This Little Life

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/56073280.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Anya | Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Slice of Life, Morning Sex, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Married Life, Mornings, Walking, Cafes, Breakfast, Celebrity Attention
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-05-21 Words: 3,201 Chapters: 1/1

This Little Life

by PeaceLilies

Summary

Shane and Ilya have a morning routine

Notes

I just wanted to write some slice of life for Ilya and Shane
Listen to Little Life by Cordelia for the full effect
Hope you enjoy! 🥰

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane woke up to the familiar press of warm lips against his skin and the pleasant tickle of stubble. A strong arm was wrapped around him, holding him close, and his body fizzed with pleasure.

He loved waking up like this; with his husband pressed against him, affectionate and sweet. It was warm and cozy and safe and Shane loved that he got to have this every morning. And not for just a summer… but forever.

"Are you awake?" Ilya murmured, brushing a kiss to Shane's cheekbone and Shane's smile widened. He opened one eye and peeked at his husband, whose curls were all messy from sleep, his voice a little frayed and throaty, his face soft and still a bit sleepy. He was so gorgeous… and all Shane's.

Shane rolled over, looking up at Ilya, and giggled as Ilya curled his other arm around him, pulling him closer, peppering kisses all over Shane's face, and against his neck, tickling him. Shane smoothed his hand into Ilya's mop of curls, closing his eyes and sighing as he pressed their cheeks together.

Shane snuggled close, chuckling as Ilya looked over the end of their bed at Anya, before he settled back down, tangling their legs together. Shane tucked his face against Ilya's neck, breathing him in, and smoothed a hand over his chest, before wrapping it around him.

"Anya still asleep?" he asked.

"Mm," Ilya replied. "Like a little angel."

Shane chuckled and pressed a kiss to Ilya's neck and clavicle. They cuddled for a while, not talking, just being close. Shane liked these indulgent moments. He loved routine and having a morning snuggle fest with his husband was his favorite way to start his day.

Ilya eventually disentangled himself, making his way out of bed. Shane whined at him, watching as he sat at the edge of the bed, back to Shane. Shane watched the way his back muscles flexed and appreciated his perfect ass as he stood up.

"You are the one who won't kiss me until we brush our teeth so…"

Shane blushed and curled the comforter tighter around himself. "You wanna kiss me?"

Ilya laughed. "I always want to kiss you." He leaned over the bed, looking stupidly sexy as he wrapped his hand around Shane's comforter covered leg and shook him playfully "Come on."

Shane smiled, just barely preventing himself from giggling some more and kicking his feet. It was a ridiculous impulse and after twelve years of kissing Ilya Rozanov, he'd thought he'd be over the thrill of it… but he really wasn't.

He loved kissing Ilya and he loved that Ilya loved kissing him, too. His heart would never not flutter at knowing how much Ilya loved him, how much he meant to Ilya, even though they

were married.

Shane slid out of bed and followed after Ilya into the bathroom, where Ilya had already started brushing his teeth. He huffed a laugh and Shane elbowed him playfully.

They finished brushing their teeth and Ilya cupped Shane's face in his hands, kissing him in front of the sinks. Shane went easily, running his hands down Ilya's arms, and wrapping them around him.

They pressed together, making out in their bathroom, before Ilya started moving them back into the bedroom. Shane's knees hit the mattress and they both laughed as Shane sat down at the edge.

They crawled back into bed together, kissing and caressing, tangling back up together. Shane smiled into the kisses, scrunching Ilya's soft curls in his hands, cupping his scruffy cheeks, squeezing him close, before rolling him onto his back.

Ilya laughed, sliding his hands up Shane's back and then back down, squeezing his ass with both hands. Shane fished the lube out from under his pillow, plopping the bottle on his husband's chest.

"Oh," Ilya said, exaggerating his surprise. "Did you want something?"

Shane rolled his eyes and his hips, forcing a soft, pleased noise from Ilya, who sprawled out under him, shamelessly on display. He was smiling, his hazel eyes dancing with that playful spark that Shane loved so much.

They both laughed and Ilya sat up, wrapping his arms around Shane, and kissing him some more. Shane closed his eyes and held Ilya's face in his hands again, just wanting to enjoy the solid realness of him.

Ilya wrapped his hand around their cocks, stroking them together as they kissed, before reaching for the lube, popping the cap. They didn't always have sex first thing in the morning but Shane couldn't help wanting it. He just wanted to be as close as he could be to Ilya.

He'd had a weird dream last night. He couldn't remember all the details, but he knew that Ilya had died. He'd woken up from it at four a.m., his heart pounding, tears in his eyes. He'd rolled over and reached out to feel Ilya next to him, his comforting warmth, the familiar rise and fall of his chest.

It had woken Ilya up, who had reached for Shane, and held him, soothing him, before they'd both fallen back to sleep. Shane's mood had improved when they'd woken up again to start their day but it was definitely making him feel… sappier, softer.

He never wanted to take his time with Ilya for granted. He wanted to appreciate every day they had together, especially in their married life.

Ilya seemed to know what Shane was feeling because he opened Shane with care, kissing his mouth and neck and chest and murmured about how beautiful Shane was, how perfect, how

loved he was, making Shane blush and hum and pant under his gentle ministrations.

Ilya always seemed to know what he needed… and Shane was getting better at returning the favor.

“I’m ready,” Shane murmured, his forehead pressed to Ilya’s. “Want you inside me…”

Ilya smiled at him, withdrawing his fingers, and Shane shifted his weight to sit on Ilya’s dick. He closed his eyes, biting his lip, loving the feeling of being filled, of having his husband inside him, leaving no empty spaces.

“You are so beautiful, my beloved,” Ilya breathed, in Russian, his lips brushing against Shane’s. Shane smiled, opening his eyes to look at Ilya.

“I love you so much,” he replied, also in Russian, using Ilya’s shoulders for leverage, making a happy sound as Ilya wrapped his arms around him completely.

Shane didn’t rush things. He took as much time as he was capable of taking, wanting to bask in every moment of kissing and touching Ilya, of having him pressed deep, of sharing the same space.

He cupped Ilya’s face and kissed him messily, making soft, needy noises as Ilya rocked up into him.

“Can you come like this?” Ilya murmured.

“Yeah,” Shane managed. “I’m close.”

It didn’t take much more than a few more bounces on Ilya’s cock and Ilya ducking his head to suck one of Shane’s nipples into his mouth. His orgasm had built slowly and hit him all at once, making him gasp and shudder as ribbons of come covered Ilya’s stomach.

Ilya wasn’t far behind, following on Shane’s heels, his face buried against Shane’s neck, head on Shane’s shoulder. Shane closed his eyes, feeling incandescently happy, sliding an arm across Ilya’s shoulders, and turning his head to kiss his temple, stroking his curls.

They stayed like that for as long as was comfortable, just holding each other, exchanging kisses, and sweet nothings. Shane eventually pulled off of Ilya and they went into the bathroom together to clean up. Anya was awake when they came back out, greeting them with happy tail wags and her puppy smile.

Shane watched Ilya pull the dog into his arms, cradling her like a baby, and letting her lick his face. He was smiling and gorgeous and happy and Shane felt his eyes prickle a little with tears.

He still couldn’t believe that he had been willing to wait another decade for this.

He still felt a bit of guilt about his own anxiety and fear and how it had held him back in so many ways… how it had hurt Ilya, too… even though his intention had been to protect them.

They had long since talked about that but Shane couldn't help feeling some level of regret. But they were here *now.* They *hadn't* waited a decade. They'd been able to work on creating their own narrative after they'd been outed and they had one season playing together with the Centaurs under their belts. Things were *good.* Great, even. He didn't need to worry.

Shane moved closer, resting his hand on the small of Ilya's back, and leaned into him, his head on Ilya's shoulder. He reached up and rubbed his hand over Anya's belly, smiling softly.

"Spoiled girl," he cooed at her.

"Terrible," Ilya hummed in agreement, giving Anya more kisses.

Shane chuckled and kissed Ilya's cheek, smiling as his husband gave him a sweet, bashful look, and Shane kissed him on the mouth, too, because he simply couldn't resist a sweet, bashful Ilya. Then he moved away to start grabbing workout clothes out of their dresser.

They both got changed and followed Anya downstairs, where she went right to the door, waiting patiently for them to get into their sneakers and sweatshirts. They checked to be sure that at least one person had his keys and the other had his wallet, then Ilya clipped her leash to her collar and they were out the door.

It was a cool, sunny morning and it looked like it was going to be a beautiful day. Ilya slid on a pair of sunglasses and Shane had put his hair into a bun and then shoved it into a ball cap. They held hands as they walked with Anya, passing by the now familiar houses of the neighborhood, heading toward town.

They talked about their practice later today and some general NHL gossip, pausing every now and then for Anya to do her business or sniff around or say hi to the occasional dog they passed as they made their way into town.

"Anya," Ilya admonished as Anya tugged at the leash, trying to go after a squirrel. "No squirrels."

Ilya kept walking, tugging Anya along, her head turned, eyes trained on the squirrel until she apparently got the hint that Papa wasn't letting her go after it. She trotted along at Ilya's side, looking up at him with her tongue hanging out of her mouth.

"Good girl," he praised, in Russian.

Shane watched the exchange with an inordinate amount of amusement and affection. He loved watching Ilya and Anya together. They were adorable… and hilarious. He was glad Ilya had decided to adopt her.

Shane brough Ilya's hand to his mouth, kissing the back of it, and smiled up at his husband warmly.

"What?" Ilya asked, his expression one of soft amusement, his eyebrow raised in question.

"Nothing," Shane replied, smiling stupidly at Ilya.

Ilya's smile widened a bit. "If you say so."

The morning had warmed by the time they got to the cafe. It was still early enough that the place wasn't too crowded, which was nice, and Ilya turned to Shane.

"I will find a table," he said, since no dogs were allowed in the cafe.

"You want your usual?" Shane asked, turning his cap around so it was on backwards.

"Yes," Ilya replied, smiling. "Thank you, moy vozlyublenniy."

Shane smiled, brushing his lips against Ilya's.

"I'll be right back," he hummed, before turning away to get their coffee and breakfast.

They had been coming to this cafe for a little over a year. It was about two miles from their house, which was a decent walk for them and the dog, and the place made the best sausage, egg, and cheese that Shane had ever had. Their coffee was really good, too.

Shane supposed that he and Ilya were "regulars" at the cafe. They came every Friday that they were home in Ottawa while the weather was still good. Shane liked being a regular. He had been nervous at first that people would be weird about a semi-celebrity hanging out at a place like this but besides a few initial double-takes and a handful of starstruck fans, most people just treated him like he was any other patron.

They knew who he, Ilya, and Anya were, but they weren't any different from any of the other regulars. And that was nice.

And besides, Anya was the star of the show. People were more interested in petting her than chatting with Ilya and Shane.

"Hi, Shane," said Marissa, the person behind the counter taking orders. She was here most Fridays.

"Hi. Good morning," Shane greeted, offering a smile.

"The usual?" she asked.

Shane nodded. "Yeah. Please.

Marissa smiled. "Of course. Pup cup, too?"

Shane chuckled. "A pup cup, too, yeah."

She rang up his order: a large iced coffee with a splash of low fat milk and one sugar, a hot vanilla latte, two sausage eggs and cheese sandwiches on toasted everything bagels, and a pup cup.

Shane stood to the side and waited for his order. He checked his phone, texting Rose back. She'd texted him early in the morning, probably late afternoon her time, since she was

abroad, filming a new movie.

He sent the text and then looked up, peeking out the window. Ilya was sitting in the shade, legs crossed, Anya by his feet. He was on his phone, looking perfectly casual and relaxed in his gray sweatshirt and dark shorts. Ilya's handsomeness never failed to hit Shane like a ton of bricks. He'd been looking at Ilya for years and his body still went all warm and tingly every time.

Shane smiled to himself, opening the text conversation he had with Ilya, and texted him.

Shane: I love you ❤️

That was a thing he could do now. Whenever he wanted. He didn't need a reason. He could just do it when the mood to do so struck him. He'd been able to do it for a while but the freedom of it still felt good.

He looked up and watched Ilya, seeing him smile, texting back. A few moments later, his text popped up on Shane's screen.

Ilya:❤️😘

And then another text followed. It was a picture of Anya being adorable with her paws on Ilya's thigh, her face all wet from the water bowl she'd been drinking out of.

Shane: 🥺🥹

"SHANE!"

Shane looked up at his name being called and stuffed his phone in his pocket.

"Thank you," he said, taking the tray with his drinks and the bag with his sandwiches. He left the cafe and stepped outside, making his way over to Ilya, who was chatting with two women. They were petting Anya, who was soaking up all the attention.

"Sorry," Shane said. "I'm just gonna squeeze in here…"

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" one of the women said, moving out of the way.

"That's okay," Shane replied, setting the coffees and sandwiches down on the table. He looked at the ladies, who were definitely looking a little starstruck, and smiled.

"We'll get out of your hair," she said. "Enjoy your breakfast. It was so nice meeting you, Mr. Rozanov, and Anya."

"Ilya," Ilya replied. "Enjoy your walk!"

The ladies thanked him and waved, before they were off, talking animatedly. Shane chuckled, sitting at the table.

"You okay?"

“Fine,” Ilya chuckled, divvying up the coffee and food. “We just talked about Anya and they asked if you were here.”

“They weren’t being too nosy?”

Ilya looked at Shane over the tops of his shades. “No. Was fine. Relax.”

Shane huffed at him, taking Anya’s pup cup.

“Anya,” he sang. “I have a gift for you!”

Anya knew exactly what it was and she came to Shane, barking once, in excitement at him. Her tail wagged and she danced by his feet, eager for her treat. Shane smiled.

“Sit.”

Anya sat.

“Paw.”

Anya offered Shane her paw and Shane took it in his hand, gently stroking his thumb over the back of it before letting it go.

“Lay down.”

Anya lay down.

“Good girl!” Shane hummed, offering her the pup cup.

They both laughed, watching her eyes go huge as she lapped up the whipped cream in the cup.

Ilya chuckled, sliding a straw into Shane’s iced coffee, and making sure that he had napkins, tucked under his sandwich so they didn’t blow away.

“Thank you,” he said, smiling at his husband.

Ilya smiled back and winked at him, sunglasses hanging off the collar of his t-shirt.

Shane wiped off his hand on a napkin once Anya had finished her treat and took a sip of his coffee before unwrapping his sandwich.

Shane told Ilya about the text he’d gotten from Rose and Ilya told Shane about a conversation he’d had with Cliff. They ate their sandwiches and drank their coffee, Anya getting an extra bit of sausage.

They cleaned up their table and started making their way back home, fingers entwined.

“Gotta do laundry,” Shane said as they walked.

“Yes,” Ilya replied. “And groceries tomorrow.”

“Mm. Did you want to make that salmon dish? With the asparagus?”

“Why not? Is easy and was good last time.”

“Yeah,” Shane replied. “I liked it. It was delicious.”

“Also I need to make sure Anya is okay for the road trip.”

“We have a little time. You wanna handle that today?”

“Maybe when we are home.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Shane replied, leaning into Ilya.

They got home, keys and wallets left on the table by the door, shoes off, and in the closet. Ilya hung Anya’s leash around the door handle. Anya went to the living room to play with a toy and Shane went to the kitchen with Ilya.

“Water?” Shane asked, kissing into Ilya’s curls as he sat at the kitchen counter, opening his laptop.

“Mm,” Ilya hummed in reply.

Shane poured two glasses, drinking from one, and bringing Ilya the other. He peeked over his husband’s shoulder, watching him set up a reservation for Anya at the dog hotel, and smiled. He ran his hand down the back of Ilya’s head, to his neck, before pulling away and going upstairs to grab their laundry.

Shane started a load, going back downstairs to find Ilya playing with the dog. He paused on the stairs, watching as Ilya played tug of war with Anya, talking in Russian, laughing. Shane’s heart fluttered and he went to join in.

He lay on the floor with his husband and their dog, letting Anya lick his face, tossing her a toy, and praising her every time she brought it back. He kept glancing at Ilya’s happy, contented face, and feeling like everything was completely right with the world.

It had been a good way to start the day and he was happy.

Just small, innocuous domestic things that weren’t exciting, but comfortable. Tiny intimacies he got to share with the man he loved, that was for no one else but them.

Shane tossed another toy to Anya and turned to Ilya. Ilya leaned in, kissing him.

Yeah.

This was perfect.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!
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