The past in your skin

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The past in your skin

by CognitiveMiser

Summary

The raised line of the back of Shane's left shouder.

Ilya had noticed it in the shower back on that faitful day. He ran his hands over it hours later in room 1410 with Shane beneath him.
He's caressed it thousands of times over the years, but never asked from where it was.

The story of how Shane got his scar.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The bedroom was dim, lit only by the warm glow of the small bedside lamp and the dimmed porch light that reached through the slightly open curtains. Outside, the world was quiet. The cottage sat tucked in the woods, distant from roads and neighbors.

Ilya was already in bed, stretched out on his side beneath the covers, one arm tucked under his pillow and the other resting loosely against his chest. He wore an old Boston Raiders T-shirt, the fabric thin and worn from years of washing, the collar stretched just enough to show off a bit of his collar bone if he moved the wrong way.

His hair was still a little damp from his own shower earlier, curling at the nape of his neck, and his breathing had begun to slow into that half-dreaming rhythm that meant sleep was close, but not quite there yet. He shifted slightly, toes brushing the cool sheets, and sighed.

The bathroom door opened with a quiet click.

Steam drifted out first, followed by Shane.

He stepped into the bedroom barefoot, a towel slung low around his hips, his hair darkened and damp, droplets of water still clinging to his shoulders and trailing slowly down his back. He paused just inside the doorway without quite meaning to, his hand still resting on the doorframe, eyes instinctively drawn to the bed.

To Ilya.

Ilya was nearly asleep, lashes resting against his cheeks, mouth slightly parted, his body relaxed in a way that only ever happened here, only ever with Shane. There was something disarmingly soft about him like this, stripped of sharp edges and bravado, no cameras, no crowds, no expectations. Just Ilya.

Shane stood there longer than he meant to.

He watched the rise and fall of Ilya's chest, the way one knee was bent under the covers, the way the lamplight painted warm shadows along the side of his face. It hit Shane, as it sometimes did in moments like these, how lucky he was. How easily he could still be undone by the man he could now officially call his boyfriend.

Ilya shifted again, sensing the weight of Shane's attention even through the fog of near-sleep.

"You gonna stand there all night, Lyubimyy" Ilya murmured, voice low and rough "or you planning to come to bed?"

Shane startled softly, a huff of breath escaping him as he smiled. "Wasn't aware I was being watched."

Ilya cracked one eye open, smirk tugging lazily at his mouth. "You're loud when you stare."

"That so huh?" Shane stepped further into the room, reaching for the top drawer of their shared dresser. He opened it quietly, careful not to disturb the calm, and pulled out a pair of

soft cotton pajama pants. The towel was neatly draped on a hook of the bathroom door to dry, as he pulled the pants on, tying the drawstring loosely at his waist.

When he turned back, Ilya had shifted onto his back, one arm extended, fingers already hooking into the edge of the covers.

“Well?” Ilya said, lifting the blankets in an unmistakable invitation. “Is cold without you.”

Shane didn’t need to be told twice.

He crossed the room and slipped into bed to settle beside Ilya. The covers fell back into place around them, warmth building instantly, familiar and comforting. Shane lay on his side facing Ilya, propping himself up on one elbow for a moment, just looking at him up close now.

Ilya’s eyes were fully open, bright and soft, something fond flickering in them.

“You smell like my shampoo” Ilya said.

Shane smiled. “Well I paid for it.”

“Still mine.”

Shane laughed quietly and leaned in, pressing a gentle kiss to Ilya’s forehead. Ilya hummed in response, shifting closer until their legs tangled naturally, like they always did, like their bodies remembered even when their minds were tired.

Ilya’s hand slid up Shane’s side, fingers warm against still-cool skin, tracing lazy paths. He pressed a kiss to Shane’s jaw, then another beneath his ear, lips lingering there, unhurried. Shane’s eyes fluttered closed. Ilya kissed his neck softly like he was mapping something precious. Each kiss was slow and deliberate. No urgency, just affection. He followed the curve of Shane’s shoulder, mouth brushing warm skin, until his lips met the faintly raised line of the scar on Shane’s left shoulder.

He paused.

His lower lip traced it gently, the texture different beneath his skin. The scar wasn’t dramatic, not something anyone would notice unless they were close, but Ilya always noticed the small things. He pressed his thumb there, carefully, as if it was still a fresh wound.

“This” he murmured. “You never told me how you got it.” Shane didn’t pull away, but his body went still in that subtle way Ilya had learned to recognize.

“It’s old” Shane said after a moment. “Hockey camp.” Ilya lifted his head just enough to look at him. “How old?”

Shane exhaled slowly. “I think I was nine, maybe ten.”

Ilya’s brows knit together almost imperceptibly. He didn’t interrupt. Shane stared at the wall for a moment before continuing.

“It was one of those summer training camps” he said. “Out of town. My parents drove me three hours to get there. I remember my mom packing my bag three times over because she kept thinking she forgot something.” A small smile ghosted across his face, gone almost as quickly as it appeared.

“I was younger than most of the kids. Smaller, too. They grouped us by skill, not age, and I’d already been bumped up a few times before. I didn’t really get why people were mad about it back then. I just… liked playing.”

Ilya’s hand slid up and down Shane’s back in slow, steady strokes, grounding.

“There were kids who were louder” Shane continued. “Bigger. More aggressive. They’d been told they were the best for years, and suddenly there was this quiet kid who didn’t say much and kept skating past them.” He swallowed. “They didn’t like that.”

The old camp rink came back to him vividly. The cold air biting at his lungs, the echo of skates cutting into ice, the sharp smell of sweat and rubber and metal. The boards towering higher than they should have, the noise always just a little too loud for him to be able to focus.

“We were doing drills” Shane said. “End to end skating. The coach had us going hard. I remember thinking my shoulder pads felt weird. Most of the protection gear from the camp was borrowed and never fit me correctly, too big and loose in most areas.” His fingers twitched slightly against the sheets. “I was cutting across the ice when someone came up behind me. I didn’t see him. Just felt it.”

Shane’s voice stayed even, but Ilya felt the memory in the way his breathing changed.

“He slammed me into the boards” Shane said. “Not like an accident. Like he *meant* to.” Ilya’s jaw tightened.

“I hit wrong” Shane went on. “The padding slipped. The edge of the board caught my shoulder.”

He paused.

“At first it didn’t hurt.” he said quietly. “That’s what scared me later. I just felt… warm.”

Ilya’s hand stilled on Shane's back.

“I looked down and my jersey was sticking to me” Shane said. “Dark in one spot that I couldn't properly see. I thought it was water until someone yelled.” The sound of it echoed in his mind. Sharp, panicked, the whistle too loud in his ears. Gloves gripped his arms too roughly, steering him off the ice.

“They pulled me off right away once they saw the blood” he said. “The coach kept asking if I was okay. I told him I was fine.”

“But you were not.” Ilya said softly, the words not a question.

Shane shook his head faintly. “No…but I didn’t want to make a scene. Everyone was watching, all the older kids and the other coaches.” His voice dipped lower. “I didn’t want my parents called. Didn’t want them to worry. Didn’t want the other kids thinking they’d gotten to me or that I was weak.”
Ilya could picture it too easily: a young Shane, shoulders squared, chin up, pretending nothing hurt while his body said otherwise.

“They wanted to stitch it” Shane said. “I said no. Told them it was just a scratch.” Ilya’s hand curled gently but firmly against his back. “So they cleaned it and taped it” Shane continued. “I put my jersey back on and went back out.”

“Shane...” Ilya breathed.

“I finished the camp like that” Shane said. “It reopened a few times a day. I just kept re-taping what I could reach when no one was looking.” His mouth pressed into a thin line. “I was embarrassed” he admitted. “For getting hurt. For not being careful enough. For… not being tougher.” Ilya shifted closer, chest to chest now, forehead resting lightly against Shane’s temple.

“You were a *child*” he said again, firmer this time. “You were brave. But you were still allowed to show your pain.” Shane’s eyes burned, and he blinked slowly.

“I didn’t tell my parents until years later” he said. “By then it was just a scar.”

Ilya kissed the mark once more, reverent and protective.

“You don’t ever have to hide hurt from me” he said quietly. “Not old hurt. Not new hurt. Not *anything*.” Shane nodded, pressing his face into Ilya’s neck, breathing him in.

“I know.” he said. “I do.”

They stayed like that, tangled together beneath the covers, the past softened by warmth and quiet and the steady proof that neither of them was alone anymore. Eventually, Shane’s breathing evened out, sleep pulling him under at last.

Ilya held him through it, thumb still tracing that scar, before he as well drifted into a deep sleep.

End Notes

If I remeber correctly the scar is never brought up in the series or by Hudson, but I feel like it's such a part of Shane as a character (and Hudson as a person duh). I felt like a childhood skating injury would make the most sense in Shane's childhood so here it is!

Hope you enjoy! :)

Update: well Hudson finally talked about it in an interview! He apparently got it during a fight and fell on a rock. Funnily enough he also hid it from his mom for like a year lol. Anyway mystery solved.

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