all this effort, to make it look effortless

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by icicledust

Summary

> Ilya wasn't entirely sure what had happened. He was positive he didn't have a concussion, he had landed on his shoulder. But everything had happened so fast his brain was having trouble catching up.

Ilya tries his hardest to not worry Shane, but it's nearly impossible to not worry the love of your life. Especially when you hit the ice hard during a game.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Ilya wasn't entirely sure what had happened. He was positive he didn't have a concussion, he had landed on his shoulder. But everything had happened so fast his brain was having trouble catching up.

He knew for sure his left shoulder was dislocated, or at least close to it. And in his scramble to get up, to assure everyone, assure *Shane*, that he was okay he found the shooting pain in his left ankle. Trying to blink away the blinding blur of pain and tears Ilya took a few deep breaths as medics swarmed the ice. He had definitely moved fast enough, he focused on this instead. He knew this as he saw Shane relax the second he attempted to stand.

Ever since he had seen Shane laid out on the ice, unmoving, he had made a silent vow to never let him see Ilya like that. He knew it was an unrealistic goal, but it wouldn't be Ilya Rozanov if he didn't have lofty ones.

"I am fine," he lied through gritted teeth as he was looked over. A strangled hiss and a string of Russian curses escaped him as his ankle was checked. He would give Hayden Pike an honest to god compliment if it wasn't broken. He pushed the thought from his head now as he focused on Shane.

Ilya's heart felt like it was in a vice as it dropped into his stomach as he took in the look of terror on his husband's face. He offered a weak smile as he waved his good arm in the air. "Like I told them. I am fine," he said. He swallowed hard as Shane's gaze hardened, his complexion ashen and eyes glassy.

"The fuck you are," Shane said tightly, face crinkling. Ilya was distracted by his freckles. As usual. Even at a time like this.

He groaned as his eyes flicked to the scoreboard. 2-1; Ottawa. They had a chance. Had. If Ilya had been… what? Paying attention? He wasn't even sure that collision could be avoided. It's not like he remembered what had happened right now. He could only be grateful it was so early in the season.

Turning his attention back to Shane he offered a crooked half smile. "Go. Make sure we win, yes? Okay Hollander?" he said.

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God-fucking-dammit. I should have said Hunter…

Ilya squinted at the x-ray as Terry, the Centaurs' team doctor, explained that perhaps there's a tear (they couldn't be sure without an MRI, but they didn't think so), but there was no fracture. He could admit the pain was not as intense once his skates had been removed, but his ankle certainly didn't look like it felt any better.

In another “win”, his shoulder had not been dislocated, just over extended, but it wasn’t much consolation with how much pain he was in. Running his good hand through his curls, he grumbled a bit as he heard the muffled sounds of the Ottawa fans. He had lost track of time once he was off of the ice, but he had figured the game was over, or nearly so.

And as if on cue, the door to his room swung open. It must have been obvious Ilya was disappointed because Harris offered an awkward cough before offering him a wave. “Shane is dealing with the press, not willingly mind you,” he said, a smile coming to his face as Ilya relaxed some. “Terry gave me the cliff notes, you doing alright?”

Ilya shrugged, immediately regretting it as his shoulder stabbed him with pain, though not as sharp as it had been. “Could be better,” he admitted. “We won?”

“Mm,” Harris offered with a nod as he sat in the chair next to the bed. Ilya had to love Harris in moments like this, he was a great friend and it made not having Shane by his side a little easier to handle. “Wyatt blocked any more shots from getting through and Troy and Shane managed to get another shot in, so we won 3-1.”

A grin spread to Ilya’s face. “They work well together.”

“Not as well as the two of us.”

“Shaaaaane,” Ilya called out to his husband, making grabby hands as Shane appeared in the doorway.

Shane raised an eyebrow as he approached and reached for Ilya’s hands. His face scrunched up in confusion, one of Ilya’s favorite expressions, as he looked Ilya over. “How doped are you right now??” he asked.

“Not at all,” Ilya said. “Wanted to show you how you sounded when you got hurt.” A grin spread wide across his face as Shane rolled his eyes.

“Oh fuck you, Rozanov.”

“Is that any way to treat your injured husband, Hollander?”

Shane ignored the comment as he pressed his lips to the top of Ilya’s head. “You okay?” he murmured. Despite them being married for nearly six months, it still was weird to be lovey in public. Even if right now the only “public” was Harris. Who cleared his throat and muttered something about going to find Troy before leaving the couple alone.

Ilya sighed heavily as he leaned into Shane’s touch. He didn’t want to be annoyed, he knew how scary it was to see the person you love hurt. But Shane tended to obsess over everything, and despite the moderate pain and frustration, he really was fine. “I would not lie to you, okay?” Ilya said.

There were a few moments of silence as they hugged awkwardly before Shane took the seat next to the bed, Ilya raising an eyebrow as he knew his husband was going to say *something* he didn’t want to hear. “What?” he managed out.

“So… I spoke to Bood and Coach Wiebe…” Shane began.

“I will be fine alone. Is not the first time…”

“Really? Who’s going to take care of Anya?”

“Your parents can help,” Ilya said. “And ah…” he murmured something in Russian that Shane couldn’t catch. “What do you call… dog sitter?? Or take her to the dog hotel, she would have been going anyway.”

Shane rubbed the bridge of his nose as he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. Ilya made a good point, even if Ilya hadn’t been injured and missing the road trip Anya would have been going to the dog kennel *anyway*. “I know… just…” he murmured weakly.

A heavy sigh escaped him as he sat back up to face Ilya. Even in the years after admitting their feelings to one another, they both still struggled immensely with communication. “I know it was minor, in the grand scheme of things, but it really fucking scared me to see you go down like that,” Shane managed through a few shaky breaths.

Ilya’s lips pressed in a tight line, unable to will the words to come out. The one thing he promised himself. To not scare Shane, he failed. Another line in his never ending list of failures. Swallowing hard he reached his right hand out to tangle it in Shane’s hair. “Sweetheart, I—“

“You… didn’t do anything wrong,” Shane cut Ilya off with a sniffle. He had been trying hard not to cry. “I know you’ll be okay. Let me… let me sit out a game or two, just. To be sure. Just to know you’re okay?” He took Ilya’s hand and pressed his lips to his knuckles.

Ilya adjusted and swung his legs off of the bed so he was facing Shane. Looking into his eyes he moved his hand to brush his freckled cheeks. “Okay,” he said as he bobbed his head faintly. “Would be nice, I think. For you to wait on me. Unlimited blowjobs…” He waggled his eyebrows.

“Jesus Christ Ilya.”

“You love me,” he murmured in Russian as he leaned forward, pressing his head to Shane’s.

“Mm, I do,” Shane responded back.

“Think Coach will want to talk to me?” Ilya wondered out loud. “I just want to go home. Maybe get some McDonald’s…” He giggled at the disgusted face Shane made. Shane may have laid off his “clean eating” diet, but some things he still didn’t really compromise on. “Fine, fine. Chicken Parmesan?” He gave his best pouty face and lit up as Shane sighed and nodded.

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“Ah, ah calm down Anya…” Ilya cooed in Russian as the pair entered their home. “Papa is hurt…”

The small dog continued her full body wiggling and yapping, but had thankfully stopped trying to jump on Ilya as Shane led him over to the couch. “You know how to use crutches,” Shane muttered.

“Yes, but…” Ilya trailed off with a grunt as he flopped onto the couch and looked up at his husband. “This is nice. If you want to take care of me…” his voice trailed off as he adjusted so his ankle was elevated.

Shane rolled his eyes and opted to let Anya out into the backyard before grabbing his phone to order food. “You’re going to make me regret staying home.”

“Mm. Impossible.”

A defeated sigh escaped Shane, letting Anya back in before he sat next to Ilya on the couch, pulling the taller man to rest on his shoulder. Pressing his lips to the golden curls he took a deep breath as Anya hopped onto the couch and tried to wedge herself between them.

Shane couldn’t understand why this of all things had shaken him so badly. Ilya nearly died in a plane crash for Christ’s sake, a fall on the ice resulting in a bum shoulder and ankle was nothing. And yet…

“You are overthinking…” somehow Ilya’s voice sounded so far away. So soft. Shane still jumped, looking at Ilya’s confused expression as he bit his lip. “What is wrong?” Ilya’s lips gently pressed against Shane’s jaw.

“I… wish I knew,” Shane answered truthfully, burying his face into the top of Ilya’s head. The next thing he said was muffled and Ilya scrunched his face and readjusted.

“What?”

Shane looked down at Ilya and felt like his heart was going to break with how confused and concerned he looked. Another heavy sigh escaped him as he held his husband tight. “It’s stupid,” he said.

“Mhm, yes,” Ilya started. “Brains are like that. Could try to explain it?”

“Like… you nearly died in a plane crash,” Shane began, voice shaking a little. “So it’s just so stupid this is shaking me so much. A blade caught your skate and you hit the ice wrong.” Their eyes met, both of them soft and sad, and Ilya reached up and ran his thumb across Shane’s cheek. He didn’t even realize he had started crying.

He leaned into the touch and closed his eyes, trying to find the words to continue, but Ilya knew. “I understand, I think…” his voice cracked, his accent thicker with the tears he was holding back. “The plane crash was…” he took a moment to find the word in English. “Terrifying. But, when you got hurt on the ice? Is probably still worse than that.”

A weak laugh escaped Shane. “We are both so fucked up,” he muttered.

“Probably, yes,” Ilya agreed with a chuckle “But, we are fucked up together. So I’m okay with it…” He then leaned up and took Shane’s lips in a soft, urgent kiss. “Ya tebya lyublyu,” he murmured against Shane’s lips as he pulled away.

“Ya tebya lyublyu…”

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“Is fine, I can do it myself!”

“I’m not letting you *crawl* up the stairs, what the fuck?”

Once they had finished dinner, Ilya immediately tried to get up to make his way to the bedroom before being stopped by Shane. After a bit of back and forth Ilya, begrudgingly, allowed Shane to lead him to their bedroom.

“I’ll be back in a second, I’m gonna go feed Anya and make sure she’s good for the night,” Shane explained, placing a kiss on Ilya’s temple.

Sitting on the bed, Ilya watched Shane leave, running his hand through his hair. The night had become far more stressful than it should have been. They were going to win the game, come home, fuck and leave for the road trip in the morning. Not be stuck in their brains and terrible feelings.

He began to undress while lost in his thoughts, blinking as he was suddenly shirtless with not nearly as much pain as he thought he’d have in his shoulder.

Well. That’s a plus. He tentatively moved his shoulder in a gentle, circular motion… only wincing a bit before switching to moving his whole arm. The pain wasn’t completely gone, but downgraded to manageable soreness. At this revelation a wide grin spread across Ilya’s face as he pulled his pants off, leaving himself in his boxer briefs as he laid back on the bed. His right hand lazily traveled down his chest and under the waist band as he idly gripped his flaccid dick.

A groan escaped him and he sunk into the pillows some, eyes locked on the door as he heard Shane’s steps approach. He didn’t even acknowledge Ilya as he entered, just relaying that he had fed Anya and she had settled in her bed for the night as he got undressed.

Ilya had to bite his lip to stop himself from losing it once Shane finally faced him. His face immediately tightened, eyes darting straight to Ilya’s growing bulge. “Wh— Ilya…” Shane said tersely.

“Hm?” Ilya hummed, his hand gently stroking his contained cock. “Am I doing something wrong?”

“Do you not remember what happened just a few hours ago?” Shane hissed. His cock betrayed him as usual, causing Ilya to lick his lips faintly as he watched the fabric of his husband’s briefs straining.

“Shoulder is fine,” Ilya responded. “Besides, I don’t need either for you to suck my dick…” He patted Shane’s side of the bed and offered his signature crooked smile when Shane immediately obeyed. “Didn’t you say you wanted to take care of me, sweetheart?”

Shane sucked in a breath and Ilya knew he had “won.” He raked his gaze over Ilya’s body as if it was the first time, it made Ilya’s heart flutter and stomach flip. Just how much Shane treasured him, has always treasured him. But then his eyes caught on Ilya’s ankle and Ilya bit back a groan as he knew what the words Shane was preparing to speak before they left his husband’s mouth.

“I don’t think sucking my dick will hurt my ankle,” he cut him off, biting back a laugh as Shane’s lips pressed in a thin line. “But… hold on…” Ilya readjusted, swinging his legs over the side of the bed as he sat on the edge. Lifting his hips he peeled his briefs off, his hard cock slapping his stomach in the process. “Less worried now?” he offered as he tossed the underwear towards the laundry basket.

“…yes. Fuck you,” Shane muttered as he climbed off the bed, his own briefs joining Ilya’s in a heap on the floor. Carefully he pushed himself between Ilya’s thighs and kissed him gently and lazily before trailing his lips down Ilya’s perfectly sculpted body. He laid expert kisses to each of Ilya’s thighs, ignoring his rigid dick for now.

“I had a hard day, Hollander…” his voice was a gravely growl. A “warning.”

Shane smiled against Ilya’s thigh as he moved toward the base of his cock, planting a few ghost kisses and delighting in the sounds his husband made before trailing his tongue along the underside of the shaft. He looked up at Ilya through his thick eyelashes and took in the beautiful sight that was Ilya Rozanov eating out of the palm of his hand.

Pressing his tongue against the slit at the head of Ilya’s cock, Shane moaned softly before taking it into his waiting mouth.

“Fuck… yes… Shane…” Ilya gasped out as his hand tangled in dark hair. From his position on the edge of the bed he couldn’t thrust much, which both frustrated and aroused him. It left Shane completely in control, which was his favorite thing (and Ilya’s, but he’d never admit that).

Taking Ilya down to the hilt, Shane found his rhythm easily; his hands gripping into sculpted thighs on either side of him to keep himself from touching his aching cock. In his lust drunk state Shane almost hoped a blowjob wouldn’t be enough for Ilya. The vague, unrealistic, promise of riding his husband enough to keep his orgasm in check as his head bobbed expertly on Ilya’s cock.

As if Ilya was a mind reader he pulled Shane from his dick with a satisfying pop, looking down at him with dark, lust filled eyes. “I need to be inside you, Hollander.” It wasn’t a request. Even if it had been, Shane wouldn’t have been able to say no.

Shane quickly fumbled with the nightstand drawer for the lube as Ilya swung his legs back onto the bed. “This is a bad idea…” the comment was hollow, as Shane hovered over Ilya as he frantically opened himself up before slicking his husband’s cock.

“We are very good at bad ideas,” Ilya retorted. “Got us married, yes?”

A huff of a laugh escaped Shane as he carefully lowered himself onto Ilya’s cock, both men moaning loudly as Shane was filled to the hilt. He began to roll his hips gently, grunting as Ilya’s fingers dug into his hips. “This… is okay…?” Shane asked, voice trembling.

“Is okay…” Ilya’s reply was clipped, almost swallowed in a wild moan as he moved against Shane’s movements, trying anything he could to get more friction. “Now… fuck me…”

It was all the permission that Shane needed as the sound of slapping skin filled the room as he bounced up and down over Ilya’s cock. He was more methodical in his movements than he often was, more than hyperaware of Ilya’s ankle. But Ilya let it slide as he moved a hand from Shane’s hip to his weeping cock.

He pressed his thumb against the slit grinning up at Shane as he gasped out a moan, spreading the pre-come along the shaft as he stroked him. “I know you’re close…” Ilya murmured, delighted at Shane’s lazy nod as all he could focus on was chasing their pleasure.

“G—God Ilya—“ a strangled moan then erupted from Shane as he came, his release splashing over their abdomens.

“Shane…” Ilya gasped as he slammed up into Shane as his own orgasm escaped him. He lazily thrusted up into Shane a few more times before his husband slid off of him and flopped onto the bed.

“After care is on you tonight…” Ilya muttered after a moment.

Shane adjusted so he was on his elbow, brow furrowed, in not quite an angry expression, but not quite an annoyed one. “You were so ready to *crawl up the stairs*, you don’t want to crawl to the bathroom to clean up?” he muttered, rising from the bed nonetheless.

“Too tired now. Rough day…”

Shane returned with a damp cloth, tossing it at Ilya, it landing with a wet smack onto his stomach. “You’re such an asshole," he muttered as he turned to go shower.

“I’m yours!” Ilya called out after him as he cleaned himself up before tossing the rag into the hamper. He laid back and contemplated getting pajamas, but he felt his body growing heavy with sleep as he listened to the muted shower stream as Shane cleaned up.

He hadn’t realized he had dozed off until he felt the blankets hit his body. Blinking his eyes open he glanced over as Shane climbed into bed. “Thank you,” his voice was thick from sleep. “For staying with me…”

“Of course,” Shane responded with a kiss to Ilya’s temple. “Now, rest. You *did* have a rough day. I love you…”

“Love… you…” the words were barely audible as eyes slipped shut, Shane laughing softly as he clicked the light on his night stand off.

End Notes

I'll level with you all. I haven't written a fan fic since 2007, and this was so I could write a funny quickie later of Ilya being a menace but I needed a frame work for that first because my brain is weird???

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