doctors orders

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doctors orders

by garlic09

Summary

shane has broken his arm and can't play against boston, but the most annoying thing is he hasn't been able to wash his hair in days... cue ilya, our favorite acts of service baddie

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Shane blinked. His mind was screaming at him. What was happening? This wasn’t what they did, they didn’t wash each other’s hair or care about each other’s injuries. They fucked, and then they went home. He should say no, should tell Rozanov to buzz off and leave him to suffer, but the words wouldn’t come out. Eventually, he just nodded.

Notes

this is almost ridiculously soft but its what they deserve!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

In the grand scheme of things, it wasn't the end of the world. They were already out of the playoffs, and it happened at one of the final games of the season. It could be much worse.

At least that's what Shane kept telling himself every time he looked at the cast on his arm.

It had been so stupid, how it happened. Too strong a check from an Ontario defenseman, and his arm was slammed into the boards at the wrong angle. A hairline fracture, the kind that wouldn't be a problem in four months but was a real pain in the ass now.

Case in point.

"You need help with that, Shane?"

Hayden was tying his shoelaces in the lobby of their Boston hotel. He looked up at Shane from the ground, his face creased with an apologetic smile, his eyes fixed on Shane's tie, which hung loose around his shoulders.

Shane sighed and nodded, accepting defeat as Hayden rose and reached for the tie. J.J. whooped from where he was standing at the breakfast bar, whipping out his phone to take a picture.

"I won't make fun of you too much," Hayden said as he grabbed the ends of Shane's blue tie. "I know Boston will do enough of that."

Shane hoped Hayden didn't see the flush that was slowly rising up his neck as he knotted the tie, Rozanov had already texted him several jokes about the lack of use in his dominant hand. He still seemed interested in meeting up later, and Shane had been trying to parse out what he could and couldn't do. Blowjob? Yes. Anything that required slamming Shane into things? No.

Hayden slapped him on his left shoulder, forcing Shane's mind away from the diagram he was forming in his head of how he could ride Rozanov with only one functioning arm.

"All set, you look dashing."

"I'm telling Jackie," said J.J., appearing behind Shane with a cup of coffee in one hand and a danish in the other.

Hayden laughed. "Please, she would agree with me."

"You're both weird," said Shane, adjusting his tie slightly. Hayden had made it so tight. "But thank you. I literally stared at myself in the mirror for a solid minute this morning trying to figure out if I could do it one handed."

"Listen, Hollander," J.J. had a broad smile on his face as he leaned in conspiratorially. "When I was seventeen, I broke my wrist, but I learned pretty quickly there are *plenty* of things you can do one-handed. You just gotta put your mind to it."

“Oh my god, you’re so gross,” said Hayden, smacking him on the back of the head. “We’re trying to think about hockey over here.”

“Hey, I didn’t say you couldn’t think about hockey–”

They were cut off by their coach, who shouted at everyone to get on the bus. Shane rolled his eyes at Hayden, who made a face at J.J.’s retreating form.

Shane couldn’t play, but he was still expected to show up for his team. It was strange, walking into the stadium with nothing but the clothes on his back. He stood beside his coach and talked strategy while his teammates got dressed. He didn’t say it out loud, but he knew they had a slim chance of beating Boston without Shane. Rozanov had said it multiple times since Shane had told him about his fracture. He knew being complimented was supposed to make you feel good, but all he felt was shame.

Shame that he couldn’t play in this game. Shame that he had disappointed his team. Shame that they wouldn’t be winning the playoffs this year. He knew people got injured, it was just part of the job, but it didn’t make it any easier as he watched his team line up to take the ice.

Hayden smiled at him as he passed.

“I’ll try to get a good hit on Rozanov for you,” he said, clicking his helmet into place. “Show him who’s boss.”

Shane nodded at him, but he couldn’t think of a response.

That was the other thing; it wasn’t necessarily the fact that he was missing a game, but rather missing *this* game. Playing against Boston was fun, it was tough, and it meant playing against Rozanov. Not that he’d ever admit it, but Shane liked playing against Rozanov. He liked how intense he got, the way he tore up the ice, breathing hard. He hated Rozanov on the ice, which was precisely why playing against him was so fun.

But not today. Shane was on the sidelines, standing beside his coach, only allowed to watch. It was strange to see this side of it. He knew he was the captain and, therefore, involved in the decisions made on the ice. But standing behind his teammates, tapping them on the shoulder under the guidance of his coach, felt different. He’d never considered coaching before, always too focused on playing the game, but from where he stood, it didn’t feel all that far away.

Boston was winning, the game was 2-0 in their favor, and the tension on the bench was mounting. Shane was sure at least one of his teammates was blaming him, cursing him out in their mind.

He knew he should be watching his team, his players, but his eyes kept drifting back to Rozanov. He was a demon on the ice, impossible to ignore. Slamming through people like it was no problem, hitting the puck so perfectly it seemed impossible.

At one point, he skated past Montreal’s bench, making eye contact with Shane and winking before continuing—the bastard.

Shane stared at his shoes, trying to control the flush that was surely building on his cheeks. He was being ridiculous; it was just a wink. He had seen Rozanov naked, for Christ's sake. But something about him always left Shane wobbly, off kilter. His presence was disarming, it somehow soothed Shane and set him on fire.

When Shane was on the ice, games flew by, but this one felt like it took hours. Standing on the sidelines was the worst, and his desperation to be back in his hotel room was getting stronger by the second. His arm hurt, and his shoulder hurt from his arm being so tense, which made his back ache because of his poor posture. He wanted to lie down and take off this stupid button-up and blazer. Even putting it on had taken work, it had been like a puzzle, weaving his casted arm and the sling through the layers without wrinkling anything.

By the time the game ended and Shane was back at the hotel he was regretting having given Rozanov his room number. He wanted to see him, that much was true, but he wasn't sure how much he could actually do in his current state. He had also realized that he was kind of gross. He couldn't really shower the way he wanted without getting his arm wet, his hair hadn't felt clean in days, and he'd been slacking on his usual skincare routine. All in all, he was far from being sexy.

Sighing, Shane pulled out his phone to text Rozanov not to bother coming, but it was too late. A message popped up on the screen as soon as he unlocked his phone.

Lily: *10 minutes*

Right. Well he would just be honest with Rozanov, he could probably pull off a *gentle* blow job, but nothing else beyond that was in the cards. It was unfortunate, considering it was almost the end of the season and they weren't going to see each other again before the summer. But it would have to be this way.

He would have liked to get at least partly undressed before Rozanov arrived; the jacket and tie were a little much for a secret hookup, but he didn't want to deal with untangling his sling. He'd make Rozanov do it, make him put in the work.

After what was definitely less than ten minutes, Shane heard a knock on the door. He was far from alone on this floor so he all but jumped out of the bed to let Rozanov in. The anxiety he felt every time they met up had only gotten worse after all these years. He knew, deep in his chest, that this wasn't sustainable, but he decided it didn't really matter, at least not right now.

Rozanov was smirking when he opened the door, and Shane all but dragged him inside. The second the door latched, their lips crashed together, Rozanov's tongue finding its place in Shane's mouth.

Shane groaned into the other man's mouth as he was pushed up against the door. It had been nearly two months since he'd last seen Rozanov, and he was hungry for it. He moved to push back against Rozanov and lightly hit his elbow on the door. The wave of pain that crashed through him made him curse and double over.

"Hollander? What is it?" Rozanov sounded genuinely concerned, he leaned down, trying to look Shane in the eye.

“It’s– it’s fine, just. My arm,” Shane hissed. He could feel the tears in his eyes. *Fuck*. He really couldn’t do anything with this stupid arm.

Breathing heavily he forced himself to stand up, Rozanov was staring at him, his eyes much softer than Shane was used to.

“Sorry I–”

“Maybe you should sit,” said Rozanov, pointing to the bed.

Shane didn’t argue, he dropped down onto the mattress, leaning back against the pillows.

“Is fractured, right?”

Rozanov was sitting at the foot of the bed, looking at Shane like he was genuinely interested.

“Yeah, so it could be worse,” Shane trailed off. Rozanov was still looking at him like he expected more.

“But?”

“But it’s still fucking annoying. I can’t do anything, I haven’t felt clean in days because it’s hard to wash my hair. I can’t work out because it hurts. I just go to practice and sit there like an invalid,” Shane threw his head back into the pillows. “I feel like I’m going insane because everyone keeps telling me to rest but if I rest for one more fucking second I’m going to explode.”

Rozanov was nodding at him, lips pursed, like he was actually considering Shane’s situation. Shane could practically see the gears turning in his mind, but he had no idea what they were for.

“It is unfortunate, but rest is necessary,” Rozanov said, shrugging at Shane. “But. Perhaps we can fix one thing.”

Then he stood up and walked into the bathroom. Shane froze. It seemed an odd moment for a bathroom break, but Rozanov was an odd man. Before a question could form on his lips, he heard the groaning of the pipes and the unmistakable sound of a shower being turned on.

Rosanov came back out, holding what appeared to be the plastic bag from the bathroom trash can.

“I– what?” Shane looked at him, not even sure what to ask.

“You said you cannot shower well, or wash your hair. I can wash hair.”

He said it so matter-of-factly, like it was the simplest thing in the world. Shane’s mind was flooded with images of Rozanov’s hands in his hair, not tugging like he usually did, but slowly massaging shampoo, it was quite appealing.

“What’s the bag for?” he asked. Still not entirely caught up.

“To cover your cast. Cannot get wet right?”

Shane blinked. His mind was screaming at him. *What was happening?* This wasn’t what they did, they didn’t wash each other’s hair or care about each other’s injuries. They fucked, and then they went home. He should say no, should tell Rozanov to buzz off and leave him to suffer, but the words wouldn’t come out. Eventually, he just nodded.

“It’s gonna take a minute to get this stuff off,” he said, gesturing at the sling. He started to take it off slowly, but it got caught on his head, and he cursed. But before he could move again Rozanov’s hands gently pulled it from between his fingers and around his head. They continued like that, Shane slowly removing his jacket and shirt with Rozanov’s gentle touch stopping the cast from getting caught. He undid Shane’s tie and even helped him with his undershirt.

Rozanov had taken his clothes off dozens of times, but never so slowly or so tenderly. There wasn’t even a hint of sensuality, even when he undid Shane’s belt for him. It was all soft touches and almost constant check-ins.

“Arm okay?”

“Careful.”

“Slow, don’t want it to get caught.”

Shane felt strangely warm and cared for in a way he had never experienced before. Eventually, when he was in only his briefs, Rozanov wrapped the plastic bag around his cast. He scrutinized his handiwork carefully. Shane was confident that a little bit of water wouldn’t destroy his cast, but Rozanov had made sure not even that much was getting in.

“Good?”

“Yeah,” Shane felt breathless, still at a loss for what was happening around him. But he decided to stop questioning it, he liked it, he liked Rozanov being soft with him. He knew this wasn’t what they were supposed to do, but he found he didn’t really care.

The man led him to the bathroom, which was filled with warm steam from the running shower. He watched, almost out of his body, as Rozanov took his own clothes off then stepped under the flow of water. He reached out a hand to Shane, who had to take a moment to return to himself before stepping out of his own briefs and joining him.

It was a little tight, but Shane didn’t really mind. The warm water felt good on his tense muscles, even though he had to hold his right hand slightly out of the spray.

He closed his eyes, just appreciating the warmth and the presence of Rozanov beside him. He had almost forgotten why they were here in the first place and nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt fingers touch his scalp.

“Okay?”

Rozanov was frozen, hands covered in shampoo, a few inches above Shane's head. His eyebrows were raised high.

"No– yeah. Yeah, it's good. It's okay," Shane stuttered.

His heart was racing. Rozanov was so casual with it, so confident, and Shane felt like he was in over his head, struggling to keep afloat.

The hands returned to his hair, somehow even gentler than before, and began rubbing the shampoo in. It was heaven. Shane felt his body nearly melt and had to remind himself to remain standing. Rozanov's hands were huge, and his fingers applied exactly the right amount of pressure.

Shane let his eyes close and just *felt.* Rozanov rubbed from the base of his skull to his hairline, his nails slightly dragging. He used gentle pressure behind Shane's ears and brought his hands together at the top of his head.

Shane heard himself groan softly and couldn't even be embarrassed about it. Rozanov chuckled softly, then whispered in Shane's ear.

"Rinse."

Shane let himself be pushed beneath the spray again, he felt malleable, like clay. Rozanov could have done anything to him at that moment, and Shane wouldn't have resisted. But all that happened was warm water and the return to soothing hands applying conditioner.

Rozanov pulled him backwards so Shane's shoulders were pressed to his chest. He felt boneless, the only thing holding him up was the solid presence behind him.

Strong hands applied pressure to his shoulders and neck, rubbing the knots that had built up since the fracture. He felt the softness of closed lips lightly pressing against the back of his neck. Shane found that he quite enjoyed it.

Eventually, he had to return to the spray, rinsing out the conditioner as the warm water ran down his face. It was so comfortable here, under the water, he didn't want to leave. To return to the cold real world, the one where Rozanov checked him into the boards without a second glance.

Gentle hands were once again leading him, but this time out of the spray. He finally opened his eyes, facing the soft light of the bathroom and the fogged-up mirror. The bathroom was almost as warm as the shower had been, the steam filling the space. Still Shane felt goosebumps erupt on his skin and he shuddered. But before another second passed, a large towel was wrapped around him.

He hadn't looked Rozanov in the eyes since they had stepped into the bathroom, but he did now. His hazel eyes almost glowed in the light, and there was a remarkable softness to them. His face was always so tense, taut with anger or lust, but not now. It was like he had melted slightly, a delicate smile on his face.

He was wrapping his own towel around his waist, the water slowly running down his muscular chest. Shane realized he was standing holding his own towel like a cape, the way he did when he was a kid. While it may have worked then, he was now taller, and it meant his legs were completely uncovered. He must have looked absolutely ridiculous, but Rozanov didn't mention it. Instead, he took the hand towel from beside the sink and gently rubbed it into Shane's hair.

Once he seemed to deem Shane dry enough, he led him back out into the main room. Shane should have felt embarrassed, being led by the hand in such a childlike way, but Rozanov didn't have a hint of humor on his face. Shane wrapped the towel around himself correctly before he sat back down on the bed.

He went to remove the plastic bag from his arm, but Rozanov pulled his hands off.

"Let me," he whispered. Slowly unknotting the bag, as he pulled it off he revealed Shane's completely dry cast. A smile formed on his face and he looked up at Shane, pushing his chin out slightly as if he was proud of himself.

Shane returned the look with his own soft smile, the kind he usually tried to hide from Rozanov. But what was the point?

He felt weightless, sleepy yet wide awake. He scooted back towards the headboard, gesturing vaguely at Rozanov to follow. Shane hadn't said a word since they'd gotten in the shower, and he found he didn't really want to.

Rozanov followed immediately, crawling up the bed toward Shane. It was an image he had seen before, but never quite like this. Ilya arranged the pillows on Shane's right side so his arm was propped up, before settling down on his left. Shane leaned into Rozanov's side and was pleased when he felt the man's arm wrap around him and his hand settle in his hair.

They were both still slightly damp, but Shane didn't mind. Rozanov was rubbing his head again, gently weaving his fingers in and out of his hair, pausing whenever he found a tangle. Shane felt his eyes slowly drift closed, and he let them.

He knew he shouldn't, knew he should make Rozanov leave, but he also knew they wouldn't get a chance like this again for months. There wasn't anywhere else in all the world that he wanted to be than in bed with Rozanov's arm around him. He finally felt like he was really resting, and who was he to go against the doctor's orders?

As he drifted off, he thought he heard Rozanov mutter something in Russian, but before he could think too much of it, he was gone.

End Notes

might add ilya pov.... idk tho

tumblr!

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