip weak but hand warm. “I won’t fault you for that.”

“You won’t?”

“No…As long as you don’t fault me for upstaging you when I publicly declare my love.”

Ilya scoffed, delighted that Shane was clearly fine. Even more delighted by what he was saying. “Is not possible. You are not dramatic enough.”

“Oh I can be pretty dramatic…”

“No, not like me. Canadians are too boring. You do not know passion of Russians.”

Shane’s eyes raked over Ilya’s body, “Oh I know passion of Russians.” He tried to waggle his eyebrows but winced instead.

Ilya laughed, “Ok, you win. You can be passion.”

Shane’s eyes twinkled, “I win?”

Ilya pursed his lips, “Well, actually you lose. Your team lose.”

Shane frowned, “Dammit.”

“But is ok, I still go down on you when you are better, as promised.”

Shane’s gaze turned salacious again, “Ok, mister. You talk a big game for someone who cheated.”

“Cheated?” Ilya looked offended.

“You got to play the rest of the game. So it’s not fair. If I was there, we would’ve won. I would’ve gotten a hattrick and then *you* would’ve had to do everything I say.”

Ilya raised an eyebrow, “Is that how it works?”

“Yep. Them's the rules. You made 'em.”

“If I made rules, then I say rules are I get to fuck you, win or lose.”

“You always fuck me.”

“Yes, is what you want.”

Shane grinned, making another aborted attempt at the eyebrow wiggle, “Yeah it is.”

Ilya laughed. He really fucking loved these drugs.

“Besides, I do not cheat because I did not play rest of game,” he said.

Shane frowned, “What?”

“I go with you to hospital. I leave ice when you did.”

Shane tried to sit up more but quickly realized that wasn’t happening so instead he settled for glaring at Ilya, “You can’t do that. Your coach is gonna be pissed.”

“Yes, I imagine I will have *very stern* talking to when I return,” Ilya rolled his eyes.

“You’re not worried?”

“About coach? No. I worry about you.” Ilya gave Shane’s hand another squeeze, “You are more important.”

Shane blushed and Ilya marveled at the way it made his freckles stand out more.

“Besides,” he shrugged. “I am Ilya Rozanov. There is no better player than me. I can do what I want and coach cannot be mad for long.”

Shane scoffed, “Yeah ok. Now who’s talking a big game?”

“I know how to bring it.”

Shane was looking at him with that stupidly happy grin but his eyes were slowly blinking closed.

Ilya leant in to kiss the bruising on his forehead, “Rest. I will be here when you wake up.”

Shane basked in the light brush of Ilya’s lips so the Russian did it again, this time lightly pressing their mouths together.

“Ok,” mumbled Shane sleepily. “And then I’ll do the public love confession.”

Ilya squeezed his hand, “Whatever you want. We have all the time in the world.”

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