

you are my favorite place

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you are my favorite place

by [jooniesyoonie \(hufflebee\)](#)

Summary

Shane knew, rationally, that if he and Ilya had never met, if they'd never started their ill-advised hookups all those years ago, he wouldn't really know what he was missing. But he also felt sure he would know something was missing, that there wasn't another person out there for him, not like this. He couldn't imagine this with anyone else even if he wanted to.

or, Shane has a surprise detour for Ilya the summer after the end of The Long Game

Notes

hello gays, we are back at it again with these two idiots (said so fondly it would give you a toothache)!!

this has been sitting in my drafts for many moons and i finally got around to finishing it so i hope y'all enjoy!!

one of the reasons why this took a bit was because i'd started it before bothering to look up driving distances between certain places and upon making certain discoveries in regards to canada's geography realized i needed to rework some stuff lol it's very minor but if you're questioning the initial setup,,, don't, we're here for fluff and vibes.

timeline wise, as can be gathered from the tags and summary, this takes place post-canon and therefore contains spoilers for 'the long game'.

title is from 'disconnected' by 5sos

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

Shane was nervous.

One would think after so many years of being with Ilya, after a year of living together, a season of playing together, these things would cease to make him nervous. If there was anything he was sure of, it was his hockey skills and Ilya. And well, he was more sure of one than the other, and it wasn't the one sports interviewers would want to hear.

But he was also who he was, so maybe the nerves made sense.

He's been working on it though, by himself and with his therapist. His sessions with Oliver were getting better, he could tell he was opening up more, listening more, taking whatever Oliver said as helpful advice from a professional rather than a critique of him as a person. It was getting just slightly easier to not beat himself up over a missed pass or a bad night, over being too snappy at Ilya after, over not being able to fix every single thing.

And it wasn't just his sessions with Oliver. He was happier in Ottawa. Being close to his parents, being on a supportive team, living with Ilya; it was all good for him. He had anticipated it in regards to Ilya of course, but he also hadn't quite realized how unsupportive his previous team had been until he was surrounded by an unabashedly supportive one. J.J. and Hayden were both great and he still talked to them regularly, hung out with them when he could, but with the Centaurs, there was teasing and laughter, there was a rainbow flag in his stall on the first of June, there was conversations with other players that didn't ask for girlfriends but partners.

It had been one of the most challenging yet one of the best seasons of his life. Getting used to a new team was rough, especially after how things ended in Montreal, getting used to living with his husband after only having the summers to spend properly together definitely had a learning curve. But at the end of the day, it was a great team and it was Ilya.

He had still been looking forward to summer, to having Ilya to himself away from everyone else, to being in their cottage that still felt like home. They weren't currently at the cottage though; the idea to expand their hockey camps requiring some city visits that they ended up turning into a road trip instead of just flying back home.

Today, though, they wouldn't be concerning themselves with camp business.

"I want to take you somewhere," he whispered into Ilya's ear, unsure of if Ilya was awake.

Ilya grumbled but turned onto his back, blinking his eyes open. The sun fell across his body, lighting up his eyes and hair, and the image of a slightly younger Ilya, bathed in gold their first morning that first summer they spent at the cottage filled his mind.

Back then he had thought his heart would burst with how much he loved Ilya, but maybe it had only been keeping it to himself that made it feel that way. Because he loved Ilya even more now, and he knew it still wasn't the most he would love him.

"Where?"

The words ‘where what?’ were on the tip of Shane’s tongue before he remembered his own question.

“It’s a surprise,” Shane said, kissing Ilya on the cheek before getting out of bed. “Let’s pack and get breakfast.”

Ilya kept asking questions about where they were going as they ate and got ready, pausing only when they were checking out of the hotel but Shane refused to say a word, even when Ilya kissed his way up Shane’s neck and tugged on his earlobe with his teeth, so really, he deserved some kind of award. He checked in with his mom, distracted Ilya and himself with photos of Anya she sent over, and double-checked that he had the route to their destination down, not wanting to type it into the car’s GPS and spoil the surprise too soon. Once they got in the car, Shane turned the conversation towards the upcoming camps, the new coaches and activities they had, but also plans outside of an official setting.

“Fabian said he got the entire coaching staff on the list for his show in Montreal,” Shane said. “And I was thinking we could take everyone out to dinner at the end of each week.”

“So this isn’t just business anymore?” Ilya asked, clearly teasing, but Shane’s response was serious.

“I avoided things like that, as you know, mostly because I wanted to use the evening I had you with me to actually be with you, not prolong having to pretend we’re just friends. But now I want people to see how good we are together. I want to be open about how proud I am of what we’ve done, of being with you. Last year was a lot, but I want this going forward.”

Ilya was silent for a moment before reaching for Shane’s free hand. He tangled their fingers together, squeezing softly once before he brought Shane’s hand up to his lips. And Shane really was so in love because even that soft touch of lips, the barely there scratch of Ilya’s stubble against his skin made his heart skip a beat.

“I’m proud to be with you, too.”

They kept driving, and soon it seemed like Ilya had dropped trying to figure out where they were going. Honestly, Shane almost forgot they were going anywhere, that he needed to pay attention to road signs, that this wasn’t just their own bubble.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya said suddenly. “Are we going to Saskatchewan?”

And well, Shane had hoped Ilya would remain distracted until they were almost there, or at least that Shane would be able to throw him off the correct conclusion if he did figure it out. But in that moment, with Ilya’s voice surprised but otherwise unreadable, Shane couldn’t help but give in to his nerves.

“Would it be okay if we were?”

The car was silent for a beat, long enough for Shane to glance over at Ilya. His eyes seemed brighter than before, and he smiled softly at Shane.

“Yes. Is okay.”

It didn't take long for them to reach Regina after that, and Shane easily found his way to the hockey rink and the mostly empty parking lot. Ilya frowned at the empty spaces around them, but Shane said, “I checked the schedule, there's nothing going on here until later tonight.”

“Of course,” Ilya said in that perfectly teasing tone that always overflowed with fondness.

They got out of the car, and Shane took Ilya's hand, leading him to the back of the building. The back door was easy to spot, but they didn't go inside, stopping just next to it. Shane finally turned to Ilya then, nerves getting to him now that they were here and the whole thing seemed kind of silly, but Ilya was looking at him with such a soft, open expression that words just started pouring out of him.

“I still remember seeing you here for the first time. And sometimes I imagine what 17 year old me would think if he could see me now. I don't know that I'm all that different, but I do know that I am more myself and happier than I thought was possible.”

He lifted his free hand to Ilya's face, cupping his jaw and losing all other thoughts for a moment when Ilya nuzzled into the touch.

“I've been talking to Oliver about a lot of things. Some I figured would come up, but some I didn't. And one of those is grief for lost experiences. It sounds so serious and at first I didn't know why he was bringing it up, but he said that for a lot of queer people, especially those in the spotlight from a young age, there is a lot you miss out on. Figuring yourself out, going on dates, being nervous about crushes, falling in love; all those experiences are weighed down by secrecy and pressure and fear.”

Ilya turned his face just slightly to kiss Shane's palm, but stayed silent, just watching Shane.

“Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't change a single moment of how we got from this place at 17 to this place now because right now is exactly where I want to be and I'd do it all again if it got us here. But I am sad sometimes that I couldn't have simply gotten a crush on you, asked you out, kissed you, and had my biggest worry be if you liked me back and not if our lives would implode if someone found out.”

“You think you would be the one to ask me out?”

Shane dropped his hand to Ilya's chest, lightly pushing him back, but drawing him close just as quickly with their intertwined hands. Now they stood even closer, their chests just barely touching, and Shane looked up at his husband.

“All I'm saying is maybe if things were different, better, this would be where my head realized what my heart knew instantly,” Shane said. “But since I can't change the past, I wanted to add to it.”

“You drove us all the way to Saskatchewan just to kiss me behind this rink?”

Shane felt his cheeks heat, but only said, “And take you out to dinner and then to a hotel that’s definitely nicer than what we could have had at 17.”

Warm hands cupped Shane’s cheeks and in the next moment he was being kissed. He didn’t think he would ever get used to getting to kiss Ilya, but especially not when Ilya kissed him in this adoring, thorough way that left Shane’s legs feeling just slightly shaky.

“I love you so much,” Ilya whispered against Shane’s lips. “If anyone had told me when I first met you that I would marry you, I would have laughed in their face.”

“Because you only liked my freckles and not me?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, kissing Shane’s cheek. “But also because I did not think this was for me back then. Relationships, marriage, family.”

Shane squeezed Ilya’s hips, not wanting to interrupt even with his heart tightening painfully in his chest. He had never met Ilya’s father, nor his brother, but he knew how much their influence weighed on Ilya, had weighed on him even more at that age. He could hardly stand to think about Ilya in his teen years, alone with his grief and under so much pressure, but still strong and kind and good.

“You are perfect for me,” Ilya said. “Every year, every day I am more sure, I could not do this with anyone else.”

Shane knew, rationally, that if he and Ilya had never met, if they’d never started their ill-advised hookups all those years ago, he wouldn’t really know what he was missing. But he also felt sure he would know something was missing, that there wasn’t another person out there for him, not like this. He couldn’t imagine this with anyone else even if he wanted to.

“You are the love of my life, Ilya Rozanov.”

And then he kissed his husband again, pushing them backward until Ilya’s back was against the wall. Ilya’s hands travelled down Shane’s torso, from his neck to his chest and across his stomach before settling on the small of his back, just barely not on his ass. He let out a soft noise into Ilya’s mouth, but Ilya only smiled against his lips.

Truly, Shane didn’t want Ilya’s hands any lower right then and there. Well, he *did*, the idea of grinding against Ilya’s thigh as Ilya guided his movements making him hot, but as deserted as the place was, they were still out in the open where anyone could easily see them.

“How about we go to that dinner you mentioned and continue this back at the hotel?” Ilya said, leaning down to plant soft kisses along Shane’s neck.

Shane smiled and nodded, his heart full.

Dinner was amazing. The staff had honoured Shane’s request for a slightly secluded table and while he thought some of them recognized him and Ilya, no one was invasive or awkward around them and left them alone. The food was delicious and the wine Ilya picked out perfect.

Shane had hardly dated in his life, had never really gone out to that many restaurants with people he was interested in. Partly because there hadn't been many, partly because he couldn't, partly because he had been on strict diets. But over the past year of being out, he had found he loved this.

He loved going out to restaurants with Ilya, getting a bit dressed up without it being required for work, picking out a place on their own or getting recommendations from their teammates. He loved being out in the open with Ilya, loved trying out new food with him, loved having Ilya all to himself while still being in plain sight, rings on their fingers.

It had been a bit nerve-racking at first, and they had a couple of not great experiences, but when some of the novelty of their outing wore off, when they got the hang of which restaurants to avoid, it became one of Shane's favorite things to do with Ilya.

It occurred to him as Ilya fed him a bite of his chocolate cake, that this was another one of those things Oliver had said were often missed by queer people. He chewed the admittedly delicious cake and thought about how he considered this almost a luxury when it really should be a given, that he never should have been denied the freedom of going out with the man he loved to wherever they wanted to go.

He thought about Harris's email still sitting in his inbox from a few days ago, asking about the team participating in the pride parade in August, if anyone wanted to participate in the speeches. His first reaction had been fear, had been wanting to say no because he just wanted to live his life and play hockey with his husband. But really, one speech or appearance wouldn't make him any more or less publicly gay. Everyone already knew, and those who wanted to reject him for it or reduce him to his sexuality have already done so.

So maybe he could take some baby steps and use his voice. Especially if he had Ilya there with him.

"Have you seen Harris's email? About Pride in August?"

Ilya frowned for a second, probably confused as to where this was coming from, but nodded.

"It's after camps, so we could go."

Ilya's eyebrows shot up.

"I did not think you would want to," Ilya said. "But yes, we can go."

"Do you want to go?" Shane asked, because even if he was almost certain of the answer, he wouldn't want to force this onto Ilya.

Any worries immediately disappeared at the grin that spread across Ilya's face.

"A loud, colorful event with our friends where I can dress however I want and kiss you as many times as I want?" Ilya winked. "Yes, I want to go."

Shane wasn't ever going to be a huge fan of parties, but he did like that image. Him and Ilya dressed up, maybe Ilya would even put some makeup or nail polish on, having fun with their

teammates alongside people from the community Shane had felt alienated from because of his career. He wasn't sure if dogs were allowed to such things, but he could easily picture Anya with a rainbow collar and Ilya's bright smile.

"Okay, then we're going to Pride," Shane said, the butterflies in his stomach alive with nerves but mostly excitement.

Ilya leaned in and kissed him, still tasting of the half-eaten chocolate cake between them, and Shane smiled into the kiss.

The person at the hotel reception was less subtle about recognizing them than the restaurant staff, so Shane wasn't surprised when after he checked them in, the man asked, "Would you two mind signing something for my kid?"

He pulled out a blank paper and a pen when they agreed, and Shane asked, "What's their name?"

"Elliot," the man said, a bright smile on his face. "He's home for summer break, he's studying medicine in Vancouver. We, uhm, we haven't been super close these past few years."

Shane looked up from the still blank paper at the man, which seemed to encourage him to continue.

"We used to watch a lot of hockey together, like that was our thing, you know, but that kind of faded out as he got older. When he was home for spring break this year, he came out to his mom and me, and we got to talking. He said he never knew how we would react, and with me, hockey was our connection but he felt really disillusioned by it when he started figuring out his sexuality.

"And you two helped with that, and we talk hockey again and he's talking to my wife and me about boys he likes at college, so thank you."

Shane didn't know what to say. It wasn't the first time someone had told him or Ilya something of the sort, but it still caught Shane off guard every time.

He'd been worried, last summer, that parents would pull their kids from the camps. His mom had finally been the one to snap him out of it.

"Yes, Shane, some idiots did drop out with vague excuses, some dropped out for other reasons, but you know what? Every single available spot was filled within a day of notifying people on the waitlist, so bigots will be bigots and I feel bad for the kids being raised under their roofs, but I'll be damned if I let you think you finally being free to be who you are is a detriment to this thing you and Ilya made together that you love so much."

The room had been silent for a moment before his dad said, "Yes, what she said."

Shane had hugged his mom tightly and thanked her, and what followed were the best two weeks of camps they'd ever had.

Shane looked at the blank paper in front of him now, thinking of his mother's words. He wrote out the words first.

Elliot, bigots will be bigots but never feel like being who you are is a detriment to anything you want to achieve.

He signed his name and slid the paper over to Ilya. He felt his cheeks flush a bit as Ilya read the paper and looked up at him with a prideful expression. Ilya signed his name and wrote something else before sliding the paper back to the receptionist.

"Thank you so much," the man said, but before he could say more, the front door of the lobby opened.

He tucked the paper away quickly and put on his professional smile, and Shane and Ilya took that as their cue to leave.

"What did you write?" Shane asked as they waited for the elevator.

"Kiss boys and save lives," Ilya said with a grin.

Shane felt a slight tinge of secondhand embarrassment at the idea of Elliot's dad seeing that before giving it to him, but something about it was also so fully Ilya that he couldn't help but smile at him. He kissed his cheek just as the elevator arrived.

They found their way to their room, and dropped their bags to the floor as soon as they came in. Ilya immediately went to the bed, almost throwing himself on it. Shane watched him settle onto his back, hands coming up behind his head, and he couldn't help the way his gaze caught on Ilya's strong arms, the bit of skin exposed from his shirt riding up, the way his shorts bunched up around his thick thighs.

His attraction to Ilya kept growing, which would be concerning if Shane didn't know Ilya felt the same way. Even now as he unpacked his bag, he could feel Ilya's eyes on him, but he took his time putting things away.

By the time Shane made his way to the bed, Ilya's demeanour made his impatience and desire clear. He reached out his hand to Shane, tangled their fingers together as he pulled him closer. Shane leaned down to kiss him, opening his mouth immediately as he moved to straddle Ilya, who gave a deep, pleased moan once Shane settled on top of him.

There were few things Shane enjoyed more than this; feeling Ilya beneath him, kissing him slow and deep while Ilya's large hands roamed his body. He felt so loved in those moments, seen and held and safe, and he doesn't think he's ever told Ilya that sometimes he thinks about exactly this when he needs to calm himself down, when he's meditating, when he's trying to come back to himself. He doesn't think it would surprise Ilya, given how often Shane asked to suck him off after a particularly brutal game where his mind felt scattered.

In that moment though, he already felt good, in love and happy, and simply wanted to indulge in kissing his husband for however long they both wanted. They had more time for things like that now, but Shane doesn't think he could ever have his fill of Ilya.

“Gonna just kiss me tonight?” Ilya asked as Shane kissed his neck.

“The last time we were together in this city even this would have blown my mind,” Shane said before grazing his teeth against Ilya’s collarbone.

“And if I had blown you?”

Shane rolled his eyes and said, “I would have loved it and been freaked out in equal measure.”

Ilya hummed and without warning flipped them over in a tangle of limbs, but then he settled his weight on Shane and Shane tightened his legs around Ilya’s hips.

“And if I blow you now?” Ilya asked, the words almost whispered into Shane’s neck, Ilya’s stubble just barely grazing the sensitive skin.

“Please,” Shane breathed out.

Ilya let out a pleased hum against his neck, his hands moving up Shane’s shirt. Shane moved just enough to allow Ilya to take the shirt off, and felt his heart twist in his chest when Ilya carefully placed it on the armchair by the bed, as neatly as he could without dislodging from the tight hold Shane still had on him.

Ilya sat back on his heels, Shane’s thighs still wrapped around his hips, eyes roaming Shane’s body.

“You are so beautiful,” Ilya said, the emotion in his voice hitting Shane like a ton of bricks.

“All yours,” he said, unable to think of anything else.

“All mine,” Ilya replied, bending down to kiss Shane again, deep and wet and dirty, but more than anything, adoring.

Shane tugged at Ilya’s shirt, and they parted just enough to get it off. Shane kept Ilya close, never tiring of feeling so close to him, of being pressed together with no layers between them. He scratched lightly at Ilya’s back, smiling into their kiss as Ilya let out a low moan.

“Good thing we don’t need to be in a locker room any time soon,” Ilya whispered, a teasing grin on his face as he broke their kiss.

Shane groaned, remembering that practice from months ago. They’d won their first game against Montreal in the season and Shane had been... *enthusiastic* about celebrating, holding on to Ilya and scratching down his back as he fucked him after the game. So of course, when Ilya took his shirt off in the locker room for the next practice, he was met with wolf-whistles and teasing, and Shane had gone beet red while accepting the few fist bumps and congratulations thrown his way.

Ilya entertained them for a few moments, but that was that, and he’d come up to Shane as they headed out onto the ice.

“You okay? They don’t mean any harm, but if it bothers you-”

“No, it’s okay,” Shane said, unsurprised but still touched that Ilya was checking in. “It’s actually... kind of nice?”

Ilya raised his eyebrows at that, so Shane continued.

“Obviously there are limits, and I don’t want our team knowing too much, but this is what would happen if it was any of the other guys too. The teasing and all. So really, it’s a weird way of feeling like what we have and are isn’t something other, if that makes sense.”

Ilya looked at him for a moment, and then smiled that soft, sweet smile that Shane always secretly claimed as just his.

“Yes, that makes sense.”

Still, Shane was who he was so he tried to keep hickeys and other marks to a minimum when he knew they would be seen, but that was very often and Shane was newly out and married and living with the love of his life properly for the first time, so there was still plenty of teasing going on. Shane’s embarrassment had lessened just a fraction, but that little flutter of belonging and rightness had grown a lot over the season.

Summers still held a special kind of freedom though, so Shane dug his nails in harder now, loving the way Ilya groaned and thrust his hips forward.

They kissed once more before Ilya pressed his mouth against Shane’s neck, deliberately sucking on a certain spot that made Shane’s toes curl. Once he was satisfied, he started moving down Shane’s body, kissing what felt like every inch of his skin, not lingering anywhere except one specific spot on Shane’s hip.

There was a simple outline of a loon on the water there, the number 1410 inside it. When Shane had gotten it, Ilya had stared at it for so long it had made Shane nervous until he realized Ilya was only trying to bite back tears.

“The number is-”

“That first hotel room, yeah,” Shane said, feeling less silly for remembering it and choosing it when it was clear Ilya knew it just as easily.

Ilya had gently caressed the skin just beneath the tattoo, still staring at it, and then his lips were on Shane’s, almost desperate with Ilya’s murmured words barely getting out between kisses.

“I love it, I love you,” Ilya said, and once the tattoo had healed, he proved just how much, always lingering near it, leaving hickeys just beside it.

He did the same now, scraping his teeth against the tattoo, making Shane’s breath catch in his throat.

“Mine,” Ilya murmured, so quietly that Shane almost missed it.

“Yours, always,” he said, tangling his fingers into Ilya’s hair.

Ilya looked up at him, resting his cheek against Shane’s hip, and god, would Shane ever get used to the way Ilya looked at him? The way the love was on full display, the way Ilya never even tried to hide it anymore. He knew he wasn’t much better, having seen the clips of himself after Ilya scores a goal, the videos Harris takes for the team, even the photos that now end up on their social media.

He almost found it hard to believe he ever thought he could hide this forever.

He hadn’t ever wanted to, not really, after those initial encounters. But he hadn’t wanted to lose what they had, thought that keeping it locked up and out of the way was the best way to protect it. If he could have had a single glimpse into his life now, even with his former teammates still not talking to him, even with the homophobic assholes that still pop up at games or in his Instagram comments, he would have started screaming his love for Ilya from the rooftops.

“I love you,” Shane said, in French this time, just to make Ilya blush.

“Shut up,” Ilya said, biting Shane’s hip lightly, grinning when the action made Shane yelp.

Ilya continued kissing along the band of Shane’s underwear, peeking out from his jeans, making Shane’s hips hitch up toward him and Shane’s grip on his hair tighten. But Ilya made no move to get Shane naked, just continued kissing and lightly scratching his skin with his stubble.

“Ilya, come on,” Shane said.

“I thought you were a polite Canadian boy,” Ilya said with a grin.

Shane rolled his eyes, but looked directly at Ilya when he said, “Please.”

It had embarrassed him before, begging for Ilya’s touch, his hands and mouth and cock, and sometimes that feeling crept in again, but Shane couldn’t remember the last time it had. Now he reveled in the way it made Ilya’s eyes darken, the way Ilya always gave him what he wanted, the way Ilya took care of him. He felt safe now, in his own skin and desires, but also with Ilya. He always felt safe with Ilya in every way.

“Please, mon amour,” Shane said, loving the way Ilya gripped his thighs in response, the way he ran his hands up to Shane’s hips and pulled his pants and underwear down in one go.

Shane adjusted his grip on Ilya’s hair as Ilya settled down between his legs again, staring hungrily at Shane’s cock, hard and already slightly wet as it rested on his stomach. Ilya wrapped his hand around it, simply holding it while he dipped his head lower and ran his tongue along the base and then Shane’s balls.

“Fuck, yes,” Shane groaned.

Ilya nuzzled against the sensitive skin of Shane’s inner thigh, the scratch of his stubble making Shane shiver. He continued tonguing at his balls, sucking one into his mouth, then the

other, moaning around it when Shane tightened his grip on his hair.

And then he was gone, moving so suddenly it took Shane a second to register Ilya's face above his own.

"I want to try something," Ilya said. "Cannot believe I didn't think of it before."

"Uhm, okay, yeah, sure," Shane said after a moment, still stunned by the sudden change of course.

"I want you to sit on my face so I can eat you out."

Shane felt like he'd been lit on fire.

"Wouldn't I crush you, is that not uncomfortable?"

Ilya rolled his eyes.

"You are small."

"That is a lie and you know it," Shane said, but he felt himself relaxing a fraction. "I'm serious."

"Will be fine, I can pinch your thigh if I need you to get up, okay?" Ilya said, leaning forward to kiss along Shane's neck. "I want to feel you on me."

"Fuck," Shane breathed out, and the image of what Ilya suggested filled his mind. He always loved Ilya's mouth on him, and he knew Ilya loved it as well, so the idea of Ilya being surrounded by him in that way made Shane's stomach clench.

"You're sure I won't crush you?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I am sure," Ilya said, pulling back just enough to look at Shane, eyes bright.

He kissed Shane quickly before leaning back and climbing off the bed, stripping his pants and underwear off in one swift motion. Shane took a moment to watch him, never quite getting over the urge to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming when Ilya stood before him like this, naked and gorgeous and hard. Once Ilya settled back into bed on his back, he reached for Shane, hands not leaving him as Shane settled with his knees by Ilya's shoulders.

Nerves made themselves known again, but it was hard to care too much when Ilya was looking at him with so much love and desire that Shane felt close to bursting. He slowly lowered himself down, biting back a moan at how Ilya's eyes fluttered closed. Without really thinking about it, one of his hands came up to hold onto the headboard while the other found its way into Ilya's curls.

He felt Ilya's warm breath first, and even that small sensation against his hole made him groan. Ilya's hands pushed him further down, giving him no choice but to fully sit, and before

he could ask if Ilya was okay, Ilya started working his mouth and tongue against his hole, effectively wiping away any coherent thought.

“Fuck, oh my god,” Shane moaned, trying to keep still, but it took only one squeeze of Ilya’s hands around his thighs and a moan from Ilya sinking into his skin for Shane to start moving.

He still kept a firm grip on the headboard and a less firm one on Ilya, trying to keep the movements minimal. Ilya, however, seemingly did everything he could to make Shane lose all inhibitions and reservations. He licked around Shane’s rim, then slowly worked his tongue inside him, letting out these quiet noises that Shane felt down to his bones. He sucked at the sensitive skin, and Shane couldn’t help but chase the slight burn of Ilya’s stubble against his skin.

Slowly but surely, he got lost in the sensations, lost in Ilya, the warmth of his mouth and strength of his grip on Shane’s thighs. He threw his head back when Ilya did something with his tongue that made Shane shiver down to his toes, and noticed just how hard Ilya was, how his hips came off the bed in small thrusts he probably wasn’t even aware he was doing.

Irrationally, Shane wished Ilya could fuck him and eat him out at the same time, and the idea made him moan. Maybe they could figure something out when Shane didn’t feel like his brain was mush from Ilya’s mouth on him. For now though, he grinded against Ilya’s mouth in small movements, mostly letting Ilya set the pace until he felt like he was dangerously close.

Tightening his fingers in Ilya’s hair, Shane pulled him back as he sat up, and the words he meant to say fizzled out of his mouth at the honest to God whine Ilya let out, at the redness of his mouth and haziness of his eyes. He looked just how Shane felt, love drunk, lust drunk, completely lost in what they were doing.

“Want you inside me,” Shane said.

“Da, yes,” Ilya rasped out.

Shane flopped down onto his back while Ilya got up to grab the lube, leaving the condom behind at the shake of Shane’s head. Ilya made quick work of opening Shane up more as they kissed, slow and indulgent, both needing a moment to breathe if this was going to last more than ten seconds.

Once Ilya settled between Shane’s legs, guiding his cock to Shane’s hole, Shane took his face into his hands and kissed him once more.

“I love you so much,” he said in Russian, and he felt himself choke up, realizing how when he was last here he wouldn’t have understood those words, wouldn’t have thought feeling them for anyone, let alone Ilya Rozanov, was possible.

Ilya pushed inside him, slow and careful, always so careful with Shane, and said, “You are the love of my life, Shane Hollander.”

Shane pulled him back down to kiss him, matching the languid rhythm of Ilya's thrusts, still getting completely lost in this no matter how often he got to experience it.

"So good, fuck," Shane whispered against Ilya's lips, hooking one leg around his waist. "Perfect every time."

The noise Ilya let out gets swallowed up between their lips, and he started fucking Shane harder, kissing him deeper. It didn't take long for Shane to get close, barely a moment longer for Ilya to notice it. He reached down to wrap his hand around Shane's cock, only barely breaking the kiss to rasp out, "Yes, c'mon, want to feel you. I love you."

His orgasm hit him through his entire body, back arching off the bed, toes curling, lips forming moans and Ilya's name as he came between them. Through the haze, he tugged at Ilya's hair, whispering encouragements until he felt Ilya shake above him, felt him coming inside Shane, making him shiver.

Ilya pulled out, but then simply collapsed onto Shane, making him laugh. He wrapped his arms around his husband, kissing his hair and temple as far as he could reach without moving, but he only let it go on for a few moments before he made a very grumbly Ilya move.

Once they were cleaned up, they went through their nighttime routine together, actions as familiar as they were heartwarming, before settling back into bed together. Shane sat propped up against the pillows, glasses on, while Ilya settled between his legs, head resting on Shane's chest.

Shane absentmindedly played with Ilya's curls with one hand while holding his Kindle in the other, and after a chapter noticed the time.

He tugged on Ilya's hair just a little, making him look up.

"It's after midnight," he said. "Happy anniversary, mon amour."

Ilya's smile was the brightest thing in the world when he replied, "Happy anniversary, moy vozlyublenniy."

End Notes

thank you for reading, comments and kudos appreciates as always <3

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