

## Faceplant

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# Faceplant

by [FestiveFerret](#)

## Summary

Ilya trips during practice and gives himself a bloody nose.

Shane can never ever know why.

- Translation into Русский available: [Faceplant ∞ Пропахал носом](#) by [PANDAR](#)

# Chapter 1

Ilya pulled the wad of paper towels away from his face, looked down at it, and sighed. Still bleeding. He squeezed his eyes shut and let out a slow breath. This was going to suck.

"Oh my god!" Shane's voice came ricocheting down the hallway. "What happened?"

Ilya opened his eyes to meet Shane's worried ones and gave him a reassuring smile. "I am fine, moy vaflya. Was just a silly accident."

"Hazy said you tripped and ate ice. There's a Rozanov shaped dent in the blue line." Shane glared, crossing his arms. "Are you sure you're okay? That's not like you."

Ilya shrugged. "Is fine. Like I said, just a stupid mistake. It happens."

"Not like that, not to you."

"Apparently, yes." Ilya pulled the paper towels away again and Shane winced. "Is not too bad."

Shane leaned in closer. "Okay, yeah. It's not that bad. It doesn't look broken. Just a bloody nose and maybe a bit of a black eye." His fingers came out and gently brushed over Ilya's cheek. All the pain evaporated. "Fuck. Hazy made it sound so bad. I was really worried."

Ilya took Shane's hand with the one that wasn't holding the paper towels over his nose and gave his fingers a squeeze. He couldn't stop a grin from creasing his cheeks and making his nose throb again.

"What?" Shane asked, softer now.

"I am just glad you are here to be worried about me, that's all. I am very glad you are here now."

"Me too." Shane kissed the top of his head. "Okay, Coach said I could come check on you but now I'm even later for practice, so I'd better get out there."

"I will be back out as soon as it stops bleeding."

Shane frowned. "Are you sure you're not dizzy or anything? Maybe you should just stay here until I can take you home."

"I am *fine*, Shane," Ilya insisted. "It was not as bad as it looks. Go. I will be there soon."

Shane grumbled, but he gave Ilya's hand one last squeeze and left, leaving Ilya alone in the trainer's room. Ilya threw the paper towels in the trash and grabbed another handful. The bleeding at least seemed to be slowing down, though the back of his neck was still hot with embarrassment.

Shane could never *ever* know what had really happened.

\*\*

Six days later, Ilya's bruise had faded, and his teammates had stopped chirping him, but Shane just *would not* let it go.

"Do you think maybe you were dizzy before you fell? You had that hit against Toronto last week. Maybe you hit your head harder than you thought? Did they check you for concussion?"

"I was not dizzy and I do not have a concussion," Ilya assured him.

But only a few hours later, Ilya walked past the trainer's room and paused when he heard Shane's voice.

"But are there symptoms that someone might not notice? Like you could pass a concussion test, but then -"

"Hollander!" Ilya called from the hall, arms spread wide. At least Shane had the decency to blush.

"I was just asking!" he shot back.

Ilya sighed and stomped off back to the locker room.

Another week later, Ilya thought maybe Shane had finally let it go, until they were tucked up in bed together after a good game.

"How's your nose?" Shane took his glasses off and set them aside with his book.

"Hmm? My nose?"

"From when you fell in practice."

Ilya's eyes narrowed. He set his book aside too. "That was two weeks ago."

"Yeah, but sometimes injuries can go away and then flare up worse later. I was also thinking, you had that sprained ankle two years ago. Is it bothering you again?"

"I told you it was nothing."

"I just think it wouldn't hurt to tell Terry that -"

Ilya couldn't take it anymore. "Hollander! I know why I tripped, okay? It is nothing!"

Shane's eyes narrowed. "You told me there was no reason."

"Well, there was a reason, and I know what it was, and it was nothing serious, okay? I just got distracted."

"You got distracted."

"Yes, I got distracted and lost my edge."

"By what?"

"What?"

"What distracted you so much you did a faceplant into the ice?"

Ilya's jaw flexed with annoyance. "Does not matter."

"Yes, it does! I'm worried about you. If there's something on your mind that's distracting enough to make you fall - what if it happens in a game?"

Ilya groaned and tipped his head back, trying not to think of the context where it would happen during a game. "It cannot happen during a game, so is okay."

"Fine." Shane huffed and picked up his book, but Ilya could tell he wasn't reading. For one, he'd forgotten to put his glasses back on. Ilya waited, knowing Shane was thinking it through, and would have more to say. Shane set his book back down. "I thought we talked to each other now."

"What?"

"We used to keep a lot of stuff from each other, for a long time, and I want you to be able to talk to me. So I'm kind of upset that you don't want to tell me. Like, I get that I can't force you to and there are things I'm sure we keep to ourselves, like what you talk about in therapy. But I just...I can't help worrying that either something is wrong or that there's a reason you don't want to tell me."

"Ah, fuck." Ilya rubbed his hands over his face. He hadn't thought about it from that angle, that Shane would think he was harbouring some dark secret and keeping his husband locked out of his spiralling thoughts. "You were wearing my fucking jersey, okay?"

"What?"

"You. Were on the bench. Wearing my jersey."

Shane frowned, clearly trying to remember, but couldn't. "I was? What does that have to do with anything?"

"We were getting ready for practice and Harris pulled you away for the interview thing, and he said grab a jersey on your way. And we had a pile of stuff between our stalls and you must have grabbed mine. You didn't notice it was a little big because you were not wearing your pads. And Harris sat you on the bench and did his questions while I was warming up. And I looked up and you were sitting there smiling at the camera wearing my *fucking Cens jersey*. And I lost my mind a little and I tripped."

Shane's mouth dropped open a little as he stared at Ilya. "Really? Me wearing your clothes was enough to distract you? We wear each other's clothes all the time. I don't even think we have sides of the closet anymore. I was just talking to Rose about how being gay means you have twice the wardrobe." He spluttered for a second. "I wear the ring you gave me, every day!"

Ilya shook his head. "Is not just my clothes. You had my name on your back. And my number. And we share a team now. You were in front of everyone like that, and you weren't afraid."

Shane dropped his gaze to the duvet, brow still pinched, and Ilya stayed quiet, letting him think that through. "Me in your jersey distracted you enough that you fell and nearly broke your nose?"

Ilya nodded, eyes flicking to the ceiling, wondering if maybe there could be a small fire right now, just to get him out of this conversation.

"And...you didn't tell me because you were embarrassed?"

Ilya rolled an incredulous look back down towards Shane. "Uh, yes. I have maybe never been so embarrassed in my whole life. Everyone saw me fall. And I suspect Barrett figured out why, which means now Harris also knows, which means maybe eventually everyone will know."

Shane finally laughed. "You are a lunatic. I love you so much."

"I love you too." Ilya hooked Shane's neck and drew him in against his chest. He kissed the top of his head. "I am not concussion-stupid just stupid in love with you."

"I didn't notice I grabbed your jersey by mistake."

"I know."

"I didn't know you'd like that so much."

"I know."

He felt Shane's smile against his bare chest. "I'm really, really glad we're playing together now, even if it gave you a bloody nose."

"I will take a bloody nose every day to have you on my team and here in my bed every single night."

Shane twisted around to look up at Ilya without sitting up. "Please don't though. If Harris is going to dress me up in anything else, I'll ask him to do it far away from where you're sliding around on very hard ice."

Ilya snorted. "Good plan."

\*\*

Two weeks later, Ilya had an extra appointment with the physiotherapist to check in on an old elbow injury, so he found himself pulling into their driveway a few hours after Shane. He'd received a text half an hour ago not to pick up dinner because Shane was cooking, so he was hungry for food and hungry for time with his husband as he made his way up the front steps.

"I am home!" he called, reaching for Anya as she spun in circles and jumped up against his leg. He gave her a cuddle, dropped his bag by the front closet, and made his way into the house.

"In here!" Shane called from the kitchen, where Ilya could hear the clinking and hissing of cooking.

Ilya stepped into the kitchen, mouth opening to ask Shane what he was making, when he realized what he was seeing and all words evaporated.

Shane was wearing Ilya's jersey and nothing else. One of his actual jerseys, that he wore for games.

*"Fuck,"* Ilya breathed.

Shane spun around, holding a spatula, and smiled at Ilya. "Don't trip."

Ilya growled and charged, backing Shane up against the counter top and knocking the spatula out of his hand. He gripped Shane's thighs and lifted until he was sitting, Ilya tucked between his knees. He pushed his hands up under the jersey to find fitted boxer briefs too short to peak out earlier. But when he explored further, Shane was already hard.

Ilya shoved his hand up the front of the jersey and stroked his palm down Shane's bare chest, then bent and pressed his face to Shane's crotch, breathing hot air over his erection.

"Ugh, fuck, Ilya. Dinner is going to burn."

Ilya looked up, as his knees hit the floor. He twisted the jersey in one hand while he shoved Shane's underwear out of the way with the other. "Shane, my love," he said, "I do not give one single fuck what dinner does," and then he dove in, swallowing Shane to the root.

They ordered takeout.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

I had a sudden thought that the internet might have noticed Shane's goof up too, so I made this little bonus chapter for the aftermath of the video going up ;)

@puckmedaddy

So what does it mean that Shane's jersey has a C in this video?? Has he snatched the captaincy from his husband already??

@icebreaker89

Rozanov's had a string of injuries this season, maybe he's stepping down

@pokechecksmokeshow

That makes no sense

@thisrozhas horns

Yeah I don't think a sprained finger and a puck to the gut counts as "a string of injuries"

@hollanderbackgirl

Maybe the Cens realized Hollander is the better of the two husband after only like two months 😂

@scoffsides

What a weird way to announce it, though? It doesn't get mentioned in the video at all.

@morelikeottawin

I think it was a mistake.

@skatingwithhoofs

Nooo I love Hollander but Roz was the best captain ever!!

@rainbowfartingcentaur

TWO. MARRIED. CAPTAINS. CAPTAINING. TOGETHER

Harris chuckled softly to himself as he scrolled through the replies to his last post. The internet really didn't let go of the details did it? He opened his laptop and sipped his coffee while he clipped together a new video to post. He loaded it up on the Centaurs account, then headed out for lunch with Troy.

*Hey Cens Fans! Thought you all deserved a little behind the scenes peek at my Benched interview with @shanehollanderhockeyplayer!*

*(Also please ignore his little wardrobe issue. We asked Rozanov, and he didn't mind)*

*Video Description: A series of blooper clips of Shane Hollander dressed in a Centaurs jersey with a C on the front, answering questions. One features him forgetting the word for popcorn. Another shows him trailing off halfway through a sentence as he gets distracted by warmup, frowning. Another features him having a coughing fit. Another shows him turning bright red when Harris told him some fans wanted his butt workout routine. Another shows him remaining bright red as Harris reads him some tweets congratulating him on his recent wedding.*

*The last clip features Shane saying thanks to Harris, taking off the microphone and getting up to leave, turning his back to the camera and revealing that instead of his jersey saying HOLLANDER 24 it says ROZANOV 81.*

After lunch, while waiting for Troy to finish in the bathroom of the restaurant, Harris checked the response to his latest post. Unsurprisingly, most people were commenting on the C, either with disappointment or relief that Ilya was still Captain. Some were delighted by the couple's casual clothes sharing.

But four minutes after the post had gone live, a user with a profile picture of Ilya's naked chest had posted, without comment, a trimmed clip cut straight out of Harris' video. It started with the full shot, about half of the rink visible but blurry in the background. Shane was talking, but the video had been muted. There were a few Cens zipping around on the ice, working through their warmups, Wyatt in goal stretching out. And then the clip zoomed in to show a blurry but obvious Ilya Rozanov, looking up, seeing Shane chatting into the camera, tripping, and slamming face first into the ice.

The immediate reply to that was a picture of Ilya at their next game, sporting a wicked black eye, sitting side-by-side with Shane on the bench, grinning at him like he hung the moon.

Harris laughed. His job was going to be so much easier and so much more fun this season.

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