And I could take another hit for you

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And I could take another hit for you

by Elexica

Summary

Ilya plays hurt on the ice again. Shane tries to make him feel better.

Notes

Title from I’ll Believe in Anything by Wolf Parade which has gone triple platinum in my heart. The rest of the story was written while listening to Phoebe Bridgers, if you'd like a soundtrack.

Shane was in Buffalo, trying not to psych himself out after practice and feeling particularly guilty about not watching the Ottawa v. Boston game when the text from his mother came through.

“He’s playing injured again,” the text read.

“He said he’s fine,” Shane shot back, then regretted it immediately. It was true, Ilya had said he was fine. But in that moment, Shane trusted his mother’s intuition more than his boyfriend’s attestations.

Playing injured was ill-advised at the best of times, but Shane could rationalize it during the playoffs. During the regular season, fighting just to not be a complete joke? To have a record that wouldn’t be a humiliation? That stung even worse. It was pathetic in the worst way. Ottawa was having one of its shittiest years on record, and Ilya’s captaincy wasn’t fixing it despite his increasingly desperate attempts. The defense was a joke, their goalie was less than useless, they might as well leave the net open. But the most painful for Shane to watch was how utterly unguarded Ilya was. The offensive line could smack him around with no real threat. When Ryan Price was on the line, he wasn’t the greatest player, but his mere presence scared aggressive opponents away from really trying shit.

On the Ottawa team, there was no one like that. It was open season on beating Ilya. Anyone with a vengeance who had been waiting for an opening to hurt the famously yappy Russian could take their shot.

Ilya was fast, good at avoiding some of the blows. And he stayed focused on the puck, and on trying to get it into the goal. Shane wondered if he was also shutting the fuck up, going easy on chirping the other players, perhaps not tormenting everyone stuck on the ice with him.

Shane sighed, looking down at his phone. There was no way that Ilya was letting up at all.

His mom texted him again, “☹”

Shane turned the game on in his hotel room. Hayden was out getting burgers with some of the other guys, but Shane had bought a salad for himself and was eating the sad, soggy leaves as he watched the screen alone.

The camera zoomed in on Ilya, his plush lips pursed in a pained wince. The announcer called out, “Rozanov looks rough tonight.”

“I’m not surprised,” the other man in the booth responded. “Last night he took a pretty bad slam into the boards. I don’t think Boston’s very pleased with him for leaving.”

As if sensing the attention on him, Ilya schooled his face back into focus and skated back into the fray.

“You’d think he’d just take a night off,” the first announcer said, clearly not done with him yet. “It’s not a particularly important game for Ottawa, and it’s not like they’re going to win

this one either."

"He's got to try," the second announcer added. "He's a controversial figure, but you can't deny, he's committed to his team. Even if it's the Ottawa Centaurs."

"Still can't believe he signed with them. He could be in cup contention again this year—" Shane muted the game. He didn't want to hear any more. As it was, he'd completely lost his appetite, the salad practically wilting with his spirit.

Even on silent, the game was hard to watch. Ilya launched a fast, powerful slapshot that breezed into Boston's net. He raised his arms in celebration, but his face betrayed him immediately, even through the visor.

At least Ottawa had a goal on the board, and that the period was almost over. Shane hoped that after the Zamboni, Ilya would have the good sense not to get back out on the ice.

He did not. Shane struggled to watch any more. His mom sent another message composed exclusively of frowny faces.

"You text him," Shane sent her, and then felt bad about it, again.

"Already did," Yuna replied.

He's not used to having a mom, Shane thought, but it made him to sad to text. So instead he texted Ilya's phone, "You sure you're okay?" Shane knew the phone was surely sitting on the locker room shelf, and Ilya wouldn't see it until after he'd spent another 20 minutes limping around the ice, beaten and desperate.

Ilya managed another goal, a close wristshot right into the net before getting body slammed again by one of his former teammates, hitting the ice hard, but he was able to get up and skate off himself. Fifteen minutes later the game ended, in Boston's favor, by a goal scored right at the end.

Shane decided he wouldn't wait for a text back. He called immediately, and was sent to Ilya's useless voicemail. A few minutes later, Ilya finally texted back, "Stop worrying. I'm fine."

He texted again: "You're worse than your mother."

Shane threw his phone against the bed, and it was just that moment that Hayden returned from his lunch.

"They were playing the Ottawa game at the restaurant," Hayden said, watching Shane pick up his discarded phone, opening and closing his messaging app over and over. "Is Ilya like, okay?"

Shate just shook his head, eyes closed. "He says he's fine."

"I'm so glad Jacki doesn't play hockey!" Hayden said, always knowing just what not to say to Shane. "It was hard for *me* to watch man. It would be hard to watch even if I hated the guy, honestly."

Shane's eyes watered. He looked up at the ceiling, blinking slowly like it would get the water off of his lash line, back into his skull.

"Ready for the game tonight?" Hayden asked. Shane flopped backward onto the bed.

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It wasn't Shane's best performance, but it wasn't his worse. He decided not to fly with the team back to Montreal. They had a few days off after the intensity of the road trip, and Shane told anyone who asked that he needed to visit his parents.

He arrived at Ilya's place before Ilya had even arrived. He opened the lock, stepped gingerly into the dark house, and opened the fridge.

He checked his phone. Ilya hadn't texted again since the night before. "You're worse than your mother." Shane couldn't just sit here in the dark, feeling bad, panicking. He threw open the massive refrigerator doors, and quickly recognized the ingredients.

By the time that Shane heard the door swing open, the smell of tuna melt was already floating through the home.

Shane's head whipped towards the entrance, and he heard Ilya make a pained grunt. He wanted to run towards him, but heard another set of footsteps.

He peeped around a floating wall, and spotted Bood, one of Ilya's arms slung over his huge shoulders, carrying Ilya's travel bag under his other arm.

"Is someone cooking tuna?" the man asked. Shane slid the second sandwich off of the pan and onto a plate, and then dashed to hide in the walk in pantry. He slid the door near to shut as quietly as he could.

Shane could hear the pain in Ilya's voice, "Housekeeper makes dinner on days when I am coming home late." It was a weird lie, but Shane felt his shoulders relax immediately.

"That's good," Bood said. "You really gotta rest, man."

"I will," Ilya said, and with a loud thump, must have flopped on the couch. "Thanks for the ride."

"Anytime," Bood said. Shane heard something a little heartbroken in his voice too, like he also recognized the tragedy of Ilya being broken for nothing. Shane heard Bood's footsteps retreat, and the door shut.

"You can come out now," Ilya shouted. Shane smirked to himself, downcast. *If only*.

Shane crept from his hiding place, picked up the plates of tuna melts, and placed one in Ilya's lap, before leaning down and capturing his mouth in a fierce, desperate kiss.

"Ah!" Ilya gasped, and Shane stopped, unsure if it was from desire or from pain. He looked over Ilya's face in the glow left from the kitchen. His eyes were wet.

“How bad is it?” Shane asked.

“Two ribs broken,” Ilya said. “One more pretty bruised.”

“I’m so sorry,” Shane said, but it felt hollow. Not enough, not even a fraction of what he wanted to express.

“Is fine,” Ilya said, but he sounded weak, breathless. “Thanks for the tuna melt.”

Shane wanted to break down in tears at his own weakness. At the role he had played in putting Ilya in this position, at how little he could do to fix anything. At the fact that he had to hide in a goddamn pantry instead of greeting him right at the door.

“How can I help?” Shane asked, desperate.

Ilya smirked around his sandwich. He was demolishing it.

“You can suck my dick,” Ilya said. Shane couldn’t tell if he was kidding or not, but he was happy to see the playful spark back in Ilya’s eyes.

“Okay,” Shane said. “While you eat the tuna melt?”

“Yeah,” Ilya said around a big bite. “Cause after I’m fucking passing out.”

Shane laughed at this, but sank down on his knees. He pushed the coffee table back a little to make more room for himself, and he placed the plate with the remaining sandwich to the side.

Conveniently, Ilya was wearing sweatpants, and it was easy to pull them off his bubble butt and down his thighs, enough for Shane to smell the musk that belonged only to Ilya. He pulled down his tight black underwear too, and helped himself to that familiar cock.

Ilya gasped again, and groaned as Shane’s hot mouth enveloped him. It was a sharper gasp, a little pained and a little pleasured. Shane stopped, and made fearful eye contact with Ilya from his lap. “Don’t stop,” Ilya whined, and Shane went back to it. Ilya dropped a hand to Shane’s hair, and gripped it firmly, compelling him to stay there, to keep going. He licked a stripe down the shaft, and peppered little kitten kisses back up before taking him again, inch by desperate inch, sucking like his life depended on it. He tongued at the vein, feeling the blood continue to rush, the increasing hardness of Ilya’s cock.

Shane reveled in the soft moans. “Feels so good, Shane,” he choked out, releasing his grip on Shane’s hair and softly stroking the longer black strands instead. *At least I can make some part of him feel good*, Shane thought. He palmed his own hand at his own leaking erection. He couldn’t help himself—the noises Ilya made were intoxicating, and even with his injury making them higher, breathier, they were still Ilya’s.

And he was here, safe in his mouth, safe on his couch, already recovering. He would be better soon, Shane hoped. He prayed at the alter of Ilya’s cock, and with every eager rock of his head, he prayed that Ilya would heal. That he would make it through this season complete, whole, safe.

There was so little that Shane could do for him, but this, Shane wanted to do every day of his life.

“I’m going to—” Ilya choked out. Shane sucked harder, faster, hollowing out his cheeks. He pumped his own hand against his dick faster too, hoping to align their releases. Ilya came quickly in Shane’s mouth, and he swallowed the cum like a starving man. The flavor of Ilya was enough to trigger his own orgasm, embarrassing in his own pants.

“I love you,” Ilya said, his hand still cupping the back of Shane’s head.

“I love you too,” Shane said from his position, wrecked and still on his knees. “I’d do anything for you.”

Ilya didn’t have to say it back. Shane knew.

“Are both of these for me?” Ilya asked.

Shane laughed. “If you’re that hungry.”

Ilya sighed. “I’d rather share with you.”

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