

Don't Use The Red Bath Bomb

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Don't Use The Red Bath Bomb

by [RANDC117](#)

Summary

Shane has had a long week and decides to relax by taking a bath and using a bath bomb to relax his muscles. He's so relaxed he takes a nap, not even registering the colour of the bath bomb he used...

Inspired by someone, I dont remember who it was so if someone remembers the fic, please tell me. It basically had Shane taking some panadol or something cos he had a headache but he fainted and Ilya found him and thought he tried to overdose

The rivalry between Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander was the kind of legend that fueled sports talk radio for decades. It was the stoic, iron-willed Russian Captain against the golden boy of Canadian hockey. On the ice, they were a collision of tectonic plates—heavy hits, sharp words exchanged through mouthguards, and a mutual disdain that seemed etched into their very bones.

In reality, the disdain was the most expensive mask in professional sports.

For over eight years, they had been a ghost story told in darkened hotel rooms and anonymous apartments. For two years, they had been "forever." They were boyfriends in the shadows, navigating a world of secret back entrances, and the constant, crushing weight of a double life. But tonight, the ice was far away. Ilya had just finished a late flight back to their shared sanctuary in Shane's quiet cottage outside of Ottawa, a home no one else knew Ilya was embraced in.

The cottage was hushed, the only sound the hum of the refrigerator and the distant whistle of the wind against the glass. Ilya dropped his gear bag by the door, his shoulders aching from a grueling game against Toronto. He wanted nothing more than to find Shane, bury his face in the crook of his neck, and let the persona of "The Iron Rozanov" melt away.

"Shane?" he called out, his voice raspy.

No answer. A sliver of light spilled from beneath the master bathroom door. Ilya smiled faintly, rubbing the back of his neck. Shane must have beaten him home and opted for a soak to soothe his own battered ribs. Shane was a fan of rituals—expensive salts, high-end candles, anything to drown out the noise of being Shane Hollander.

Ilya kicked off his shoes and padded toward the bathroom. "I'm home, malysh," he murmured, pushing the door open. "I hope you saved some hot water for—"

The sentence died in his throat. The smile didn't just fade; it vanished as if it had never existed.

The bathroom was thick with steam, smelling of hibiscus and cedarwood. But Ilya's brain didn't process the scent. It processed the sight.

Shane was submerged in the tub, his head tilted back against the porcelain, his eyes closed, his body unnervingly still. And the water—the water was a deep, visceral, terrifying crimson. It looked like a massacre. It looked like a life drained out into a ceramic basin.

In an instant, the year was no longer the present. The luxury apartment dissolved. Ilya was twelve years old again, standing in a cramped kitchen in Russia. He was seeing his mother's pale, limp hand draped across the ground, pills scattered everywhere. He remembered the silence of that day, a silence that felt like a scream you couldn't hear.

The trauma, suppressed under layers of muscle, fame, and hockey padding, erupted like a geyser.

"Shane!"

The sound that ripped from Ilya's chest wasn't a name; it was a sob, a fractured howl of pure, unadulterated agony. He didn't walk; he lunged. He hit the tiled floor on his knees with a bone-jarring thud, his hands shaking so violently he could barely grip the edge of the tub.

"Shane! No, no, no-. Shane, wake up! Look at me!"

Ilya's large, calloused hands plunged into the dark red water, frantic and clumsy. He grabbed Shane's shoulders, hauling him upward. His mind was a strobe light of horrors. Did he have a knife? Did he take something? Was the pressure of the secret too much? Did I miss the signs?

"Please, pozhaluysta, Shane, don't leave me!" Ilya was hyperventilating now, the air coming in jagged, useless gulps. He dragged Shane's limp upper body out of the water, pinning him against his chest, heedless of his own expensive sweater getting soaked in the red liquid. He was checking for wounds, his fingers searching Shane's wrists, his neck, his chest, his eyes blurred by a thick veil of tears. "Stay with me, stay with me, I've got you-"

"Ilya? Wh-what?"

Shane's eyes flew open, wide and disoriented. He sputtered, coughing as water splashed into his face. He felt Ilya's heart hammering like a trapped bird against his back, felt the crushing, desperate grip of the man's arms.

"Ilya? What's happening? Are we-is there a fire?" Shane scrambled for purchase, his hands splashing in the red water.

Ilya didn't let go. He couldn't. He was rocking back and forth on the floor, holding Shane to his chest with a strength that was bordering on painful. His face was buried in Shane's wet hair, and he was making a sound Shane had never heard before, a low, broken whimpering.

"You're alive," Ilya choked out, the words barely intelligible. "You're alive, you're alive..."

Shane finally managed to twist around in Ilya's arms, his own heart racing from the sudden, violent wake-up. He looked at Ilya and his stomach dropped. The giant, stoic Boston Captain looked like a ghost. His skin was ash-gray, his eyes bloodshot and unfocused, and he was trembling so hard his teeth were literally chattering.

"Ilya, look at me. Hey, look at me," Shane said, his voice dropping into a soft, urgent tone. He reached up, cupping Ilya's face. "I'm okay. I'm right here. I just fell asleep. I was so tired, I-"

Shane's gaze flicked down to the tub, then to the red stains on Ilya's clothes, then back to the tub. The realization hit him like a cross-check to the throat.

The bath bomb.

He had bought a new one at the boutique near the arena. "Midnight Rose," the label had said. It was supposed to be luxurious. He hadn't realized it would turn the water the color of an arterial spray. And he knew, God, he knew, about Ilya's mother. Ilya had only told him once,

late at night, his voice a flat, dead monotone. It was the deepest wound Ilya carried, the one that had turned him into the silent, guarded fortress of a man he was.

"Oh, God. Ilya. No," Shane whispered, his eyes filling with tears of his own. "Ilya, it's soap. It's just soap, baby. Look."

Shane grabbed a washcloth from the side of the tub, dipping it into the water and then holding it up. He rubbed it against his own pale skin, showing the pinkish, soapy residue.

"Look at me, Ilya. It's not blood. It's just a bath bomb. I'm not hurt. I'm perfectly fine."

Ilya's breathing was still erratic, his eyes darting to the water and then back to Shane's face. He looked like a man coming out of a trance, the layers of the past slowly peeling away to reveal the present. He reached out a trembling hand, touching Shane's throat, feeling the steady, rhythmic thrum of a pulse.

Thump-thump. Thump-thump.

The reality of the life beneath his fingertips finally began to outweigh the memory of the death in his mind.

Ilya let out a long, shuddering exhale that turned into a broken sob. He collapsed forward, his forehead resting on Shane's wet shoulder. His hands clutched at Shane's bare back, his fingernails digging in slightly as if he were trying to anchor himself to the earth.

"I thought..." Ilya's voice was a ghost of a sound. "I saw the red, and you weren't moving... and I was twelve again. I was back in that kitchen. I thought I lost you, Shane. I thought you left me too."

Shane felt a physical ache in his chest for the man he loved. He didn't care that he was shivering in the cooling water or that the bathroom floor was a mess. He wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck, pulling him as close as humanly possible.

"I'm not going anywhere," Shane promised, his voice fierce. "I'm so sorry. I didn't think... I'm so, so sorry, Ilya. I'm right here. I've got you."

They stayed like that for a long time. The steam cleared, the water grew cold, and the "rivalry" that the world obsessed over felt like a ridiculous, trivial shadow. In the quiet of the bathroom, there were no Raiders or Metros. There was only a man trying to pull his partner back from the edge of a memory, and a man learning to breathe again.

Finally, Ilya pulled back, though he kept his hands firmly on Shane's waist. He looked at the red water one last time, a flash of irritation finally breaking through the trauma.

"That is a terrible bath bomb," Ilya rasped, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

Shane gave a weak, watery laugh, leaning forward to kiss Ilya's forehead. "It's going in the trash. Along with every other red thing in this house if you want."

Ilya shook his head, his grip tightening protectively. "Just... don't fall asleep in the tub again. My heart cannot take it."

"Deal," Shane whispered. "Help me out? I'm freezing."

Ilya stood, his legs still a bit shaky, and grabbed the fluffiest towel they owned. He lifted Shane out of the water as if he weighed nothing, wrapping him up and holding him tight against his chest. He didn't care about the wet clothes or the mess on the floor. He just needed to feel the heat of Shane's body, the proof of his life.

An hour later, they were tangled together under the heavy duvet of their bed. The lights were low, and the scent of the bath bomb had been scrubbed away by a second, much more normal shower. Ilya was on his back, and Shane was sprawled across him, his head on Ilya's chest, listening to the steady, slowing beat of his heart.

Ilya's hand was buried in Shane's hair, his fingers idly stroking the damp strands. The silence of the apartment was no longer terrifying; it was peaceful.

"Ilya?" Shane murmured, his voice heavy with sleep.

"Yeah?"

"I love you. More than the game. More than the secret. Just so you know."

Ilya closed his eyes, pressing a kiss to the top of Shane's head. For the first time since he had walked through the door, the tension fully left his body.

"I know," Ilya whispered into the dark. "I love you too. Sleep now, malysh. I've got you."

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