

you are still here, good

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by [Tequila1989](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are on vacation after their first brutal year playing together.

Notes

I had the idea in my head, but it took me a while to figure out how to put it into words.

I would not be able to finish without [dntat](#) and [shanehollandertwentyfour](#)!

They gave me praise, the right push, notes, and betaed the shit out of my grammar (and i'm eternally grateful). Thank you so much!

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

July 2022

Ilya spent a lot of his time not thinking about things. He didn't think about how he didn't want to move back to Moscow after his career was inevitably over. He didn't think about how there were so many attractive and available men around, who would be so much fun. He didn't think about Hollander in basically every aspect of his life: when he woke up alone, when he ate breakfast alone, when he was working out alone, when he was picking up. Absolutely not a thought about Hollander.

Except that those were the only thoughts that occupied his mind for years.

And now he stands on this yacht next to his teammates, and the day is so warm, and the sea is endless, and Hollander is right there, on a towel, sunbathing with headphones in his ears, because he recently discovered that he can consume two, three times the amount of hockey books if he listens to them.

Ilya talks to Young, and it all is so easy. They are there because one of their teammates is getting married, and some of the guys arrived to this tiny coastal town in France a couple of days early, and they decided that there is no better way to spend their NHL money than to rent a yacht for the day.

The conversation dies down, so he has nothing better to do than to go to Shane.

"You are so hot, Hollander."

Shane takes his headphones out and looks up at Ilya who is blocking his sun.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Love your abs. And arms. Very hot. You are already gaining weight!"

"I know, right?" They just won the Cup and by the end of the season both of them looked emaciated, bruised, with permanent bags under their eyes even though the only things they were doing were sleep, eat, play hockey, repeat. As soon as the immediate celebration was over, even Shane was approaching food with enthusiasm and poise.

"And I love these swim shorts," Ilya adds.

"Do you?" They are a pretty dark purple color, and shorter than most guys' board shorts.

"Could be shorter, but not bad. If you ditched them completely, I could have helped you with sunscreen on all your special places," Ilya teases, using his most seductive voice.

"Could *not* be shorter," Dykstra, who seemed to be asleep just a second ago on a towel next to Shane, chimes in.

"No one asked you, D," Ilya quips.

Shane blushes, as if he suddenly remembered that they are not alone. He gets up in an apparent attempt to run away.

Ilya takes his hand.

“Come with me!” Ilya smiles and leads him to the bow of the boat.

The view is perfect – calm sea in one direction, cliffs and caves in the other.

Ilya leads him to the very end of the boat, positions his arms in an apparent recreation of the Titanic scene, and hugs him from behind.

“Do you feel like flying, Hollander?”

Shane has the widest smile on his face, and yet he rolls his eyes.

“You are so ridiculous!”

“He is so right,” they are just a few steps away from Dykstra who apparently is still not asleep and listening to them from behind. “I don’t know who’s more ridiculous: you or these guys.” He waves at their very young teammate who is practically humping against his date to this wedding. They are both twenty-one and met right around the end of the regular season for Centaurs. And now he is a Stanley cup champion, and the girl is never leaving, and everyone has to witness their young passion.

“Oh no,” Ilya has a smirk on his face, “my marriage is so successful I can’t stop doing romantic shit with my husband,” Ilya says using his most mocking voice.

“My wife is right here!” Dykstra waves back to Caitlin, who is wearing her headphones, reading her kindle, and absolutely not paying attention to anything around her on her first vacation away from their kid.

“Well, maybe she would appreciate you playing Titanic with her as well. There are several scenes worth replaying. We have at least one more scene,” he says to Evan. “The one in the car.” That is directed to Shane, but he makes sure both of them hear it.

Dykstra pretends to gag. Shane turns red. “I’m going to jump into the water right now,” he practically hisses.

“If you jump, I jump, Jack!” Ilya bursts into laughter. Shane walked right into it. Ilya is living a perfect day.

September 2021

If anyone asked Ilya to explain what it is he loves about hockey, he would probably just shrug. The real answer is so complicated that none of his hockey buddies have an attention

span to listen to it. And he already answered this question when Galina wanted to examine what role hockey plays in his mental health. And also, there are things Ilya hates about hockey, but it seems like no one wants to hear anything that is not a complete and utter adoration towards the sport.

But what Ilya feels today about hockey is not love. It's a feeling so full and encompassing that he doesn't have a word for it in English or in Russian. Today he is going to skate with his husband, feelings for whom are also unnamed, because love is almost a meaningless word for what he actually feels. For the first time they are going on ice with their full team and prospects and under the supervision of their coach. And he almost can't believe it, like someone is about to send an e-mail, that there is a mix-up with the paperwork, and Shane doesn't have a spot on his team, or any team, for that matter.

He feels like a little kid going to sleep the night before Christmas, and knows that he's not going to have the most restful night, unlike Shane, who yawns, kisses his cheek and seems to fall asleep the moment his head touches the pillow, what a bore, but Ilya is okay with it. The excitement is going to carry him through the day, besides there are going to be approximately 30 guys hoping to make the team, at least half of them sleeping restlessly right now, just as he is.

They come to the rink together, hand in hand, Ilya's other hand holding the biggest cup of coffee from Starbucks. They have already had the media day, and the wedding besides that, and several occasions during the summer, so it's not like Shane hasn't met any of his new teammates, but skating together is different.

They enter the locker room, still smelling fresh for once, and Ilya tries to memorize it this way, because it's going to change, if not today then tomorrow. When they are noticed, it feels like the air shifts. Everyone stops talking, and looks at them, and Ilya almost can see how some of the guys square their shoulders and the expression in their eyes change.

It's their year. Everyone feels it, but no one will say it out loud, not now in the beginning of the camp, not in pre-season, maybe not until the end. But a lot of them would look back on this moment, when these two bozos walked into the locker room, and the decision was made.

It's not like they were not a professional hockey team before, Ilya Rozanov's addition several seasons ago is a clear indication of that, but this time it is serious. They are fueled not just by skill, but also by spite, and Ilya knows that because Shane is happy in the car on the way home. He is relaxed, and rambles about the facilities, and the forwards he wants to test on his line, and that trainer told him he did a good job with his summer training, (that is an equivalent of "you are such a good boy" in Hollander's mind) and that several of the veterans came to him and welcomed him to the team and told him that what happened in Montreal was not right, and they will do whatever it takes to make it right.

And no one wants to be the guy who lags behind with Hollander watching.

"They did not do that for me, when I came to the team," Ilya says.

"Well, I guess playing with the number one player in the league is different. Finally, someone professional here," Shane doesn't miss a beat. Ilya laughs and takes them home. He has seen

him naked approximately twenty minutes ago, but it is going to be different when he sees him naked again at home in another fifteen.

And when their home opener arrives, the stands are full, and the promise is made, and there is little doubt that they won't do everything possible to deliver.

July 2022

Ilya earns a lot of money, has for many years now. Still, having lunch on a yacht with a bunch of buddies in the South of France is something out of a movie for him. They are sitting under a canopy at the long table. He looks around, and Shane's casually talking to a guy over a plate of pasta with some seashells. Ilya probably should know his name, but he forgot, he only knows he plays in LA, because that's where the groom was traded from a couple of seasons ago. He bets Shane also doesn't remember his name, and is too polite to ask, because it would be an admission that this guy is not a good enough hockey player, that the players from a whole other conference take note. Shane is also weirdly self-conscious that everyone knows who he is already.

And everyone looks relaxed in their almost uniform half buttoned linen shirts, expensive sunglasses and women who had two and a half children on average yet still look like they were never pregnant. How come they all pretend so well that this is the lifestyle they were born into? Ilya squeezes Hollander's hand. He turns to him. "What?"

"Nothing." Does Shane ever think about anything like that, he wonders.

"If you say so," he reaches for his drink, some fruity cocktail, finishes it and starts to get up to get a refill at the bar.

Ilya stops him. "I'll get it for you."

"Thanks, baby," Shane brings their locked hands to his mouth, kisses Ilya's fingers and passes him his empty glass.

"Will you get me a beer?" Dykstra asks. "I can give you a kiss as well."

"Ugh, pass. Find your own husband to kiss and bring you drinks!" He says with a smile and leaves for the bar. Ilya hears Evan's wife laughing at him. "Do you want a husband? Should I pack, baby? Me and Susie are going to miss you, but not too much, don't worry." Ilya laughs at that.

There is a small buffet with tiny French desserts that Ilya has been eyeing for the last half hour, so his hands are going to be full, and maybe, he thinks, Shane will try a thing or two if he puts enough fruit on the plate next to the sweets.

He brings the plate and his drink back, eyes the table when he notices someone smoking, bumps a cigarette off of them and just relaxes.

“Is Roz smoking?” The nameless guy next to Shane has his eyes the size of plates. He is younger, and he is in a company of men who accomplished so much in the sport, and he surely believes that it’s only possible with the strictest discipline, and no vices. “Is it the first time you’ve seen him smoking?” He turns to Shane, scandalized.

“Of course not, oh my God. I’ve been trying to train it out of him for like ten years. We are almost successful,” Shane says, but he’s smiling.

“Not ten,” Ilya chimes in. “Maybe eight? I’m a vacation Ilya now. The wedding type.”

Ilya finishes his cigarette and tries to kiss Hollander.

“Get your ashtray mouth away from me!” Shane scrunches his face. “I guess It’s fine, he only does it occasionally now,” Shane concludes to the LA player. “I will be very mad if he dies of something like mouth cancer, tongue cancer, throat cancer or lung cancer. Or skin cancer since it’s also a battle to make him apply sunscreen as well.”

“I actually even reapplied already,” Ilya did it because everyone around him did it.

“You did?”

“Yes!”

“Get your ashtray mouth here, I’ll kiss you.”

Ilya has the silliest smile on his face listening to his husband listing all the possible cancers he can get. For him it sounds like a love letter.

2021/2022 Season

The first question every reporter asks that season is the same: what’s it like to have your husband on the ice with you? Shane and Ilya rehearsed their neutral answers with Farah – something about professionalism, about how they were just teammates like everyone else. What the reporters really want to know, of course, is whether the two of them have dirty sex in the locker room, or whether their marriage is some bizarre distraction for the team because they are both men, and apparently other men can’t stop thinking of the two of them going at it all the time. The answer, obviously, is no.

Ilya wants to tell the reporters every time, that maybe if they can’t stop fantasizing about them, it says more about those who ask the question than about Ilya or Shane.

Farah says there is no way he can do it and not cause the media to talk about them more. Shane says he would give Ilya a blowjob every time he manages not to say anything. In private, not in front of Farah. Ilya doesn’t think that he would be hurting for blow jobs either way, but keeps his mouth shut anyways.

In reality the team can barely remember that these two are married at all. Sure, they show up and leave together most of the time, but there are people on the team who also show up and leave together – they share houses or carpool. There are people who always sit on the planes and buses together – flying buddies and best friends, there is nothing strange about it. In fact, there are few indications day in and day out that they even like each other.

And it was definitely one of the things the team had to get used to, because it was very confusing. They would be arguing very passionately with each other about how many eggs is normal to consume per week, or how to get to a certain restaurant in the center of Ottawa faster, or a million other things that do not matter, but when asked if they are alright they both would look utterly puzzled.

“We are not fighting, I just had to prove that I was right. And you know what, we beat the Google Maps time with my route! And that’s because I knew a special parking space,” Shane says.

Ilya nods next to him, “Yes, very smart, I did not think about parking.”

The most confusing part is that they are so heated one moment, but give up the win with no hesitation the next.

“But pound-for-pound I bet I did more,” Ilya is half teasing, half serious with Shane, and others start to notice them going at it again in the team gym.

“That’s not how it works, you did twelve pullups, I did thirteen, I won!”

Ilya knows Shane won fair and square, but he has a little bit of hope he can trick him into giving the win to Ilya. And it ain’t over ‘til it’s over. “No, but you are like thirty pounds lighter, so I lifted like at least two of your reps extra or something.”

Shane is getting redder, as if he’s not catching onto Ilya’s game. “I’m not thirty pounds lighter, maybe twenty. It’s your choice to be so heavy.”

Ilya makes a face and says in a mocking voice, “It’s your choice to be so short.”

It was still the earlier part of the season, so Zane Boodram, who is extremely proud of his physique and still is trying to decipher what’s the deal with his cap and his A, and why they fight so damn much, jumps on a bar and starts to do pullups counting aloud.

“...ten..., eleven..., twelve..., thirteen..., fourteen,” He jumps off and turns to bickering spouses. “I just did fourteen, I win, I’m better than either of you. Move on!”

They turn to him and immediately turn on him. “Na-ah, it’s not working like that. If Hollander knew that he needed to beat you, I bet he could do fifteen,” Ilya immediately forgets what he is even doing here, defending his husband (it was foreplay, Shane should have known that, but it’s nobody else’s business).

“Exactly, it doesn’t prove anything, and you know what, pullups are not even useful in hockey!” Shane is a little mean, and Ilya is immensely proud.

Boodram blushes and Ilya gives him a pat on the back. “It’s fine, man. You still have time to improve at hockey.”

No one in the whole world knows that their competition is only about them, and no one else. And how in sync they are at turning against someone else together.

July 2022

They are sitting at the table far longer than Ilya is used to and after most people left. His brain is blissfully quiet, they are in the shade, and Shane is a little tipsy from his cocktails, which are so sweet, he’s surprised Shane has more than one. More than half.

“It’s like a smoothie, but with alcohol, what’s not to like? And fuck off, I’m a vacation Shane now.”

He stops drinking anyway and switches to water.

“Eh, the wedding is tomorrow, and I still want to swim and not drown.” Shane is reclining against Ilya now, and there is no better feeling. Shane usually has an overinflated feeling of what is socially acceptable, so Ilya is not too spoiled with endless PDA like he dreamed about before they were married, but vacation Shane is special. They get up after a while and go to the side of the yacht where a bunch of guys are swimming. Shane looks appraisingly at the nearby cliffs, some of which have what look like tiny beaches and caves.

“Do you think we can swim there?” He looks up at Ilya.

“Yes, we can,” it’s Wyatt who chimes in. “We asked.”

Shane smiles. “Wanna race?”

“Sure, what is the winner getting?”

“The usual,” Shane turns. “Anyone want to race to the beach?”

“Are we getting the usual, if we win?” Wyatt asks suggestively.

Shane blushes. “Fuck you, you don’t even know what the usual is!”

“And you are not winning anyway!” Ilya is full of himself. He’s actually bluffing, he’s a mediocre swimmer, and Shane knows it. But Shane is tipsier and maybe tired. He only has a chance if it’s the two of them, or others are even worse at swimming.

Ilya sees in the corner of his eyes that the guy from the lunch is volunteering, but is stopped by both Hazy and D. He takes Shane’s hand and they are almost ready to jump in, when he hears Wyatt explain that no one gets into their stupid competitions: if you win, they both turn on you and mock you, and if you lose, they both turn on you and mock you. He looks at

Shane, who is just as privy to the conversation, and maybe has a desire to give some explanation in defense of their relationship, because he is just so earnest, but the look in his eyes is playful. Because he actually knows what's up.

They jump in, get to the beach, and not even ten minutes later their buddies start to trickle in.

"No wonder you needed two superstars to win the cup. So slow," Ilya's accent is thicker, he is so relaxed.

"Oh my fucking god, we weren't racing," Dykstra says exasperatingly.

"That's exactly what you said when I just joined the team," chances are they already had this conversation more than once.

"And look at me now," Evan was the cup champ just as much as Hollander or Rozanov.

"Eh, your contribution to the team is questionable."

"Roz, I'm playing there, just like you!" Why he is so easily razed is a good question for Ilya to contemplate later.

"I don't know about that. When our team needed a little something something, I went out there, fucked a guy, and look, he's playing on our team now. I'm doubting your commitment," he presses on.

"Oh shut up, you knew him since you were seventeen," Evan is not letting go, but he is smiling now. Ilya is an asshole, but a lovable one. The marriage didn't make him mushier per se, but now he knows that's because the relationship with Shane probably did, and it was going on for several years.

"Maybe the trick is that it was the long game, I'm the most mastermind of all masterminds."

"Eh, you just got lucky that one time!"

"Or maybe that," and he goes to see where Shane is.

June 2022

But in the playoffs, when exhaustion presses on every muscle and nerves are frayed, their usual banter turns sharp. On the bench, in practice, even mid-game, they snap at each other and it sounds meaner and more aggressive. At first, the team thinks it is just as hilarious as usual. Then it starts to sound like real fighting.

"Okay, Hollander, all I fucking want from you is that when I pass a puck to you, you fucking catch it!"

“Oh yeah? Thank fuck you told me that. Finally, someone explained to me how hockey works! I was so lost for the last twenty five years of my life!”

They are in the conference final against Carolina, and the stress is palpable. They win the game anyway and go into the final. They won against the Bears in five games, that was pretty easy, and expected. The Bears got to the playoffs solidly as a wild card, but the last couple of weeks of the regular season crippled their team with injuries, and there was no time to replace the players properly and make it work. The second round was against Florida, who didn't stand a chance – even though they won the President's trophy, their first series was all seven grueling laborious games, but they gave their best.

By the time the finals starts everyone is tired and injured. The only positive thing is that their competition is just as tired and injured. They had five days to rest, and it's not nearly enough.

The Cup Final isn't hockey anymore, it's survival. Every shift feels like it might crack them open. Ankles and wrists are taped, bruises have bruises, more teeth are missing. Everyone lies to the trainers, everyone insists they are fine.

Ilya stops feeling his legs in the second period of what could be the last game. He skates anyway. Shane has probably bruised his lung, or so he tells Ilya in private, but he skates anyway.

Their insults are back on, and the truth is that's how they deal with reality all along. Under all the snapping and swearing, they don't doubt each other even for a second.

“Keep your legs moving!” Shane shouts at Rozanov from the bench.

“Don't forget to breathe!” Shane hears the next time he goes out for a shift.

They are in the last two minutes that feel like an eternity when you have to protect your one goal lead against six skaters. When Shane comes back, Ilya pats his helmet. “You are still here, good!” Shane gives him a smile and it fuels Ilya for his last shift of the season.

And then the horn blares, long and merciful, and everyone is on their feet, screaming, but it's complete silence in Ilya's head. It's like time has stopped, and the only thing that he can think of is to get to Hollander. They kiss while their teammates jump on them from all sides, and there is confetti in the air and on the ice, and so many people, but it doesn't matter. Shane's hair is wet under his palm, and they are both crying, so it's a little salty, and Shane can't even kiss for that long, because his breathing is still an issue, but it definitely is the best kiss they have ever had. He hopes some pervy journo takes a picture. He feels so overwhelmed with happiness he forgets how to speak, when the Cup is handed to him. Shane is there, so he thanks the official for him and gives Ilya a little push to have his round with the cup. That brings Ilya's soul back to his body, he roars, comes back and hands it to Shane, obviously. Shane is going to choose who's next, but for now Ilya is done, he can just exist here and allow himself to feel the all encompassing happiness.

July 2022

They are finally back at the hotel and alone and showered after a long day at sea. Shane is lying down on the couch when Ilya joins him and puts Shane's head on his thigh.

"Do you think they are like normal about us?" Shane asks some variation of this question every three months or so. Ilya figures he just needs to hear it.

"Our team is definitely normal; they had a year to get used to us being together. The others... I don't care, I think. There is nothing they can do to change anything, right?"

"Right."

Ilya bends down and kisses him. "Missed this all day!"

"No, you didn't! You kissed me enough today!"

Ilya takes Shane's hand and puts it on his crotch. "Not enough, and that's what I missed."

"Oh my fucking god," Shane laughs. He turns on his stomach, fishes Ilya's already hard dick out of his sweats and takes it in his mouth. Ilya puts a hand in his hair to help guide Shane and lets his head fall back on the couch.

"So fucking good, Shane." Ilya tugs Shane's shorts down and palms at his ass. "God, I love you!" He pants.

He brings his hand to Hollander's busy mouth so that he can wet two of his fingers with saliva and goes back to his ass to play with his rim. Shane moans around Ilya's cock.

Ilya feels he is getting closer than he likes. He pulls Shane off his dick.

"Let me lick your ass, sweetheart," Shane turns around on the couch. Ilya gives his ass a smooch and a slap and says, "Actually, let's go to the bed, yes?"

They both get up, get rid of whatever clothes they have on, and Shane dives onto the bed ass up.

Ilya palms Hollander's ass, gets his hands all over it and gets to his hole with his mouth.

"Fuck, ah, yeah, fuck yeah," Shane is moaning quietly.

He turns over his shoulder to look at Ilya who is kissing down his left thigh now, and spreads his legs wider to give his husband better access. He reaches with his hand into Ilya's hair just to feel him and smiles at him. "I love it when you do this."

"Yeah? I haven't noticed," Ilya kisses his thighs again before going back to his hole. "Love you!"

"Love you too, baby!"

Ilya looks up, "I was talking to your asshole," his smile is silly, and he gives it a lick.

"Yeah-yeah, it loves feeling your tongue in it," Ilya doubles down on his effort after hearing it. "Fuck yeah, can you please, ah, fuck my ass, that you love so much?" Shane pants. "Please, Ilya, just fuck it! That's all I want."

Ilya hums and gives it one last lick and slides up Hollander's body, kisses him along his spine, gets to his ear, kisses his neck and his cheek. "You want my big dick, da?"

Shane turns his head into a pillow and smiles. Since when has Ilya needed Shane to tell him he actually has a big dick? He extends his arm to grab lube from the bedside table and hands it to Ilya. "Da, fuck me with your big dick, big boy." They are both giggling.

Ilya slides down to his ass once more and starts fucking him with his tongue. Shane can't hold it any more. His moans become louder and more desperate. Ilya lubes his fingers and fingers Shane just to make sure he is actually open and relaxed for him. Then he puts some lube on his dick and tugs Shane up to his hands and knees. As soon as Shane feels a familiar blunt head at his entrance, he stills completely.

Ilya takes a minute to get all of himself inside and stops moving to give Shane a second to adjust. "Good?"

Shane moans yes and starts fucking himself on Ilya's shaft, back and forth.

"How does it feel?" Ilya wants to hear more.

"Fucking great! So full oh my fucking god," Shane is moving and moaning. He raises his torso and turns his head so Ilya can kiss him and give a couple of jerks to his cock. "Now you can fuck me properly with your big dick, sweetheart." Shane goes back on his elbows.

Ilya loves this man. He loves his body, and his soul, and their life together, but most of all he loves it when Shane is so confident, and talks dirty in bed, and makes it oh so clear to Ilya how much he is into it. So he caresses Shane's back, prays that this hotel has thick walls, gets a good hold onto his hips and gives Shane exactly what he is asking for.

Once Shane is close, Ilya sees him dropping one shoulder to reach for his dick, and Shane comes with a scream muffled by a pillow not even two minutes later. Ilya turns him over, climbs on his chest and starts jerking off on his face. Shane opens his mouth to try to catch some of Ilya's cum and that's what does it. Ilya comes with a shout, all over Shane's eyebrows, cheeks and lips. He falls down and kisses his own cum off of Shane's face. He knows he has approximately fourteen seconds before Shane remembers where they are and feels their cum drying all over his body.

And like a clock, "I'm so gross."

"You are so hot."

"I know, right?" Shane is smiling, like he had just achieved something. "Wannna go rinse off with me?"

Ilya kisses Shane's cheek. As if he would ever say no.

End Notes

Tell me if you liked it, leave kudos and have a great day!

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