time can't stop me quite like you did

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time can't stop me quite like you did

by princebutt

Summary

> “What did they say?” Ilya asks mildly, though Shane is sure Ilya can read on his face that it isn’t good news.
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> “We haven’t been upgraded to the honeymoon suite,” Shane teases as he runs a hand through his hair. He moves to sit on the couch beside Ilya, and scritches right between Anya’s ears, which causes the content pup to rest her head against Ilya’s thigh. “Powerline is down near the restaurant and they’ve lost power. They said they’ll get us rescheduled as soon as possible,” he says with a little shrug.
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> When a thunderstorm changes their plans on their fourth wedding anniversary, Shane and Ilya have to do some quick thinking.

Notes

> Idk yall this is just a lil thing I wrote as a happy anniversary to Shane and Ilya. Since Rachel said in a q&a a few days? weeks? back that it was July 10, I wanted to write a lil thing for them! I love a good commemorative fic for important dates, what can I say?

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane isn't trying to be dramatic when he hangs up the phone, but he sort of has a natural flair for that. He huffs as he ends the call and crosses his arms over his chest as he glares very pointedly out of the window. Fat raindrops are pelting the glass, and in the distance thunder rumbles while lightning dances across the sky. It's been gloomy in Ottawa all week, and of course the clouds burst today, on their anniversary, the day they were supposed to go and try the new French restaurant that just opened up downtown. And, of course, a tree has downed a powerline near them, leaving the restaurant without power and unable to honor any reservations for the evening. If it weren't already seven o'clock, Shane would call around and see where else they could get in. Though, it is a Thursday, so he feels like odds would be in their favor. But the rain has really dampened his mood, and he tosses his phone aside as he loosens his tie and steps into the living room where Ilya is cuddling with Anya on the couch.

"What did they say?" Ilya asks mildly, though Shane is sure Ilya can read on his face that it isn't good news.

"We haven't been upgraded to the honeymoon suite," Shane teases as he runs a hand through his hair. He moves to sit on the couch beside Ilya, and scritches right between Anya's ears, which causes the content pup to rest her head against Ilya's thigh. "Powerline is down near the restaurant and they've lost power. They said they'll get us rescheduled as soon as possible," he says with a little shrug.

Ilya leans in and presses a kiss to Shane's forehead, then his fingers catch Shane's chin as he tilts his face up and presses a chaste kiss to his lips. "I'm sorry moya lyubov," Ilya murmurs against his lips, and Shane huffs out his breath, pouting like a petulant child, because he hates when plans get changed. Sometimes he can deal with impulsivity, but when it's something he's been looking forward to, he doesn't always handle it well. Ilya knows as much, and his thumb strokes across Shane's cheek in a soothing motion.

"Is not a fancy french dinner, but… I have an idea," Ilya says, and he stands, adjusting his suit pants and shedding his jacket so he can roll up his shirt sleeves. "You stay with Anya, I will take care of dinner." He puts the remote in Shane's hand then heads into the kitchen where he rustles around. Shane listens for a moment, wondering what Ilya is up to. Ultimately, though, he decides to let himself be surprised. He starts up the TV and chooses a random action movie they'd started earlier today, picking up where they'd left off.

The weather outside continues; rain lashes against the house, thunder grumbles, making its presence known, and flashes of lightning light up the dark living room every now and then. Shane pauses the movie after only a few minutes and kicks off his shoes, then moves so he's curled around Anya and just watches the storm out of the french doors that lead onto their patio. It's tranquil, the way mother nature rages, and he finds solace in the wind howling and the rain pit-patting. Anya rests her head on Shane's forearm, and he absently strokes her fur, soothed by the storm sounds and the general clatter of Ilya in the kitchen.

Four years. He's spent four years wrapped up in Ilya, surrounded by his storm. Because Ilya is like a storm – wild and unpredictable, brash and confident and capable of upheaval and change. Ilya is ostentatious and bright, brilliant as lightning forking through downy gray clouds, while still being gentle and soothing, the rumble of thunder against the hum of the

storm. He swept Shane away, wrapped him up in his clouds and chose to show him his sunshine, too. Every day Ilya chooses sunshine, despite the storm. Every day Ilya chooses Shane, and Shane sees the clouds part and the brightness of his smile will always be the light at the end of Shane's tunnel.

This weather also seems fitting for their relationship; it hasn't always been easy, it hasn't always been safe or carefully curated for the many eyes that watch them closely, but it's *theirs* , and no one can change their path or cut them short. They're as unstoppable as a storm, and Shane is proud of that.

Four years. Four years of Ilya, of the Ottawa Centaurs, of married life and playing as husbands for the NHL. Four years of laughter and neck kisses and stubble scraping against skin. Four years of assists and goals, of powerplays that lead to winning games, of being embraced by a team that knows them and cares about them, not just the money they can make them.

These four years have felt like the blink of an eye, while also feeling like the slow creep of a gentle yawn that stretches time and warps space. It feels like everything and nothing, like plenty of time and also not enough, because they'll never have enough time. Shane wants all of Ilya's time, wants every one of his midnights, wants to be the first thing he sees every morning. He'll never give this up – Ilya is his forever, and Shane is so sure of that.

There's a small crash and a string of Russian curses, then Ilya is laughing and Shane is sitting bolt upright on the couch. "Is everything –"

"Is fine, Shane. Nothing is broken. Dinner is almost ready," Ilya calls, and Shane's lips quirk up in a soft smile, the intimate kind that only Ilya knows. He leans back against the couch and Anya tucks in beside him, which Shane finds comforting. He goes back to stroking her soft fur, and Shane peaks up when Ilya comes around the corner with two plates and two cans tucked under his arm. One of Shane's eyebrows quirks up as he's handed one of the plates and a gingerale, and immediately, without abandon, he laughs. It's a soft joyous noise, one that rings with the memory this moment inspires.

Tuna melts.

He should have known Ilya was up to something. "Just like back in your place in Boston. How long ago was that now?" Shane asks, not really expecting Ilya to know.

But of course he knows. Ilya never forgets. "Was 2016," he says easily, and Shane's grin only widens as he presses a kiss to Ilya's shoulder, the closest and easiest thing to get his mouth on in this moment.

"Almost ten years," Shane admires the time they've crossed with a hushed tone, and he tosses a chip into his mouth, chewing thoughtfully. "We've known each other close to twenty years," he muses as he eats another chip, then sets his plate down so he can wiggle out of his suit jacket. Ilya helps him, then sets the jacket aside and leans back and takes a bite of his sandwich.

“Twenty years is not so long, really,” Ilya teases once he’s chewed thoughtfully and swallowed. Shane takes a bite of his own sandwich and watches as the lightning blasts outside and illuminates the outline of Ilya’s profile. He’s beautiful like this – relaxed, in his home, at peace. Shane likes being his peace. He likes being the place Ilya calls home, the place that houses his heart.

“What’s twenty more, eh?” Shane jokes right back as he elbows his husband in the side and takes another bite, his grin mischievous.

Ilya nods solemnly and takes a bite of his pickle spear. “At least twenty more,” he agrees. They continue eating, and Shane can’t help but think about the years that stretch out in front of them, languid and luxurious and all theirs. He wants to do everything with Ilya, and he especially wants to grow their family, to make a life together that’s something to be proud of, to create a legacy off of the ice. He wants to do that with Ilya.

As he finishes his sandwich, Shane clears his throat. “So, uhh, I’ve been thinking –”

“Shocking,” Ilya intercedes, deadpan. Shane pushes his shoulder and chuckles.

“Shut up, just listen. I want… to have a family with you. I want us to like, do that. To be dads and have kids and… I want it all. With you.” It seems silly to admit now, because they’ve been married for four years. They’ve talked about this in ‘what if’s and ‘someday’s, but it’s never been real and tangible, never been something they would have in the now. But Shane is ready for one day to be today, for down the road to be now. “I think… I want to start talking about kids. Seriously. Looking into surrogacy or adoption, you know? It’s a long process, it could take us some time. We should start now.”

Ilya is quiet and Shane holds his breath, waiting. They’re both still playing hockey, and they’re both still in their prime, really. But what if Shane just… retired? What if this was his new life, what if this was what he chose to do? He feels oddly at peace with this idea – Maybe he plays a few more seasons and then he becomes a full time dad. Maybe his life can be more than hockey. And that’s a scary thought, but one he’s ready to entertain.

“We are both still playing hockey, Shane,” Ilya points out carefully, because as much as he jokes about Shane retiring early and Ilya playing another eight seasons, he never means it. Shane knows Ilya wants to play the rest of his career side by side, two minds melded, completely unstoppable.

“We are. But… we won’t be forever.”

“Are you going to retire?” Ilya’s tone is lightly accusatory, and Shane’s breath catches as he puts a steadying hand on Ilya’s forearm.

“No, not right now. But… I want us to be ready. And I’m not going to keep playing hockey forever, as much as I want to think I might. I want to be a dad. I want to start thinking about it,” he admits hesitantly.

Ilya chews over his words. He thinks hard, brow furrowed and fingers reaching out to intertwine with Shane’s. “We will start doing our research, but no rash decisions,” Ilya says

as he holds up one finger. Shane laughs, and leans in to kiss Ilya once on the cheek then on the lips for good measure.

“You know me, Rozanov. Not an impulsive bone in my body.” Shane chuckles and gathers their plates, stepping into the kitchen to rinse them off and set them in the dishwasher. He returns to the couch and curls into Ilya’s side, resting his head on his shoulder and sighing against his collarbone.

“I love this life we’ve made together,” he says, voice soft with content and full of adoration for the man he’s lucky enough to spend his life with.

“I would not change it for the world,” Ilya agrees as he runs his hand through Shane’s hair. “Ya tebya lyublyu.”

“Love you, too,” Shane murmurs into Ilya’s skin as the storm continues raging around them.

End Notes

Short and sweet, y'all. If you liked please consider leaving kudos or a comment, they are so so appreciated!

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