An Accident

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An Accident

by Crystal_Heart_Sherriden

Summary

Shane accidentally bites Ilya whilst suffering a sensory overload.

Notes

Interpret my work as you will, constructive criticism is always helpful just please don't be mean about it as I write for fun and experimentation.

The rink was too loud.

Shane knew that objectively — knew it in the same way he knew the exact number of ceiling lights in every arena they played in, the way he knew the rhythm of the Zamboni before it came into view — but tonight the noise crawled under his skin and stayed there.

The crowd was still filtering out, a dull roar bleeding through the concrete walls of the visitor's locker room. Sticks clattered. Someone laughed too sharply. The fluorescent lights buzzed with that faint electrical whine most people didn't notice.

Shane sat on the bench, shoulders hunched, helmet still on because taking it off meant more sensation, not less. His jaw ached. He hadn't even realised he'd started until his teeth were already pressed into the inside of his wrist, hard enough to hurt.

"Hey. Hollander."

Ilya's voice cut through it — warm, familiar, threaded with concern instead of command. Not loud. Never loud with Shane. He said Hollander because people were watching, otherwise more tender words would have escaped his lips.

Shane didn't answer. His breathing was shallow now, chest tight, the world narrowed to sound and pressure and the sharp grounding pain of his teeth.

Ilya moved unnervingly fast.

He crossed the room in three long strides, dropped his gloves without caring where they landed, and knelt in front of Shane. He barely puts any effort into the tug of pulling Shane's hand from his mouth.

"Let's get home." Ilya stated softly.

His nimble fingers found every button and zip bracing Shane for every piece of kit being taken off. First to go was the helmet, the quick rush freeing his head exposed him to more of the outside world.

It was all too bright. To loud. To full. Even the empty locker room was overwhelming.

Once Ilya helped Shane get changed he settled a pair of sunglasses on his head. Shane seemed content wrapped in Ilya's hoodie before being guided out to his car. Ilya does not yet have an American driving licence but that does not mean he can't drive.

Each step was slow, Shane was essentially a dead weight offering zero help sheltering behind the sunglasses.

"You are oaf," Ilya scolded dropping Shane onto the sofa.

The adorable face Shane looked back him with is what makes this all worth it. Instinctively Shane's hand creeps back up to his lips, a habit he could never quit.

Ilya didn't grab Shane's arm — never that — but slid his hand between Shane's mouth and skin without giving it a second thought.

"Hey," he murmured again, softer. "Is okay. I am here, your boyfriend is here. You are safe. You are home."

Shane startled.

His jaw snapped reflexively.

Pain flared — not his.

Ilya hissed sharply and pulled his hand back stumbling back on the rug but never breaking eye contact, far more surprised than angry. Shane froze in horror as he registered what he'd done.

"Oh my god," Shane cried out, voice breaking, eyes glassing over, "I— Ilya, I didn't—"

"I know," Ilya said immediately, his tone gentle and assuring not even looking at his hand yet. He reached up instead, cupped Shane's cheek, grounding him with soft steady pressure.

"Shane. Look at me," Ilya ordered sternly. Shane did, forcing himself to pull his eyes up to meet Shane's.

Time around slowed.

Ilya's dark eyes were steady, unafraid, affectionate in that fierce way that made Shane feel seen instead of examined.

"You did not mean," Ilya said firmly. "It is okay. Breathe with me, yeah?"

They breathed together. In through the nose. Out through the mouth. Counted, because counting helped.

Only once Shane's hands stopped shaking did Ilya finally glance down at his own.

There was already a bruise blooming, crescent-shaped, teeth marks vivid against his skin.

Shane swallowed hard. "I hurt you."

Ilya smirked — soft, crooked, his trademark unbothered expression, "You are not first person to bite me," he winked, "Just first during meltdown."

Shane let out a shaky laugh that turned into something dangerously close to tears. Ilya leaned forward and pressed their foreheads together, grounding both of them.

"You are okay," Ilya repeated. "The world is loud. You are not wrong for feeling it."

The next afternoon, the standard press room was packed. Everyone wanted their piece of the game narrative.

Ilya sat at the podium, cap low, jersey pristine, answering questions with his usual mix of charm and selective honesty. He gestured a lot when he talked — expressive hands, broad movements — until someone noticed. It was bound to happen, he and Shane had a quiet bet on how long it would taken someone to notice

A reporter squinted.

“Uh, Rozanov,” she spoke, her voice hoisting her over the crowd of reporters, “you’ve got a… mark on your hand.”

Ilya visibly hesitated.

He looked down.

“Oh,” he realised brightly, as if noticing it for the first time. He slipped his glove off fully, resting it on the table.

The bruise was unmistakable now. Dark, distinct. Scabbed teeth marks at the centre.

The room came alive.

Cameras clicked wildly as whispers rippled across the room.

Another reporter leaned forward biting the bullet, “Is that a bite mark? Did someone bite you?”

“Yes,” Ilya said cheerfully.

“From…?”

Ilya thought about it. Thought about fluorescent lights and buzzing noise and Shane’s eyes when the world was too much. Thought about the way Shane trusted him enough to unravel without hesitation.

“My lover,” he started.

The room went dead silent.

“If that is the English word,” Ilya continued, unfazed, hands folded loosely on the table.

“They struggle sometimes. World is… how you say… too loud. Too much.” He gestured vaguely around his head, searching for the words, he could articulate it perfectly in Russian but alas English is what lets him down. “They bite themself when they are overwhelmed. I just put hand in wrong place.”

A reporter blinked. “Your… lover?”

“Yes,” he was smiling softly now, not teasing, not deflecting. “They did not mean. I am very okay.”

The questions immediately exploded after that. The room burst at the seams with this new energy.

“Are you saying you’re in a relationship?”

“Who are they?”

“Is this recent?”

Ilya coquettishly tilted his head, considering. “I am saying I am in love,” he said carefully. “With someone very good. Very smart. Very strong.” He shrugged. “Names are… not important.”

Someone laughed nervously. Someone else scribbled furiously.

“And the bite?” another reporter pressed.

Ilya lifted his hand, examining the bruise with fond amusement. “Is reminder,” he said. “That when someone is hurting, you stand close. Even if you get little hurt too. Even if you get in the way.”

Across town, Shane watched the clip on mute, heart pounding, chest tight for entirely different reasons.

Ilya hadn’t said his name.

Hadn’t outed him.

Hadn’t hidden him either.

Shane pressed his thumb against the screen, right over the mark, and for the first time all day, the world felt quiet enough to breathe in.

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