

Who Am I (to be loved by you)

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Who Am I (to be loved by you)

by [llewellynprince](#)

Summary

The last thing Ilya remembers is being five, back home with Svetlana and his mother, the only two people who ever loved him there.

But this freckled boy in front of him is someone Ilya would know even with no memory or sense.

Notes

Love the show, haven't read the books yet, but they get here next week! Ending up writing this while I watched the full season instead of everything else I'm supposed to be writing.

The general idea is that Hayden hits Ilya in Episode 5 instead of Marlow hitting Shane, and Ilya loses his memory as a result. It struck me while I was watching that Ilya losing his memory right after realizing he loved Shane could lead him to out them in a different way.

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

Chapter 1: Who Am I (to be loved by you)

*In the darkness, two shadows, reaching through the hopeless, heavy dusk. Their hands meet,
and light spills in a flood like a hundred golden urns pouring out of the sun.*

Madeline Miller

The hospital lights are blindingly bright. Add in the midday sun streaming in through the windows, and Ilya had a splitting headache before his eyes were even open.

There was a slow-burning fire in his chest and down his left side. Dull, like it was somewhere off in the distance, but most definitely there. He'd bruised his ribs enough to recognise it, even though his mind was hazy and he couldn't recall why he knew what bruised ribs felt like.

The white sheets- why was everything white?- itched where they touched his skin. Cheap compared to whatever he'd been sleeping on recently.

He lifted his head. Tried to and immediately dropped it back down when shooting pains erupted from his shoulders to the top of his head. Even his hair hurt.

It made him think of his father and brother, and instantly his stomach dropped and clenched, and then there was another part of him that hurt.

He's only been awake for thirty seconds, and he's already miserable. That can't be normal, can it?

He managed to roll his head to the side, loll really, because something is wrong with him, and squints down at his body.

It's far too big. His feet are dangerously close to hanging over the end. His hands were so big that they looked like they could pop a soccer ball one-handed. He brought them closer to his eyes, wincing at the pull through his shoulders and chest.

He didn't recognise them.

A frisson of fear raced through him. His hands had callouses and scars he didn't remember.

They weren't his hands. His hands were soft, too soft and too small, according to his father. He couldn't hold a dictionary one-handed, but these hands definitely could.

The creak of a door made him jump, and he immediately froze in pain.

"Mr. Rozanov, are you okay?" A woman in scrubs hurried over. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you." She fussed over him, checking the IV and machines he hadn't noticed at first.

"Where?" His voice didn't sound right either. Deeper than he remembered and broken. It was painful to speak.

"You're in Massachusetts General." She smiled, trying to reassure him. "There are some people outside waiting to see you."

Ilya nodded carefully. "I was hurt."

She winces, and he knows immediately it wasn't some small accident that ended up with him here.

“Bring them in.” At least he can get answers.

He miscalculated, though. He doesn’t recognise the people who flood the room, and he’s kind of surprised at the number of them.

And the variety.

There were two grown men in two different hockey jerseys, one of which he recognised immediately as Boston because it hasn’t changed noticeably in decades. He thinks the other one is Canadian.

Boston is hauling Canada in by the neck of his jersey, and Canada actually looks...it takes him a second to place it, but Canada looked ashamed and embarrassed.

Why does that make Ilya happy?

An older couple comes in next, but they are most definitely not Ilya’s parents. His mother cut her hair last week, and it only falls to her chin now, instead of halfway down her back. And she’s blond and decidedly not Asian.

Japanese, he thinks.

The man is far too plain-looking and unthreatening to be Ilya’s father. There hasn’t been a moment in his life that Ilya hasn’t frozen in fear and nerves when his father enters a room, and this man inspires nothing like that.

The boy who comes in after them, though...

He has freckles smattered across the bridge of his face. He’s wearing the same Canadian jersey as the one in the hands of the Boston player, and he looks guilty, and it doesn’t take Ilya a moment to place it.

All three of the players look like they just came off the ice. Sweat has plastered their hair down, and they're flushed and shiny. The older couple are in Canadian jerseys to support Freckles, who's so clearly their son, Ilya knows the truth of it even when he doesn't know his own name.

And then she comes in.

He would know Svetlana in any world they found themselves in. In any lifetime. In any form. Their souls are aligned, probably even shared in certain pieces.

Svetlana has grown. She's tall now, wispy like those models she used to watch obsessively in the illegal magazines her father would smuggle in for her. Sergei was the only good father they had between them, and Irina was the only good mother. They'd played fantasy families often when they were alone, pretending her father and his mother were married, and there was no one else in either of their families.

"Svetochka." He reaches for her, and she comes, as he knows she always will.

"Oh, Ilyusha, look at you." She runs a hand through his hair, scratching his scalp the way she knows he likes.

Ilya closes his eyes to the pleasure. "You big." He murmurs. The ashamed Canadian scoffs, but Svetlana's eyes narrow. She's as smart as Ilya, and they're usually the smartest people in the room.

"I grew." She pries his eyes open, ignoring the nurse trying to stop her. "So did you."

"My hands are huge." He holds them up to show her, and she bats them away from her face as the rest of the room starts to look extremely worried.

The Boston player asks the nurse to get the doctor, and she practically runs out.

“What happened, Ilya?” She sounds worried. Like she always does when he shows up with bruises he got when she wasn’t there. “What is the last thing you remember?”

Ilya frowns, concentrates, his eyes dart to the worried boy with freckles, and then back to her. “Mama sent us to skate on the pond in her garden.” It wasn’t a very big pond, but they were so small it might as well have been an ocean. They spent all their free time in the winter and sometimes hours that weren’t free, on that ice.

Freckles makes a pained sound, a hand over his mouth.

“Moy dorogoy Ilya,” Svetlana sounds so sad. “We were five. That was a long time ago.”

Freckle’s parents share a worried look.

There’s nothing he can say to that except, “Oh. Where is mama?” Because he never asked for his father. Only his mother ever came when he was hurt.

Freckle’s mother makes a pained noise, and her husband immediately reaches for her to comfort, not to hurt.

Svetlana shakes her head, and the Boston player shakes the increasingly ashamed Canadian player again, with a bit more force. “Moy dorogoy. Tvoya mama umerla davn-davno, no ona vso yeshcho prismatrivayet za toboy. Ona ochen’ gorditsya toboy i tem, kakim chelovekom ty stal. Ty takoy khoroshiy chelovek, imenno takim ona vseгда khotela tebya videt’. Ona seychas nablyudayet za toboy.”

“I’m going to break your face, Pike.” The Boston player hisses at the miserable-looking Canadian.

Svetlana ignores them. “Do you remember anything else? Do you know Marlow?”

The Boston player looks hopeful, but Ilya shakes his head.

Ilya turns to Freckles. He doesn’t remember the pretty boy’s name. He doesn’t remember their first kiss, but he knows they had one. He doesn’t remember whatever they first said to each other that caught their attention, but they said something. He doesn’t remember what they’ve told one another in confidence or what they fight over, but he knows one thing.

He loves this freckled boy more than he needs air to breathe.

“I know you,” Ilya tells him and watches him freeze like a rabbit that’s scented a wolf. His eyes fill with dangerous hope, and he takes half a step forward before he catches himself.

“Hell of a rivalry.” His father mutters as Freckle’s mother shakes her head, exasperated.

Svetlana brightens. “You know him. What is his name?”

Ilya’s eyes don’t leave Freckles, so he sees the way he deflates when he answers. “Don’t know.”

The silence in the room is crushing. Ilya can see the tears welling in Freckle’s eyes that he refuses to let fall.

“But I know him. I know you.” Ilya says.

“Is this what brain damage looks like?” Pike whimpers. “Did I give him brain damage?”

“I’m going to give you brain damage,” Marlow hisses. “Where’s the fucking doctor?”

“I know you,” Ilya says again, desperate to reassure this freckled beauty whose name he doesn’t remember. “I know your bones.”

A flash of a fine boned ankle comes to him. He feels the weight of it resting against his shoulder, tasting sweetly of sweat. The cute little toes curl and clench until they’re white.

“I know your skin.”

He remembers the feel of pebbled gooseflesh under his palm. The press of heated flesh against his own, sending the fire spiralling higher and higher.

“I know your mouth.”

Cries echo in his ears. Breathless, lost, rising in pitch until it breaks on a scream of his name.

“I know you inside.”

The clenching heat of the tightest, softest vice Ilya could ever imagine.

Laughter dances through his skull, low and nervous but growing stronger. Words repeat themselves over and over.

“Fuck you.” He says, and Freckles makes a noise like he’s dying. Ilya’s confidence grows; he doesn’t know his name, but he knows this boy.

“Sour grass. Glasses. Ginger.” Freckles twitches with each word, hands clenching in his jersey. He’s still wearing game pads, swallowing nervously in the silent room.

“I found you in cold, in stars. I was lost, and there you were.”

Smoke and crackling fire. A fancy apartment with way too many pillows to be Ilya's. His father would never allow such an indulgence.

“So many fucking pillows.” He has no memory, but it still bothers him. “I look for you when I hurt and find relief in your arms.”

A jumble of pained Russian. Things Ilya can't believe he was ever hurt enough to say out loud.

“You are the one who keeps my soul. I would know you in darkest forest, in deepest abyss. I would know you in storm, in rest. In fire, in ice. You make my heart sing song of joy it has not sung before.”

Freckle's mouth drops open; those tears so dangerously close to falling.

“I love you,” Ilya tells him, and finally, finally, there is relief in his eyes.

Freckles makes a wounded sound of victory and throws himself across the room and onto Ilya, gathering him in his arms despite the cries of shock from the rest of the room, and then Ilya is being kissed.

Kissed so well and so deeply that the pain in his body fades away completely.

Kissed like he's *known*.

When Freckles pulls back, Ilya follows, feels him smile through the tears that have finally started to fall.

Freckle's parents look shaken, stunned. Marlow and Pike even more so, but Svetlana looks thrilled, and she has her phone out, recording everything, because she's never missed an opportunity to embarrass Ilya, and she'll be holding this over his head for the rest of their lives.

The nurse returns, the doctor hot on her heels. "Alright, folks, let's see what's going on." He greets, cheerful and clueless.

Ilya doesn't bother looking at them; his eyes stay locked on the glittering eyes framed by freckles and dark hair. This man, who could never be a stranger, no matter how little Ilya remembers.

What use is memory anyway?- He nuzzles Freckles, their noses brushing as the voices around them rise. The tip of Freckle's nose is so cold- when he feels like this.

Chapter 2: I push you away, still you won't let go

Chapter Notes

Once again, something I started as a drabble is growing out of control...

“Have you no more memories?”

I am made of memories.

“Speak, then.”

Madeline Miller

Svetlana takes them home. She has keys to Ilya's place(s), she tells Shane in Ilya's car. She has keys to his cars, too, and his bank accounts. And his electronics.

His parents hadn't been very happy about him leaving with Svetlana and Ilya, but they'd relented when he promised to explain after he made sure Ilya was okay, and Marlow had Hayden in hand. Not that Shane was really worried about Hayden, he's a good person, but Marlow looked a lot less surprised than Hayden by everything, so Shane suspects he knows more than Shane shared with his own best friend and teammate.

He wanted to freak out, started to when they got into the car, and Svetlana pulled out of the parking lot, but Ilya refused to let go of his hand, and Ilya's best friend had looked at him in the rear view mirror and told him to freak out tomorrow. “Take one night, Jane.” She had a vicious smirk that was far too similar to Ilya's for his sanity. “There will be plenty of time to freak out after.”

“Or don’t freak at all,” Ilya says, running a finger across the freckles on Shane’s cheek.

“Not an option,” Shane tells him, and then asks Svetlana, “Do you think it will be bad? Tomorrow?”

She shrugged. “I think it worse than you think.” Shane grimaced. “And not as bad either.”

Shane frowned as Ilya leaned into him, pressing their shoulders together, and he leaned back. “How can it be both?”

Ilya and Svetlana shrugged and said, “Life.”

Shane did his best to glare at both of them as Svetlana pulled into the parking structure for Ilya’s building. They made it all the way to Ilya’s apartment without seeing anyone, which did a bit to assuage Shane’s nerves.

Ilya keeps looking at everything with wide-eyed curiosity. Everything except Shane, who he looks at with an intensity that keeps Shane half-hard despite everything else. Svetlana is relaxed enough to keep Shane calm at least. She tells him about her father, the legendary goalie, on the drive and all the crazy injuries he sustained over his career. She spills secrets about players Shane’s only read about and makes them all laugh. He can see why Ilya loves her so much. She makes them tuna melts while Ilya drags Shane around his apartment, refusing to let go of his hand and trying to guess where everything came from. Shane is no help, which makes him feel bad, but there’s something almost magical about Ilya’s curiosity about everything around him. He looks so happy poking at everything that it makes Shane smile despite the overall horror of their situation.

And he won’t let go of Shane’s hand, their fingers laced together so tightly it hurts, but the pain isn’t enough to separate them.

Ilya paused at an abstract painting hanging above a side table. “Where? Why?” He looked at Shane like he would have the answer, but the Canadian just shrugged helplessly.

“I have no idea.” Shane grinned. “You bought it.”

Ilya squinted at him, suspicious. “No.”

“Yes.” A smile tugs at his lips that Shane can’t control.

Ilya shakes his head, the playful glint in his eyes that drives Shane mad on the ice. “No. You lie. You bought.”

“No.” Shane’s cheeks started to hurt from the force of his smile. “It’s yours. You bought.”

Ilya’s expression clearly screamed ‘liar’, but his lips were tilted up at the edges.

“Such an asshole,” Shane said, and couldn’t sound more fond.

He gave Shane a heated look, the kind that made him shiver in his socks, and stuck his hands in his pockets. It tightened his pants over his crotch even more and forced Shane to glance down. The bastard was always making Shane look at him.

“Such an asshole,” Shane whispered, but he followed as Ilya wandered away from the painting towards the couch. He flushed at the memory of the last time they were there, at the intimacy, at his own cowardice, but Ilya just stared, head cocked to the side like one of those funny dogs in the internet memes.

He stared at the couch for so long that Shane stepped up next to him and leaned against his shoulder. “What are you looking at?”

“Pillows.”

“Such an asshole.” Shane gave an exaggerated sigh and stepped away, only for Ilya to tug him back, pulling Shane against his chest and tucking his chin over his shoulder.

And he still hadn’t let go of Shane’s hand, leaving their arms twisted awkwardly over the other shoulder. It was slightly painful, but the warm press of Ilya’s skin, despite still smelling of sweat, blood, and the hospital, was worth it.

“We fuck on couch, yes?” Ilya nuzzled his shoulder as he said it, looking for more innocent than the fucker actually was.

“I don’t know, what do you remember?” The doctor had advised them to let Ilya remember on his own; he had no doubt he would. Ilya had taken a hard hit, but not one the doctor expected to do permanent damage.

Other than outing them, but Shane wasn’t dealing with that until tomorrow, and he took a deep, calming breath to try and get rid of the knot in his stomach.

Ilya’s free hand slid down, came to rest over it, and it grounded Shane enough that it started to loosen and fade. Somehow, Ilya always knew, and Shane felt a bit stupid for not realizing what that meant long before now.

“Come eat!” Svetlana called out, and it sounded more like an order than anything Shane had ever heard from a coach. Even Ilya immediately straightened and turned.

Shane hurried to keep up with the Russian, and before he knew it, they were racing to the kitchen, shoving one another out of the way without letting go of one another. They stumbled into the kitchen, nearly careening into the stools along the kitchen island where Svetlana had set three plates. She rolled her eyes at them as she took three cans of ginger ale out and set them next to the tuna melts.

They looked just like the one Ilya had made for him, and Shane’s stomach growled. Ilya’s followed suit, and Svetlana rolled her eyes again. “Eat. Eat.” She ordered, and all of a sudden, they were all starving. Ilya downed half his sandwich in a single bite, and Shane laughed around his own mouthful when Svetlana threw a wadded-up napkin at him.

They acted like siblings, constantly poking and batting at each other as they ate, and it struck Shane that he'd never been that close to anyone. He had his parents and even Hayden now, but it wasn't the same. There was a level of comfort between them that even amnesia couldn't erase, and it made him terribly jealous in a non-sexy way.

He nearly choked on his ginger ale when Ilya said something in Russian that made Svetlana shriek, lean over, and shove the last piece of Ilya's sandwich in his mouth with enough force that he nearly toppled over.

Somehow, even when they were yelling at each other in Russian, Shane didn't feel left out.

Especially when he laughed, and Svetlana leaned across the island and did the same thing to him.

"You stink," she told Ilya when the food was gone. "Go wash."

Then she shrieked and tried to brain him with an empty can when he darted around the island and hugged her, rubbing his sweaty, smelly body all over her while Shane fell off his chair laughing.

Shane shrieked when he darted over and did the same thing to him. "Gross! Ilya!"

"Ah, you sweat with him all the time!" Svetlana accused as Shane tried to break free.

"Not like this!" Shane finally managed to pry Ilya's hands off him. "Go shower!"

With the world's deepest pout, Ilya went, and Shane helped Svetlana clean up from dinner.

"I will leave soon." She told him as she dried, and he washed.

“You don’t have to.” Shane stared down at the soapy water and tried not to think about the soap water in the shower sliding down Ilya’s body. All that beautiful golden skin, wet and shiny.

He shifted awkwardly, and Svetlana cackled. “He is hot wet.”

“Are you psychic?” Shane muttered, handing her the last plate.

“Yes.” She said with a totally straight face, and logic be damned, Shane believed her.

Svetlana Sergeevna Vetrova was terrifying. She probably got it from her father. Shane had seen tape of him playing. He looked like some terrifying mountain monster in the goal. He’d even had nightmares of trying to score against Vetrova after watching them.

They both paused to listen and make sure the shower was still running.

Something is coming, Shane can feel it in the air. It’s not too dissimilar from the feeling he gets when he steps into a room and finds Ilya waiting, the knowledge that something is going to happen that’s going to rock Shane’s world, changing its very foundation in ways that will never be undone.

Every second in Ilya’s company changed Shane in his very atoms, and Shane had finally realized that he did the same for Ilya.

“Ilyusha will not hide forever.”

The words jolt him. The same cold dread and fear that always come when he thinks about someone finding out.

Svetlana turned to him, something like sympathy on her face. “He will say yes when you ask. Because he will do anything for people he loves.”

Shane had started to guess that from the few moments he’d caught of Ilya talking to his father or brother.

“Hiding will crush him.” Her gaze hardens.

“It’s not safe.” Shane shook his head. Fears grip tightening on his heart, making it difficult to breathe. “We wouldn’t be able to play hockey. We’d- people wouldn’t-”

“So you would rather be alone? Because that is what you will be, Jane. You will think you are together, but you will always be hiding, so you will actually be alone.” Svetlana reached out and caressed his cheek, trying to offer some comfort even as she ripped his world apart. “Dorogoy, it will kill him. Ilyusha is like his mother like that.”

Shane froze, mind racing even as his body was unable to move.

Svetlana smiled sadly. “Irina died heartbroken. He was not worth it, but she loved Grigori. My father loves my mother,” her smile turned bitter. “But she was not worth it either.”

“He’s worth it.” Shane snapped. “We’re worth it.”

Svetlana shook her head. “How do you say that, when you only allow to exist in shadow?” She took his hands in hers. “It is okay if you are not ready now, but you must work on being ready in future.”

Shane took a deep, shaky breath, and she squeezed his hands.

“You saw him still on ice and stopped caring about hockey. You do not love hockey more than you love Ilyusha.”

“I don’t. I promise I don’t.” He hadn’t realized it until he’d seen Ilya’s body on the ice, blood pooling under his head. Hayden, to his credit, had started screaming for the medics as soon as they’d hit the ice, but Shane had been frozen a few feet away. He hadn’t moved until Marlow had shoulder checked him on his way to check on Ilya, jolting Shane out of his shutdown.

“Breath.” She ordered, and Shane did, even though it was painful. “You will figure it out, yes? Ilyusha’s team will not care. Will yours?”

Shane couldn’t answer her yet. He knew Hayden wouldn’t care. Didn’t think J.J. would, and maybe a few others, but there were far more unknowns. Enough that it kept Shane from sleeping on the bad nights when he couldn’t stop catastrophizing. He’d always been a bit jealous because Ilya never seemed to worry about that, but then he’d told Shane about Russia, about not being able to go home, and he’d realized Ilya had the same fears, but with far more risk. Protecting Ilya had become his number one priority after that. He’d thought for a while that keeping it secret was the best way to do that, but listening to Svetlana, seeing how Ilya remembered loving him without remembering his name or his own life...

So many people Ilya loved had already hurt him. Shane wasn’t going to be another one.

“I will be ready.” He promised her. “I don’t love hockey more than I love Ilya, I promise.”

She studied him for a moment before a small smile crept over her face. “Good.” She patted him on the cheek as the shower fell silent. “Go wash. I say goodbye to Illyusha.”

“Oh, you can stay,” Shane offered, surprised. Not that he had any right to invite her into Ilya’s house. “You don’t have to go.”

Svetlana’s smile turned salacious. “I will watch another night.”

Shane was frozen, blushing terribly, as she sauntered off to find Ilya. He blushed all the way through his own shower and was still blushing when he climbed out and wrapped a towel around his waist. He hadn’t thought to grab his clothes or anything, including his phone,

when he'd chased after the ambulance. Only his parents, spotting how upset he was, had gotten him to the hospital just minutes after Ilya, and he knew he was going to have to answer some hard questions.

But that was something else for tomorrow.

He went looking for Ilya and found him back in the living room. In nothing but a towel and looking better than he had in the hospital, he was still black and blue and red and purple in a few places. His side looked like some kind of abstract painting and made Shane's heart hurt when he looked at it.

The four stitches on the back of his head were hidden under his hair. Shane only knew they were there because he'd hounded the nurse while Ilya was still out.

God, he'd outed them to everyone in that hospital without thinking, but then Ilya turned to him, eyes bright and alive, and Shane forgot everything except the man in front of him.

How many times had they stood like this? Across a room, just staring at one another?

"Tell me your name," Ilya demanded softly.

Shane felt his lips twitch up in a smile. "The doctor said you have to remember on your own."

Ilya pouted. "But what am I supposed to call you while we fuck?"

"Oh, we're going to fuck?" Shane looked around, tried to act like he wasn't ready to beg for it.

Ilya's eyes smoldered. "You know we are."

“Do you?” Teasing Ilya was never the safest bet, but Shane had apparently developed a taste for being punished.

“Tell me something,” Ilya begged.

Shane fought down a giggle. “Come here.”

Ilya took a step, pupils flaring. “You come here.”

Shane stepped forward, trying to breathe through the racing of his heart. “No, you come here.”

Ilya took another step, and then they were face-to-face, close enough that Shane could make out the lush lashes that lined his eyes. “What do I say next?” Ilya demanded, breath hot on Shane’s face, eyes locked on Shane’s.

It was impossible to look away. “You say,” Shane paused, just to be a little shit. “Get on your knees.”

“Get on your knees,” Ilya growled.

Shane shivered as he hit the floor, shoving his face in Ilya’s crotch and inhaling the musky scent that made his mouth water. Ilya’s cock swelled against his cheek as the man himself groaned.

The sound made Shane feel powerful, in control, as he mouthed at Ilya’s hardening cock through the towel.

Chapter 3: You grow your roses on my barren soul

Chapter Notes

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

“When I am dead, I charge you to mingle our ashes and bury us together.”
Madeline Miller

The weight of Ilya on his tongue was always a heady feeling. Warm and solid and throbbing as Shane twisted his tongue and sucked. The taste of soap and musk and salt made his mouth water as Ilya’s fingers twisted in his hair.

“Oh fuck,” Ilya’s voice was getting deeper with every word, but despite his very vocal appreciation, he clearly hadn’t remembered anything because he hadn’t once said Shane or Hollander.

One of Ilya’s hands slid from his hair to his cheek, thumb stroking over Shane’s freckles. He hadn’t realized how much Ilya liked them. The fact that Ilya remembered them despite forgetting everything else made his stomach dance like it was full of cracked-out butterflies, and he sucked harder, digging his fingernails into Ilya’s thighs for balance.

“Oh god,” Ilya stared down at him, enraptured. “Fuck.” He started to thrust into Shane’s mouth, his grip on his hair getting tighter. The wet heat of Shane’s mouth made something at the back of his mind itch as it sent sparks of pleasure up his spine.

Tears gathered in Shane's eyes as the head of Ilya's cock hit the back of his throat. He was so full already, his own cock was hard and leaking between his legs as Ilya picked up a brutal rhythm, chasing his own pleasure. Shane moaned, the idea of Ilya using him for his own pleasure, with no concern for Shane's was distressingly hot. His hole clenched at the thought of Ilya holding him down, grip tight enough to bruise. They'd come close to it in the past, but Ilya was always so damn concerned about Shane that he'd always stopped short.

Ilya's rhythm faltered, a guttural groan erupting from his chest, but before Shane could taste him on his tongue, Ilya ripped his cock out of his mouth and grabbed the base, staving off his own orgasm as Shane whined. He reached for his own cock, but Ilya pulled him to his feet by his hair and batted his hand away before he could grab it. "Tell me," Ilya growled, hand closing around Shane's pulsing cock and squeezing.

Shane whimpered, voice wrecked, but he grinned nonetheless. "No."

The answering rumble from Ilya's chest made him sway closer and grind their cocks together until they were both weak in the knees. Ilya stuck one thumb in Shane's mouth and dropped his other hand to grab as much ass cheek as he could, using both to pull Shane tighter against him.

Shane could feel Ilya's heart pounding in his chest, his skin flushed red where it wasn't bruised and shiny with sweat. Ilya released his mouth, and Shane immediately ducked his head to suck a hickey onto his pec and then everywhere else he could reach as they rubbed together. After everything they'd done together, this shouldn't have been enough to get them to the edge, but somehow Shane was already there again. Ilya was good at that. Shane had never been with anyone else, not that there were many who turned him on so much, so quickly. Sometimes it felt like he had no control over his own body, and all he had to do was be in the same room as Rozanov, and he was gagging for it like some kind of addict.

"I want to fuck you," Ilya murmured, sucking on the sensitive skin of Shane's neck, working his way up to his ear.

"Fuck yes. Fuck me." Shane groaned. The doctor had said to be careful, to take some time away from hockey, but he hadn't said anything about sex. And Shane could do most of the work. He could do all of the work as long as he could touch Ilya until he was utterly convinced the other man was alright. Until he could erase the memory of that feeling when Ilya was still on the ice. The sight of his blood spilling out.

Shane shoved him down onto the couch and only remembered after he hit the cushions that Ilya was bruised and sore from the game. “Oh shit, are you okay?”

“Is fine, is fine. Get on my cock.” Ilya pulled him down onto his lap, biting at Shane’s neck and jaw on his way to his mouth. Shane moaned and sucked on his tongue as Ilya’s fingers found their way between his cheeks and circled his hole.

Shane felt the moment Ilya realized, the Russian going utterly still under him.

“You are ready?” Ilya’s voice was void of anything as his fingers probed at Shane’s already prepared hole. It drove him mad when Shane fingered himself. That night in Vegas hadn’t been great overall because of how it ended, but both of them had discovered a shared interest in watching Shane fuck himself on his fingers. It never failed to get Ilya so riled up that Shane had a problem sitting for a few hours afterward.

It was great.

Ilya shoved in two fingers without warning, and Shane’s back bowed as he shouted in delighted surprise.

“Look at you,” Ilya purred as Shane moaned and rode his fingers. Ilya’s free hand crept up to pull at his nipples, and Shane retaliated, grabbing handfuls of Ilya’s chest and squeezing until the Russian dropped his head back, mouth falling open in pleasure.

“Be careful,” Shane managed to gasp out, sliding one hand behind Rozanov’s head to protect the stitches.

Ilya growled at him. “Stop thinking. Get on my cock.”

“Move your damn fingers then.” Shane bit at his lips, determined to give as good as he got. He rested his forehead against Ilya’s as the other man carefully pulled out his fingers and ignored the emptiness they left behind, knowing it wouldn’t last long.

Nothing compared to Ilya’s cock anyway.

“Ready?”

Shane’s heart swelled as he muttered, “Jesus Christ.” Even missing his memory, Ilya was still determined to check in, to take care of Shane. How did someone forget so much and yet remain so much the same? He felt the tears welling again, which was annoying; only Ilya made him cry this much.

Made him feel this strongly.

“Ilya, Ilya get inside me,” Shane begged, suddenly too empty to deal with it. “Please.” He wanted Ilya close, closer than they were pressed together with Shane in his lap, sharing breath.

“I am, I am,” Ilya swore, both of them fumbling and bumping into one another to line up his cock.

The relief Shane felt as he sank down, as Ilya’s cock tunneled into the deepest parts of him, was absolute and almost as hot as watching Ilya’s eyes roll back in his head as Shane’s body engulfed him.

“Fuck.” Ilya breathed, reverent.

Shane kissed him as his body stretched to accommodate Ilya. The burn that had been scary that first night was now something he looked forward to, dreamt of even, luxuriated in it.

Ilya felt so perfect inside him. A line of scalding, throbbing heat that lit Shane up from the inside out. No one else had ever made him feel this way.

Shane braced himself, one hand on the unbruised part of Ilya's chest, the other cradling his head, as Shane lifted himself and slid back down. He pressed his forehead to Ilya's, desperate to be even closer as he worked himself on Ilya's cock.

Watching Ilya gave him a sense of power that he'd never felt before, not even on the ice, and he held his gaze as moved his hips faster, ignoring the burn in his thighs. Ilya's pupils were blown, his eyes glittering as he watched Shane, glancing down every few seconds to watch where their bodies were connected. Ilya loved to watch his cock move in and out of Shane and so did Shane.

"Look at me." But tonight Shane wanted Ilya's eyes on his, didn't want him to miss a second that could jolt the recovery of his brain. He smacked Ilya's hands down when he tried to grab Shane's thighs and help lift. "No. Don't do anything. Just watch."

Ilya leaned back and gave him an indolent smirk. "I should be lazy?"

Shane huffed, biting his lip when he found the angle that pushed the head of Ilya's cock over his prostate. "For once- oh! In your life. Fuck, Ilya."

"Beautiful," the injured Russian murmured.

"No," Shane shook his head, threw it back as the tell-tale coil began in his gut. He managed to pry his eyes open and look down at Ilya. He was red with exertion, blooming like a rose, as his chest heaved. "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

The flush on Ilya's face deepened. His eyes dropped to Shane's bouncing cock and then jerked back up, doing his best to do what Shane had ordered. His hands flexed in the couch cushions, his knuckles white, the expensive fabric crushed probably beyond repair in his grip. "Moya lyubov'. Ya lyublyu tebya. Ya lyublyu tebya tak sil'no. Ty dazhe ne predstavlyayesh'."

The edge was right there, they were racing towards it. Shane's thighs burned.

“Pozhaluysta, pozvol' mne prikosnut'sya k tebe.” Ilya begged.”

“What's my name?” Shane gasped, shifted to rub his weeping cock against Ilya's stomach. He was so close. He could feel Ilya's cock swelling inside him, his walls shifting to let the other man further in.

“Shane.” Ilya's voice broke.

“Oh fuck,” Shane's eyes widened as his cock pulsed, covering Ilya's stomach and chest in strips of white. He felt Ilya pulse inside him and then nothing but heat as Shane collapsed against him. Ilya's arms came around him as he sobbed.

“Shane, ya tebya lyublyu.” Tears streaked his cheeks and Shane could feel the answering ones falling down his own as he took Ilya's face in his hands and kissed him everywhere he could. “Ya tebya lyublyu.”

They clung to each as their bodies cooled. They were going to be stuck together from sweat and body fluids soon, but not even Shane could bring himself to pull away.

He didn't understand the words, but Shane knew exactly what he was saying. “I love you. Ilya, I love you so fucking much. You're okay. We're okay.”

~ fin

The end for now, but will probably have some funny one-shots later.

End Notes

This was just supposed to be a short drabble, but there might be a smutty pt 2....

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