Fallen from Grace

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76225486.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid, Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander, Troy Barrett, Luca Haas
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Protective Shane Hollander, Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers), Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, BAMF Shane Hollander, Explicit Sexual Content, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Barebacking, Hurt/Comfort, POV Shane Hollander, Banter, Idiots in Love, Fluff and Humor, Found Family
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 5,503 Chapters: 1/1

Fallen from Grace

by clockwrkpendrxgon

Summary

It all happens so quickly. One moment Shane is chasing one of the Voyageurs with Ilya speeding up ahead so they are basically trapping the other player, and the next he is watching Ilya hurtling into the ground in a nasty fall.

-
Or Ilya gets hurt on the ice, and Shane loses it.

Notes

this was purely inspired by sam's tweet!

See the end of the work for more notes

Tomorrow is the first match for the Ottawa Centaurs against the Montreal Voyageurs.

Tomorrow is the first time Shane faces the team he gave years and years of his life, his time and his effort.

Shane knew the day he joined the team that this day would eventually come. It is inevitable. He just hoped that when it did, his anger and disappointment in them would have subsided. He stopped asking Hayden how things are shortly after he left them, wanting to remove himself from them as much as he could. He hoped it would help, but every time he remembered his time with them after he and Ilya became public news, anger would run so deep in him he wanted to scream.

Instead, Shane trained harder, won more games, loved Ilya impossibly more, and put everything else behind him.

“How are you feeling?” Arms wrap around his waist and pull him until his back collides with the solid warmth of Ilya's bare chest.

Shane hums in contentment, burying himself deeper into his husband's arms and wiggling his ass just for good measure.

“Good I see.” Ilya chuckles, kissing the area behind Shane's ear. “Am serious though.”

“Me too.” Shane spins to look at him. Ilya's arms remain loosely draped around him, and now one of his hands is rubbing soft patterns on his back.

“We play against your old team tomorrow.”

“I know.”

“You okay with that?” Nothing but concern fills Ilya's eyes. Concern and love that Shane counts himself lucky everyday to be at the receiving end of.

“Yeah, why wouldn't I be?” Shane furrows his eyebrows. If anything, the Voyageurs are just another team to him at this point.

Ilya gives him a serious look.

“I want to beat their ass, okay? That's all what matters.” Shane kisses the bridge of Ilya's nose.

Ilya grins. “That's my boy.”

He proceeds to shower Shane in kisses on his cheeks, forehead and neck until he is giggling and pushing Ilya away at the same time as he scoots closer to kiss him properly. Ilya's soft, warm lips are as welcoming as a bed after a long day, and Shane finds himself deepening the kiss, pushing Ilya all the way back until he is straddling him. He pulls away panting, looking down at Ilya whose eyes meet Shane’s in a daze.

Ilya squeezes Shane's thighs that are trapping him, a sly smile on his face. “This is nice.”

Shane rolls his eyes, but a fond smile plays out on his kiss-swollen lips. His breaths turn shorter when Ilya brings a finger to the middle of his stomach and slowly runs it down Shane's skin until it stops right over his already hard dick. “Open yourself up for me.”

The words go straight to Shane's cock.

“Now.” The look on Ilya's face has him scrambling for the bottle of lube in the drawer next to their bed.

He slicks his fingers and bites his lip as he starts circling his finger the way Ilya usually does to him. He shivers at the sensation of the cool temperature of the lube against him, then without breaking eye contact, he pushes one finger in. A moan breaks out of him, and Ilya's hands on his hips grow tighter. He looks like he is about to lose his mind watching Shane finger himself.

“Fuck, Ilya.” Shane gasps when he adds another finger.

“Right.” Ilya nods, his eyes hooded. “So good for me. Just a little more.”

Shane is bursting with the need to have Ilya inside him, he doesn't think he can wait longer. He obeys anyway, sliding his fingers all the way in. “Need…need–”

“Yes, moya lyubov?”

“Need you. Fuck.” Shane whimpers. “I want to ride you,” he says weakly, desperate to watch Ilya too. He wants to be reminded of how much pleasure he, too, can provide to his husband.

“You are going to kill me, Hollander.” Ilya positions himself so that he is lined up properly under Shane.

Shane wastes no time in taking Ilya's cock in his hand and stroking it a couple of times, relishing in the deep moan that comes out of him. He adds a bit more lube and finally, slowly sinks down onto Ilya until he bottoms out.

“Fuck.” Shane's jaw slackens at the fullness and the stretch of Ilya after his own fingers. It is so intoxicating Shane almost wants to pull away and take him all the way in again, but he doesn't think he has much patience for that right now. He grabs onto the headboard above Ilya's head and starts moving, his eyes locked down on Ilya.

“So perfect,” Ilya moans, his hands squeezing hard on the tender skin of Shane's hips. They will probably leave a mark, but Shane doesn't care. He is currently lost in the way Ilya's lips are parted, and his irises are blown wide with lust.

He bends down to kiss him, their lips meeting urgently and hungrily, stealing the breath off of one another as Shane continues to ride him. Ilya’s hands move to right above the swell of his ass and they both groan when Ilya gently pushes Shane down, silently telling him to go harder.

“Want you to—*oh*.” His own words break off into a moan when Ilya wraps his hand around Shane's cock and strokes twice. “Come inside me—fuck, if you keep doing this I’ll—” Shane screws his eyes shut at the overwhelming sensation that’s buzzing under his skin.

Growing desperate for release, Shane’s pace eventually gets sloppier, and he fucking loses it when Ilya plants his feet to the bed and starts meeting Shane’s bounces halfway, thrusting up into him. Their voices get louder and Shane finds himself whimpering, knowing that he is dangerously close. When he looks at Ilya, he finds his eyebrows furrowed and his eyes almost closed, signalling that he, too, is on the verge of coming apart.

Shane kisses him again, and Ilya’s tongue is greedy against his, pushing and licking into his mouth as if it were their last kiss. Shane is going to fucking die. Sensing that he is close, Ilya strokes him again, using the precum that had already pooled between them on Ilya’s stomach as lube. A gratifying feeling consumes Shane’s every sense, and he presses his forehead against Ilya as he feels it in waves throughout his entire body, realising distantly that he is shooting his release all over Ilya’s hand and abdomen.

Moments later, Ilya releases a long, charged moan before Shane feels the hot spurts of his come inside him. Reality slowly creeps back in, and Shane is able to hear his own and Ilya’s heavy breathing. Ilya tilts his head up and captures Shane’s mouth in a tender kiss that is untelling of the rawness of what they have just done. Shane fucking melts in it. How Ilya manages to make a kiss tender and soft and dirty all at the same time will always remain a mystery for Shane, but nevertheless hot as fuck.

“I love you,” Ilya whispers in the little air between them once they pull away.

“I love you more,” Shane whispers back, a soft smile on his lips.

Ilya clicks his tongue. “Not possible. *I* love you more.”

Shane rolls his eyes fondly. “Is everything a competition to you?”

“Is it not for you?” Ilya grins, giving his hips a teasing, slow roll and Shane nearly gasps out of overstimulation.

Ilya kisses his collarbone. “Do not worry. I know you’re done for the night.” He carefully helps Shane off of him, though Shane still shudders as he feels Ilya slide all the way out of him.

“Good?” Ilya checks, sending Shane’s heart fluttering in his chest.

“Yeah. Need to clean up though—”

“Is okay. Wait.” Ilya kisses his cheek then gets off the bed. He comes back a minute later with warm washcloths.

“You’re the best,” Shane muses drowsily as Ilya gently wipes him in all the places he needs to clean. What makes the breath falter in Shane’s chest though is how Ilya is doing this like

he has nothing else better in the world to do. Like Shane is his entire world and he doesn't ever want to leave this world.

"Hollander, you have a funny look on your face."

"Really?" Shane's nose scrunches up. "I really thought it was heart eyes."

Ilya looks up at him with a crooked smile. "It needs work."

"Oh, fuck off." Shane playfully kicks one leg out, getting Ilya's shin with it.

He crawls back into bed next to Shane, taking him into his arms again. "Can't. You love me too much."

"Not *that* much." Shane jokes, pretending to weigh it out, which earns him a chuckle and a nudge in the cheek with Ilya's nose.

"Sleep, Hollander. We have a game to win tomorrow." Ilya's lips find the top of his head through his hair in a good night kiss.

Shane is already falling fast asleep, his body giving out and succumbing to the exhaustion and the post-sex relief that have overcome him.

Shane lied.

Or at least he didn't think he was. His indifference towards the Voyageurs had made him think they were way at the back of his mind, but the closer the game neared, the more Shane felt tense. Technically, he had nothing to worry about. The Ottawa Centaurs have been on top of their game, and Shane felt comfortable playing with them both on a personal and a professional level. The guys are all incredible. They have been nothing but welcoming of Shane and Ilya both privately and publicly– even if the latter pissed some people off. People like Shane's old team.

Another part Shane loves about being an Ottawa Centaur is seeing Ilya among a group of people who outright fucking idolize him like he should be. The way he loves and cares about each one of them comes back to him almost multiplied, and Shane is here for every ounce of it. Coach Wiebe on the other hand, well, Shane can't put his immense support into words. He thinks there should be more of Coach Wiebe and way less of Crowell in the league.

"Rozanov?" Wiebe's voice breaks through the locker room. He shoots a questioning look at Ilya, checking if he wants to throw a word or two out there before the game starts.

Ilya shakes his head and steps back to join the circle of players putting on their gear.

"Alright, listen up, kids." He stands in the middle, making sure his eyes meet every one of them. "This season is ours. We've been crushing so far, and I know you'll continue to do so." That earns him a few woo's and yeah's from the team.

"Tonight is no different." His eyes lock on Shane a moment longer. "You have the best captain, each one of you is fucking incredible out there, so go beat their ass!"

The room breaks into enthusiastic shouts, and next to him, Ilya sneaks a kiss onto Shane's cheek. Shane smiles, his insides warming for a second before it disappears into the web of nerves taking hold of him. “Go be with your team.” Shane gently pushes his shoulder.

“I am with them.” Ilya frowns, but Shane can hear the humour in his voice.

“You know being on the same team doesn't stop me from scoring more goals than you, right?” Shane lightly suggests.

“Would like to see you try, Hollander.” Ilya winks, walking backwards and making a show of passing a puck at him that is actually a kiss he had just blown into the air. Behind him, Troy makes a disgusted face, then his eyes travel to Shane.

“You have bewitched him. You have actually fucking bewitched him, he has turned into a lovesick puppy. Are there any remains of our captain here?”

Ilya smacks the back of his head. “I am still your captain, asshole. And right, Harris is where?”

Troy narrows his eyes at the retort, but he fails to keep it when his boyfriend is the subject of their conversation. Exactly Ilya's point. Troy shortly realises and ends up playfully punching Ilya for it.

Shane's phone buzzes in his locker. He picks it up to check is quickly before he puts on the rest of his gear and finds Hayden's name there.

Hayden:

Good luck!

Or not :p

Shane knows he is kidding, but it does nothing to ease his nerves.

He takes a deep breath, or tries to, and repeats Coach's words from a few minutes ago to himself. It is just a game. They will go in, do their thing, and leave.

The crowd is crazy tonight, putting together fans of two of the greatest hockey teams of Canada, but Ottawa's audience is much larger and fiercer since it is a home game for the Centaurs. It gives Shane a boost of confidence and makes him feel less alone. He tries not to look too much though lest he is met with any unpleasant fan-made signs. Not that they are all unpleasant, but there are not very nice things that are still communicated as loudly as good things. Sometimes Shane ignores them completely, and some other times they might get to him. But tonight, his only goal is to focus on the game.

And he fucking wins the face off.

Adrenaline kicks in, heightened by his nerves, but it is giving him a nice edge that he needs tonight. So, he passes the puck to Troy, who speeds through the air and dodges Hayden. The puck slides to Luca and–

“Score!”

The crowd cheers, turning the hall into a frenzy of screams and shouts. The game carries on heatedly between the two teams, and Shane tries not to pay attention to the tension he feels every time he faces one of the players he once played side-by-side with. He also tries to ignore the couple of times they clashed against the boards a little too violently and told himself it is just his mind overanalysing.

What he fails to ignore though, is the disgusted and angry looks on some of their faces whenever they try to steal the puck from Shane. In addition to the nasty murmurs he hears from them whenever he is in earshot. He lets all of this slide. He has faced worse, but there is one thing that Shane draws the line at.

His husband.

It all happens so quickly. One moment Shane is chasing one of the Voyageurs with Ilya speeding up ahead so they are basically trapping the other player, and the next he is watching Ilya hurtling into the ground in a nasty fall. “You fucking asshole!” Troy is the first to shout.

The player who tripped Ilya, who was Comeau, Shane realises, stands a couple of feet away staring as medics rush to Ilya’s side, and Shane’s heart is about to join Ilya down onto the ice. Shane skates towards him and shoulders past the paramedics, deep down hating how rude he is coming off, but it’s his fucking husband. He is allowed. Ilya is thankfully conscious.

Shane takes off his helmet and mouth guard to talk to him. “Are you okay?”

Ilya nods, hissing when one of the medics presses a spot in his side. “See?”

Shane’s panic quickly turns into pure anger. “He tripped you, didn’t he?”

“Hollander—”

“I fucking saw him, Ilya.”

“Shane,” Ilya calls out, but Shane is already standing up. “Do not do something, I cannot come after you.” He winces, and then his voice disappears behind the medical team trying to steady him so they could finish their job and the rest of their team members checking on their captain.

“Good.” Shane mutters to himself.

On the large screen, a slow motion video of Ilya’s fall replays, and Shane’s blood fucking boils. It was clearly intentional.

He doesn’t know how he does it, but in less than a second, Comeau is hauled by the collar in Shane’s hands before he swings his arm and lets his fist collide with the fucker’s face. More than once. Comeau has barely any time to brace himself, but he fights back at the first chance he gets. Their gloves fly off, and it is just bare knuckles against each other's face.

That definitely shifts everyone's attention from the injured player to what Shane is doing, but it doesn't stop him. He is so enraged he doesn't even notice the entire arena has fallen silent save for them and the refs who are struggling to untangle the two players from one another. It is not just Ilya's accident. It is everything else that followed him and Ilya being public.

"You're a fucking disgrace to the league! Fucking traitor!" The other player shouts hoarsely, spitting blood out onto the ice.

Shane grins, which seems to drive him mad.

However, when he tries to launch against Shane, some of the Centaurs skate towards them, standing in front of Shane as if forming a shield. Something, so deep down that Shane can't reach right now, bursts in his chest.

Other team members from the Voyageurs appear as well to hold back the asshole who tripped Ilya. Hayden is there, looking horrified, apologetic and helpless all at once.

Shane's chest is heaving, the air entering his lungs like fire burning through his nostrils. The player's face looks pretty bad, but Shane for the second time in his life in this sport doesn't care what happens next. It is clear enough that the incident was petty, uncalled for and not at all accidental. Shane's reaction is only proportional to the energy the Voyageurs have been displaying on the ice since the game started. If not outrageous enough.

The refs shove Comeau back, and Shane discovers shortly that he is being suspended from tonight's game after they review what he did again, confirming to everyone else that it was deliberate.

"Hey." It is Luca who snaps Shane out of his thoughts. "You alright?"

Shane nods curtly. Now that his adrenaline is wearing off, he feels a sharp sting on his cheekbone, and he looks down at his hand to find his knuckles red.

"Listen," Shane says quickly. "They're definitely giving me a penalty for this, so you better __"

Luca gives him a look that surprises Shane and says, "don't worry. They all have your back." He points at the Centaurs who line up on the ice looking like they are about to eat the Montreal Voyageurs alive. Ilya is back on the ice too, though he doesn't look entirely well to Shane. He shouldn't have gone back out there, but knowing Ilya, he probably wants to fucking crush them now that they have made it personal.

"Hollander!" One of the refs turns to him. "Penalty box. Now."

Shane spends the longest five minutes in there, watching his team skating like beasts on ice even though they are playing shorthanded. The worst thing about this, or maybe the best thing, Shane isn't sure, is that he doesn't regret this. He isn't one for violence, and in the past, he would always avoid anything that would put him in the penalty box, but part of him has secretly wanted to do this since the day his team turned their backs to him during a time he thought at least some of them would be supportive. So really, they had it coming.

Neither team scores during those five minutes, until Shane is released from the penalty box and is back on the ice. Ilya exchanges a look with him, silently checking if he is okay, and it eats at Shane because he should be the one checking on Ilya not the other way around. Ilya isn't the one who lashed out at another player and got himself a penalty. But there is a hint of mischief, that one Shane used to see in Ilya's eyes back when they played against each other. The deranged, unmatched one that got Ilya all the scores and cups he won for his team.

So, Shane and Ilya set their sticks on the ice, and they do what they do best.

They fucking win.

Shane doesn't know what to expect when he enters the locker room after the game. He definitely doesn't expect to be welcomed after his outrage. The Centaurs have been kind to him, but they don't necessarily have to tolerate something like this. Shane would understand if– he is startled by the sound of a loud pop as he goes in, followed by his teammates roaring in joy and running up to him.

"Hollander, that was fucking fantastic!" Troy throws a brotherly arm around him and bumps their foreheads together.

Other players cheer and shout similar things under the flutter of champagne all around them.

"Was about time!"

"Fuck the Voyageurs!"

"Hollander, you badass!"

But Shane is looking for Ilya until his face appears somewhere behind two players running after Troy who has the alcohol. He has an unreadable smile on his face, but it is a smile. That's a good sign, right? He flicks his head to the side where the showers are, and Shane registers what he means. Ilya wants him alone. Shane gets rid of his gear and follows Ilya inside remarkably fast.

"Are you–*mmph*." His question gets cut off by Ilya's lips on his.

"What was that for?" Shane is smiling like an idiot.

"You." Ilya smiles back, leaning in to peck his lips again. "My hero."

Shane's cheeks heat up. "I'm *not*–"

"Shut up, Hollander. Your captain is talking to you."

"My captain?" Shane's eyes flicker to Ilya's tongue that's wetting his lips.

"Yes." He buries his head in the crook of Shane's neck and lets his mouth wander in all the spots that make Shane shiver.

“Not a good boy anymore, are you?” Ilya’s lips brush the shell of Shane’s ear. “I guess we will find out when you spread your cheeks for me tonight.” He takes Shane’s earlobe in his mouth, causing him to gasp.

“Spoiler alert, people use this for *showers* not whatever you two are doing here.” One of their teammates barges in, followed by multiple other players.

Ilya makes an exasperated noise, which has Shane giggling a little. “To be continued?”

“It better.” Ilya grumbles.

Shane is putting his clothes on after they showered when he hears his name being called. Ilya is next to him, getting dressed as well, but he is not the one calling for Shane. Instead, it is Coach Wiebe.

“A word?”

Shane catches Ilya's eye before he stands up, and he gives him a small smile and a nod.

“Yeah, of course.” He follows Coach out into the hallway, and suddenly the nerves from right after the game before he saw the others return again.

“How are you feeling?”

Shane's mind blanks. Out of all the things he thought he could be asked about or confronted with, Shane did not even consider his feelings as one of them.

“I…” He finds himself stuttering.

“Better? By any chance?” Wiebe asks helpfully.

“Relieved a bit, yeah.” Shane nods, still cautious of where this is going.

“Good. Because I wouldn't have you go through all of this without feeling any better.” The coach smiles.

“I'm sorry– are you saying you're not…concerned?” Shane is very confused right now.

“Concerned, yes, but worried? No.” Wiebe shakes his head. “What your old team did is outright unforgivable, Shane, and I think that if I were in your place, I would have wanted to do much more than throw a couple of punches.”

Shane feels relieved at hearing this. So relieved he feels an odd pressure in his throat.

“I want you to know that this team, including their coach, has your back on and off the ice.” He continues. “You don’t need me to tell you that hockey fights are common, so this will pass anyway, but what *I* want to tell you is that your reaction wasn’t anything you should be regretting. Okay?”

Shane doesn't reply. Instead, he does something that he thinks might be too much for the moment, but he doesn't care. Coach Wiebe is surprised for a fraction of a second, but then he is wrapping his arms back around Shane.

"Ah, betrayal! You have finally decided to throw me out onto the streets? Found your perfect boy?" Ilya's voice, dramatic and humorous, echoes through the hallway.

Wiebe chuckles and shakes his head. "Soon, Rozanov. You better watch out." He winks to Shane.

"Congrats, kid." He directs his words to Shane, lowering his voice so that Ilya doesn't hear his next words. "Take care of him."

"Always." Shane smiles as Wiebe excuses himself and leaves the two together. "Let's go home?"

"Yes. So, I can do bad things to you." Ilya teases.

"I think enough bad things have happened to both of us tonight," Shane says sarcastically when Ilya brushes his thumb over Shane's cut cheekbone. "How is your side?"

"Terrible." Ilya grimaces.

"We better get you some ice," Shane says as they make their way out of the hallway and head to their car.

Shane, in a much better physical state, drives them home and lets the relief of knowing they don't have to leave for another couple of days for their next game settle in. At least Ilya can get a little time off to rest. Though a couple of days are barely enough.

They arrive home shortly, and Shane helps Ilya undress and get comfortable in bed before he goes to bring him an ice pack. Turns out several areas of Ilya's body are also injured, not just his ribs, but thankfully, miraculously, nothing else is broken. His heart clenches in his chest at the angry swelling in Ilya's side, the entire expanse of skin covered in shades of deep red that is soon going to turn into a nasty bruise. Shane watches his chest rise and fall in short breaths, wishing for a second that he had the ability to give him his own breaths if he could.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Shane asks quietly.

"I think you forget I had plans to fuck you, Hollander." Ilya jokes, wincing when Shane presses the ice to his side and confirming to both of them that they can kiss *those* plans goodbye.

There's a moment of silence, and then Ilya releases a breath of relief.

"Better?"

"Not enough."

Shane slips his other hand in Ilya's next to him, smiling down at him. "Better." Ilya grins.

“Is not my first time, you know? Stop worrying.”

Shane draws in a shaky breath. The harsh sound of Ilya's body colliding with the ice right before him echoes in his head, its sound as sharp as shards of glass tearing at his skin. “If something had happened to you out there, Ilya…”

Ilya squeezes his hand and lets him continue.

“I didn't care about anything else. All I wanted to do was hurt him, because he fucking hurt you.” Shane shakes his head. “And I can't–I love you too much to let anyone walk away thinking they can hurt you in the first place.”

“Hey. No one can. You know that.” Ilya rubs his thumb over the back of Shane's hand. “That was an asshole that just wanted to get on your nerves. Very bad luck for him though.” He smiles, referring with his eyes to Shane's still red knuckles that are spread over the ice pack on Ilya's side.

“He deserved more.” Shane spits, irritation seeping into his voice.

“Wow, wow. I should piss more people off now.” Ilya raises his eyebrows.

“Please, don't.”

“Mr. Bad Boy.”

“Shut up.”

“Mr. Body Guard.”

Shane chuckles and shakes his head. “You shouldn't be laughing.”

“It's your fault.” Ilya blames him.

“Right, because I'm the one making ridiculous jokes.” Shane rolls his eyes.

“You love my jokes!” Ilya exclaims.

“Lies.”

“Then why are you smiling?” Ilya teases.

“Because I'm sick. You make me sick in the head.” Shane bends down to kiss him.

“Good. Do not see a doctor. I like you sick.” He smiles into Shane's lips.

“Are you hungry?” Shane asks, his hand resting where he feels Ilya's stomach grumble. “I'll make us something to eat.”

“You will eat with me?” Ilya asks, failing to hide the surprise in his voice.

“Yes. I'm making your favourite. Tuna melts.” He gives Ilya another kiss and gets off the bed to go make their sandwiches.

Shane is waiting for the microwave to ping when his phone lights up with a text message. He picks it up from the counter and taps Hayden’s name.

Hayden

Is it okay if I call you now?

Sensing what this will be about, Shane dials his number.

“Hey,” he says quietly.

“Hey. Sorry, I’m just checking on you,” Hayden says awkwardly into the phone. *“Both.”* He adds.

“How is Rozanov?”

Shane nods once, even though Hayden can’t see him. “Could have been worse.”

“Fuck, I’m so sorry. That was so fucked up, and you had every right to hit him. How are you feeling?”

“I don’t know. Good?” He fumbles with the strings of his hoodie. Well, Ilya’s hoodie. “I mean, of course gutted over Ilya but other than that…” he trails off, not knowing how else to phrase it. He rests well tonight, knowing he set a good example of anyone who tries to at least breathe near Ilya.

“I’m glad to hear that, buddy,” Hayden says. *“And I bet you’re gonna like what I’m about to tell you as well.”*

“What’s up?”

“I, uh, I kind of made sure Comeau goes home with two black eyes. Not just one.”

That punches a laugh out of Shane. “No way.”

“What did you want me to do?! The guy’s an asshole, and he was practically begging for it. Actually, it’s not only me who thinks so.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that more people on the team than I expected are actually mad at him. They’re not happy.” Hayden explains.

“No one should be fucking happy, Hayden.” Shane snaps. The fact that this is where the bar is at is telling of how horrible they still are. The only difference is that they are loud about it now. “If anything they should be ashamed that this is what the Voyageurs look like to everyone else.”

"No, you're right, of course. I'm not fucking defending any of them, it's ridiculous." He pauses to let out a small sigh. *"I just wanted to check if everything is okay. Jackie and the kids say hi by the way."*

"Tell them I'll see them soon, yeah?"

"Okay 'Uncle Shane'," Hayden jokes about it, but Shane is excited either way to see the kids as soon as possible.

The microwave beeps, signalling that the tuna melts are ready just as Shane hangs up his phone call. He takes the food, grabs a glass of water and pain killers and makes his way back to the bedroom.

"Food is served," Shane jokes lightly, realising when he approaches Ilya to put the plate down onto the nightstand that he has fallen asleep.

He startles awake when he hears Shane next to him. "Hey," he says gently.

"Sorry." Ilya rasps.

"No, no. Get some rest." Shane plants his lips on his forehead in a long kiss that seems to get a sigh of satisfaction out of Ilya.

"Come to bed," Ilya says groggily. "Is lonely."

"I will." Shane chuckles. "I got you something for the pain, you don't want?"

Ilya shakes his head once. "Ice is fine," he says. "And I am tired."

"Okay." Shane brushes his hand over the side of Ilya's head as his eyes flutter shut. He changes into something more comfortable and slips into bed next to Ilya, careful not to hurt him.

"Who were you talking to?" Ilya asks with his eyes closed.

"It was Hayden." Shane pulls the covers over both of them.

"What did he want?"

"He was actually calling to check on you." Shane rubs Ilya's shoulder. "And we may be visiting them soon. I miss the kids."

At the mention of children, a fond smile appears on Ilya's lips. "Me too."

"But first, rest." Shane kisses his cheek and lets his head rest in the crook of Ilya's neck, breathing him in as he slowly falls asleep.

Ilya turns his head towards him so their foreheads are almost touching, and Shane peels his eyes back open just to get one more glimpse before he falls asleep. Ilya's features have softened into sleep, his curls framing his face and making him look younger. Shane's heart

flips in his chest the longer he looks at Ilya, because today he proved to himself that he would throw himself in the middle of a raging fire for this man. He would do anything for him, and he wouldn’t even need to ask.

End Notes

i just have a thing for having one of them crash out at the prospect of the other getting hurt so... i hope you're not bored yet bc i'm gonna do it again in other fics lol - find me on twitter :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!