

Whatever You Ask For, That's What I'll Be

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Whatever You Ask For, That's What I'll Be

by [whatstheproblembaby](#).

Summary

Shane takes a rough check during a game. Ilya takes care of him when they get home. Shane can't help his response when Ilya keeps calling him "baby."

Set after The Long Game, but can be read if you just accept Shane and Ilya BOTH play for Ottawa now and also have a dog.

Title from George Michael's "Father Figure," because I am both a cliché and a bad person.

Notes

Russian is all from Google Translate. If anything is super wrong, please let me know! See end note for translations.

On Tumblr under the same handle.

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

Ilya thought he might have peeled his skin off along with the rest of his uniform, the way his nerves were buzzing. A fresh zap of electricity pulsed down to his fingertips with every beat of his still-pounding heart.

That had been a *hard* hit.

Ilya's line had been waiting to go back on the ice, so he was watching ~~Shane~~ Toronto's top line when their burly D-man, Knight, rocked Hollander back-first into the boards so hard the glass rattled.

The Ottawa crowd roared in protest, though Ilya only registered the sound as if it were coming through a fishbowl. He was too focused on Shane to process anything else.

On the ice, Shane dropped his helmet back against the glass for all of two seconds before taking a deep breath and chasing after the Toronto forward who had skated off with the puck. He hadn't hit his head or lost his balance, but something about the way he was holding his shoulders had Ilya suspicious.

It *still* had Ilya suspicious, even after the final buzzer and a sorely needed Ottawa victory. Thanks to his two goals and the C on his sweater, he was hustled off to do media the moment he left the ice, so by the time he made it to the locker room, Shane was already showered and cozy in a crewneck and athletic shorts. He tried not to ogle his husband around the team, if only so Bood wouldn't keep fining him for *not keeping it in your pants when we're all here, dude, come on*, but he was grouchy about not being able to determine the extent of Shane's injuries by simply giving him a quick once-over in the showers.

Thankfully, no one could stop him from fussing over Hollander in the privacy of their own home.

"I'll be quick, Hollander."

“And other things Ilya says in bed,” Hayes chirped, making the rest of the team snicker. Ilya smacked him gently upside the head as he made his way across the room.

“Some of us don’t need three hours and an instruction manual to get their partner off, Hazy,” he retorted, leaning against the doorway separating the lockers from the showers and raising an eyebrow.

Wyatt shot Ilya double birds as the laughter in the locker room hit new decibels.

“I will share secret with you later, yes? We are still working on Cup victory, but Ottawa has reputation to uphold as sexiest team.” Ilya winked and nodded at Hayes, who laughed and nodded back before giving Ilya a wildly sarcastic salute.

“Aye aye, Cap’n.”

“That’s right! Good game, everyone. Don’t do anything too stupid tonight.”

Motivational speech concluded, Ilya turned and finally hit the showers. The steamy water loosened some of the kinks in his own muscles, but he couldn’t put aside his concern for Shane. Once he had rinsed off the worst of his sweat, he quickly toweled himself dry and made his way back to his stuff.

“Ready?” he asked, crossing to the bench where Shane was sitting and dropping a kiss to the crown of his head.

“Bood’s going to fine you for that,” Shane teased, shouldering his bag.

Ilya narrowed his eyes - had Shane winced as he settled the strap in place? “Bood already left,” he said, keeping his tone light.

“I’m pretty sure he’s got this place bugged. How else would he know everything about everyone?” Shane reached out and took Ilya’s hand as they headed down the hallway towards the players’ parking deck.

“Cassie. KGB wishes it had the reach of the Ottawa WAG group chat.”

Shane threw his head back and barked a laugh, and Ilya couldn’t help but grin in response. Their conversation meandered as they found their car and drove home, remarks starting and stopping with the comfortable ease that came with years of being together. Ilya loved that they could just sit quietly next to each other sometimes and *exist* without any expectations or concerns.

When Ilya cut the engine in their garage, Shane’s head was lolling against the passenger side window, his eyes half-mast.

“We’re home, *malysh*,” Ilya said softly, taking the opportunity to open the trunk and grab both their bags before Shane could fully come to. He stowed the bags on the workbench they kept by the door for that specific purpose - God only knew they didn’t need *both* their gear stinking up the house - and hustled Shane inside. “Bedroom. Now.”

“Someone’s in the mood,” Shane said with a laugh. On the way to their room, Anya trotted up to greet them, and they both said a proper hello to her before Ilya settled her in her crate with some treats. Once she was taken care of, Ilya propelled Shane the last few feet down the hall.

“I am in *a* mood,” Ilya grumbled. “Shirt off. On your front.”

He watched with stern eyes as Shane somehow both relaxed and tensed up simultaneously, his subconscious love of orders warring with his apparent desire not to let Ilya see just how banged up he was.

Finally, Shane sighed and reached up with a wince to pull off his top and lay down. Ilya hissed out a sharp breath as he took in the view.

“Oh, *dorogoy*.” He knelt at the foot of the bed, just to Shane’s left, to stroke carefully over the line of his spine. “Baby. Tell the truth. How do you feel?”

“I’ve been better,” Shane said with his typical understatement. “But I’m still able to play, it’s not a *problem*.”

“Shane.”

His right shoulder was purple almost from the center of his back to his upper arm, and a smaller yet no less livid bruise was forming over his left kidney. Ilya had the somewhat hysterical thought that Shane was practically a checkerboard, the way his injuries were set up.

“Knight slammed me into the metal frame between two panes of the glass,” Shane explained. “Clean hit, I should have been paying more attention.”

“It may have been legal, but I am still going to return the favor next time we play Toronto.” Ilya stood up and smoothed his hands down his own thighs, making Shane whine softly. “Shh, *malysh*. I am just getting lotion from bathroom.”

Ilya walked into their en-suite and pulled open the medicine cabinet, locating the arnica cream the team’s athletic trainer had recommended everyone stock up on. Jar in hand, he walked back to Shane, trying not to jostle the mattress too much as he knelt with one knee to either side of Shane’s back. He unscrewed the lid and set it to the side.

“An easy night for you, I think,” he said, scooping some of the lotion out of the jar and rubbing his hands together to both warm them up and get an even coat. “*Bedny malysh*. You should have let me carry bag when we left the arena.”

“I- I’m sorry,” Shane said, words slurring a little as Ilya rubbed carefully over his back and the tension in his spine dissipated. “I just wanted to get out without having to visit the trainers-”

“Which you will if you still can’t move your arm right tomorrow.”

“Which I will if I still can’t move my arm right tomorrow,” Shane repeated dutifully. “I knew it wasn’t *hurt* hurt, and the score was so close that I thought I’d just play through it and ice everything up when we got home.”

“Stubborn, hockey-obsessed Canadian,” Ilya scolded, though there was no sting behind his words. He would have done the same thing if he had been hit instead of Shane. “You are lucky that I am excellent nurse. Imagine if this happened in Montreal and you were stuck with Pike. Hospital.”

Shane snorted. “What kind of bedside manner is that? I thought you wanted me to relax.”

“Is good bedside manner. Reminding you you are in best hands,” Ilya said. He pressed his thumbs into the dimples on Shane’s lower back, rubbing soothing circles into the divots. Shane whimpered. Ilya got more lotion before moving his hands up Shane’s back rhythmically and muttering soothing nonsense. “Shh. *Takoy milyy, tol’ko dlya menya*. So good. My poor little baby. Is this better, baby boy? *Priyatno, malysh?*”

“Yes. Yes, thank you, Da-”

Shane froze under Ilya’s hands. Ilya may not have been breathing, either.

“Shane. Finish that sentence.”

Shane shook his head.

“*Malysh*.” Ilya’s tone left no room for argument.

“*Daddy*.” The word burst out from Shane’s lungs like an explosion. “Daddy, thank you, feels so good.”

Ilya thought he might have to go to the hospital himself. Somehow, his hands kept moving as his brain short-circuited, still smoothing circles over Shane’s back.

“Sorry, Daddy, sorry I didn’t let you help earlier,” Shane continued, brain-to-mouth filter entirely off now. “Just wanted to be good, knew I could do it-”

“You did, *malysh*, you did good for the team and you’re so good for me now,” Ilya finally said, coming back to himself. “Letting Daddy take care of you, making sure you don’t hurt.”

Shane whined at a pitch to rival Anya.

“Is that better, baby boy? You don’t hurt now?”

“No, Daddy.” The words were almost unintelligible, Shane like putty under Ilya’s hands. “All better.”

“Not *all* better,” Ilya said, capping the jar of lotion tight before dropping it off the side of the bed somewhere. “Daddy has to do one more thing.”

Shane twisted his head to the side, looking drunk and open and so, so gorgeous. Ilya hoisted his hips up and pulled his pants and underwear down, hearing the soft *swoosh* of them hitting the floor.

“Daddy has to kiss it better,” Ilya explained. He scooted to sit at the top of the bed, Shane naturally moving to the side to give him room. “Come sit in Daddy’s lap.”

Slowly but eagerly, Shane climbed into place, nestling his hips against Ilya’s and grinding down in a mindless, desperate circle. Ilya pulled his chin down for a kiss.

“Good boy,” he said when they finally broke apart, a line of saliva connecting their mouths. “Always so sweet for me.”

“Everything for you,” Shane said, pressing his forehead against Ilya’s. “Want everything, want to *give* you everything.”

“You do, baby boy.” Ilya shoved his own pants down before reaching one hand to the nightstand, groping blindly for the bottle of lube he hadn’t bothered to put back in the drawer earlier. “Tonight is your turn.”

He flicked the bottle open and poured the lube carelessly over his fingers, spilling some over both his and Shane’s thighs. Once he had enough, he traced a gentle circle along Shane’s rim. Shane’s hands clenched on Ilya’s shoulders.

“Daddy, *please*.” Shane bore down on Ilya’s first two fingers, pressing him in just past the first knuckle.

“Shhh. Daddy’s got you,” Ilya soothed, pushing up the rest of the way. He took his time stretching Shane open, not inserting a third finger until Shane was whining and pleading brokenly, tears streaming down his face.

“*Now*, please now. I’ve been good, please-”

“Nothing else gets to hurt *moy malysh* tonight, hmm? Daddy was just being careful,” Ilya said as he removed his fingers and lined Shane up over his aching cock. “My baby should only feel good.”

He lowered Shane into his lap and began fucking up with his hips. Shane threw his head back and moaned, matching his pace with Ilya’s.

“Yes - yes - so good, Daddy, love you so much,” Shane panted, dropping his forehead back to Ilya’s and curling his arms around Ilya’s shoulders.

“I love you too, baby. No one but you, Shane, nobody else, not ever-” Ilya reached down to stroke Shane’s dick, swirling his thumb in the precum collecting at the top.

Shane whined one last time and came, spurting warmth across both their chests. Ilya thrust up again and felt his own release claim him. His vision whited out for a moment as Shane settled against his chest, tucking his head into the crook of Ilya’s neck.

Ilya wrapped one arm around Shane’s shoulders, careful not to put too much pressure on his bruise. His other hand stroked softly along Shane’s flank, soothing him further. When his softened cock was finally too uncomfortable to ignore, he pulled out gently, making Shane fuss.

“Shh, shh. I clean us up, yes? Then we sleep, so you heal. And an ice pack for shoulder in morning.”

Ilya left Shane curled around his own pillow, then went back into the bathroom to run a washcloth under some warm water. He wiped himself down and tucked himself back in his pants, then dampened a second washcloth. Shane grunted under his breath when Ilya returned to their room and started swiping over his torso and legs.

“You were right earlier,” Shane said once Ilya had tossed the cloth in the hamper and spooned up behind him, covers tucked tight around their waists. “I wouldn’t get that kind of treatment if Hayden had to take me to the hospital.”

“I fucking hope not,” Ilya said on a laugh. “What kind of medicine do they teach Canadian doctors?”

“I like yours better,” Shane muttered. Ilya could see his eyes were closed, and his face was snuggling into his pillow. “Lots bet-ter.”

“I will always take care of you, *malysh*. Rest now.” Ilya let his own eyes close as he nestled his face into the uninjured side of Shane’s neck.

Shane’s quiet, almost unintelligible response of “I’ll take care of you too, Daddy,” lit a warm ember in Ilya’s chest as he fell asleep.

End Notes

Russian translations, such as they are:

Malysh - baby

Dorogoy - sweetheart

Bedny malysh - poor baby

Takoy milyy, tol'ko dlya menya. - So sweet for me.

Priyatno, malysh? - Feels good, baby?

Moy malysh - my baby

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