

Will you kiss it better?

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Will you kiss it better?

by [Bundog](#)

Summary

When Ilya gets hit in the face with a puck and consequently knocked out, Shane panics and ends up driving 5 hours just to see Ilya, and make sure he's okay.

Notes

Hope you enjoy my fic, even if i have very little knowledge about hockey

This is just pure indulgent fluff and smut

Shane had watched, from the comfort of his sofa as Ilya was smashed in the face by a flying puck, knocking him off his feet and to the floor. It had knocked him clean out, and he had been stretchered off the ice.

Shane knew he probably wasn't able to do much until he got the name of the hospital Ilya was in. It had been a home game for the Boston Bears, but Shane was ready to drop everything at once and drive down to Boston, just to make sure Ilya was alright. He was ready to drop everything and drive down tonight, but he didn't know where Ilya would be and the hit looked awful. He was still watching the match, there wasn't much that could be done until after the game finished, so the play continued.

Long after the match ended Shane remained seated on his couch, knee bouncing up and down continuously, waiting for a message or anything. The post-match interviews were all about what had happened and their coach reassuring everyone that Ilya would be fine and all he needed was a bit of rest.

Shane had sent plenty of messages to Ilya, asking him to call back as soon as he could, asking where he is, how he's doing, anything to make sure that Ilya was alright.

His team's group chat wasn't helping either, with all the guys laughing about Ilya's injury. It all fed deeper into Shane's worries, what if Ilya suffered a terrible head injury, that means he'll never be able to play hockey again? What if he loses his sense of balance and can no longer balance on his skates? It would crush Ilya, and he wouldn't be able to continue playing, and he'd probably end up going back to Russia and then Shane would never see him again.

He knew he was spiraling, maybe having a panic attack, probably should try and call someone to talk about it with. But who? No one knew about him and Ilya, he'd made sure of it. He could always call Rose, but he knew he'd have to keep it vague, cause it wasn't fair on Ilya to out him to anyone without his consent.

Really all Shane could do was spiral for now, and hope Ilya would text him back soon. Maybe he just needed some sleep.

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The first thing Shane did when he woke up was check his messages, there was still nothing. He had practice in a couple hours, so he needed to get up, and get ready for the day. Maybe practice would be good, maybe he can take his mind off things. Hockey had always been there for him, a place where all he needed to do was focus on the puck and scoring.

Of course, all anyone was talking about in the locker room was Ilya getting knocked out by a puck. It became too overwhelming, listening to his teammates laugh and mock Ilya, and all he wanted to do was forget about it, just for a minute.

“Lets not joke about these things,” Shane said, loudly. “It’s bad sportsmanship to laugh about another player being injured.” He rarely abused his role as captain, but he would if it meant that he didn’t have to listen to people laughing about Ilya.

“Geez whats up with him, surely he’d be happy his arch nemesis is out of play,” He heard someone mutter, he didn’t care who at this point.

He left practice as soon as he could, rushing out before he had to listen any more chirping from his team. He knew they took this rivalry between him and Ilya more seriously than he did, for him it was just an act they had, and a way to push themselves to be better than the other.

His heart was in his throat as he took his phone out of his bag, silently praying that he’d gotten a message from Ilya. Carefully he turned his phone on and let out a huge sigh of relief. “Oh thank god,” he quietly muttered to himself. He had messages from half an hour ago.

Lily

Is all good

Just small hit to nose

Got stitches

Are you in your flat?

Or hospital?

Was sent home in morning

Nose hurts though :(

Will you come kiss it better?

It's a five hour drive so you'll need to wait

:(:(:(

I'm just finishing up at practice

I'll see you in a few hours

:)

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Shane was a bit confused by the last text from Ilya, he didn't know what it was meant to convey, but he was glad that Ilya was okay. He stripped out of his gear and changed into his normal clothes. He deliberated between going home quickly to grab some clothes or just driving straight from practice. His need to physically see Ilya outweighed his need to have some spare clothes, he could always borrow from Ilya.

"You coming out tonight?" JJ asked, Shane looked up.

"Whats happening?"

"It's Miitka's birthday, so we're all going out for drinks," Shane vaguely remembered them talking about this, he couldn't remember whether he'd agreed to it or not.

"I, uh, actually need to be somewhere else tonight," Shane stumbled over his words. "My Grandma is unwell, and I'm the closest to her, so."

"Oh okay, that's fine dude," JJ responded. It wasn't unusual for Shane to avoid going drinking, especially during the on season, so it was unnecessary for him to make an excuse, but he continued.

“And, uh, I won’t be able to make it to practice for a few days, possibly more, depending on how my Grandma is doing,” He shrugged trying to brush it off.

“I’ll tell coach, don’t worry, you’re being a good grandson,” JJ chuckled and walked off to talk to some of the others.

“Do you need some help with your grandma?” It was Hayden. “I know it’s not the same, but I do have kids you know.”

“I’ll be fine, she just needs someone to help her around the house,” Shane hated lying, but it wasn’t completely untrue, just replace grandma with Ilya, then it’s exactly the same, except for the fact that instead of his grandma it was his supposed sworn arch nemesis.

“Call if you need anything,” Hayden patted his shoulder.

Shane just simply nodded before leaving, awkwardly smiling his way to his car.

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Shane managed to only need one pitstop, which only took him 15 minutes, but by the time he reached Ilya’s apartment it was almost 7 pm, and the sun had just started to set. He grabbed his stuff from his car and went to knock on the door.

The last time he’d been here, was that time he’d ran off, after realising that he may have had deeper feelings for Ilya than he realised. Now, he was less scared of those feelings, just a little unsure of how to navigate this whole mess. It wasn’t like they could do much, they were public figures, publicly known as rivals, in one of the worst sports to be homosexual. Shane had heard some of his teammates talk, he’s heard the insults, specifically towards Scott Hunter, he also knows how the NHL feels about people like him and Ilya.

He knocked on the door, his phone started ringing, **Lily**, flashed on the screen. He answered.

“Door code is 8124,” was what Ilya said in lieu of a greeting. Shane had to smile at that, the door code being their jersey numbers.

He entered the code and hung up.

“Hollander!” Ilya yelled from where Shane knew the couch was, “Come here and give kisses!”

Shane walked towards the living room, and saw Ilya bundled up on the couch, bandages and a cast on his nose and two black eyes were developing.

“Hi,” he smiled, taking in the sight, “Sorry I couldn’t get here faster,” he sat down next to Ilya and leaned over to kiss his cheek.

“Is okay,” Ilya shrugged, “Now I have favourite person to feed me,” he had a dorky smile on his face. “Doctor gave me a note,” He handed a slip of paper to Shane. He read through it and the instructions were pretty standard.

“You see here,” Shane pointed to a specific section about physical activity, “It says no sex for a week,” He giggled at the way Ilya’s face dropped.

“You’re fucking with me, no?” Ilya frowned.

“Nope, but it’s fine, it’s only a week,” Shane said, as he tentatively laid his head on Ilya’s shoulder.

“But you’ll leave before then,” he mumbled. Shane reached a hand over to grasp one of Ilya’s, drawing circles into his palm.

“I’ll stay for as long as you need me, I’ve told my teammates that my grandma is sick, so that buys me a few days, and it’s not like we have any matches any time soon.

“Good, when my nose is better, you can expect to be ravished,” Ilya murmured.

“Where did you learn that word?” Shane laughed.

“I’m a good lover, I learn English for important things.”

“Gross, I told you not to use that word,” Shane laughed. “Do you wanna order some food?”

“Yes, but use my phone, it would be weird if Shane Hollander ordered food to Ilya Rozanov’s house, no?” Shane had to agree with that, he took the phone Ilya was extending to him.

“What should I order?”

“Whatever fits your weird diet.”

“Ilya, you’re injured, we’re eating what you want,” He mumbled into Ilya’s shoulder.

“Pizza.”

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Sex may have been off the table, at least on Ilya’s part, but that wouldn’t stop them from trying. While waiting for the pizza to arrive, Shane had started to mouth at Ilya’s neck,

sucking and licking on repeat, he moved the shirt collar to the side slightly, just to get to Ilya's delicious collarbones.

He moved down to Ilya's waist, pushing his shirt up as he kissed and licked his abs, the hand that he wasn't using to support himself crept its way along the waistband of the joggers Ilya was wearing.

"Shane, please," Ilya gasped, hand coming down to comb through Shane's hair.

"Please what," he looked up at Ilya grinning.

"Please, suck me off," He responded.

"Happily," Shane continued his campaign, kissing and licking down his happy trail. He started to pull down the waistband, lower and lower until he could comfortably fish out Ilya's dick.

He started off with just the head, licking at the precum that was leaking out, before gradually taking in more and more.

"Yes, you look perfect like that," Ilya groaned, his hand in Shane's hair flexing. It urged him on and he started bobbing up and down, faster and faster, before pulling off. He shuffled around, and knelt down between Ilya's knees, facing him onwards. "Even better," he smiled, lifting a hand to Shane's cheek.

"Asshole," Shane said before going back to Ilya's dick. It didn't take long for Ilya to warn him he was coming. He swallowed down as much as he could but some spilled out and down his chin. He pushed himself up, meaning to go and grab some tissues to clean himself and Ilya up, but instead he was pulled into Ilya. "Careful, I don't want to hurt you."

"Just a small kiss," Ilya batted his eyelashes at him, "Pretty please,"

Shane leaned down, mindful of Ilya's nose and kissed him. It wasn't anything more than a small swipe of tongue, on Ilya's part, before Shane pulled back. "I'm just gonna grab something to clean us up, maybe some pyjamas for you as well."

Shane navigated his way through Ilya's home, he'd only been here once before, but sure enough he found Ilya's room and bathroom, he washed his hands and face, and grabbed some tissues for Ilya, before heading back to his room to look for something comfortable, for them both.

Just as he was doing that the doorbell rang, he waited a bit as he heard Ilya swear and shuffle to the door, he knew that he couldn't leave the bedroom without entering the hallway, which had a direct line of sight to the doorway.

He listened as Ilya talked gruffly to the delivery driver before shutting the door. Shane breathed out, feeling an odd sense of relief. He grabbed the clothes he needed and waited a bit longer until he heard a vehicle fire up and drive off.

"Is safe now," Ilya called from the other room.

"Do you have curtains you can use to cover the windows?" Shane called, suddenly all too aware of just how many windows there are.

"Da, give me minute."

Shane had a look around and spotted the string for the curtains in the bedroom, he rushed over and started pulling on it. Once again breathing out a sigh of relief once the curtains were shut.

He stalked out of the bedroom and back to where Ilya had settled himself back on the couch, waiting patiently with the pizza next to him. He chucked the pyjama bottoms to Ilya, and some tissue.

“Thank you, my beautiful nursemaid,” Ilya teased, prompting Shane to lightly kick his shin. He flopped down next to Ilya and opened the pizza box, grabbing a slice and stuffing it into his mouth. He watched as Ilya pathetically attempted to pick up a slice, he knew it was an act.

“You’re such an asshole, you know,” He said as he picked up a slice of pizza, and guided it to Ilya’s mouth who smiled before leaning in to take a bite.

“But I’m your asshole,” He said around a mouthful of pizza. Shane felt a wave of panic course through him before he smiled at Ilya.

“Yeah, you are,” he wiped at a bit of sauce that was on Ilya’s cheek.

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He woke up the next morning to his phone ringing, he turned over slightly and grabbed it. He could see that his mum was calling, he answered.

“Hey, sweetie,” His mum started, “Just calling cause I wanted to see how Ilya was doing,” Shane sat up straight, scared, before remembering that his parents knew. He then panicked again, because how did his mum know he was with Ilya?

“He’s, uh, good,” Shane answered, “He’s sleeping right now, but, uh, how did you know he was with me?”

“I assume that since he got knocked out, you’ve gone to stay with him a couple nights,” His mum was way too intuitive. “Do you know what the doctor said?”

“Yeah, you’re right,” He chuckled slightly, “The doctor’s note says he has a concussion and a broken nose. So he’s been prescribed some painkillers that make him super spacey, it’s cute.”

He suddenly felt a hand grab his waist, and a chest brush up against his back. Ilya hooked his chin over Shane's shoulder, on the same side as his phone.

"Well, let me know how long you're gonna stay with him, and tell him that I hope he feels better soon," His mum said.

"Thank you Mrs. Hollander," Ilya shouted at the phone.

"He heard you," Shane said, "Bye mum, I'll let you know how long I'm staying. Love you, bye."

He hung up and turned his head towards Ilya, who once again had a cute smile on his face. "Your mum is beginning to like me," Ilya said, somewhat triumphantly.

"Well, I think she's gotten over the initial shock of us being together, and now is formulating how we promote this. I'm sure she's already planning a few pride themed photoshoots once you get your citizenship."

"When we marry," Ilya corrected.

"Whichever comes first," Shane responded, his mouth was too quick for his brain and it was only 7 in the morning. "Oh god, I uh," he stumbled over words, and felt his face heating up.

"Is this your proposal," Ilya asked, and Shane knew, even if he didn't see it, Ilya had a shit-eating grin on his face.

"No, obviously not, you ass," Shane spluttered, "I just meant it in a way, cause like, it takes a long time to get citizenship, and I mean, we still need to wait for them to transfer you to Ottawa, and I feel like when we get married, by that point it'd be hard to hide our

relationship, and so maybe I'd want to tell my friends before I propose, and to be honest, this whole relationship is so new."

"Calm down, Shane," Ilya chuckled lightly, he ran his hands up and down Shane's torso. "I don't want my proposal with black eyes," he joked softly, "We can work out every challenge that we get. Moy lyubimyy."

"What does that mean?" Shane asked quietly.

"Learn russian and you will know."

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Having a broken nose didn't mean much, it was really the concussion that caused problems for Ilya. He'd stand up and feel too dizzy to move, leaving Shane to hover around him, ready to jump into action when it was needed.

Shane had read up on all the typical concussion symptoms while Ilya had been brushing his teeth the night before. Which meant that he kept the curtains shut to keep the light out, and while Ilya was having a midday nap he'd rushed out to the pharmacy to stock up on anti-nausea medication. Plus some normal painkillers, once the prescription ones ran out.

He also made a quick stop at the nearby grocery store, picking up enough food for the next week, and obviously some ginger ale for himself. As far as he was concerned, Ilya couldn't have any sort of alcohol while he's recovering, so Shane decided to pick up copious amounts of fruit juice.

He was back before Ilya woke up from his nap. He packed away the food before grabbing the bag with the anti-nausea tablets and painkillers, he set those down on the nightstand.

He gently perched at the edge of the bed next to Ilya's sleeping form and leaned over him, brushing his hair away from his face. He then slowly traced his fingers between each mole

and freckle on Ilya's face. When Ilya was asleep he looked a little less like an asshole, and much cuter.

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"I can't get water on bandage, so you should help me bathe," Ilya explained, gesturing wildly. "What if I fall, what if I pass out? Canada's golden boy should live up to name."

Shane let out an exasperated sigh, "Fine, I'll help you bathe, just no funny business."

"Russians don't do funny business."

"That's a load of bullshit."

"When have you ever seen Russians do funny business? That simply does not happen."

"Sure," he drawled. "Let me go and run you a bath."

He got up from the bed, Ilya hadn't really left it for the whole day, and had coaxed Shane into being the big spoon for a while. The bathtub was huge, and could definitely fit at least two people. He turned the hot tap on and left to grab towels and a change of clothes for the both of them after the bath.

He changed the temperature intermittently, making sure the water wouldn't be too hot or too cold. He filled the tub just over half way knowing that once the two of them got in their bodies would displace the water, and he guessed Ilya probably wouldn't want water all over his floor.

"Bath's ready!" he shouted from the bathroom before he got up in search of Ilya, "Oh for fucks sake Ilya," He exclaimed, as standing in the middle of the bedroom buck naked was Ilya, smiling gleefully.

“I am ready for bath,” He shrugged innocently, striding towards Shane. It took a bit of effort but Shane managed to get Ilya seated in the bathtub with minimal splashing. “Will you join me?”

“Yeah,” Shane said slightly breathless, Ilya always seemed to have that effect on him, and has done so since before their rookie season. He quietly stripped out of his clothes, all too aware of Ilya’s hungry stare, raking up and down his body, leaving goosebumps in its wake.

“Get in, I need back and hair washed, I’ll do the front, then we can do funny business you speak of.”

“Dick,” Shane smiled as he clambered into the bath behind Ilya.

“You love it,” Ilya said. “Now wash, and I am serious, I feel gross all over, I need to be clean.”

Shane got to work with Ilya’s hair, he had Ilya lean back back against him and drenched his hair before running through it with shampoo. Ilya relaxed onto his chest, arms extended along Shane’s legs, hands around his ankles. He washed the shampoo out and grabbed the body wash, lathering it up in his hands before focusing attention on Ilya's back.

“I can do the front as well if you want,” Shane quietly murmured, he didn’t want to disturb the quiet too much.

“Please, thank you,” was all Ilya said.

His hands moved slowly across Ilya’s shoulders and down to his chest, he lathered the soap into his pecs, kneading into his chest. He brought his hands back up to the other's shoulders and lathered more soap into his biceps and triceps. He worked his way down to Ilya’s stomach, his hips, his thighs, his calves, before moving to his cock. He slowly stroked it, before maneuvering to wash Ilya’s balls. Ilya let out a moan, “More, please.”

“After.”

“Who's asshole now? If we do this after then we have to clean up again– oh!” Ilya got cut off as Shane reached his ass, fingers circling the rim for only a moment before moving away.

Shane gave himself a quick wash, while he had the opportunity, but he was probably going to have a shower after dinner. He helped Ilya out of the bath and towed him down, pointedly ignoring the throbbing erections between his own and Ilya's legs. Without bothering to put on clothes he led Ilya back into the bedroom and onto the bed. They lay down facing each other, smiling.

“Tell me if anything hurts, okay?” Ilya nodded.

Immediately he seized Ilya's erection, stroking the way he knows Ilya likes to be stroked. With many years of practice under his belt, Shane had become an expert on how to jerk off Ilya. His gesture was reciprocated as a rough hand grabbed his own cock, twisting and stroking it. They kept going, until they spilled onto each other's hands.

Shane carefully kissed Ilya, making sure he didn't knock his nose or anything, he didn't let it get too far, he just didn't want to cause Ilya any pain. He pulled back and looked at Ilya's face, mentally connecting each mole he had. “Thank you, Shane, for coming here.”

“I was worried, when I saw that puck slam into your face.”

“I know, very scary, you were scared I will become ugly,” Ilya teased, “No worries, not even a broken nose will make me ugly.”

Shane laughed, squeezing his eyes shut as he willed back tears, “I don't know, usually I don't think much about these injuries, but I guess—”

“When you care for someone, you do not want to see them hurt,” Ilya finished his sentence, “I understand, da, remember when you got bodyslammed? I was very scared for you.”

Shane bit his lips, knowing that what would come out next would more than likely be a sob. He paused for a moment, “I love you, Ilya Rozanov.”

“I love you too, moy lyubimyy.”

“Is it a term of endearment, like sweetheart,” Shane asked, curious.

“Yes, it is, moy lyubimyy,” Ilya smiled, “But right now, I need drugs, give me doctor’s drugs.” Shane laughed again, he loved how blunt Ilya was. He got up and went over to where he’d left a change of clothes for them, he pulled on a pair of briefs and tossed a pair over to Ilya. He left to go to the kitchen to fill up a glass of water for Ilya to swallow down the painkillers.

He then went back to the bedroom and over to the desk where the prescription drugs were sitting. Ilya remained on the bed, still buck naked, watching Shane with a wide grin. “Sit up and take your drugs then, I’m gonna make some food.”

He put on a shirt and pyjama bottoms before heading back to the kitchen. Shane being Shane, he had researched typical russian dishes and had settled on making Beef Stroganoff, it seemed simple enough.

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It took Shane longer than it should’ve to make dinner, but he got there in the end, once he’d plated up the food and set it down on the table he called out for Ilya. When he got no response he ventured back to where he’d left Ilya, only to find him asleep, on top of the covers, still completely naked.

Shane gently shook him, careful not to jostle him too much, it was weird how quickly Shane fell into the habit of being careful with a guy where on any other day he'd happily slam him into the barriers. Ilya blinked awake, his eyebrows scrunching.

"Do you have a bathrobe?" Shane asked.

"Da, in the closet door," Ilya pointed in the vague direction of his closet. Shane went over and grabbed the bathrobe before returning to Ilya.

"Put this on, dinner's ready," Shane said quietly.

"Have you made enough to feed an army again?"

"Fuck off, that was one time. But there will be enough for leftovers."

"Good."

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"This stroganoff is good, Shane," Ilya said through a mouthful of food. "Not as good as stroganoff in russia, but is good."

"Thanks, eat with your mouth shut," Shane leaned over to push Ilya's chin up.

They ate in companionable silence, with their legs tangled under the table, once Ilya was done he stretched back. "When do you go back?"

"I don't know yet, you seem alright, but— concussions can be difficult to predict. I might call my parents and see if they'd be willing to come down for a couple nights while I go back to

Montreal.”

“Maybe I should just go to Montreal, be with you, you can still go to practice, and if I need help you are not 5 hours away. I can’t do much with concussion, so why not?” Ilya shrugged, as if it was an obvious choice. “Ice rinks are too bright so I can not practice.”

“True, but can you deal with a 5 hour car journey?”

“I just need a bag to vomit in. Shane, coach has said that I cannot return for two weeks, is fine,” Ilya reached out to grab Shane’s hand that was resting on the table. “We leave tonight, then tomorrow you have practice, and I am at your home.”

“Fine, let just pack up a few things, and we can go,” Shane promised.

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