

brain bleed

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Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
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by [thathastu](#)

Summary

"In the pile-up, Kent said some shit that I guess the refs missed in the chaos." Shane rolls his eyes and scoffs. "And it pissed me off, and I figured, hey, we're up by two in the third period, Toronto hasn't scored shit all night. I could probably take a major and the team would be fine."

He shrugs, suddenly sheepish. "Of course, I mostly got my ass kicked, but—"

Ilya makes sure that he's grabbing the unbruised part of Shane's face when he plants a firm kiss right on his split lip.

Or; Ilya watches Shane lose a fight, and then helps him scratch an itch.

Notes

idk why but while I was writing this I was for some reason Convinced that ilya played with boston for one more year before he went to Ottawa. I was too lazy to change details so please just know that this is a Modified Timeline

additional warnings:

- Shane and a background oc receives unspecified racial harassment targeting their mixed identities
- Lots of erotic talk around blood, gore, and murder. Sometimes sex involves telling your bf that you're going to kill him idk. Because it's hypothetical violence I felt that the graphic description of violence warning didn't apply

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

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

Boston is playing against Montreal in two days. Ilya has never been the type of person to pack for a trip two days in advance, but Shane must be rubbing off on him.

He'd prefer Shane to be rubbing up on him, but all in good time.

Ilya's not doing a very good job of packing. He's got most of his attention on the game, Voyageurs versus Guardians. It's been an awful game for the players but a *great* game for the goalies. It's the third period and both teams have made a total of sixty-five shots on goal, and only one goal has been scored.

It wasn't Shane's goal either, which Ilya *had* taunted him about in his texts. That's the other reason that he's doing a shit job of packing. He keeps stopping to heckle Shane after every single play, successful or otherwise. But no, while Shane set up the goal, ever the playmaker that he is, the one to fire the puck into the net was a rookie named Jordan Baker for his first MLH goal.

Shane speaks fondly of Baker. Calls him a good kid, if a little shy. Ilya thinks he's kind of little and has the face of a terrified mouse, but Baker's put in some phenomenal work for a kid that still qualifies for the Prospect Cup. He's had a few absolutely *nasty* assists involving some startlingly deft stickhandling and puck work.

Montreal's entire bench spilled out onto the rink to celebrate Baker's goal. Shane was at the center of that pack, glove on the back of Baker's head and shaking him around. His mouth hadn't moved, and he hadn't seemed to be yelling, but he was grinning so wide that Ilya couldn't help but smile as well.

Ilya isn't smiling now, and neither is Shane. It's hard to smile watching a kid like Baker get openly bullied like this.

Whenever Baker's on the ice, there's someone riding him like they're trying to cause an accident. Skating dangerously close, playing incredibly rough—none of it gets called, of course. Toronto's refs are some of the worst in the league, and it's one of those things that will only change when someone finally gets hurt in a way that's too terrible to ignore.

Halfway through the third period, with sixty-six shots made on both goals, Ilya's almost certain that he watches it finally happen.

He watches Shane pass to Baker and Baker skate up to the goal. He's quick on his skates and apparently feeling pretty bold—Baker makes right, and then skirts left around the edge of the crease to try and feed the puck in between the pads and the goalposts. Miraculously, he somehow succeeds. The goal horn goes and the arena starts to boo, and Ilya looks down to text Shane, *you are too soft on your boy. Score more goals, Hollander.*

He's distracted by a horrible clamour from the TV. Ilya looks up and curses breathlessly at the sight of Baker in a crumpled heap by the boards, frighteningly still. There's a pile-up happening next to him, Voyageurs scrabbling at Guardians, a traffic jam of a fight that

threatens to trample the prone Baker. It makes Ilya want to *scream* at his TV to get the rook *out of there*.

There are only two people who seem to be concerned with Baker's safety. The first is Hayden Pike, who has one hand braced against the boards as he uses his body to try and hold back the writhing mass of bodies. Ilya is not so petty as to be surprised by this. Pike's role on the team was to be fiercely protective of his scorers, to be much sturdier than his stature suggests.

He might not be anywhere nearly as good as Shane, but they're on the same line for a reason. Pike clears the way for Shane to make the plays. Seeing Pike shouting over his shoulder as he shields Baker's form makes sense, at least to Ilya.

What makes a lot less sense is Troy Barrett. He's probably the last person that Ilya would expect to be kneeling next to Baker's body, a secondary line of defence for both the boy and the ref that comes over to check on him. The broadcast cuts to a closer shot of Troy's face and the pinched alarm behind his visor.

Ilya doesn't get time to wonder about it. The broadcast cuts again to the now dispersing pile-up. Most of the players have drifted away from it in pairs, one Voyageur for every Guardian, the classic buddy system for near-fights like these. The refs are having a hard time breaking up the two in the middle. Maybe Ilya should be surprised that one of them is Shane. But he isn't. Not really.

Instead of surprise, there's a slowly dawning feeling of dread.

Shane is *yelling*, gloved hands fisted in the jersey of Toronto's centre, Dallas Kent. The broadcasters inform the audience that it was not Kent that checked Baker into the glass, but one of Toronto's defencemen. As they do, Ilya watches Shane's mouth go still halfway through a word as Kent cuts him off. The angle of the camera makes it hard to read Kent's lips.

The angle perfectly captures Shane's beautiful face and all his perfect freckles. Ilya can't seem to catch his breath watching Shane's face go deathly pale and then, immediately after, bright red with rage.

"Shane," Ilya murmurs, a warning that his lover cannot hear. He wants, more than anything, to be there to pull Shane back from this brink. This expression is frighteningly foreign on Shane's handsome features. It's much better suited for Ilya to wear.

One of Toronto's useless refs finally manages to separate the two. Baker is in the process of being transported off the ice. Miraculously, he seems responsive, the broadcasters report, their usual stern professionalism unable to hide their relief. Ilya can almost feel the tension start to bleed out from the stadium.

His phone buzzes in his hand. Marleau has texted him, *Dude, I thought we were going to watch a rookie die right at the start of the season*.

Ilya flops down on the couch, his packing abandoned as he texts back, *Do not jinx just yet*.

Fuck man, is all Marleau replies with. On the TV, the game is starting to reset, the players slowly drifting back to centre ice for the puck to drop. The defencemen that hit Baker has, surprisingly, been given a ten minute major. Ilya wonders if the league will actually suspend a player from Toronto for once.

Ilya has the Raiders group chat muted, but he sees the message previews coming up in quick succession. He distantly remembers that Mackie, their rookie goalie, played with Baker in the Western league. Ilya makes a mental note to pull the kid aside before tomorrow's practice.

He could text Mackie now. Maybe it makes him a bad captain for opening his conversation with Jane instead, typing out a useless message that Shane won't even see until after the game: *Don't do anything stu*

The whistle blows. Shane smacks the puck out of the way, drops his gloves, and launches himself towards Kent before Toronto's centre has even gotten his hands up to defend himself.

As the speakers almost blow out with the audience's screaming, Ilya drops his phone in his lap and shouts, "Hollander, what the *fuck* are you *doing*!?"

He's glad that he's watching this game alone, and that no one can call him out on how lustful the words come out.

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Ilya is smiling when he knocks a playful rhythm on the back door of Shane's building. The smile immediately drops with his full-bodied flinch—not because he's startled by the opening of the door, but rather the person who opens it. "My God, Hollander."

Shane laughs, and then winces. "Ugh. Don't make me do that. Just get in." Ilya obeys, which Shane tries to raise his eyebrow at, but that makes him wince again. His lip is puffy and his eye is almost completely shut with how swollen he is.

As Shane leads him up the stairs, Ilya can't help but ask, "Your rookie. Baker. He is recovering okay?"

"He is," Shane promises, holding the door open for Ilya to enter first. "He's doing great, actually. He'll be sitting out for a while, but he's on track for a full recovery."

An unexpected tightness in Ilya's chest loosens. Mackie had gone straight from the airport to visit Baker in the hospital. Ilya had worried about what the kid might find, about how badly it might fuck him up.

He has to clear his throat before he can jokingly ask, "How badly did you fuck up Yuna's schedule?"

"Don't even get me *started*," Shane groans. Ilya laughs so hard that he almost falls over, unbalanced as he toes off his shoes. "She hasn't stopped passive-aggressively texting me about all the commercials she's had to reschedule."

He waits for Ilya to put his shoes on the shoe rack and then readjusts them. Ilya watches him, impossibly fond. "I thought she'd be happy you stuck up for your rookie."

"Oh trust me, she was. She's the one who taught me how to throw a punch." Shane straightens, his one good eye glittering playfully. "She's mad that I forgot how to dodge."

Ilya laughs into the barely-there kiss that Shane presses against his mouth. It's unnaturally hot, sore and inflamed, making Shane hiss as his swollen lip brushes Ilya's lax mouth. Stubborn as he always is, tries to go for another, but Ilya steps back.

Shane's jaw clenches. "You don't have to—"

"You wish to ravage me by shoe rack?" Ilya interrupts. Shane's ears go red. "Exactly. Do not charge me like Kent."

It's a bit unusual to be talking for this long, but Ilya is finding that he quite likes it. He can't stop his giddy smile as they move up the stairs and to the bedroom, listening to Shane huff and complain. "Ew. *Gross*. Never call yourself Kent again. God, I can't fucking stand him."

"What did he say to you that made you so mad?" Ilya wonders, taking off his shirt.

Shane's eyes flash. He waits for Ilya to pull his shirt off, and then reluctantly fold it and put it on the dresser the way that Shane likes. Then, Shane finally mumbles, "Some racist shit."

Ilya stares. "What?"

"Not against me— well, kind of." Shane sits on the edge of the bed. "Mostly against Baker. He's Métis— uh, that's a group of Indigen— no, I don't think you know that word in English. Um. First Nations?"

"Not the important part," Ilya says, impatient.

"Kind of is," Shane corrects him, the unswollen corner of his lip twitching up wryly. "But I guess all you need to know for now is that Métis people are of mixed heritage, kind of like me. And they haven't been treated well. Not in Canada, and not in hockey."

Ilya keeps staring. "Kind of like you," he repeats.

Shane nods, a somewhat awkward movement. "In the pile-up, Kent said some shit that I guess the refs missed in the chaos." He rolls his eyes and scoffs. "And it pissed me off, and I figured, hey, we're up by two in the third period, Toronto hasn't scored shit all night. I could probably take a major and the team would be fine."

He shrugs, suddenly sheepish. "Of course, I mostly got my ass kicked, but—"

Ilya makes sure that he's grabbing the unbruised part of Shane's face when he plants a firm kiss right on his split lip.

It's brief and chaste but Shane *gasps* at the hot spike of pain, hands clawing at Ilya's shoulders as he tries to deepen it. "Not yet," Ilya orders, holding him back with a tight grip in Shane's hair. Shane whines but allows himself to be scruffed, pupils back and breathing heavy.

There are already tears leaking out of his black eye, settling in the folds between the swollen skin. Ilya has to grit his teeth against the urge to put his teeth on the saggy part of Shane's eyelid and bite *down*.

Shane must see the hunger in Ilya's eyes because he whimpers, "Fuck, Ilya, please, it's been *so much*—"

"Not yet," Ilya repeats roughly. He steps back and lets go, watching closely as Shane sways in place. He only exhales when Shane steadies himself against the bed. "Good?"

They've gotten lazy with the language of this kind of play. Ilya no longer bothers with asking for colours. If Shane wants him to stop, he'll say so. And if Shane *actually* wants Ilya to stop, then he'll say it like he means it.

So, when Shane shakingly spits out, "Fuck you," Ilya just grins.

"No, other way," he returns, crossing his arms and cocking his head. He had expected Shane to keep begging for it, but this fire isn't unwelcome at all. "You want *me* to fuck *you*."

"I want you to quit wasting my fucking time," Shane snaps. His words are slurring, spit bubbling in the swollen corner of his mouth.

His face has gone splotchy and red between the patches of purple bruises, like wild patches of strawberries growing in the gaps of an untamed thicket of blackberries. As a child, Ilya's arms would be scratched raw by the brambles as he reached in to grab fruit by the pudgy handfuls. The sting would bring tears to his eyes, but it was well worth the reward. If anything, the pain made the fruit taste all the sweeter.

Ilya grabs Shane by the jaw lightly. He keeps his thumb away from the parts that are tender. "What was that?" he asks. He lifts his eyebrow. *Last chance to back out.*

The nervous movement of Shane's adam's apple makes Ilya's mouth *water*. But he waits patiently for Shane to steel himself and give him the okay.

He does *not* expect the okay to be Shane cocking his chin and saying, "If you're too pussy to hurt me then I could always get Kent to—"

Ilya digs his nail into Shane's split lower lip, strangling out the taunt into a cry of absolute agony.

"So that is why you picked fight, hm?" Ilya says, or at least he thinks that's what he says. He can't hear himself over the rush of blood in his ears. His world has narrowed to a pinpick,

to the blood welling under his thumb and the tears leaking out of Shane's eyes. "Stupid pain slut couldn't wait two fucking days for me to hurt him. Bet that is why you lost fight too."

Heaving through the pain, Shane gurgles, "Didn't... lose..."

Ilya grabs him by the front of the shirt and yanks him off the bed. Shane's knees smack into the ground, his fall barely cushioned by the carpet. His yelp gets smothered by black denim—Ilya grabs Shane by the back of the head and shoves his face into the crotch of his pants.

"Then what is this?" Ilya asks, grinding his straining erection over the tender parts of Shane's face. He keeps his grip tight on Shane's head, maybe even tight enough to shatter his fucking skull. When the teeth of his zipper dig into Shane's black eye, Shane makes a noise that sounds borderline inhuman. "Did you cum on the ice, Hollander? Is that why you went down so fast?"

He can feel the fabric start to dampen with blood, tears, and drool. Shane mumbles something into Ilya crotch, something entirely unintelligible. Ilya starts to coo at him, mean and condescending in the way that Shane *loves*, but then he's jerking back with a pained shout, because Shane just *bit Ilya's dick through his pants*.

Shane's whole body shakes with each gasping breath. His face is a fucking mess, blood smeared around his mouth, snot bubbling from his nose, tears streaming down his face. He looks utterly fucking triumphant, even with the precum staining his pants.

"Aw, did that hurt?" Shane simpers, teeth pink with his blood and bared in a wild grin. He looks utterly fucking deranged. "Want me to kiss it better, Rozy?"

Ilya's hands clench into shaking fists. His heart is beating so fast he feels like it might give out. He wants nothing more than to cave Shane's nose in with his fist. To break it so badly that it's impossible to breathe, and then to hold Shane's mouth shut until he's blue in the face and about to pass out.

Maybe even past that. Maybe until Shane's dead on the fucking floor.

With breathless curses, Ilya shoves his pants and underwear down to mid-thigh. Shane bursts into laughter, popping the snot bubble in his nose. It's such a thick sound that Ilya might think he was choking, right up until he makes Shane cock on his cock instead.

Ilya *groans*, grip tightening in Shane's hair at the desperate clenching of his boyfriend's throat. "I-If you pass out before you cum," he snarls, rocking his hips against Shane's face. "That's not my fucking problem."

Shane's teeth drag against Ilya's cock, threatening to bite down, but Ilya reprimands him with a firm press of his thumb against the edge of Shane's black eye. The strangled noise of pain is white-hot pleasure around Ilya's cock, and he starts to fuck into it, fast and brutal and ruthless.

Panting against his quickly building orgasm, Ilya fumbles one foot forward to step into Shane's crotch. Again, Shane cries out, enveloping Ilya's cock in the delicious tightness of his

throat. This time, the cry is mostly one of pleasure. He can feel it in frantic jerks of Shane's hips against Ilya's foot.

"Dumb puppy," Ilya spits. He's not sure if he's speaking English or Russian. He's not sure if it matters. "Pathetic, mangy thing."

Whatever language he's speaking in, the words make Shane's good eye roll back in his head. Ilya stares down at him, enraptured by the way Shane's nose slams against Ilya's groin, the way he can feel Shane's swollen lip throb against the underside of his cock.

Abruptly, Ilya realizes doesn't want to watch the life leave Shane's eyes as he chokes him out on the floor. He wants Shane alive, needs it more than anything. He needs to see the tears welling as Ilya carves out Shane's heart and eats it raw. He needs Shane's heart to beat in his mouth as he chews it, needs to hear Shane gasp and sob with each fucking bite. He wants Shane to live forever, so that he can die and die and die again in Ilya's hands.

Ilya makes sure that he's using English when he gasps, "S-Should carve skin and lips off face, cut Kent's hands off of your body—"

Shane's body goes limp in Ilya's hold. He can feel wetness spreading under the balls of his feet. Ilya genuinely can't tell if Shane's cumming, or if he's passed out and pissing himself, and it's that uncertainty that sends Ilya hurtling into his climax as well.

I love you, Ilya thinks, near delirious as he doubles over Shane's head and blinks through the stars swimming in his eyes. *I love you, I love you, I love you—*

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Shane comes back to consciousness with a whine of discomfort, trying to flinch away from the cold pain pressing against the tender parts of his face. Which is all of his face, he realizes.

He can hear Ilya cooing above him. "It's okay baby. Sweetheart. That's it." Gentle hands dab something wet and cold around his mouth, under his nose, across his cheeks and over his eye. "You're doing so good."

"Fuck you," Shane says, or at least tries to say. He makes a demonic gargling sound instead. *Oof*, Shane thinks, and peels open one eye.

Save for the lamp on the other side of the bed, the room is completely dark. It's difficult to make out Ilya's features through the shadows and the wonderful fog in Shane's head, but Shane squints and focuses as best as he can. Ilya's handsome features come into focus in a fond, but exasperated expression.

"My love," Ilya murmurs, voice dripping with affection. "You are being so fucking stupid right now."

Shane brings up a sluggish hand to flip him off, surprising and delighting them both. Fine motor function is usually one of the last things he gets back after a scene like that. Shane takes advantage of it to adjust the cold, wet cloth that Ilya has wrapped around his throat.

He attempts a tentative swallow. It hurts, but only in an aching way. A good way.

Ilya watches him with absolute adoration and endless patience, helping Shane sit up against the pillows. Mindful of his throbbing mouth, Shane slowly tries to speak. "You... finished...?"

His voice is still grating and ruined, but much better than his first attempt. Ilya's shoulders slump with relief. "I did," he promises. He strains down to kiss Shane's temple. "You were very sexy choking on my dick."

Shane preens a little at that. He happily accepts the frozen blueberry that Ilya offers to him, even if it does taste a little freezer burned. But he can't really be picky. He probably should've prepped the aftercare snacks himself, even if he didn't expect things to get *this* intense.

Ilya's eyes crinkle as he watches Shane drool around it. "How about you?" he asks. "You were down for... hm... thirty minutes? Forty?"

He'll probably choke if he tries to talk around the blueberry, so Shane just gives Ilya a thumbs up. It makes him feel a little silly, but it's worth the laugh it gets out of Ilya. "Good."

They sit in silence for a while. When the towel starts to reach Shane's body temperature, Ilya takes it and turns to the nightstand where Shane can just barely see the edge of a bowl. When Shane starts to shiver, Ilya gets up and grabs another blanket to wrap around Shane's shoulders before returning to Shane's wounds.

It's somewhat of an overkill, really. Aside from Shane's lip splitting back open and the bruising of his throat, most of Shane's injuries are no worse than they were before Ilya came over. But Shane can see Ilya the way that the methodical care is settling Ilya, so he stays quiet and keeps sucking on the blueberries that Ilya feeds him and accepting sips of Gatorade that Ilya tips into his mouth.

Without a straw, Shane winds up dribbling Gatorade all over himself. Ilya catches it in a cupped palm and holds it up to Shane's mouth. "Drink," he prompts, grinning when Shane glares at him. Still, Shane obeys, lapping at Ilya's hand like a cat. "Good boy."

Shane smacks Ilya's leg in protest but the words warm him all the way through.

Eventually, Shane's throat feels better enough for him to say, "Ilya." He keeps the sound slow and careful, working his jaw against the pain of speaking.

Ilya's eyes flash with worry. He starts to shush Shane, insisting, "Later—"

Shane reaches a hand up and covers Ilya's mouth. *Listen*, he insists with his eyes. When the wrinkle in Ilya's brow smooths out, Shane takes a careful breath through his nose and says, "I did not cum when Kent punched me on the ice."

Ilya chokes on a laugh, hot air hitting Shane's palm. Shane glares at him again. He *needs* to say this. "Only want *you* to hurt me. Was hoping you'd put your bruises over his."

He can hear the breath catch in Ilya's throat. Shane lets go of Ilya's mouth and sways into him, pressing his forehead against Ilya's. "Tomorrow, during our game," Shane rasps, drunk on the way that Ilya's eyes flit between his lips and his mouth. "I want you to check me. *Hard.*"

"Shane—"

"Give me bruises that'll outlast Kent's." It's not a plea. It's an order. "Give me something that'll fuckin' *hurt.*"

"...fuck," Ilya breathlessly laughs, eyes closing helplessly. "I have made a fucking monster."

Shane nuzzles into Ilya's cheek, smiling. *That's not a no*, he wants to tease, but his throat hurts too much to say anything else.

Ilya seems to hear it anyways. "You will be the death of me," he murmurs.

I will, he thinks back, an oath sworn with the blood clotting in his lip. *I promise, I will.*

End Notes

I can't stop thinking about hollanov beating the fucking shit out of each other and getting so horny about it. as someone hilariously put in their bookmark: now THIS is hockey

Please let me know if my purposefully insufficient explanation of Métis people is harmful or incorrect. I kept it brief and to the extent that I imagined Shane would explain but I don't want to be saying dumb shit for the sake of snappy fanfic dialogue.

Lastly, just to defend Shane's honour a bit, he did get Dallas with a few really good hits but he's just not used to fighting so he did get his shit rocked. C'mon dude you're tarnishing Yuna's good name.

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