

Bruises

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Bruises

by [whiskis](#)

Summary

Shane had always known how much Ilya liked to fuss over him at the tiniest of inconveniences. He might be an asshole about it, he might tease more than help, but he always tried to make the best of it when Shane was hurt even the tiniest bit. His concerned husband always tried to make everything better like the secret teddy bear he was (Shane would never say that out loud).

OR

3 times Ilya took care of Shane's bruises and 1 time he caused them

Notes

This is my 100th fanfic. I don't know how to deal with that fact, but there. Also these two have fucked up my brain in a way that I'll never recover. Anyway. Started writing this, had a break down, bon appétit!

(Thanks to Ida for being great and reading over this for me.)

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

1.

Shane had always known how much Ilya liked to fuss over him at the tiniest of inconveniences. He might be an asshole about it, he might tease more than help, but he always tried to make the best of it when Shane was hurt even the tiniest bit. His concerned husband always tried to make everything better like the secret teddy bear he was (Shane would never say that out loud).

So when the Admirals' defense-man got him pinned against the boards, Shane was already considering how bad it was going to end for the other man. He could feel a bruise forming on his side already, his breathing labored because it hurt *that bad* to breathe. It was going to be an interesting rest of the game, that was for sure.

And it definitely was.

They won the power play, and when the next line stepped into the ice. The first man down was the same defense-man who hit him, not surprising anybody. Poor dude ended up on his back after a check. Ilya sprinting on the ice until he scored. The man remained on his back and had to sit the rest of the game out. Nobody bated an eye.

What was a bit more surprising (to everyone but Shane) was how the second they stepped into the locker, Ilya was charging towards him. There was no other way of describing it. He charged forward, their teammates moving to the side not to get trampled over, leaving their captain to check on his husband.

Ilya already asked, but he repeated: "How bad?" There was a hint of danger in his voice.

"It's nothing," he told him, taking off his uniform with trembling hands.

"How bad?" Ilya repeated, this time harsher, his tone dropping a few octaves. Shane tried really hard not to be affected by it. (He failed).

He sighed, giving in to his husband's concerns. "Bruised ribs, nothing major. I'd be okay in like a week." He didn't know if that was true, his side felt tender and it hurt to breathe still.

"What did doctor say?" Ilya insisted.

"I don't need a doctor. It's just bruising," Shane complained. Ilya didn't even blink, raising his eyebrows in that way that made Shane's knees go a bit weak.

Sensing the tension in the air, coach Wiebe spoke: "Hollander, doctor's office. Get checked out before I have to haul your husband out of this room."

Shane sent Ilya a glare that could freeze somebody's blood, but he only got a wink in reply. Insufferable, *ugh*.

[If Ilya insisted on ordering in that night and massaging Shane until he was so pliant and relaxed he couldn't complain anymore... It was all so he wouldn't get mad.]

2.

Second time it happened Shane was stepping into the shower while Ilya brushed his teeth. "What is this?" He asked, his mouth still around the toothbrush, spitting drops of saliva and toothpaste over the mirror and making Shane frown in his direction. Ilya cleaned it with the towel, and Shane grunted in his direction. "What is?" Ilya pressed, pulling down his sleep pants and entering the shower.

"We play hockey for a living." Shane shrugged, looking down at the blue and black bruise on his hip. It looked pretty bad, even for hockey standards.

"Bullshit."

Shane didn't say anything, and Ilya, the asshole he was, pinched right over the bruise, making Shane howl in pain.

“What the fuck, Ilya!?” His husband raised his eyebrows in that annoying way that made Shane want to tell him the truth. *Ugh*.

“I tripped, okay?” he confessed, rinsing the shampoo off his head and stepping to the side so Ilya could do the same. But he wasn’t moving, staring at Shane with a hint of amusement in his eyes.

“You tripped?” Ilya was definitely trying not to laugh.

“I was doing some equilibrium exercises and I tripped. And I fell,” Shane explained with a sigh.

“You *fell*,” Ilya repeated, a giant smile on his lips. Shane frowned, trying not to smile, too. But it was pretty hard not to do so when Ilya looked so incredibly pretty when he smiled like that, teasingly, adoringly.

“I fell,” he confirms. Shane was beyond mortified. He really tripped, it was a stupid fall and he ended up hitting his hip on the floor.

Ilya’s laughter made Shane’s lips turn up, but he turned around before his husband could see it. He would not smile. *He would not*.

“You are an asshole,” Shane told him with a forced huff that sounded fake to his own ears.

Ilya grabbed his sides carefully and turned him around, his smile still in full force. Shane was a goner for that smile. “No. No. I get it. You are just... How do you say? *Clumsy*.”

Shane pushed him softly, outraged. “I’m not clumsy. I tripped. That’s it.” Ilya was clearly trying to bite back more giggles. “I hate you.” Shane walked out of the shower.

“No, you don’t.” Ilya followed him out of the shower, grabbing a towel and pointing at the bed. “Wait there, I’ll bring you some ice.”

[If Ilya kissed every tiny millimeter of the bruise and then blew him until Shane was crying... it was part of making him feel better.]

3.

The third time was a bit more concerning. *A lot* more concerning.

Shane got hit pretty hard, memories of his past injury crossing his mind when they rushed him to the hospital. He could still hear Ilya screaming on the ice, the past and present mixing in a blur of emotions and lights that left him feeling very confused.

The doctors at the hospital were very nice, but Shane’s brain wasn’t really there. He could see Ilya’s scared face every time he closed his eyes. He could feel the ice pressing against his face and the way his body shouldn’t bend that way.

Lucky for him, it wasn’t nearly as bad as last time. Pulled muscle in his shoulder, light concussion, and pretty awful bruising to his whole right side. Including his face. By the looks the nurses gave him, it looked even worse than it felt. One of the nurses even flinched when she brought him a snack. *Yeah*, he definitely looked worse than he felt. But it might be the drugs they gave him.

He looked at the clock once more, the match should be over. And they probably lost because of him. He tried to rest his eyes, the drugs were starting to wear off and his head felt like it was about to explode. Every inch of his body felt like a bruise at that point, and he wanted to cry.

Five more minutes passed, or so said the way too loud clock on the wall. “Where is he?” He could hear Ilya yelling in the hallway before the door opened.

He was crossing the room and reaching for him before Shane could even say hi. There were unshed tears on his eyes, and Shane’s heart hurt for his husband who already went through it

once.

“Fuck, Hollander. You scared me,” he whispered, his hands twitching in front of Shane’s face, clearly not knowing where to touch him. *“You cannot do that again. Never again.”*

“I’ll make sure not to get checked again,” Shane told him with a hint of amusement in his voice. But the look Ilya gave him in return was so pained and anguished, the amusement died rapidly. “Come here,” he pulled at his husband’s hand until he got the memo and rested his forehead against Shane’s. “I’m okay. I’m alive. Nothing happened.” He repeated it a couple of times, wiping the lonely tear that ran down Ilya’s cheek.

“When can you come home?” Ilya whispered, kissing Shane’s forehead with the uttermost softness in the world.

Three hours later they were back in their house, with an extensive list of signs they should be aware of and a strong recommendation to go back to the hospital if anything felt wrong.

[If Ilya cuddled Shane until they both fell asleep... that was just for mutual comfort because they were still alive and together.]

+1

But when Shane wasn’t accidentally getting hurt... He still bruised like a peach. A fact that his husband loved a bit more than he should.

After the game, he tried to get dressed as fast as possible. He avoided his team-mates before the game, getting dressed before most of them even arrived, pointedly avoiding his husband’s knowing glances in his direction. But the showers... He couldn’t avoid *that*. So he was caught.

“Wow Hollander, someone grabbed you pretty hard, didn’t they?” If looks could kill, his team-mate would be dropping dead in front of him.

Ilya perked immediately, turning towards him with an annoyingly proud smile. He looked down before anyone could see it, but Shane saw. He saw his stupid husband almost preening at the thought of others seeing the ten perfect fingerprints framing his hips.

“Fuck off,” Shane told them, but there were already whistles and cat-calls all over the locker-room. Sometimes sharing spaces with athletes was like hanging out with a bunch of overeager puppies.

He made it to the car before his stupid husband caught up with him. They drove in silence for a little bit, but he could almost feel the teasing in Ilya’s posture. He made it as far as their room before breaking down.

“Wow, Hollander. Those bruises looked really harsh. Who did you anger?” Ilya’s voice was amused, and he was smirking in a way that spoke of mischief.

“You left them there, asshole.” Shane is ready to fight him if needed, embarrassment so thick inside of him he could barely focus on folding his clothes properly.

“Come on, sweetheart. I know you liked what we did.” He rests his hands right over the bruises, pressing lightly just to remind Shane how they got there, how desperate he was for his husband, how hard Ilya fucked him... *“And I know you liked that they saw,”* Ilya adds in a lower tone.

“Fuck, Ilya.” Much to his mortification, Shane’s dick twitched in his boxers, drawing Ilya’s attention instantly. His smirk could be only called predatory, as his hand landed on Shane’s erection in a movement fast enough to rival lightning.

“What? Am I not right?” Ilya’s smirk remained while his hand started moving, jerking Shane off over the fabric. Shane clenched his teeth but didn’t pull away.

“No.” It was a lie and they both knew it.

“You are such a bad liar,” Ilya chuckled, falling to his knees in front of Shane and making him forget whatever he was about to say.

Ilya lowered Shane’s boxers so slowly it felt like an eternity, his lips tracing the fingerprint bruises on Shane’s hips as he uncovered them. By the time the boxers were down his legs, Shane was breathing hard and his whole body was trembling with pent up frustration.

“Ilya, come on...” He urged, feeling so needy he could scream.

“Is that the way to ask your husband to suck your dick?” His teasing only made everything worse. Shane’s dick leaking at the tip while Ilya only looked at him with his big beautiful eyes and a hint of evilness that he could only achieve when he was torturing Shane.

His retort was barely coherent, but he tried for something like: “*Fuck you, Rozanov.*” That ended up sounding a lot more gibberish than anything. Ilya only chuckled before leaning forward and taking him all the way down.

Shane let out a sound that in other circumstances would probably embarrass him, but right now he couldn’t care less. His fingers found his husband’s hair, and he held on for dear life while Ilya sucked him down like a champ. They’d been doing this for so many years that if Ilya wanted, Shane would be crying out in seconds.

But his husband had other plans.

Ilya pulled back enough to smirk, his lips shiny with saliva and his hair messy because of Shane’s hands. His lips traveled across his pubic bone, finding the bruises again. He kissed each one of them, very slowly. He was clearly trying to drive Shane completely insane.

And then he opened his mouth and Shane’s brain short-circuited completely: “You like them knowing I fuck you hard, don’t you?”

“Ilya.”

“You like them knowing you are mine.” Ilya’s fingers were digging into Shane’s thighs with such force he could feel new bruises already forming, and it only made him more desperate, jerking his hips forward and trying to get his husband to make him come. “Because you are, aren’t you? You are *mine*.” He bit hard on Shane’s hip, leaving an imprint of his teeth there. *Fuck.*

Shane was about to start crying if he didn’t come soon. “*Stop talking.*”

“And what?” Ilya smirked, faking innocence. *Asshole.*

Shane let out a whimper. “And make me come.” Ilya arched an eyebrow, and Shane could feel the heat rising on his cheeks when he added: “*Please.*”

Ilya didn’t need anything else, leaning forward once again, and going for the win. Shane was holding on to Ilya’s shoulders for dear life, his knees too weak to support his weight while his husband worked him with every trick he had.

He didn’t have time to alert Ilya before he was spilling everything in his warm mouth, whimpering his husband’s name like a plea.

Ilya pulled back with a self-satisfied smile, pointing at the mattress. “Now lay down, I want to mark you up some more.”

Fuck.

[If Ilya ended up leaving even bigger bruises on Shane’s thighs... it was only for him to enjoy.]

End Notes

Kudos and comments feed my soul. ❤️❤️

You can scream with me on Tumblr ([@angela-feelstoomuch](#)). Or read more of my weird stuff at ([@monstersflashlight](#)).

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