

seeing stars

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77116761) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77116761>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Consensual But Not Safe Or Sane , Under-negotiated Kink , Painplay , Impact Play , Painful Sex , Face Slapping , Choking , Rough Sex , Hair-pulling , Anal Sex , Spit As Lube , Face-Fucking , Dom/sub , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Aftercare , Bad BDSM Etiquette , from both of them , all of this is consensual but they're so fucking dumb about it and so in love , They have a great time though , abandoning the script and begging ur bf to beat the shit out of u during sex: the shane hollander story , Canon Compliant , Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of KNOCKOUT!
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 5,692 Chapters: 1/1

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by [thathastu](#)

Summary

"Quiet, I'm trying to say something." Shane waits. Ilya says nothing, but taps the side of Shane's head, as if prompting. "Okay. Well. I think... I think I kind of liked it?"

Ilya continues to not say anything for a long moment, and then he grabs Shane's face and peers down at him. "Did you get new concussion while I was not looking?" he asks, brow furrowed. The genuine concern in his eyes makes Shane bristle. "Did you not see glass and run into the window like dumb bird?"

"Fuck off," Shane sighs, rolling his eyes. "I'm being serious."

"So am I!" Ilya insists with real worry. "Either your old concussion is not gone and it is making you say things, or you got *new* concussion 'cause you liked it so much! And both is very bad!"

Or; Shane discovers that he sometimes needs to get literally knocked out of his own head for some much needed peace and quiet. Ilya has never pulled his punches, and he doesn't intend to start now.

Notes

► if you'd like, play-by-play of the sex scene for those wary about the tags:

Additional Content Warning for sexual fantasy about death/mortality/being violently killed. It's all in the character's internal monologue.

obligatory "hey, please don't have sex like these guys have sex" warning. please don't go off script for bdsm, especially not when you're trying things out like these two are. again, they're idiots, and they only had a great time cause I wanted them to.

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

Getting a concussion was kind of fascinating. One moment, Shane was upright. The next he was flat on the ground, his mind ten feet behind his body, displaced from the impact.

It got ruled a clean check. Shane could only agree when he eventually reviewed the game himself. Honestly, it might've been one of the cleanest checks in the history of hockey. Marleau didn't target Shane's head. He didn't blindside Shane. He didn't jump, didn't charge—he just hit, and Shane went down like a sack of bricks.

Shane probably shouldn't be thinking of Marleau with Ilya above and pushing into him. But it's hard not to draw comparisons when Ilya smacks Shane across the face and makes his head go all distant and foggy, the same way it felt when he was face down on the ice with the world spinning around him.

The crack of Ilya's palm across Shane's cheek is crisp, clean, clear. Just like the concussion. Just like the check.

It's not meant to be that hard. Ilya's never hit Shane before properly, at least not outside of a rink. He's just an asshole who enjoys making Shane's life difficult, including in bed. He gets irritatingly handsy. He likes to swat and paw at Shane's face, shoving fingers past Shane's gritted teeth to try and make him gag, vaguely smacking Shane's nipples when he's cumming just to make him twitch.

Just now, he was trying to pop Shane on the cheek as he fucked in, just to mess with him, and lost control of the movement a little bit. It landed harder than they both expected, knocking Shane's head to the side and making Ilya yelp an alarmed little "oh!" of a sound.

It's a sound that Shane barely hears, ears full of wonderful static as the impact reverberates through his skull.

"Ah, s-shit," Ilya grits out, forehead knitted with concern and against the pleasure. He ducks down and presses a series of apologetic kisses up Shane's neck and chin and cheek and brow. "Sorry, so sorry. You okay?"

Shane whines. The kisses are too soft, too soothing. They're pulling him back from that intoxicating haze when all he wants to do is go *deeper*.

"H-Harder," he gasps out, rocking against Ilya's hips as best as he can. "Harder, please, fuck, harder, *harder*—"

He can't do much. Ilya kind of has him pinned against the bed, knees up by his ears so that each thrust can be long and slow and *deep*. Fuck, Shane can feel Ilya's balls against his ass and his tip somewhere in his colon.

It's not deep enough. Not hard enough. Even when Ilya's grip gets tight enough to bruise, even when he starts slamming down into Shane with brutal thrusts, even when he snarls and sinks his teeth into Shane's pec—it's earth shattering and mind melting and all-consuming but it's still not *enough*.

Ilya snarls, "Greedy, greedy," into the column of Shane's neck. His teeth drag over Shane's jugular with the words. Shane imagines a canine catching against the skin and ripping it open. He thinks about staining Ilya, his carotid pulsing against Ilya's tongue. When Ilya grabs his face, Shane thinks about Ilya squeezing tight enough to fracture his skull and his teeth, to render him a smear of viscera on the sheets.

Shane mouths a wordless, breathless plea. He can't even muster enough strength to speak. His lips fumble uselessly, a soundless babble. He doesn't know what he wants, except maybe for Ilya to fuck him hard enough to stop his heart.

He doesn't. Ilya swears and fists a hand in Shane's hair for a better grip. He doesn't find one, the strands too short for proper purchase. But it's in the prickling pain of his hair being pulled that Shane finds the last little bit he needs for release, voice cracking into a keen as his vision blurs and he *cums*.

//

There's a silence after the afterglow. After Ilya has obediently helped Shane towel off before his sweat and cum has the chance to dry into Shane's personal sensory hell, after they've passed a water bottle back and forth and exchanged kisses, and after Shane's let Ilya pet through his hair and whisper soft, Russian things against his scalp.

It's a familiar silence. Uncomfortable, but Shane feels almost fond upon noticing it. It's the same sort of silence that would follow them in the early days, before Shane's body had taken Ilya's shape. Back when it really was just sex, and they intended to keep it that way, but still found themselves veering too close to tender things in spite of themselves.

Back then, Shane was usually the one to clear that silence with his hopelessly awkward small talk. It's a pleasant surprise when Ilya clears his throat and starts, low and gruff, "So."

Shane tucks his snickering into Ilya's collarbone and gets a swat to the head for his trouble. "Ow, why'd you do that?"

"Quiet." Ilya kisses the top of his head. The sun is setting on the lake, and the entire room has been lit ablaze. Shane basks in it while Ilya finds the words. "You, uh... it was good for you, yeah?"

"Yeah," Shane echoes. He can feel his pulse attempting to stutter, wanting to kick and rear and race away like a wild horse, but Ilya's scent and touch and voice are an unyielding bridle. Shane finds himself breathing in time with Ilya and can't help but smile. It makes it so much easier for him to say, "I know that I, uh, asked for a lot."

Ilya, being Ilya, makes sure to say, "Always happy to give." It's unbearably sweet. *He's* unbearably sweet, and while a part of Shane has known this for a while, he's only really become aware of it these past few days at the cottage. The wave of fondness that overcomes

him is so abrupt that he has to turn his face into Ilya's chest and hide there for a moment, his whole body warm as he breathes him in. Ilya, amused, asks, "What, what is it?"

Shane mumbles, "Nothing," because as sweet as Ilya is, telling him as much would be more trouble than it's worth. Also, there is a conversation that they should probably have. That Shane's been thinking about for the past few months. "Um. So. Do you remember when Marleau rocked my shit?"

There's a beat. When Ilya speaks, all of that warmth and sweetness has been replaced by dry derision. "When you gave me heart attack and almost died on ice? No, I do not remember."

Laughing sheepishly, Shane knocks his head into Ilya's chin. "Come on, I get it. It wasn't Marleau's fault, I was being stupid—"

"Yeah, you were really *fucking* stupid," Ilya huffs. He raps his knuckles on the side of Shane's head to punctuate his rambling. "In neutral zone, with the puck, head down and giving me pretty eyes." Three raps in quick succession. "Was pathetic."

Shane tilts his head. "Pretty eyes?" He blinks once, exaggeratedly, kind of batting them at Ilya. But not really, because that's a little embarrassing.

Ilya scowls, but his lip is curled upwards. "Pretty eyes with nothing behind. Like stupid little puppy."

"Okay, rude," Shane mutters. "And quiet, I'm trying to say something." He waits. Ilya says nothing, but taps the side of Shane's head, as if prompting. "Okay. Well. I think... I think I kind of liked it?"

Ilya continues to not say anything for a long moment, and then he grabs Shane's face and peers down at him. "Did you get new concussion while I was not looking?" he asks, brow furrowed. The genuine concern in his eyes makes Shane bristle. "Did you not see glass and run into the window like dumb bird?"

"Fuck off," Shane sighs, rolling his eyes. "I'm being serious."

"So am I!" Ilya insists with real worry. "Either your old concussion is not gone and it is making you say things, or you got *new* concussion 'cause you liked it so much! And both is very bad!"

Shane shoves Ilya's hands off. "That's not— I don't like getting concu— I'm not saying it right." The room suddenly feels very warm. Still, Shane folds himself against Ilya's side. He hides there for a moment, and when Ilya doesn't move, demands, "Put your hand back in my hair."

Ilya obliges with a grumble. Shane focuses on the movements of Ilya's fingers, the ebb and flow of his touch. Ilya coaxes Shane's breathing into a tidal rhythm, as the moon does to the sea. It's under his light that Shane comes back to shore.

Against Ilya's skin, Shane confesses in a whisper, "When you hit me during sex just now, there was a moment of quiet. It was floaty and nice. It was how I felt after the concussion."

But the concussion didn't feel good. This did."

Ilya's exhale ruffles through his hair. "So when you said harder, you did not mean fuck you harder. You wanted harder hit." Too shy to manage anymore words, Shane nods into Ilya's neck.

He can feel Ilya's lips against the crown of his head, pressing words into his scalp. Shane can't decipher them, but he knows that they are fond and adoring and proud. He basks in it, like one would the rays of the sun.

"Hollander," Ilya starts, voice laden with affection. "In English, I think you would call this a *pain kink*."

Shane blinks, and then pulls back to stare at him. "What do you mean?" he asks, somewhat demanding. Ilya looks up at him, bemused. "Wait, it's a thing?"

"Getting off on being slapped? Famously." Ilya snorts. He pinches Shane's cheek between his knuckles, cooing, "Soft little Canadian boy. If your father spanked you, this would not be such a surprise."

Shane briefly pauses his spiral to look at Ilya with disgust. "Please never talk about my father spanking me ever again."

Thankfully, Ilya's grimace seems to indicate that he's in agreement. "Yeah, was not good." He pats Shane's cheek apologetically. "But back to the matter hand. You did not know you have a pain kink?"

Blushing, Shane shrugs. "I didn't think there was, like, a name for it. Didn't think much about it until now, to be honest."

"You are a hockey player. You must have a little bit of pain kink to play hockey," Ilya says with a strange sense of gravitas. "Also, you are always begging, *harder, harder, mmn please—!*"

The clap of Shane's hand over Ilya's mouth rings through the room. Immediately, Ilya starts licking Shane's palm like a dog. Shane steels himself against the disgusting slobber, snapping, "I do *not* sound like that!" Ilya doesn't retort, but the twinkle in his eyes says everything. Face hot, Shane grumbles, "Fuck you, Rozanov."

Gently, Ilya kisses the padding of Shane's palm, the calloused strip at the base of his fingers. He doesn't remove it to say, "Do you want me to slap you next time?" It's muffled, which makes it a little easier for Shane to listen to without hiding. "We should have... what is it called? Safe word if we do."

Shane swallows roughly, but he can't quite stomach his racing heart. It stays stuck in his throat when he croakily asks, "Uh, what if I wanted something. More... extreme?"

Ilya's eyebrows rise on his head. Even behind Shane's palm, he sounds truly, deeply concerned when he asks, "So you *do* want me to give you concussion?"

"No!"

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It takes them the rest of the day to talk about it, but they go to sleep with a plan. They would try it out the very next day if not for the dinner that they planned to have with Shane's parents, so instead, they decide on the day after.

They spend most of the morning in bed, drifting in and out of sleep together. Shane does try to leave a few times, but Ilya only lets him go long enough to pee and brush his teeth before he starts moaning and groaning like some kind of ghost. He only quiets when Shane obediently crawls back into his arms, and just like that, the morning goes to waste.

It's rather blissful, all things considered. Shane actually enjoys it quite a bit. But the schedule in his head can never be fully silenced. When Shane finally emerges from the haze, checking his phone to see that it's already past noon, it's real irritation that blooms in his chest.

"Ilya, get up. We wasted the whole fucking morning," he hisses, shoving his boyfriend's arm. Ilya groans and doesn't move. He's awake, Shane can clearly tell, which only pisses him off more. Louder, Shane snaps, "Rozanov, get the fuck *up* already."

And then he smacks the shit out of him. Entirely by accident, of course.

They had a plan. They really did. Shane was going to pick a fight and slap Ilya awake, which would then turn into some heated squabbling. That would escalate into some wrestling, they'd exchange some slaps, and then Ilya would inevitably get the upper hand and pin Shane into submission. Then, as punishment, he'd bend Shane over his knee and spank his ass raw.

It's a good plan. Shane was pretty excited about it. The problem comes the moment before he swings, when he suddenly gets in his head about, well, everything. The fact that they've created such an elaborate set-up because Shane couldn't stomach the idea of doing a scene without some kind of pretence. The humiliating knowledge that everything that Shane's about to receive is something that he directly asked for. The responsibility of landing the first blow, because Ilya didn't want to *actually* hit Shane unless he felt like he had a proper reason to.

It's a complete and utter disaster. Like Ilya did yesterday, Shane misjudges, well, pretty much everything really. The distance between them, the amount of force needed, the angle of approach. His hand rears back, far too high above his head, and comes down with a deafening *crack*. Not on Ilya's arm, where it was supposed to land.

But right on his face.

Immediately, Shane yelps, "Oh fuck I'm so sorry!" He practically chases his hand, crawling over Ilya, curled in on himself and groaning in pain. Ilya's hand obscures most of his face

where it cradles his cheek protectively, but between the gaps of his fingers, Shane can see quickly reddening skin. "Ilya, shit, are you—"

The stumbling words slam to a sudden halt on his tongue as Ilya reaches up and grabs Shane by the face. Ilya sits up, cheek rosy from the hit and eyes dark with *anger*.

"Colour," he growls. Shane stares at him, trembling in his hold, blood alight with something electrifying. When he doesn't respond, Ilya shakes his face a little, voice still so quiet but somehow almost thundering, "Colour, Shane, give me your colour."

"G-Green," Shane manages, words mushed together and almost incoherent from how hard Ilya is gripping his face. It's iron-tight, the pads of his fingers pushing the muscle of his cheek against the junction of Shane's teeth and gums. It's a point that feels tender, almost vulnerable. Like if Ilya wanted to, he could unroot Shane's teeth by pulverizing his gums. He could fill Shane's mouth with blood and enamel.

Shane's head is buzzing. The world is starting to go staticky at the edges. "Green, Ilya," he slurs, drooling over himself. He wants Ilya to tighten his grip and pull down, tearing his jaw free from the rest of Shane's skull, leaving Shane's face a gory wound for Ilya to fuck as he wants. "Please, God, *please*—"

Ilya lets go. Shane whines, lurching forwards to chase that painfully perfect pressure, but Ilya holds him off with a hand to the chest. "You are green, but I am yellow," he warns, heavy with intention. Whatever expression Shane makes hearing that prompts Ilya to shake his head, soothing, "Nothing bad. I just want it to be clear."

The splay of Ilya's palm is dead center Shane's chest, his middle finger parallel to Shane's sternum. Shane focuses on that point of contact, on the heat of Ilya's touch. He takes a breath, ebbing in, and then exhales, flowing out.

Unsure of when he closed his eyes, he opens them. Ilya is not smiling, but his face is as bright and beautiful and steady as the full moon. "Okay," Shane says, far away to his own ears.

"Okay," Ilya echoes, rubbing Shane's chest with his palm. "I need to know. We had a plan. Normally, you like a plan. Are we still following the plan?"

Shane maintains that it's still a good plan. It's structured and sign-posted with scheduled check-ins. Being bent over Ilya's knee like a spoiled brat is genuinely hot. Most importantly, it's everything that they read kink should be: safe, sane, and consensual.

Ilya's eyes offer nothing of the sort now. They're darker than the night sky and full of danger, destruction, and terrifying desire.

"Fuck the plan," Shane croaks, the first and probably last time he's ever said such a thing. Ilya's lips spread into a smug, knowing grin. "Give me your worst."

The mattress groans softly as Ilya pushes himself up into a proper sit, hand still firm in the center of Shane's chest. His muscles ripple in the midday sun, almost like a predator skulking

for a kill.

"Now I am green too," Ilya smiles, before backhanding Shane across the face.

The decision to start with spanking Shane's ass was the result of their mutual googling of pain kinks and impact play. They both learned, and were slightly alarmed to find out that face slapping was among the higher risk forms of impact play. The face is surprisingly fragile. To avoid damaging the important bones and nerves without any muscle or fat to protect them, contact should be extremely light, the pain coming from repeated hits to the same area.

The heat from Ilya's hold has already subsided. Shane's face is warmed only by his full-body flush of arousal. There is no build-up for the crack of Ilya's knuckles as he strikes the left side of Shane's face. Just a sudden burst of force and pain, strong enough to send Shane toppling down onto the bed, sharp enough to have him whimpering and leaking into his briefs.

"Up." Ilya prods him with a foot. Shane starts to push himself up on shaking arms, too slow for Ilya's liking. The ball of his foot thuds into Shane's ribs, the blow muffled by the tangled layers of blankets still covering Ilya's body. "I said up!"

Shane pants as he pushes himself up, open-mouthed and eyes-lidded. He feels his heartbeat in his cheek, under the tender area of his ribs. "Thought you weren't going to concuss me," he manages to snark, somehow. The corner of his mouth feels swollen, maybe even bleeding. He's not sure if it's real or just something that he desperately wants.

Ilya hits him on the right cheek now, this time a lazy motion that lands lightly. It doesn't feel like anything, not until Ilya cradles Shane's jaw in his other hand to hold him in place as he hits the same spot again, and again, and again. With each hit that lands, Shane's next breath comes heavier and heavier.

"God, you fucking love it," Ilya murmurs, almost awed. He *finally* kicks off the blanket, working his still-warm leg between Shane's thighs and pressing his calf up. It's a clumsy movement, one he doesn't judge correctly. He doesn't *kick* Shane's balls, but it's not the gentlest contact. It should not make Shane whimper, eyes rolling up as he shudders through the pain.

"My fucking *God*, Hollander," Ilya laughs, amazed. "You are a slut for it, leaking so much—take it off, fuck, fuck—"

Shane obeys, clumsily shifting his weight from one leg to another, whining as his steadily dripping cock is exposed to the air. It's flushed and heavy and swollen. When Ilya reaches for it, Shane flinches away, cowing like he's about to be struck. Ilya tries to reassure him, "No, I was not going to—"

"J-Just don't touch," Shane gasps. He feels winded, like he's been hit in the solar plexus. He can't get enough air in his lungs. He can't tell which way is up. "I'll cum, no matter what you do, and I don't want— not yet—"

Ilya spits something out in Russian, a harsh sound that makes Shane shiver all over. Even better is the way that Ilya furiously yanks down his brief, his dick springing towards his belly,

before grabbing Shane by the hair and yanking his head *down*. "Get me wet," he orders, voice almost a snarl. "Only lube you'll get."

Shane moans as Ilya shoves himself into his mouth. This was part of the plan, though not exactly like this. Last night, Ilya spent what felt like *hours* stretching Shane open, just to make sure he was soft enough in the morning. It was agonizing, an eternity spent shaking and straining in the sheets as Ilya stretched him enough to gape, looser than he's ever been in his whole life.

The plan was for Shane to be in charge of it. That was the trick of it: Shane could either worship Ilya's cock the way that he always loves to, or he could rush through it and get the burning stretch that he's always craved.

With Ilya's hand in his hair forcing Shane to take Ilya deeper and deeper until he's certain he'll die with cock in his throat, there's not choice except to do both. To worship Ilya and to rush, swallowing and drooling as best as he can when Ilya holds him in place and fucks into his mouth like it's a fleshlight.

Each thrust forces a disgusting sound out of Shane's mouth, leaving him gagging and drooling and crying into Ilya's groin. He has both his hands braced on Ilya's hips for support and his knees spread for balance. He's leaking a steady stream of precum onto the bed. He's disgusting, wretched, and filthy.

"Beautiful," Ilya gasps like he can hardly stand it. Like he'd rather break Shane's body against the floor than look at him any longer. "Fuck, Shane, look at you..."

Shane moans at the burn of the words, the rawness of his throat. The tide throws him against the shore, again and again and again, dashing him against the rocks until he's nothing but blood and gore.

He's hardly aware of it when Ilya pulls him off. He's drifting, pulp and entrails frothing on the sea, helpless against the current of Ilya's hands adjusting him into position. Shane only crashes back into his body when Ilya pulls him down, down, down, all the way onto his cock, right to the hilt.

"Good, yeah?" Ilya pants, pupils blown and eyebrow cocked. Shane stares at him, shaking and bug-eyed, only able to make these awful, ragged sounds. "Ah, too much, is it?"

Yes, you fucking asshole, Shane thinks, almost livid. His ass *burns*. All the stretching in the world would not have prepared him for this. He's never felt better in his life.

In the plan, this is where Ilya is supposed to ask him for his colour again.

Now, Ilya just crosses his arms behind his head and leans back. "Well?" he prompts with a jerk of his chin.

"*Fuuuck youuuuuu*," Shane whines, long and horrible as he starts to move.

Ilya bursts out laughing at that, at him, reaching up to fondly slap Shane's right cheek again, reigniting the hot pain that had slowly been cooling. Shane can feel the blood bubbling beneath his skin.

"You are so cute when you blush," Ilya hums fondly. "I should keep you red all the time."

He looks fairly splotchy himself, angry patches of red across his chest and shoulders. His flush looks like a drunken one, as though he's completely intoxicated by the sight of Shane. His eyes keep moving, tracing paths over Shane's pert nipples and weeping length and shaking thighs, all the way back up to his bunched up shoulders and quivering lip and tear stained face.

His hands are not still either. They follow in his path. Pinching cruelly, digging in with his nails, and then swatting the skin before the sting has faded. He pops Shane on the mouth with an open palm, tugs meanly on Shane's ear, takes his nipples between his fingers and *pulls*.

It hurts, it hurts so much, and it makes Shane feel like he's on the cusp of dying, of his heart giving out entirely. It forces him to ride Ilya slow, so slow, lest he collapses and dies in Ilya's lap.

Ilya cuffs him on the back of the head, and Shane's hearing pops. "I can't," he can suddenly hear himself pleading. It's pathetic. It's *awful*. "I can't, I can't, I can't,"

He doesn't stop mumbling the words, not even when Ilya coos, "Too much, Hollander?" They trip out of Shane's mouth as he nods, hips still flinching in the smallest increments and the tears still flowing down his reddened cheeks. "Would you like me to take over?"

Sniffling, Shane nods and chokes out, "*Plea—*"

That's as much as Ilya lets him say. He cuts him off with a sudden surge forwards, pushing Shane flat against the bed and hiking his hips up *high*. It's that same, awful position that they were in a few days ago, the one that let Ilya get so awfully fucking deep—

This time, both of Ilya's hands wrap around Shane's throat.

Yesterday, when Ilya was fixing his hair in the mirror before they left for dinner, they decided that choking was something they could try later down the line. They practiced the proper way to do it on each other, and enjoyed it so much that they kind of had to frot about it. In the afterglow they agreed that they should start slow and ease their way into things. Choking was not part of impact play, after all. They should probably start small.

"Could kill you here," Ilya breathes, eyes glassy and voice quiet. The smack of his balls against Shane's ass is louder than he is, but Shane can only hear the reverent tremble of his voice. "In your cottage, in your bed."

Please, Shane tries to say, but all he can manage is a strangled, animalistic sound.

The sweat from Ilya's face drips down onto Shane's. Their eyes are locked. They can't look away. "You will come like this," Ilya decides, gasping. "But only when I hit you."

Shane nods frantically, his chin bumping against Ilya's knuckles. He's gurgling, spit bubbling at the corner of his mouth, vision going black at the edges. Distantly, he knows that Ilya has not been choking him long enough to run the risk of asphyxiation. Desperately, Shane hopes that it happens anyways.

Ilya doesn't say anything after that. He just keeps fucking Shane, fast and choppy, a fuck that doesn't feel good but hurts so beautifully. He gasps and moans, stuttering sounds of a man on the brink of insanity. He just keeps *looking* at Shane with something like madness in his eyes, and something like pure devotion behind that.

Abruptly, Ilya shouts, "Fuck, *fuck!*" His hips slam home. Shane can feel Ilya's balls pulse against his ass with every spurt of cum that Ilya fills him with. His lips, stiff from the lack of air, part around a soundless cry of *please, please, please*,

Choking out desperate sounds, Ilya lets go of Shane's throat, and he rears one hand back to slap Shane across the face.

Two things hit Shane in quick succession. The first is oxygen, beautiful and pure and painfully crisp. It floods into Shane's lungs until they're set to burst, and all of a sudden the darkening world is rendered in technicolour before his eyes.

Overwhelmed with it, Shane *wails*, clenching down. Overcome by *that*, Ilya curses and loses control of his limbs.

That's when the second thing hits Shane—that is, Ilya Rozonov's fist, slamming right into Shane's fucking mouth. "*Shit!*" Ilya hollers with total panic.

Shane does not hear it. Shane doesn't hear anything. His world explodes into white hot, beautiful pain. The last thing he feels is the hot spurts of cum shooting over his own face, mixing with the blood on his mouth, and then the world is gone.

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After a good three minutes of panicking and then another twenty minutes of towelling and post-sex first aid, Ilya Rozanov is able to conclude that he has not killed Shane Hollander via kinky sex.

However, it *is* possible that he has utterly broken the man.

Part of that is quite literal. Even though this was one of the sloppiest punches that Ilya's ever thrown in his life, that doesn't change the fact that Shane took Ilya's fist directly to the mouth. His nose didn't bleed much, thank God, but his lips sure did from where he cut them on his teeth. They're all puffy and swollen, like Shane's been repeatedly stung on the mouth by bees.

Maybe it wouldn't look as bad if not for the bruise starting to bloom on Shane's left cheek, the one that Ilya backhanded. The right one is fine for the most part, because that's the one that

Ilya used a proper technique on, but Ilya can see the imprint of his knuckles on the ridge of Shane's cheekbone. It's angry and red like the impression of Ilya's hands around Shane's neck.

And this is *after* being treated. Ilya gathered Shane up in his arms and took him to the bath where he carefully cleaned out Shane's cut lip, dabbing away Shane's bloody dribbles of spit with gentle hands. After that, Ilya tenderly cleaned out Shane's tender, swollen hole, shushing the whines of pain and overstimulation as he applied an antiseptic cream to the rim.

Ilya has pampered Shane from head to toe, towelling his hair dry and bundling him in the softest clothing he could find. He left Shane on the couch with shushed, soft assurances, and then sprinted to the freezer to grab the bowl of frozen grapes and chilled chocolates that Ilya strong-armed Shane into agreeing to in spite of his stupid diet.

At the time, he just thought it sounded like the exact sort of sugary post-scene treat that the guides to aftercare had described. Now, he's just hoping that they'll help reduce the swelling around Shane's mouth. "I do not want a bee stung boyfriend," Ilya mumbles as he grabs a few ice packs, a few bottles of water, and a can of ginger ale for good measure.

Despite being the one taking care of Shane, and also being the one to *do this* to Shane, Ilya can't help but flinch when he re-enters the living room and sees his walking crime scene of a boyfriend again. He looks like an archetypal abuse victim. Ilya feels *insane*, because for every bit of him that's awash with guilt, there's another part of him that's absolutely giddy.

Looking beat to hell, like death warmed over, Ilya doesn't think he's ever seen Shane so at *peace*.

"Shane," he murmurs, settling on the couch and pulling Shane into left side. He reaches over Shane's body to grab a blanket and bundle it around them. "Here. You must eat."

He brings a frozen grape up to Shane's lips. The shock of cold against the bruising flesh makes Shane jerk and whine, curling into Ilya's side in protest. It is so god damn cute, Ilya suddenly feels compelled to sink his teeth into Shane's ear and rip it off.

Ilya shakes himself out of it. "Open," he urges, to which Shane's lips obediently part. He pushes the grape into his mouth, instructing, "Just suck on it for a while, okay?"

Shane hums, nodding, his eyes still closed. Gently, reverently, Ilya passes an ice pack to his left hand, the one he has thrown over Shane's shoulders. As if he's handling a skittish, feral animal, Ilya moves in microscopic increments, bringing the ice pack up to Shane's cheek, pressing it against the imprint of Ilya's knuckles.

"Noooo," Shane slurs around the grape, leaning further into Ilya's side, trying to run away from the cold. His face scrunches up in protest, a trickle of blood bubbling over his fat, bruising mouth and onto his chin from where the cut of his upper lip split open again.

The bubble of bright crimson makes Ilya turn his eyes skyward, looking at the stupidly high cottage ceilings for strength. *You have just almost killed this man*, Ilya tells himself sternly. *No matter how cute he looks, you cannot kiss him hard enough to break your teeth against his. You actually cannot kiss him at all. Leave his poor mouth alone.*

Ilya's brain, still thrumming with feverish energy, conjures the image of Shane's lip splitting open again as he tries to fit Ilya's cock in his mouth. Ilya would beat it into submission, but he fears that even *thinking* such words in Shane's presence right now will send his poor, tired dick into overdrive.

Idly, he wonders how he's supposed to win against Montreal ever again now that he's developing a Pavlovian response to Shane's blood and bruises. Bruised and bloodied is Shane's signature look during a season.

Scowling, Ilya grumbles, "This was your plan, huh? These are the mind games you play to make sure I cannot win? Tricky little bastard."

At the sound of Ilya's voice, Shane's eyes flutter open. "Ilya," Shane croaks, making Ilya's breath catch in his throat. His pupils are so dark. "Gimme another."

He holds his mouth open, waiting for Ilya to feed him. With the splotches of red blooming over Shane's freckled cheeks, he looks kind of like a strawberry.

Ilya feeds Shane a piece of chocolate with the utmost care, and wonders if they could bite each others' tongues off and kiss until they both bled out.

End Notes

I cannot stop writing deranged Hollanov. Yesterday it was the pussy curse. Today? Improvised fight sex.

In case it's not clear, Shane's desire for violence against him comes from wanting to relinquish control and not have to think. Ilya's violent thoughts towards Shane are extreme cuteness aggression. It's about the pigtail pulling of Hollanov.

Would you believe it if I said this entire fic started because I think Ilya should've been meaner about Shane getting his shit rocked. That was fully Shane's fault. He had the puck in the neutral zone and not only was his head down, he was GIVING PUPPY EYES TO HIS FUCK BUDDY. Somehow sex started happening in the doc as well, and then the sex got genuinely fucking insane. please save me.

please note that while I appreciate the sentiment behind leaving comments asking for more, I do not find them encouraging. thank you for your understanding!

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