

“I love you so much it sucks.”

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“I love you so much it sucks.”

by [dntat](#)

Summary

Canon-compliant oneshots showing some sweet moments between Shane and Ilya.

Ch1. The Playlist - Ilya is surprised at Shane's new musical knowledge (G)

Ch2. The Tattoo - Shane is hiding something and Ilya doesn't like it. Until he does. (T)

Ch3. The Kitten - What has black hair, intense eyes, and a snarky attitude? Ilya is about to find out. (T)

Chapter 1: The Playlist

Chapter Notes

Inspired by the [Rüfüs Du Sol](#) vid and Rachel's [Heated Rivalry playlist](#) on Spotify!

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

Shane drove like an old grandpa.

Or at least that's what it felt like to Ilya, who was slouched in the passenger's seat of their sensible, weather appropriate, boring SUV. Leaning his head against the window, he watched as the scenery slowly, ever so slowly, slid past.

"You drive like an old grandpa," he said, because it was true and because he liked the face Shane made when he said it.

"I'm going twelve above the speed limit," Shane replied. He had his hands at ten-and-two on the steering wheel and was barely even slumped in his seat. Ilya wanted to bite him.

Instead, he turned back to his phone, scrolling through his playlists. A song caught his eye, and soon synthetic pop beats filled the car.

"Do you recognize this?" Ilya asked, tapping his fingers against his thigh.

Shane shot him a glance from across the car. "Of course I do. We danced to it at our wedding."

Ilya smiled at the memory of having Shane in his arms, nervous and beautiful, as they slowly swayed on the lawn, too absorbed in each other to match the upbeat song. It was still one of his favourite memories.

He clicked to another song and a jagged guitar chord rang out.

"What about this one?" Ilya asked, just for his own amusement. Shane cocked his head to the side, listening. "All My Life by the Foo Fighters," he said after a moment.

Ilya's eyebrows rose in surprise and he turned to look out the window so Shane couldn't see. Scrolling quickly, he picked another song.

"Under You by Nick Jonas," Shane said before Ilya could even open his mouth.

Ilya selected another song. Shane hesitated. "Something About Us by... something to do with punks? Dumb Punks?"

A disbelieving smile spread across Ilya's face. "Did you hit your head in practice when I was not looking? How are you knowing these songs?"

Ilya could see the blush that was creeping across Shane's features, staining his cheeks a delicious pink. "I've been... listening," he said.

"Listening to what?"

"To your playlists. When I go running. If I have time after the Russian lessons. These are all from the one with songs that remind you of us. It's the... nineteenth one."

The car was filled with nothing but atmospheric bass as Ilya stared at his husband. His heart felt it might burst. That his driven, determined, meticulous husband would use his limited free time this way... He couldn't stop the smile that split his face. "Only you could turn listening to music into a challenge you could win," he laughed.

Shane's blush deepened. "Shut up. Don't make it weird. I just... wanted to know what you were talking about. To get your references."

Reaching over, Ilya gently pried Shane's hand off the steering wheel and laced their fingers together. "It is very weird," he said softly. "Very you. Very perfect."

Shane shot him a small smile and gave his hand a squeeze.

Ilya let the song play as their joined hands rested on his thigh. Looking over at Shane again, a wave of contentment and gratitude rolled over him, so fierce that it almost stole his breath away. He was so lucky to have this beautiful, relentless man, who, in his own unique ways, always made sure Ilya knew he was chosen over everything else.

"Ya tebya lyublyu," Ilya said. *I love you.*

"Ya lyublyu tebya vsegda," Shane replied with only the slightest hint of an accent. *I love you always.*

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are like sunshine after a long, dark winter. ❤️

You can also shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#).

Chapter 2: The Tattoo

Chapter Summary

Shane is hiding something and Ilya doesn't like it. Until he does.

Chapter Notes

[Inspired by the SEX SELLS tattoos!](#)

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

Ilya needed to get up.

He had been laying on the couch for hours. The TV had been on at one point. He couldn't remember when he turned it off, the mindless shows and flashing commercials having turned more irritating than entertaining.

He needed to get up and do something. Otherwise he was going to wind up in a mental space he didn't want to be in.

Maybe he already had.

It was just that the cottage was so *quiet*. Even Anya wasn't providing any distraction, having fallen asleep after the long walk they had gone on earlier.

He checked his phone, but nothing held his interest. He stared at the TV. His own dark reflection stared back at him. He looked away.

It was just that.

Shane had left a few hours ago. To see Hayden.

It was a perfectly normal thing to do. They were friends. Best friends. The two of them deserved time to catch up. Ilya knew it. He *knew* it.

But Shane had been a little weird about it. A little evasive. When Ilya had mentioned coming along to see the kids, Shane had gone pale, and then quickly shut down the idea.

“Actually, it’s just going to be me and Hayden, not a family visit.” Shane had said, already halfway out the door. “You know, so we can catch up. It’s been a while.”

Why? The question had circulated in Ilya's head all afternoon. *What do you want to say to him that you cannot say in front of me?*

He hated the thread of jealousy that was tightening around his heart. He trusted Shane with his entire being. But trust didn't erase the dark part of his brain, the part that whispered that Shane Hollander had finally realized Ilya Rozanov *was not worth it*. That he was too much effort. That he was too much trouble.

He was still on the couch, staring at nothing, when he heard Shane's Jeep pull into the driveway. Grabbing the remote, he quickly turned the TV on and schooled his features into an expression of cool indifference.

Shane stepped in. His long hair was tied up, and he had his glasses on. There was a rip in the collar of his t-shirt. He looked effortlessly, infuriatingly gorgeous.

"Hey. How's it going?" he asked, smiling at Ilya a little tentatively.

"Fine," Ilya said with a lazy shrug as he turned off the TV. "How was your time with Hayden?"

"Good. He's good. Says they have some new rookies coming onto the team that seem promising for next season."

Shane toed off his shoes and lined them up neatly at the door, before beginning to empty his pockets onto the side table. Keys, wallet, phone. Always in the same place.

"Did you need to be alone to talk about Montreal's new recruits?" Ilya couldn't stop the slight edge that crept into his voice.

Shane's eyes snapped to Ilya, and he quickly crossed the room to join him on the couch. He sat, Ilya noticed, with a bit more care than usual. As if he was injured. Ilya frowned, and was about to say something when Shane spoke first.

"I, uh. I got something. While I was out."

Ilya let his head fall back against the couch, a picture of disinterest. "Oh? Matching friendship bracelets with your best friend Hayden?"

Shane ignored him, and instead of pulling something out to show Ilya, he began to pull up the leg of his shorts. Ilya's eyebrows rose.

"What are you doing, Hollander?"

Shane didn't answer. Instead, he kept pulling the fabric up.

Ilya's breath caught in his throat.

There, on Shane's perfect, unblemished skin, was a tattoo. Fresh and slightly inflamed.

Илья

It was *his name*, written in Cyrillic. *In his own handwriting*. He remembered Shane asking him to write it out for him a few weeks ago. He had thought it was just a passing curiosity. But no. Shane's skin now permanently bore his name as *he* knew it.

Ilya reached out and gently ran a finger over the transparent dressing. All the insecurity, the jealousy, the creeping darkness of the afternoon evaporated, burned away by the stunning, permanent mark etched into Shane's skin.

He finally looked up, meeting Shane's gaze. His husband was watching him with an expression torn between fear and hope.

"You..." Ilya couldn't find the words he needed. "You said you were with Hayden," he said instead.

"I was," Shane said. "For a bit. Then I went and got this done." He bit his lip. "I'm sorry I was weird about everything before I left. I wanted it to be a surprise."

Ilya ran a gentle finger over the dark ink in Shane's skin once more. "Shane..."

"And," Shane continued, the anxiety in his voice retreating as Ilya continued to admire the tattoo. "I wanted something about you on me permanently. The way you have with the loon. Because I will always be yours, Ilya."

Ilya couldn't take any more of this. He surged forward, capturing Shane's lips in a deep kiss. When they broke apart, both were breathless. Ilya rested his forehead against Shane's as his eyes were once more drawn to his name on Shane's thigh.

Shane was grinning widely, his nervousness replaced with giddy relief. "So you like it?"

Ilya looked at the tattoo once more. A permanent claim on the person he loved most in the world.

He gave a half-shrug. "Ehn. Is okay."

Shane laughed as he punched Ilya in the shoulder. "You're such a dick."

Ilya pushed his husband down onto the couch, covering his body with his own. "I will show you how much of a dick I can be," he murmured with a thrust of his hips.

Shane's laughter turned into a gasp as Ilya kissed him again. And while there wasn't any more talking, the cottage was no longer quiet. It was filled, finally, with the only person Ilya had ever really needed to hear.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos are like a tattoo healing with no itching. A beloved miracle, not to be taken for granted.

You can also shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#).

Chapter 3: The Kitten

Chapter Summary

What has black hair, intense eyes, and a snarky attitude? Ilya is about to find out.

Chapter Notes

This was inspired by the exchange between Ilya and Shane about getting a cat in TLG (Shane is into it, Ilya is not) and [Furrari, the F1 Paddock Cat](#).

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

The loss was a tough one to accept, because it *shouldn't* have been a loss.

The Centaurs had been playing the Brooklyn Scouts. They were one of the lowest-ranking teams in the league, and it *should* have been an easy win. There had been plenty of opportunities for the Centaurs to score, yet somehow, barely any of them panned out.

On the flip side, while the Scouts had fewer opportunities at the net, they seemed to have more luck on their side. In the final minutes, the game had been tied at 2-2. Then, with seconds left on the clock, the Scouts centre had slipped past all of them and scored, winning the game.

The loss wasn't anyone's fault, but from the heavy silence in the locker room, it seemed that most of the team was taking it personally anyways. Even Bood and Dykstra, who could usually shake off a loss and bring the energy back to the team, were quiet tonight.

Shane was definitely feeling the weight of it. As he trudged back to the bus that would bring them back to the hotel, he replayed every scoring opportunity he missed, every pass that just wasn't tight enough. He cast a side-eyed glance at Ilya as they walked. His husband had been on the ice during those final moments, and the tense set of his jaw told Shane he wasn't over how the game had played out either.

They were just steps away from the bus, both lost in their own thoughts, when Shane heard it. A faint sound, so quiet he almost ignored it. But then he heard it again, and stopped. Ilya glared.

"Hold on," Shane said, moving towards the noise.

"Where the fuck are you going?" Ilya yelled after him. Ignoring his husband, Shane followed the sound. It took a few false turns and an unfortunate moment when he had to get on his hands and knees to look under a particularly low-set sports car, but he finally found the source. Tucked behind the wheel of a truck was a tiny kitten.

"How did you get here?" he whispered as he scooped the kitten up. It was a wretched little thing. Its black fur was matted with dirt, its eye seemed a bit goopy, and Shane could feel the delicate lines of its ribcage under his fingers.

For a moment, he wondered what the fuck he was doing. This kitten was filthy and probably had fleas or some other gross issue. He needed to find someone to drop it off with, get back on the bus, and wash his hands about twenty times at the hotel.

But then the kitten looked up at him with its big yellow eyes and mewed pathetically.

"Oh, fucking hell," he muttered. Resigned to his fate, he pulled his suit jacket open and, with a wince – the kitten really was quite dirty – tucked the shivering ball of fluff next to the warmth of his chest.

"Hollander!" Ilya snapped from across the parking lot. "Let's go!" Rolling his eyes, Shane gently jogged back to his impatiently waiting husband, avoiding Ilya's glare as he slipped past him and onto the bus.

A moment later, Ilya was in the seat next to him. "What were you even doing out there?" he asked. The biting note was gone from his voice, and Shane took the question for the apology it was.

"Look," Shane answered quietly as he carefully pulled his jacket lapel back.

Ilya looked. Two bright yellow eyes looked back at him.

"Shane," Ilya said. "Did you steal a kitten?"

"I found it. It was all alone. It's starving."

The kitten meowed, catching Wyatt's attention from across the aisle. He leaned over. "Whatcha got there, Hollzy?"

Shane had no choice. He opened his jacket a little more, and a tiny black head poked out.

"A kitten!" Wyatt's voice was full of surprise, and quickly brought the attention of the rest of the team, who immediately began taking turns crowding around Shane and Ilya's seats.

Bood leaned over the back of his seat, holding out a finger for the kitten to sniff. It did, and then bit him. Unphased, Bood smiled widely. "I think it likes me," he said. He seemed to have forgotten his previous bad mood.

Troy pulled out his phone and snapped a few photos. Shane didn't mean to make a face, but Troy looked chagrined anyways. "Harris will kill me if he hears about this and I don't send him any pictures," he explained, a blush colouring his cheeks.

Soon, all the team members had stopped by Shane's seat to say hello to the little kitten, and the mood on the bus was noticeably more upbeat as they pulled into their hotel.

Amid the general chaos of the team getting their stuff together and getting off the bus, Shane turned to meet Ilya's eyes. "We're keeping it."

Ilya stared back, his expression unreadable, before he wordlessly turned and grabbed their bags.

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In their hotel room, Shane placed a towel on the king-sized bed, and then gently placed the kitten on it. The kitten immediately left the towel to explore the bed. Shane grimaced as it dug its dirty claws into one of the pillows. "I need to go get some stuff for him," he said, grabbing his wallet. "Will you watch him for me? And don't let him touch too much stuff until I get back and can wash him?"

"Him?" Ilya asked. It was one of the first things he had said since they reached the hotel. "How are you so sure?"

Shane shrugged. "It's just a feeling. I'll be right back. I think there was a dollar store a few blocks down that might still be open."

Twenty minutes later, Shane was back with litter, food, and a few tiny toys. He pressed his keycard against the door and opened it slowly. He was surprised to hear that the room was silent. A part of him had expected to find half the team there, playing with the tiny kitten.

But what he found was even better. Ilya was laying on the bed, watching tv with the volume down low. And on his chest, rising and falling with every breath he took, the little kitten lay fast asleep.

Shane felt something hot run through his veins and prickle at his skin. He had felt it enough times since he was seventeen that he knew what it was now. It was love, a passionate, all-encompassing love for this beautiful man in front of him. He closed the door gently behind him and walked to the edge of the bed.

"Looks like you two have gotten comfortable," he whispered. "It'll be a pity to wake him up to wash him."

Ilya's lazy eyes met Shane's. "I have already washed him. While you were out shopping."

Shane thought his heart might burst.

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The next morning, the team loaded back on the bus to make their way to the airport to catch their plane. Shane was once again grateful for chartered flights, and not having to deal with the usual levels of security that came with flying public.

As they boarded, Ilya began executing the plan they had formulated last night. Mainly, he began flirting with the check in attendant at the plane door. Completely distracted by the full force of Ilya's charm, she barely looked as Shane stepped on the plane, a purring bundle of black fur hidden in his jacket.

Settled in his seat, Shane took the kitten out and began waving his sweater drawstring around. The kitten immediately began pouncing and batting at it.

"That went better than expected," he said once Ilya sat down beside him.

"Of course it did, I am very distracting," Ilya replied, a familiar half-smile playing about his lips. He seemed to be in a better mood after yesterday's loss. Getting a good night's sleep probably helped. So had, Shane privately thought, the blowjob he had given Ilya in the shower that morning.

Ilya watched the kitten attempt to climb up Shane's chest, his tiny claws pricking into his sweater. "You know," he said conversationally, "You are very, what is the word... the same, you and this kitten."

Shane shot him a suspicious look as he pulled the kitten off his chest and put him back on his lap, where it meowed at him and immediately began trying to climb up his front again. "You mean similar? How so?"

"You are both cute." Ilya said, and Shane rolled his eyes. Ilya ignored him. "You are both grumpy. You both get very focused on one thing and will not let it go. And," Ilya smiled in a way that sent an inappropriate jolt to Shane's cock, "you both whine when you do not get what you want." Ilya's eyes were full of laughter. "He is a furry version of you."

Shane tried to glare, but a smile tugged at his lips. "You're ridiculous."

Ilya reached over and scooped the kitten up from where it was attempting to climb Shane's chest again. It looked tiny in his large hand. "See? Even the size is right."

"Hey," Shane protested, laughing now. "I am not small."

"Shane," Ilya said. "You are the shortest player on the team. Probably in the whole league."

"That's just straight up not true," Shane said. "And he's way cuter than me."

Ilya stared at his husband, who was still smiling up at him. He took in Shane's messy bun, his dark eyes, his scattering of freckles. Ilya shook his head. "No one," he said seriously, "is more cute than you."

Shane felt a blush heat his cheeks. He leaned his head against Ilya's shoulder to hide it. "So what do we name my mini-me?"

Ilya regarded the kitten for a moment. "Feliks," he finally said.

Shane looked down at the little kitten that Ilya had placed back on his lap. "That means lucky, right?"

“Da,” Ilya said. “Because he is lucky that you found him. You will be a good cat dad.”

A wave of warmth spread through Shane's chest. "Feliks," he repeated softly. "I love it." He turned to look up at Ilya. "I love you."

Ilya's hand settled on his thigh, giving a gentle squeeze. "I know, kotenok. I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

Anya is initially skeptical of Feliks, but then they become best friends and nap in front of the fireplace together.

kotenok = kitten in Russian, according to Google Translate.

Comments and kudos are like when a kitten picks your lap for a nap - nothing feels better.

You can also shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#).

Also, this is Ilya:



Corporate needs you to find the differences
between this picture and this picture.



Ilya →

They're the same picture.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!