

running with the pieces of me

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Summary

“Hm. Interesting,” the nurse stated as Ilya shifted in the bed. “You had a spinal cord injury four years ago, correct?”

Ah, shit. “Yep,” Ilya shifted again, looking directly at the nurse. His eyes flickered but he didn’t look away from Ilya.

“And, according to the paramedics, you fell directly on your back. Your head hit first, according to what the bartender who called emergency services said. So, I’ll ask again. Are you feeling better, Mr. Rozanov?”

After an injury that took hockey away from Ilya, life doesn't seem to have anything much to give him. Little does he know, his attempt to get out of life ends up being the reason he stays in it.

Notes

ok so like everyone else and their mother this series has consumed my every waking hour and i wouldn't be real fanfiction author if i didn't write about them. however. i am a little bit obsessed w ilya (that's my guy of all time fr fr he's my best friend) so this is an ilya centered fic HOWEVER i think i did shane a lot of justice too ! (hopefully!)

also PLEASE lmk if there are any mistakes!! i pumped this out on double time and am not wasting time rereading it when it could be spent writing another hollanov fanfic okay enjoy!

(P.S. the opening song is meet me in the woods by lord huron!)

Chapter 1

I took a little journey to the unknown

And I come back changed, I can feel it in my bones

I fucked with forces that our eyes can't see

Now the darkness got a hold on me

Oh, the darkness got a hold on me

On the coldest night of the year, snow fell with a vengeance outside, blanketing the world in quiet disaster. Most people, of course, would be safe inside asleep, especially considering the stars and moon illuminating the yawning night; Ilya, however, had somehow managed to find the only club sane enough to operate in conditions such as these. *Wonderful* establishment from Ilya's point of view, which he reiterated many times to the workers miserable enough to have not called off. They were, after all, the entire reason he was able to do copious amounts of coke in the bathroom and still make it out to the dancefloor in time to dance like no one was watching. Which no one was, considering he was one of maybe four people also there.

After his fourth trip to the bathroom and fifth drink, the inside pocket of Ilya's suit jacket seemed to be burning a hole through his skin. One little baggie had run out but another sat untouched and waiting; a surprise like no other he had experienced. America was the greatest place on Earth for someone looking to escape reality with drugs, and opioids were the best medicine they had. Oxycodone, clean, easy, and completely user friendly. No snorting, sniffing, or melting required, just water and a working esophagus.

An open bathroom full of perfectly usable surfaces sprawled before him, tempting him as he made his way to the sink. The mirror was entirely ignored, Ilya unwilling to see himself like this. He knew what his father would say at the back of his mind: *Oh how the mighty have fallen, Ilya*. That was an unneeded reminder, as he deserved this unending fall from grace. He had expected to hit the ground sooner, but the sky continued to open up as if offering him a second chance to regrow his wings and fly again. But he chopped them off himself, finally a decision he made all on his own, and he would be lying if he said the falling didn't excite him.

The ground, however— that was a different temptation. Total completion in a second, blackness and utter infinity. That's how he felt when he won; epiphany served on a platter, endorphins mixing with adrenaline that Ilya scarfed down eagerly. A moment that lasted a longer than a lifetime, stretched out into time itself when he held that cup. When he led Russia to gold in the Olympics.

Ilya thought the ground was getting hurt. Like, seriously, no coming back, hurt. Despite many doctors' opinions, he tried to return to the ice, although one too many bad times and another concussion forced his hand. He wished that was the ground, that living on solid earth was enough for him. Walking was just as much fun as flying, if he convinced himself hard enough. Brand deals could fill the void, could give him his wings back albeit a little smaller. He can't fly quite as high but he could still soar above altitude, pretend to be amongst the biggest and greatest clouds.

That wasn't the ground, though. That was just a dense layer of rain, a storm he had fallen through. Sewing up the wounds after he ripped out his second pair of wings was the beginning of total freefall as he withdrew from promotions and advertisements, shutting himself away. It was time to move on from a world he couldn't fit into anymore. The sky was simply too big for him.

Pills scattered on the counter, clacking with laughter as they spun before stopping. Ilya laughed along with them, pouring himself a nice glass of tap water. The weather outside reminded him of his eighth birthday, when his mother took him sledding. When Ilya had woken up that day, he was greeted by a clear sky and a warm stack of syrniki his mother had cooked. She promised him a day with just the two of them, without his father and brother. They went to a large hill that was half a mile away from the edge of their property, lugging sleds behind them the entire time as they laughed. Only two hours later a heavy snowstorm rolled in, and they couldn't find their way home. A rescue team had to be sent out and Ilya didn't see his mother for three weeks.

He wasn't so different from her now, staring down at the pills in front of him. Maybe this was how they were both meant to go; the only way to escape. Shrugging, Ilya shoved any lingering thoughts to the back of his mind. Every bridge was burned. Svetlana was surely calling him relentlessly, but she was better off without a parasite. Sweeping the pills into the palm of his hand, Ilya picked up his glass, finally looking at himself in the mirror.

"Cheers, Rozanov."

Bliss followed, unimaginable peace wrapping his limbs and silencing his mind. Breathing became extra to him, an accessory instead of a necessity. It felt wrong, the intake of air and the slow exhale. The flashing lights on the dance floor became blobs of blue and red before everything, finally, went completely dark. Amazingly, Ilya felt like he was soaring, his wings stretched out catching the wind. God, he missed how the breeze felt and the smell of the sun. Maybe he had gotten into heaven after all.

Beep.

Or hell. Who knows, maybe he was still waiting to get off the eternity elevator.

Beep.

Muffled voices and the smell of antiseptic came filtering in. *Fuck*, Ilya thought, and if he could have, he would've thrown a huge tantrum right there in whatever hospital the ambulance had dragged him to. It's not like they get fired for letting a guy die; it's a hazard of the job. Ilya didn't understand why they couldn't have just let him be a hazard. A cautionary

tale, if they really thought his life should have meaning. Ilya thought he'd make a pretty good boogyman.

"I hope you know you interrupted the only break I get," someone grumbled from beside him, and Ilya could faintly feel an IV getting inserted into his arm. Ilya wanted to respond that he wished he hadn't, that he wished instead he'd interrupted whatever coroner's office operated during blizzards. Instead, he stayed silent despite his best efforts and let the nurse hook him up to all of the machines making the beeping noises.

Time felt like the skipping of a record, with Ilya feeling like he was in the same place in time even though the minutes ticked quickly by. Earlier he'd registered the hissing pop of a soda can opening and the crinkling of something being unwrapped, but other than that the world around him was in flux. Darkness overwhelmed him at points, yet sometimes he could see the harsh hospital lights from behind his eyelids. The words, "Just keep monitoring him" floated around in his head like a fog. Soon, darkness came again.

When he woke up, his eyes finally had the strength to open. Immediately, though, did Ilya close them as the light blinded him. "Fuck," he muttered, covering his eyes with his hand as he moved to sit up. That proved to be a bad idea as his back protested sharply, causing Ilya to quickly intake a breath. His back often hurt— that's what happens with spinal injuries— but it usually didn't hurt this bad. "Fuck."

"Good morning, Mr. Rozanov," the annoyed voice from earlier. Ilya squinted to look, his eyes still struggling to adjust. A nurse stood at the foot of his bed. Handsome, Ilya pointed out, but he looked a bit like a sad puppy. "Feeling better?"

"Morning," Ilya croaked out before searching around for water. As if he could see the future, the nurse handed him the cup he'd been holding. Water sloshed around in the styrofoam, moving the straw with it. Ilya locked it down with his mouth and was soon slurping at the few droplets left. Clearing his throat, Ilya said again, "Morning."

"Are you feeling better, Mr. Rozanov?"

"The lights are very bright in here," Ilya responded, pointedly squeezing his eyes shut. Best to not talk about his back. The sooner he could get out of here the sooner he could take the right dose. With a heavy sigh the nurse turned off the main light and turned a smaller, dimmer light on that sat in the corner of the room. Ilya opened his eyes again. "I'm feeling better."

"Hm. Interesting," the nurse stated as Ilya shifted in the bed. "You had a spinal cord injury four years ago, correct?"

Ah, shit. "Yep," Ilya shifted again, looking directly at the nurse. His eyes flickered but he didn't look away from Ilya.

"And, according to the paramedics, you fell directly on your back. Your head hit first, according to what the bartender who called emergency services said. So, I'll ask again. Are you feeling better, Mr. Rozanov?"

Ilya swallowed, knowing this was deep shit he couldn't get out of. That didn't mean he wouldn't try, though. "No, my back fucking hurts but that's not new information. Look, I can still wiggle all ten of my toes and all ten of my fingers," he wiggled them in front of the nurse, just to prove a point. "Other than that, phew, you guys really did a great job. I feel *much* better," He leaned forward and squinted at the badge on the nurse's scrubs. "Shane."

Shane clicked his tongue, finally breaking eye contact. "Spinal cord injuries are serious. Unfortunately, you'll have to stay for further observation."

"Oh, come on, you and I both don't want that. I'm taking up a bed that could much better serve different person," Ilya's English was beginning to fail him. He had already expended so much energy talking, but he needed to be coherent. "You're going to make me stay?"

The nurse stared him down, slightly raising an eyebrow as he nodded slowly at Ilya. "Yes," he responded. "I'm going to get Dr. Landry."

"And more water!" Ilya called out to him as he was leaving the room before he slumped unceremoniously back into his ridiculous pile of shitty pillows. Despite the room being dimmer, the pounding in his head had yet to fully abate. The general smell of alcohol wipes and sterile *everything* was causing Ilya to force his eyes shut and ball his sheets into his fists. Frustration and disappointment were at the forefront of his mind considering he meant to take the pain away and instead he was just left with more of it.

Dr. Landry came in a few minutes later wearing a crisp white coat and navy scrubs. She was pretty for a doctor, and Ilya wondered if this hospital hired based on looks. If that was the case, it didn't make him too optimistic about the care he was receiving. Regardless of his personal opinions, Dr. Landry's touch was gentle as she lightly pressed on Ilya's cervical spine. At the C6 mark he hissed, and at the C8 touch he sharply moved away. As if to taunt him, Shane turned towards him and placed the water cup down on the side table.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rozanov, but it looks like you re-injured your vertebrae. Luckily it doesn't seem to have compounded based on your ability to move your arms and legs, but I'm still concerned about the nerves. We'll be doing the full work-up on you, okay? That means MRI, CT, and an x-ray just to make sure we're covering our bases. They should be here to take you up soon."

"Wonderful," Ilya lied, flashing as sincere a smile as he could muster. "Thank you, doctor."

"Of course," Dr. Landry's smile was sincere, which made Ilya feel a little better about her skills. "Shane here is going to be drawing some blood from you just so we can get some labs done. You've had them drawn periodically, but your blood count and liver are a bit concerning to me right now. We're going to keep drawing you every four hours until they're in range. Sorry about all the pokes."

"A needle is nothing," Ilya responded easily since this time he wasn't lying. Dr. Landry left the room, leaving Ilya and evil nurse Shane alone. "You're not going to give me a big needle, right?"

“I was thinking about it,” Shane grumbled, taking out everything he needed from an innocuous cart at the side of the room. “But no, I won’t.” That was all Ilya got before a tourniquet was tied around the arm that didn’t have the IV.

“What, you need holes in both arms?” Ilya asked incredulously, looking at where the IV met his skin.

“Both arms,” Nurse Shane confirmed, and Ilya was resigned to slam his head back into too-soft pillows with a huff. “Careful. If you move too much we’ll have to put you in a brace.”

“If you do, I bite your hand.” Ilya responded coolly, eyes glaring at Nurse Shane as he swiped Ilya’s protruding vein with an alcohol swab before swiftly inserting the needle. Ilya barely felt it but was half tempted to pretend like he was in immense pain. What stopped him, however, was the intense way Shane held the needle and watched as blood filled a tube with a yellow top and then one with a purple top. The popping of the tourniquet was a relief, and Ilya didn’t even realize the needle left his body until Shane put gauze on the entry point.

“Y’know, I thought you would care more about re-injuring your neck,” Shane commented casually, and Ilya looked at him narrowly.

“Why?”

“It’s just— I always thought your injury was the worst thing that happened to you.”

Ilya barked out a humorless laugh, finally understanding the situation. “Ah, so you’re a fan,” he cooed condescendingly. He *hated* meeting people who knew who he was. It always felt like they were trying to take him apart to see what made him tick now that he was no longer in the public eye. “Not worst thing. Second worst thing. Which is why I don’t care. When this is second worst thing to ever happen, you start to think that life doesn’t like you.”

He could see Shane swallow as he stood, labeling Ilya’s blood. A glance was sent in his direction, and then he saw as Shane shook his head. “You were the best hockey player the league’s ever seen. Life seems to have liked you a lot.”

“Are you judging me?” Ilya accused, immediately stilling himself. Diffuse the tension. This was getting too much too fast, and Ilya hadn’t worked out any of his emotions in the last four years. He wouldn’t unleash them all on a nurse who doesn’t get paid enough to hear it. “I thought nurses were supposed to be kind— I think I’ll add this to reasons life doesn’t like me. Your fault, by the way.”

An emotion flickered across Shane’s face, and Ilya could almost see the words Shane wanted to say but stopped himself before letting them out. He watched him swallow again. “I’ll be back in about two hours to give you more pain medication.” Was all Ilya got before Shane disappeared.

Two hours passed in a blur, with Ilya in and out of restless sleep. He’d always been a reckless person— his body meant nothing to him, his relationships (save a few) meant nothing to him. On the ice, he could be as reckless as he wanted with little repercussions. In fact, he

was such a good, reckless, asshole of a hockey player he won MVP of All Time. Most goals scored ever. Most assists. He was the best fucking hockey player in the league.

Then someone decided to give him a taste of his own medicine. Not that Ilya had ever seriously injured anyone before; usually, that was reserved for his more brutish teammates, especially when he played the Boston circuit. Those guys were ruthless in ways he couldn't be, mostly because hockey was serious to him but also the least serious thing in his life.

Getting slammed into the sideboards was expected, especially since Ilya got tunnel vision whenever he played. The puck was the one thing he was concerned about, so when his body hit hard plastic and his neck and body went two different directions with a horrible *snap*, he knew. He knew that it was over. Slumping to the ice just cemented the fact that this was *so fucking over*. Pain didn't register for him until he was carried onto the stretcher, and he was sure everyone heard the scream that wrenched from his body. Faintly, he could hear his teammates' gloves fall to the ice as they began attacking the other team. The sound of whistles and yelling drowned behind him as he was rushed to an ambulance.

Later, in the hospital, he woke up in an empty room. His neck was stiff and confined to a halo. Dying flowers wilted on the table to his left, and deep in his heart he knew that he would never step back on the ice again in any meaningful way. A small relief was that his dad was already dead, so there was no one to berate him and belittle him for something he couldn't even control. People filtered in and out of his room, his teammates coming in to see him, pity written all over their faces. Cliff informed him that after Ilya went down, Boston knocked out three guys on Toronto before it devolved into absolute chaos. The refs could do nothing to stop it, and if Ilya didn't feel so numb he was sure he would've been happy about that.

"Mr. Rozanov," a voice called to him like a chorus of bells. Clear and ringing, delicate and sharp. "Mr. Rozanov, it's time for your next dose."

Ilya stirred before groaning and opening his eyes. Thank god for the pills in the cup nice Nurse Shane was holding. Wait, pills in a cup?

"What the hell is that?"

"Ibuprofen."

"I'm in pain! Ibuprofen is shit,"

"You overdosed on opioids," Shane informed him matter-of-factly. Ilya just blinked, a little shocked and very annoyed. "You get ibuprofen."

"Joy."

Yet another cup of water was procured for Ilya from a place unknown to him as he was fed his medication. Shane's lips were in a tight line, and Ilya was bored enough to be a little shit about it.

"I'm a little sad, Nurse Shane. You really don't like me,"

“I don’t—” Shane abruptly cut himself off, running a hand through his hair. His jaw clenched, and Ilya couldn’t help the smile that grew on his face. Nurse Shane was too easy to tease. “I don’t dislike you. I just... ugh, this is stupid.” The last part was muttered to himself, and Ilya couldn’t help how his eyes lingered on the nurse’s lips.

“Oh, I get it. I’m your favorite hockey player and you’re sad you can’t see me play on the ice anymore. I get it, Shane, I do. It’s hard being a fan of me,” Ilya was joking, he really was, so he didn’t expect the slow blush that crept to Shane’s face, or the way he couldn’t meet Ilya’s eyes. Realization dawned on Ilya, and pure giddiness followed as Shane threw logs into Ilya’s dying fire. “Am I really your favorite hockey player?”

“Shut up.” Was all Ilya got in return before Shane made a quick retreat, leaving his room swiftly. Disappointment welled up in Ilya but he squashed it down before he could think too hard about it. He didn’t understand why he was suddenly so happy.

Ilya slept dreamlessly, which he was more than grateful for. True rest was something he seldom had, so it was nice to wake up refreshed and not craving a cigarette to cut through the exhaustion. He didn’t see Shane at all that day, though, which oddly irked him. Instead, he was being helped by Nurse Kip who got on his nerves like no other. The hell kind of name was Kip, anyway?

Dr. Landry came in and informed Ilya he’d be doing low-impact physical therapy to ensure he maintained as much movement in his neck as possible. Full rotation wouldn’t be possible as his injury and subsequent healing had fused the bones together and caused others to weaken significantly. His neck was fucked, in other words. Ilya nodded slowly, that sharp pain resonating in him once more. Somewhere deep and dark in his mind wondered why any of this was necessary when he would be dead shortly after leaving the hospital. A necessary death, for him and for the world. Maybe he’d be remembered as a legend, or maybe he wouldn’t be remembered at all. The hockey world didn’t respect weakness, and Ilya had never felt weaker.

Physical therapy was more painful than he remembered. He breathed shallowly through his nose, teeth grinding down as he moved through strength exercises. When he was first injured, they had him do every type of therapy imaginable (except emotional, which he arguably needed the most). Speech, physio, writing, occupational. This was purely movement, and whenever Ilya had to stretch and move his neck, he would groan. Every ten minutes they had to take a break due to the amount of pain Ilya was in, and he was suddenly very angry with himself.

If he had just taken the *right fucking dose*, or stayed in the bathroom instead of stupidly wandering back onto an empty dancefloor, he would be cold in a grave and peacefully warm in hell. This, though, was useless energy spent. Physical therapy was meant for people who wanted to resume as normal of a life as possible after injury, but Ilya didn’t want to resume life at all. A true waste of taxpayer dollars on a person who wasn’t even an American citizen.

He was wheeled back to his hospital bed and deposited into it, so embarrassingly exhausted that he passed out immediately. There was no strength left in his body to even complain about the shitty pillows, or the shitty blankets. All he wanted to do was sleep forever, until the world collapsed in on itself and everyone was swallowed by a black hole.

Shuffling woke him up some five hours later, darkness peeking through the curtains. Night had fallen easily on the world, the quiet dimming of light blessing sleep on the land. Shifting, Ilya looked at who was making the commotion and laid his eyes on Nurse Shane. Despite himself, the Russian smiled.

“Nurse Shane,” he croaked out, voice raw from a day of low, guttural screaming. Shane snapped his head up, looking at Ilya like he’d just scared him.

“Mr. Rozanov,” Shane said stonily. Ilya was tickled by that.

“Please, call me Ilya.” He asked, and he thoroughly enjoyed the many emotions that very obviously were written all over Shane’s face. He cleared his throat before offering a single, sharp nod.

“Okay,”

“So, Nurse Shane, how did my biggest fan become my biggest hater?”

“I don’t hate you,”

“That’s not an answer.”

Shane glared at him, offering nothing more as he lowered the guard rails and began to take stock of Ilya’s vitals silently. Ilya sighed, rolling his eyes.

“Not good bedside manner, Nurse Shane,” Ilya egged him on, hoping to make him crack. He needed something, anything. For some reason, Ilya craved a response from Shane. He needed to know what he was thinking.

“Fine!” Shane exclaimed, nostrils flaring briefly. Even his outbursts were controlled, a harsh word said with finality and very little true heat. “I played hockey when I was younger. I was... I was pretty good, actually. But then we had to move to Boston, and I just didn’t want to play. Too violent for me, I guess,” he shot Ilya a look at that, one Ilya took in stride. He wasn’t wrong; Ilya *was* named one of the dirtiest players in the league. “I hate Boston anyways. I’m Canadian.”

“Ah, life story,” Ilya grinned, nodding contentedly. He leaned back, his neck stiff from having to crane to look at Shane as he moved about the room. “Still haven’t told me why I am your favorite.”

“Shut up,” Shane breathed, and Ilya took note of that phrase. He was sure he’d be hearing it a lot. “You were fun to watch. I like how you led your team. It was kind of like I was playing again, when I watched you.”

Ilya stilled, a smile still on his face but softer now. He hadn’t been expecting such an honest answer, much less one that was so complementary towards him. A few beats passed, and Ilya just continued to look at Shane. Lightning seemed to shock through him as he saw Shane blush yet again, and Ilya had to force himself to remember how to speak.

“Sorry you can’t watch me anymore,” the apology was so sincere it surprised even Ilya, and Shane looked almost as surprised as him. Ilya was an asshole, after all; it was easier that way, to pretend like nothing and no one mattered. Made it easier to deal with nosy press nowadays, at least.

“It’s not your fault,” Shane said, looking a little too long at Ilya before moving away again, taking his mobile computer with him. He set it at the door before going to stand at the foot of Ilya’s bed, a place he seemed to like a lot. Close but not too close. “Your injury– it was hard watching that.”

“It was hard going through that. It hurt like a bitch,”

“I can imagine,” Shane agreed, looking like he wanted to say more.

“You are free to speak your mind. It has been a while since someone has been honest with me.”

“The NHL isn’t the same without you,” Shane said. “I just don’t understand why you didn’t stay in it.”

“Ah, ‘stay in it’,” Ilya echoed, trying not to laugh bitterly. He settled on a sardonic smile. “I tried. Was too hard. Not being on the ice and watching other people do it, that was too hard.”

“What did you do? When you stopped being a part of it all?”

“A lot of drugs,” Ilya answered. “A lot of sex.”

“That’s such a waste!” Shane admonished, and Ilya rolled his eyes.

“Nurse Shane, the waste was being slammed into a wall and breaking my spine. Who cares about the after?”

It was impossible to read the expression on Shane’s face. It was a mix of so many things that Ilya felt overwhelmed just looking at him, so he foolishly looked away. Anger settled palpably in the room, prickling Ilya’s skin like a thousand red-hot needles. He looked back at Shane, his eyes ablaze.

“You don’t care. I– *We* did.”

“And why should I, Nurse Shane? Hockey was my life, and then life ended, and I was forced to be this. To live in– ah, I don’t know word in English. Чистилище.” *Purgatory*.

“You could’ve been a commentator! A coach! Anything!”

“And watch shit players play shit hockey? Fuck that. Listen, this was only solution for me. It would have been embarrassing, trying to fit in after this. Being so good and then being unable to play at all. It was fucked. Everything is fucked.”

“So you tried to kill yourself?” Shane spat before immediately realizing what he said, his eyes going as wide as the full moon hanging in the sky outside. Ilya didn’t even have the decency to be angry; instead, he was a little overjoyed. No one ever spoke to him like that, so much anger because of how much they cared.

Svetlana had been walking on eggshells around him ever since he had a nervous breakdown in front of her. His legs used to go numb sometimes, tingling horribly; one night, while she was staying over, he couldn’t take it anymore. That was a night he regretted immensely.

“So—sorry, I, um,” Shane panicked, swallowing heavily, hands shaking as he grabbed everything he needed to continue his job. Ilya just watched those wide, panicked eyes, and the way they looked everywhere but his own. “I— I’ll leave. Sorry.”

The cute nurse had a talent for disappearing quickly, and soon Ilya was left alone once again. Silently, he mulled over the conversation, and he found he couldn’t be mad at anything Shane said. All of it had so much emotion behind it, like Shane felt so deeply about Ilya that he couldn’t help but pour it all out. Shane didn’t even know who Ilya was, and Ilya was scared to really let him. He probably wouldn’t like him much anymore.

Three days passed, and the only thing that stuck out about them to Ilya was the fact that every time Shane entered his room he kept his eyes low and his mouth shut, only asking necessary questions. Ilya tried to tease him and was only satisfied with the lack of reaction because he could see the tips of Shane’s ears turn pink, and that was enough. He would be lying if he said he didn’t wish for more, but he wasn’t going to push. Shane seemed like someone who had difficulty parsing out and verbalizing his emotion, and Ilya had nothing but time.

Physical therapy continued to be a bitch, and he was regularly given over-the-counter pain medication despite his loud protests. A particularly rough day of physical therapy caused him to be more pissed off than usual; Ilya wasn’t a mean person, despite his general aura. Empathy was the thing he carried with him from his mother, and he knew how to read people like a book. Charisma flowed through Ilya’s veins, and every word was calculated when it needed to be. Now, though, he was in too much pain to care, so when he yelled and cursed and shouted, they ended the session early and took him back to his room.

Shane came in a few moments later, the bane of Ilya’s existence in his hands. Ibuprofen rattled in the cup as he moved towards Ilya, depositing the pills into his palm and handing over water. Begrudgingly, Ilya took it, wishing he had anything else. He would’ve killed for a cigarette. Shane lingered at his bedside, taking the empty cup from Ilya when he was done gulping the liquid down. He made no move to leave.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized quietly, eyes hiding behind long lashes. An internal battle was waged in Ilya’s chest, half of him clinging desperately onto his earlier frustration and anger, and the other half unable to because of how soft Shane’s voice was. How his hands shook as he clasped them in front of him, and how such a strong looking man suddenly looked so small. It was almost funny, how sincerely apologetic he was for just saying the truth.

“I was out of line, and it was *completely* unprofessional. I don’t even know you,” he laughed without humor to himself, as if he didn’t understand his own actions. Ilya suspected

he didn't, and Ilya also didn't expect the statement *I don't even know you* to sting. "God, I'm—I said something awful to you."

"Nothing that wasn't true," Ilya shrugged, the movement jerky as it reached his ears, pain hitting him full-force. A headache exploded in his head like a firework going off, shimmering lights dancing in front of his vision. "Ah, fuck. Just ibuprofen, huh?"

Shane nodded, looking even more apologetic than he had previously. "Only ibuprofen. I'm sorry."

Ilya gave another movement that he hoped came across as a shrug. "Is my own fault," he rasped. "Overdose and all."

Stillness settled over the two of them then, like a spell had been cast that demanded silence and contemplation. They just looked at each other, peeling back the layers of skin and sinew and muscle, cracking open ribcages just to get a glimpse at the other's heart. Ilya saw Shane's, and it was steady and strong, a comforting beat to a rhythm all his own. Ilya was sure Shane saw his in all its stuttering glory, begrudgingly pumping dark, tainted blood as it beat out of time to the music of Ilya's body.

"Why did you do it?" Shane asked, voice impossibly tender. "The real reason, without... without the bullshit."

"Nurse Shane! Language," Ilya couldn't help himself, diffusing the growing tension but keeping the emotion of it all as he settled back into a neutral expression. The steady pulsing of his headache centered him. "There's Russian saying, 'Нé было бы счáстья, да несчáстье помогло'. It means everything has good reason, and after bad thing happens, there will be pretty rainbow or whatever. There was no good for me, no rainbow. I am nothing without hockey."

"Did you try looking for a rainbow?"

Ilya looked at Shane with a soft smile, appreciating his effort. This was something Ilya knew in his heart. "Too many clouds," Ilya offered a morose smile. He settled into his bed, letting his head fall back and his eyes wander to the dip of Shane's Cupid's bow. "Lots of rain. I told you what I did after hockey."

"That's not really looking," Shane chided, at least having the decency to look at Ilya's lips too before averting his eyes. "That's just you trying to make the problem go away by not dealing with it."

"Oh, so you're therapist as well as nurse?" Ilya taunted, eyes narrowing, making himself as visibly annoyed with Shane's answer as possible. Shane didn't waver, his brow set firmly. Emotions crashed like waves behind Shane's eyes, the tumultuous waters darkening already dark irises.

"I'll help you," Shane's voice was thick, mollifying Ilya. He let the fight run out of him, waiting for Shane's next move with baited breath. "Every day, I'll take my lunch here and we can—we can talk, and maybe find something for you to do. Anything."

“Anything,” Ilya repeated, looking somewhere very far away. A timeline of his life stretched out before him, a vignette of grief and lonesome happiness confined to a person he left on the ice four years ago. “Okay. We can try.”

Joy and relief moved instantly to rearrange the features on Shane’s face, twisting the corners of his mouth up and lifting his eyebrows in an expression that baffled Ilya. Why someone cared this much about him was a mystery, especially considering he had been out of the entirely for three years.

“Okay!” Aware suddenly of his attitude, he sobered himself up before straightening his shirt and nodding to Ilya. “Okay. I’ll, um, be in here tomorrow, then. For my lunch break.”

“With more ibuprofen, I hope.” Ilya joked, and the soft laugh Shane gave in response was enough for Ilya.

“Um,” Shane fiddled with his fingers, looking between them and Ilya like his eyes didn’t know where to rest. “Good night.”

“Good night, Nurse Shane.”

Before Ilya could enjoy a nice afternoon lunch with Shane, he was subjected to yet another round of torture from the physical therapists. Sure, it was getting easier, but he hated it when they scraped the muscle of his neck to break up the scar tissue. Nothing felt worse than hard plastic on a healing wound.

Exhausted and hungry, Ilya sat back in his bed, eyes closed as he leaned his head back. Short, soft breaths left him as he tried to center himself within his body, something he hadn’t done for a very long time. Grounding was a technique he picked up in childhood, when his father was being his father. When he found his mother. Before a game, when the adrenaline was too much for him to really focus.

Shane came in a couple of minutes later, forcing Ilya’s eyes open. In one of the nurse’s hands there was a blue lunchbox, and in the other one there was a tray with hospital food.

“Ah, how kind of you to pack me a lunch,” Ilya smiled, eager to see Shane’s response. He always reacted so well to Ilya’s teasing.

“Ha-ha,” As Ilya has come to expect, there was no heat behind Shane’s voice. Only natural acceptance of whatever Ilya had to say. It made Ilya’s chest squeeze in a way he’d never experienced before— someone perfectly okay with Ilya’s personality, someone perfectly okay to spend time with him without pretense. Not because of Ilya’s body or his wealth, but because they simply enjoyed him that much. “You know the food here isn’t bad.”

“Oh, and how do you know I think that?” Ilya countered, to which Shane had an easy response.

“You would’ve complained about it by now.”

Ilya could make no reply to that, instead opting to let his eyes linger on Shane, the tray full of food in front of him a secondary task. A slow smile bloomed on his face, matching the warmth filling his head. They began to eat in relative silence, Ilya's hunger taking center stage once he got one spoonful down.

He watched as Shane pulled a sandwich, chips, and a canned ginger ale out of his lunchbox. Everything he did was endearing.

"What about starting a business? Something in the athletics world?" Shane blurted through bites of sandwich, and Ilya groaned.

"Don't talk, just let me look at you." Ilya took a drink of his water, watching Shane's bashfulness over the lip of his cup.

"That's not what I'm here for," Shane scoffed. "Besides, I'm still your nurse."

"Ah, after I am free it doesn't matter, yes? You can see me and it won't be a *scandal*," Ilya placed emphasis on the word scandal, teasing Shane at every opportunity. One part of Ilya thought it to be shocking to the point of hilarity that he became so instantly attached to the nurse who is taking care of him after his *purposeful overdose on drugs*.

Whatever greater power existed that forced the gears of time to move definitely seemed to not like Ilya considering it took a near death experience for them to remember Ilya might deserve someone who cared. Another person, since the first one they gave him, had no one to really care for her back.

"I don't think we solve problem anytime soon." Ilya finished after letting his pause hang in the air like a promise. Shane exhaled sharply, nodding.

"Right," he said. "It's a difficult problem."

Ilya took that as all the confirmation he needed, a grin swallowing any doubt in his face as he once again eagerly resumed eating his food. Shane followed shortly after, a shy smile peeking through. Silence wrapped around the two of them, pulling them into a space all their own. Fluorescent hospital lights were dimmed, and the smell of antiseptic became a longing for Shane's scent every time he got close enough to Ilya to breathe him in.

Terror settled into the back of his neck, the air in Ilya's lungs forced out of him as he blinked in the sight of the real world again. Shane looked up at him, eyebrows knitting together with concern. Matter split apart in Ilya's head, the former hockey player thinking, *This must be what life feels like*. Fear to exist and choosing to do so anyways, because there will always be something more than what was.

"Ilya, are you okay?" Shane moved his lunchbox aside in one fluid motion as he got up to walk over to Ilya. The Russian just smiled.

"Yes," he nodded to himself, looking down from Shane before looking back up from him. "I am okay."

Two days later, Ilya was discharged. He was given a referral to an orthopedic doctor as well as physical therapy exercises to do when he got home. In his pocket was the best gift the hospital had given him— a piece of paper with ten numbers written down in neat handwriting. Shane had personally said goodbye to him, and Ilya pulled him close to whisper something in his ear. When he pulled back, Shane's entire face was bright red and he had to shove Ilya off of him.

The drive back to his house was uneventful. Luckily, the hospital sat in a quiet suburb about thirty minutes from Boston proper, so Ilya was happy to watch from the window as town houses turned into stone buildings and commercial life. His house was in a secluded area of the city, a rich district covered by forest. Black driveway twisted and turned until it disappeared behind trees, and Ilya informed the driver he would be okay to walk.

As expected, fresh air felt wonderful to breathe in again, especially when it was mixed with the smell of snow. These were the rare moments in America where he could pretend he was in the Russia he used to love. He took the walk slowly up the hill to his house, enjoying the way the cold put her gentle palm to his cheek. His mother was here, in these cold days.

Nothing inside was any different than he had left it. A few dishes had been left in the sink, but other than that everything was spotless. Ilya didn't have many creature comforts, so anything he did have was neat and few. He preferred his vices impermanent and forgettable.

Growing heavy in his pocket was the feeling of his phone, left useless and unused. Ilya should've texted him already; Shane was probably pacing around in the employee lounge or something equally cute.

He sent a quick text, just his address and the message *Come when you are free*. Ilya had nowhere else to go, and if he closed his eyes tight enough he could almost see the expression Shane would have on his face after reading the text. It would be a mix of embarrassment, relief, and anticipation.

Just laying on his couch felt like a sublime luxury after the stiffness of the Hospital bed, and Ilya was content to laze around for the entire day until Shane got off. Birds hesitantly stepped on snow heavy branches as Ilya watched them through the windows, smiling stupidly at the way they picked up their feet in an attempt to not get *too* cold.

Cold sky was soon replaced by molten gold as the sun began its descent, dipping into the earth to slumber as the moon yawned into the sky. Before the last bit of pink was gone from the world, Ilya's phone buzzed. His hand flew to it immediately, face lighting up when he saw it was from Shane. He was on his way.

Ilya could barely contain himself.

The seconds ticked on in agony before his doorbell rang, and Ilya tried not to run to open it. Instead, a coolness he didn't feel settled over his person as he sauntered to the door and opened it, looking at a bundled Shane still in his scrubs.

"I hope you didn't speed here," Ilya grinned as Shane stepped in, closing the door behind him. He took Shane coat for him, hanging it up.

“I don’t speed.”

“So predictable.” Ilya sighed, shaking his head fondly.

The Russian watched as Shane looked around his house, eyes scanning the openness and the simple interior. Ilya wasn’t home enough to decorate, nor did he really care, so instead he chose tasteful furniture that could look chic on its own. He had a knack for controlled calamity, it seemed.

“This place is huge,” Shane breathed, his head moving up and down as he went over every detail. Ilya just leaned on the wall, watching him. “Do you live here alone?”

Ilya looked around. “Yes,” he answered. “Why would I live with anyone?”

Shane shrugged, looking a little unsure. “I don’t know, family? A... partner, maybe.” Ilya could feel how reluctantly the nurse wanted to say the last part. This man was such a joy for Ilya to be around.

“No family,” Ilya moved from his place on the wall, walking closer to Shane. He stopped about a foot away, hands in his pocket. “No ‘partner’.” Ilya studied Shane’s eyes and the way they caught on Ilya’s, and how it seemed like the man forgot how to breathe.

“Oh,” Shane swallowed. “I see. So, it’s just us?”

“Just us, Nurse Shane.”

“You can just call me Shane. It’s weird when you call me Nurse.”

“Oh, because it makes you feel like you broke the rules?” Ilya teased, stepping closer.

“No,” Shane answered seriously, and Ilya stopped himself from taking another step until he continued. “I– look, this isn’t *technically* breaking the rules. I wouldn’t have done this with anyone else anyways.”

“Really, Shane?” Ilya claimed another inch, and then another, and soon if Ilya leaned just a little closer they would be touching. He never stopped grinning.

“Really.”

The honesty shocked Ilya enough that it took a second for the reality of the statement to hit him, and he swore he could see birds flying around his head. When it did, though, it caused Ilya to surge forward, claiming Shane’s mouth on his own. His hands snaked to Shane’s jaw, placing them firmly on the sides of his face. Shane was left to grab at Ilya, one hand curling around the fabric of his shirt and the other going to Ilya’s face.

They kissed for a long while, and Ilya was proud to announce that no less than six hickies had been left *below* the collar per Shane’s instruction. Not that Ilya was complaining, considering it meant Shane had to take his shirt off.

Laying in Ilya's bed, Shane snuggled close to him and Ilya snuggled back. To Ilya, it felt like Shane was a support beam that had been knocked out from under Ilya's bridge. A vital component that had now been returned, and now any waters could be traversed safely. He pressed a kiss to the crown of Shane's head.

"Can I stay the night?" Shane asked, moving his head so he could look at Ilya. In Ilya's chest, it seemed his heart was beginning to beat to the right tune again.

"Of course," Ilya responded easily, hand trailing down the open expanse of Shane's smooth back. "You can stay as many nights as you want."

From deep inside Ilya, something hard and eroded dislodged, dissolving. Its poison had long been seeping into Ilya's soul, corrupting him to believe that everything good had already happened to him and that he'd deserved none of it. This man in his arms, this abrupt and beautiful miracle, was proof that it was all just a lie; a lie told to himself at the end of the bottle and the end of a bag.

In his opinion, he knew he'd be okay now.

I have seen what the darkness does.

Said goodbye to who I was.

I ain't never been away so long.

Don't look back them days are gone.

Chapter 2: for your kindness, i am whole again

Chapter Summary

the smut we needed and deserved <3

Chapter Notes

it needed to happen. super tooth rotti and domestic

Six months after Ilya's suicide attempt, he had the epiphany that therapy and a loving boyfriend did solve a lot of problems. Shane had been half-living with Ilya for the past four months, staying with the Russian on his days off and staying at his own house when he had his sequential shifts. (Ilya was almost certain Shane didn't have a house and just stayed at the hospital, but Shane would neither confirm nor deny this.)

For the last two days, Ilya had been home alone responding to boring emails and going on a variety of Zoom calls. Summer was the hockey off season so most of it was in preparation for the upcoming season, and there were more people than Ilya expected eager to get him on their team. A lot of hockey streaming networks reached out to him about a position as a commentator, and a lot of brands reached out to him to see if he wanted to be a brand ambassador.

His first dip back into the public pool was him being an ambassador for a Boston mental health organization after an interview with a popular hockey podcaster went viral in which he disclosed his mental health struggles. Support immediately flooded the social media platforms he'd recently re-activated, calming his fears greatly.

Through all of it, Shane had been his rock, a sturdy voice of reason that called him out on his bullshit when Ilya was knee-deep in it. He was itching to see the man again even though it had only been two and a half days. Checking the clock and seeing it was only two in the afternoon, Ilya slumped over his closed laptop and groaned. Five and a half more hours.

Hours ticked by easily since Ilya had fallen asleep on the couch, hand warm inside his shirt, legs tangled between blankets. He didn't even hear the door open and Shane walk in, nor did he hear his boyfriend call out his name. It didn't take Shane long to find Ilya, and instead of waking him up, he stripped off his scrubs and cuddled into Ilya.

The Russian woke up blearily, a warm presence next to him. A smile bloomed on his face as he recognized Shane, pulling him closer as the Canadian groaned.

“How was work?” Ilya asked softly, kissing the crown of Shane’s head. Shane sighed into the touch, wiggling impossibly closer to the man next to him.

“Not good,” Shane shook his head, burying his face in the blankets. “A doctor yelled at me. He had to have been, like, four years younger than me or something. All I did was give him a suggestion.”

“Ah, Dr. Fuckface?” Ilya asked, wondering if he was remembering it correctly. This wasn’t the first time Shane had complained about a doctor’s behavior. Shane hummed an affirmative, his body slowly relaxing. Ilya could almost see the tension floating off of him.

Ilya ran a hand through Shane’s hair, his other hand smoothing down the soft skin of his exposed back and arms. Kisses were subsequently placed on both as he peppered Shane with affection, allowing him to destress. His three twelve-hour shifts did a number on him emotionally and physically, so Ilya tried his best to spoil Shane as much as possible.

Like butter in a hot pan, Shane melted willingly into the warmth of Ilya’s arms. They sat like that for a long while, Ilya pampering his boyfriend as he tried to come down from the adrenaline rush being a nurse gave him. Shane’s breathing evened out after about thirty minutes, and Ilya felt bad about waking him up but knew he needed a meal. His only meal of the day, most likely.

“Shane,” Ilya whispered into cropped, black hair. “Shane, I’m going to make you some dinner. Do you want to come with or stay on the couch?”

A groan vibrated from Shane’s chest before a deep sigh, and Ilya was soon faced with a worn Shane. “I’ll come with you,” he decided, getting off of Ilya with all the grace of a newborn giraffe. Not being able to hold himself back, Ilya chuckled as he watched the other man stumble into the kitchen before following him dutifully.

“Want anything in particular?” He said as he walked in to Shane slumped in one of the island chairs. He gave a short nod in response, and Ilya couldn’t help himself; he placed another firm kiss on Shane’s temple before walking over to the fridge and pulling out ingredients to make grilled cheeses and tomato soup.

Throughout the entire cooking process, Ilya hummed softly while Shane swayed tiredly in the background. It took about forty-five minutes before dinner was ready, but at least everything was nutritious and homemade (Ilya’s excuse for why dinner was ‘taking so fucking long’). “Sorry, sorry,” he grinned as he placed the bowl and plate in front of Shane.

“S’okay.” He smiled back up at Ilya easily, and the two sat next to each other as they ate. It was a silent dinner, but both of them were too hungry and tired to do anything but take a bite, chew, and swallow. Even after they were done, Ilya neglected to do the dishes in favor of just going to bed. They were both too tired.

An awaiting bed was a most needed comfort as they both fell face-first into pillowy delight. It took seconds before they were sound asleep, curled in each other’s arms like it was the only thing keeping them safe. Sleep was easy and restful, dreamless and peaceful. Ilya awoke to light jostling him awake, the sun’s playful rays welcoming him to a new day. He

smiled and sighed, content to sit for a few moments with his eyes closed, just feeling Shane's steady heartbeat.

As it was with their relationship, it didn't take long for Shane to wake up as well, and Ilya was met with a soft kiss to his cheek. He opened his sandy eyes to greet the other man, and they both immediately grinned.

"Good morning," Ilya whispered, mirroring Shane's kiss with his own. Shane hummed, saying a 'good morning' back before kissing Ilya's shoulder. He moved a hand to Shane's hair, brushing it back, his hand travelling to his neck to hold and rub gentle circles with his thumb. The kisses continued down his chest, Shane moving lower and lower, kissing soft skin as he went. Ilya could barely hold himself back, always looking forward to mornings like this.

Soft hands were firmly placed on the top of his thighs as Shane removed Ilya's pants with his teeth (if he wasn't hard before, he was after that) and began peppering kisses along Ilya's length. Wet tongue soon followed, and Ilya hissed as he felt his boyfriend's smile at his slit. Just as Ilya's hands went to Shane's head, he fully took Ilya's cock into his mouth. All of it, at once, causing Ilya to arch off the bed.

"Fuck, Shane," he breathed, soft moans leaving his lips as Shane worked Ilya up like he was made for it. Truly, Ilya didn't know how he got so lucky; a sexy boyfriend who was kind and understanding who *also* loved nothing more than sucking Ilya's dick. Maybe this was his karmic justice.

Like it always did, Shane sucking Ilya off wound him up just as much as it wound up Ilya. Soon he was moaning onto Ilya's cock, the vibrations driving him closer and closer to the edge of orgasm. Shane pulling off of Ilya and pressing his tongue flat against the head before going back down was all it took, with Shane swallowing every drop of the Russian's cum.

"Come here," Ilya growled, pulling Shane up to him and kissing the taste of himself off of his lips. "God, you're so fucking hot."

"Ilya," Shane moaned as Ilya's hands squeezed the swell of his boyfriend's ass, then going around his inner thighs, fingers brushing lightly over Shane's dick. "Hah, Ilya—"

"I know, I know," Ilya murmured, pressing gentle kisses to Shane's neck and collar bones, his free hand tweaking perk nipples. He grabbed the lube from the nightstand, his hands reluctantly leaving warm skin as he squirted a generous amount on his fingers. Moving his fingers back and forth, he warmed the material up before removing any barrier of blankets from the bed. Shane's head fell on the crook of Ilya's neck as he straddled him.

Ilya gave no warning before sliding his pointer finger into Shane's tight hole, the small gasp it awarded fueling the Russian further. Their relationship was built on a lot of mutual attraction, so it didn't take long for Ilya to find every spot that made Shane scream and exploit them every time they had sex. This was no exception, as Ilya quickly found the Canadian's prostate, pressing, pressing, pressing before adding another finger. He scissored the space open, relaxing it gently. Gently, his thumb entered and exited, even as he added a third finger.

“I’m ready,” Shane complained from above him, and the smile that grew on Ilya’s face was so fond it nearly melted him. He nodded, placing a kiss to Shane’s clavicle, before removing his fingers and lining himself up. His dick went in slowly at first, letting Shane become accommodated to it (which didn’t take long now, since his hole was so familiar with Ilya), before slamming the last few inches in hard.

“Ah!” Shane yelled, nails digging into Ilya’s back as he moaned. Ilya continued at a languid pace, Shane’s own body meeting every thrust. To add more pressure, Ilya placed his hands firmly on the other man’s waist, pulling him down so his cock went even deeper. Shane cried out, moans breathy and shallow.

“So pretty,” Ilya said, catching Shane’s open mouth in a kiss. “*So pretty.*”

“S-stop,” Shane stuttered, eyes glazing over with pleasure. A grin overtook Ilya’s face, all teeth and mischief.

“No.”

Flipping them over, dick miraculously never leaving Shane, Ilya pressed the Canadian’s thighs up by his chest. His pace was relentless then, slamming into Shane over and over again as they both chased their high. Shane pulled Ilya into him, kissing him deeply, with Ilya licking into Shane’s mouth. His tongue pressed against the roof of it, snaking over teeth as Shane fought against himself. Continue kissing or breathe was his current dilemma as Ilya stole the breath from him with every kiss and every movement of his hips.

“Ah, Shane, you feel so good,” Ilya groaned, loving the way Shane clenched with every thrust. Shane whined from below him, nodding in agreement. Ilya didn’t mind that Shane wasn’t a huge conversationalist during sex; Ilya had enough words for the both of them.

He watched with rapt attention as his dick pressed against Shane’s abdomen every time he buried himself to the hilt. The sounds were filthy, skin smacking against skin, but it was a symphony to Ilya’s ears. Without thinking, he pressed down on the spot where Shane’s stomach distended. The most beautiful sound came out of Shane then, a long drawn out keen that sent Ilya into a spiral. Every thrust was met with an equal press on Shane, causing him to jerk and shake from beneath him.

Ilya was too enraptured by it to even think about his own pleasure; all of his senses were being controlled by a plump, open mouth spilling moans and whines. Shane’s eyes were unfocussed and hazy, tears threatening to spill over. Ilya placed gentle kisses on his cheek, forehead, nose. Every added touch sent shocks through Shane as he grabbed whatever he could find, and it hit Ilya then how close they both were.

“Inside or outside?” He asked. Shane looked at him with need in his eyes.

“Inside,” he whispered back. “Please, inside.”

Ilya’s second orgasm of the day hit him much harder than his first, tearing from him a long groan that mingled with Shane’s own sounds of ecstasy. Ilya continued to pump into Shane,

working them both through their orgasm before he stilled, his boyfriend shaky and pliant beneath him.

They laid side by side for a few minutes, Shane holding one of Ilya's hands as he let the other lightly trail over his body. Both of them looked at the other with such adoration that the moment felt infinite. Shane, inevitably, had to break it.

"I'm hungry," he said, adding a yawn to his statement. Ilya laughed, agreeing.

"Me too," he brought Shane's hand to his mouth to kiss it. "I have to clean you out first, though."

"Ilya," Shane's voice was stern, knowing *exactly* what Ilya planned on doing while he scooped his own cum out of Shane. "I can do it myself."

"Yes, but it's only fair," Ilya grinned. "I came twice, so you have to as well."

Really, Shane didn't need any convincing; it was the aftercare Shane loved the most, especially because Ilya was so attentive. They lay on their sides, facing each other, Shane's body pressed against Ilya as his hand snaked down the Canadian's body. His fingers entered without resistance, curling and dragging cum and lube out. Every time he entered, he made sure to brush against Shane's prostate, sometimes massaging it. He loved this position, mostly because Shane's breathy moans were right up against his ear, but also because he could feel how Shane's heartbeat picked up.

All of the contents were dumped on a towel they kept at their bedside, Ilya wiping down Shane's dick and stomach. One hand was still in Shane as the other worked up and down his cock, bringing him to orgasm quickly. He arched into Ilya, with the Russian placing open mouth kisses to a now fully exposed neck. Ilya continued his onslaught through Shane's orgasm and then a little after, loving the way he sounded when he got overstimulated. He stopped when Shane pushed him away gently, pulling out and removing his hand.

Shane snatched the towel from him with a playful glare, re-cleaning his dick and stomach as Ilya rolled out of bed, getting dressed.

"I'll go start on some food," Ilya kissed Shane's forehead. He hummed in assent, watching Ilya leave the room before yelling,

"And some coffee!"

He got dressed himself, a small smile never leaving his face as he walked out to join his boyfriend in their kitchen.

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