

Frozen Peas & Ginger Ale

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Frozen Peas & Ginger Ale

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Summary

"One second, Ilya was soaring across the ice, misdirecting the Montreal player that was on his tail, and the next he was knocked off his skates, falling face first into the ice. There was a sickening crack as his helmet slammed against the ice and he saw stars, blinding pain flashing across his forehead and down the bridge of his nose."

Hollanov hurt/comfort one shot! Ilya gets laid out during a game against Montreal, and Shane shows up at his apartment to take care of him. Very fluffy.

Notes

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

One second, Ilya was soaring across the ice, misdirecting the Montreal player that was on his tail, and the next he was knocked off his skates, falling face first into the ice. There was a sickening crack as his helmet slammed against the ice and he saw stars, blinding pain flashing across his forehead and down the bridge of his nose. He exclaimed in surprise, and eventually pain, cursing in Russian once his breath comes back to him. He pushes himself up on his arms and blinks for a moment before turning his head toward the rink. His eyes immediately meet the worried gaze of Shane Hollander. His stick hangs limp at his side as he hovers just beyond the medics and the few Boston players who had approached the spot where Ilya went down.

Hollander continues to look at him expectantly and he attempts a smile that he hopes is reassuring. Ilya minutely shakes his head, indicating that he shouldn't worry, but quickly regrets it as the movement aggravates his head which feels like it's splitting in two. Unfamiliar hands hold his shoulders down and quickly pull his helmet off, earning a loud hiss and grunt of pain from the Boston captain. Hands grasp under his arms and he is efficiently hauled to his feet, wobbling for a moment as the blood rushes from his head. Someone asks if he's okay to walk off the ice and he grunts in the affirmative. With his coach on one side and a medic on the other, Ilya hobbles off the ice. There's some scattered applause that he wishes would just stop, and he wonders if anyone will bother telling Shane that he's okay.

Hours later, he's propped up on the couch in his Boston apartment, holding a bag of frozen peas gingerly to his face. Nearby, his phone rings and he blindly reaches for it, jabbing a finger where he hopes the answer call button is, and brings it to his ear.

"Da?" he says quietly, and the voice that responds still fills him with the same warmth and excitement that it's given him for the past eight years.

"Hey, it's me." Shane says quietly. "I wasn't sure if they'd let you go home tonight, but I was in the neighborhood," he laughs nervously, "and I saw your light on. I wanted to see how you're doing. I'm outside." Ilya is so tired and this is so much talking, but he has the wherewithal to haul himself off the couch to buzz Shane in and wait for his arrival at the door. Shane slips in, quickly locking the door behind him and removing his shoes before approaching Ilya and so gently taking his face between his hands.

"Hollander, I don't think I'm going to be able to suck your dick tonight," he says, the words roughly tumbling out of his throat. Shane scoffs softly.

"Shut up, asshole," he says, examining Ilya's face intently and wincing. "Concussion," he says, more a statement than a question, but Ilya still responds,

"Da. Maybe broken nose, still too swollen to say." Shane frowns, gently pressing a kiss to Ilya's jaw, far from the bruising and swelling mottling his face. He takes Ilya's hand in his and carefully leads him back to the couch. He helps him settle back against the pillows with a grunt from Ilya. He picks up the bag of frozen veggies and brings it to Ilya's forehead. Before he can formulate a thought, Ilya winces in pain, hissing sharply as the weight of the peas rests on his shattered face. Shane immediately pulls his hand back, muttering, "Oh, shit."

"Is okay," Ilya says, reaching for Shane's wrist, "just heavy," he explains. Shane nods in understanding and lowers the frozen veggies just enough to kiss the skin of Ilya's face. He sighs shakily and squeezes Shane's hand in lieu of a thank you.

"Can I get you anything?" Shane asks softly, polite as always. Ilya hums, taking stock of himself. His forehead is throbbing, but he's already maxed out on pain killers. He doesn't particularly have an appetite, so he doesn't need food either. They could listen to music or play a card game, but the thought of sitting up and holding his eyes open seems unbearable.

"No. Just stay," he requests softly, nuzzling closer to Shane's thigh. Shane moves his free hand to interlock fingers with Ilya, giving his hand a reassuring squeeze. He leans down and presses a featherlight kiss to his hairline.

"You rest. I'll be here," he says and Ilya really wishes he was feeling well enough to suck his dick. For now though, he brings their intertwined hands to his face, kissing along Shane's knuckles, allowing the waves of pain to wash over him.

Ilya can't tell how much time passes while he lies there with his eyes closed. He feels Shane thumb stroke lightly along his jaw, tracing from the dimple in his chin to his earlobe and back again. He feels the ice slowly start to melt against his face and he hears Shane's whispered reminders to relax and to unclench his jaw. He hums in appreciation, hoping it conveys the depth of his gratitude. Ilya swallows thickly and takes a deep, shaking breath in through his nose before blowing it out. There is an uncomfortable churning in his stomach and he brings a hand to his belly with a sigh.

Shane takes note immediately. "Nauseous?" he asks quietly, halting his movements along Ilya's skin. Ilya flutters his eyes open with a light groan and catches himself about to nod in the affirmative. Instead, he says, "Yes," thickly, mouth dry and scratchy. He swears he can hear the gears turning in Shane's head as he sits up straighter, switching into captain mode.

"We gotta keep an eye on that," he says, nodding to himself. "If you start throwing up, or if your headache gets noticeably worse, you've got to get back to the hospital because that could mean you have a brain bleed."

"Shane," Ilya rasps before clearing his throat and trying again. "Shane," he says with more conviction, reaching out to grasp his closest wrist. Shane's eyes are wide when they meet his and his breaths are coming shallower. "Is okay, relax, it's okay," he mutters, giving his wrist a squeeze.

Shane takes a stabilizing breath, shaking his head slightly. "Sorry, I'm sorry," he says quickly, turning his full attention to Ilya's bruised face. "Can I get you anything for your stomach?" he asks, searching Ilya's face with his glistening, curious eyes. The ghost of a smile flashes across Ilya's face before he responds,

"I have ginger ale in the fridge." A bright smile spreads across Shane's concerned face and he quickly moves to stand, placing a kiss on Ilya's shoulder before hurrying to the fridge.

He returns with a crackling, frosty can and an arm extended to help Ilya sit up. He swings his torso up in a way he quickly comes to regret as the room around him spins violently and high

pitched static rings through his ears. He moans in a way that he would find pitiful if he was able to hear himself. He feels strong hands grab his shoulders, and he gingerly lowers his head, coming to rest against Shane's pulse point. That's when Shane's soft, shaken voice reaches his consciousness. "-with me? Ilya?" he asks.

"Dizzy," Ilya grunts, breathing into the crook of Shane's neck. "Too fast," he mumbles, English always feeling like more of a chore when he was in pain.

"That's okay. It's okay," Shane whispers, rubbing his shoulders gently. "Just relax, take your time," he murmurs.

Ilya lifts his head with a grunt, wincing through the head rush and keeping his eyes closed for a moment. He feels the cool, metal side of a can press against his lips. "Little sip," Shane says, tilting the can until a small amount of soda tips into his mouth. Ilya swallows and smacks his lips. "Tastes good," he says.

That earns a slight chuckle from Shane. "Yeah, I know," he says. Ilya opens his eyes to see the smile on Shane's face.

"Give me kiss," he mumbles, blinking tiredly at Shane. Shane leans in and places the lightest kiss against Ilya's lips, making sure to not add any pressure to his poor face.

"I'm gonna get you more ice," he says, quickly moving back to the freezer after a moment of taking in Ilya's swelling and bruising.

"Is bad?" Ilya asks as Shane swaps the melting bag of veggies with a frozen one. He hadn't taken a look in any mirror since before the game and not for the first time wondered what his face might look like.

"That ice got you good," Shane responds, returning to his place beside Ilya.

"I am ugly," Ilya says, and he would pout if he had more control over his face. Shane laughs again.

"Definitely not. Now lie back," he says, helping Ilya to lower back against the pillows on the couch. He carefully brings the frozen veggies to Ilya's face, drawing a hiss out of the man. "Sorry, sorry, sorry," Shane whispers soothingly as Ilya adjusts to the temperature and pressure on his face.

"Ah," he sighs out in a mixture of pain and relief. His teeth begin to chatter as a chill runs through him, a shiver traveling down his right arm. Shane makes a sympathetic sound above him and instinctively pulls the blanket draped across the back of the couch over Ilya, tucking it around his body to trap in any heat. Ilya sighs contentedly, the pain in his forehead throbbing in a rhythm that could almost be relaxing. His eyes slide closed and he whispers, "ya tebya lyublyu."

Shane smiles and presses a soft kiss along his jaw. "Lyubimiy. Rest," he whispers, and Ilya is quick to obey.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! The Hollanov brainrot has taken over my life, so expect to see me back here.

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