can i have your heart in a plastic box?

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can i have your heart in a plastic box?

by unearthedlove

Summary

Shane knows it's silly to be annoyed by Ilya sleeping with "model-handsome men." For god's sake, Ilya has been in a committed relationship with Shane now for 5 and a half years and they've been married for 18 months. It's stupid.

(Or: Shane and Ilya attend their first All-Star Game together as a married couple and Shane learns some things from Cliff Marlow. Shane doesn't expect to get so possessive.)

Notes

heyyyyyyyy… sorry to anyone who read my two last fics that i ended up deleting… i started them and then got some of the worst writer's block ever, and unfortunately i just couldn't get back into them… it was hurting my head to look at them on my page and it didn't feel right to orphan them since they were incompleted.

THAT SAID! it's been so nice to have this resurgence in creativity and it's all thanks to these two boys. naturally i had to write this from shane's pov because i read heated rivalry/the long game and went "yup. the gay anxious one is now my client for life."

i know exactly nothing about hockey which is why there is exactly zero hockey in this and just an excuse to write possessive shane/hollanov. i tried to do like bare minimum research on the schedule of the all-star game in 2023 but changed the location to dc solely to incorporate my favorite dive bar in the city. sue me! it's a fictional world i can do what i want! i hope i did both of them justice and i'm very excited for what the tv show will inspire for me and everyone else in the fandom :)

title is from plastic box by jade.

See the end of the work for more notes

March 2017 - Montreal

Despite saying goodbye to Ilya almost an hour ago after having phone sex with him, Shane was still thinking about it. It was honestly, mostly, amazing. Every time with Ilya was always amazing, even when they kind of hated each other, which was decidedly not the case anymore, at least for Shane.

There was one part of the conversation Shane kept dwelling on though. He admitted to Ilya that he's only been with two other guys. Shane flushed every time he remembered he also admitted to Ilya that they couldn't compare because they weren't Ilya. He knows he has no reason to be embarrassed because Ilya seemed super into it. But he still can't help but fret over it.

Obviously, Shane knows Ilya has been with a lot of people, and most of them have been women. Shane's few sexual experiences with women have also been incredibly lackluster (although that's because he's gay, Ilya hook-ups excluded). But if Shane had to guess, Ilya has probably been with more men than Shane has. He exudes sexual confidence. For god's sake, Ilya admitted to hooking up with his coach's son, in Moscow, when he was a teenager! There's no way Shane would've ever been bold enough to try it. Although, he begrudgingly admits if that person was Ilya, he maybe would.

Shane knows he has no right to be jealous. They never said they couldn't hook up with other people, and Shane had a girlfriend only two months ago. It just… Shane worries sometimes that he's not enough for Ilya. That his lack of sexual experience will one day drive him away. He knows it's unfounded; Ilya has been hooking up with him since they were 19 and Shane was even more unexperienced then.

Shane shakes the thoughts out of his mind. It's fine. Ilya won't end things because of Shane's shockingly small list of sexual partners. And like all things Shane puts his mind to, he'll work hard to be the best sexual partner Ilya's ever had.

February 2023 – Washington, D.C.

"That's it, moy lyubimyy. Show everyone how well you bend over the pool table."

Shane giggles, flushing slightly as he lines up his shot. Ilya is standing over him, being a little shit, grinning cockily. But Shane is enjoying it. It's been a nice couple of days at the All-Star Game in U.S. Capital. It's the first one they've attended since Shane joined Ottawa, since the first year was the Beijing Olympics. It's been especially nice because Shane and Ilya were able to come an extra day early and go visit some of the museums around the National Mall. Ilya grumbled jokingly about Shane being boring and predictable, but Shane knew Ilya would love the Air and Space Museum and seeing the pandas at the National Zoo, which turned out to be very true.

It's been a good couple of days of hockey, and Shane and Ilya got to have a rematch on the fastest skater (they both lost in the end to a rookie from Seattle). The actual 3-on-3 games ended a couple of hours ago, with their team winning to the surprise of probably no one. Shane, Ilya, and Wyatt were selected from the Centaurs this year, with Ilya being selected as captain. Shane always feels a rush of pride for his husband whenever he gets to show off his leadership skills for everyone. Shane has never doubted Ilya's ability to lead, but the guys have repeatedly told Shane that since Shane and Ilya's relationship was revealed, he's really flourished. Shane aches to think he held back Ilya ever, but Ilya always assures him that it's not true and being open has only made him go from amazing to even more amazing.

They're currently at this bar across the street from the Capital One Arena in Chinatown called Rocket Bar. It has pool tables, shuffle boards, darts and numerous arcade games. Plus, it has cheap rail drinks and pitchers of beer, which is the perfect way for a bunch of hockey guys to relax after the All-Star Game. They've gotten to see a number of their friends they don't get to see too often during the year, outside of their scheduled games. Currently, they're playing pool with Cliff Marlow and Victor St-Simon, two of Ilya's former teammates on the Bears. They've been ribbing Ilya a lot about how whipped he is, which has caused Ilya to puff his chest out in pride. Shane has been resisting dragging him back to their hotel, so Ilya can fuck him because there's nothing sexier than an Ilya who's proud of their marriage.

Despite the teasing, both Cliff and Victor have been great about their relationship. Despite the fact they've been open for almost two years now, they still get homophobic slurs flung at them by fans and players alike. It's slowly but surely been getting better, but you never know who might hate them for being queer and openly in love with one another.

Shane finally takes his shot, even with Ilya lightly massaging his hip, hitting the 4 ball into the pocket. Shane gets a big kiss to his cheek for that. "Good boy. I'm going to get another drink; do you want something?"

Shane shakes his head, smiling softly. "No, I think I'm done with alcohol for the night. Can you just get me a water?"

Ilya gives him another kiss to the cheek, lingering longer this time. "Sure. I will be right back. Keep kicking their butts."

He asks Cliff and Victor if they want to split a pitcher, before heading to the bar to get another one. Shane goes back to concentrate on his shots. He makes his next shot, before missing the 6 ball, allowing Victor to set up his shot.

Shane is standing next to Cliff, standing in amicable silence when Cliff speaks up. "I know we're giving Roz shit, but you guys are great for each other."

Shane smiles. "Thanks, Cliff. That's nice of you to say." He's always liked Cliff, even after Cliff was the reason he broke his collar bone. He knows Cliff always felt horrible about that (Ilya chewed him out enough about it too), and he's apologized too many times over the years, so he's glad Cliff has stopped that for now.

Cliff smiles back, before laughing lightly. "I can't believe I never figured out Roz was bisexual before. It's so obvious now in hindsight."

Shane's eyebrow's furrow. "What do you mean?"

Cliff waves his hand a little dismissively. "Oh, just when we were on the Bears together and we would go out to the clubs together. Sometimes, he would disappear with these model-handsome men, and I always assumed he had gotten to another club to go pick up girls. But I realize now he was hooking up with them!"

Cliff laughs, Shane does not. "Model-handsome?"

Cliff laughs again, not realizing Shane is feeling a little self-conscious. "Oh, yeah. I mean, I'm not into guys or anything, but even I can admit when a guy is hot. Ilya always could pick up the hottest guy or girl. But that was so long ago at this point. He's so into you; it's a little nauseating." Cliff looks panicked for a second before he adds. "In a good way! It's nice to see him so happy."

Shane smiles or at least tries to. It might look like a grimace. Ilya of course chooses that moment to come back with a pitcher of beer and Shane's water in hand. "American beer is so disgusting, at least it is cheap. Here you go, moya lyubov."

Shane takes the water, feeling the need to down the water, so he doesn't start getting overwhelmed in this bar. Victor was able to net two balls before missing his third shot, so Ilya is stepping up to likely finish the game up. Shane knows it's silly to be annoyed by Ilya sleeping with *model-handsome men*. For god's sake, Ilya has been in a committed relationship with Shane now for 5 and a half years and they've been married for 18 months. It's stupid.

Ilya tells Shane how beautiful he thinks he is, to probably an extreme degree. The Centaurs make fun of them for it! That's how often he's doing it in social settings! And yet, he's feeling inadequate. It's hard not to sometimes. Shane knows he's good-looking, he's not *that* unaware. But Ilya is some sort of Greek God with how hot he is. It's one of the few things Ilya is truly confident about. Shane does not feel that way. He's always disliked his freckles, and he wishes he was taller and more masculine sometimes.

He tries not to retreat into his mind right now. They've had a lovely long weekend in DC with their friends. There is a ring sitting on his finger showing how devoted Ilya is to him. They've been talking about applying for adoption this summer. It's silly. There's no reason to be jealous of something that happened years ago.

And yet, as the night goes on, Shane can't help but notice how many *model-handsome* men and women keep looking at Ilya. Once the pool match finishes, he sees two guys at the bar looking at Ilya, appreciating his cocky smile. They go to play skeeball, and two women check out Ilya's ass as he throws the ball. And now they're playing darts with Wyatt, and Shane sees a group of 20-something men and women nearby who keep giggling and looking at his husband. He tries not to glare at them. Instead of glaring, he just wraps an arm around Ilya and leans his cheek against Ilya's shoulder. He feels a kiss pressed to his head before Ilya throws the dart. It's all so stupid.

It's nearing 1am when Ilya leans down to Shane's ear. "Do you want to leave?"

Shane looks up into his husband's face, so open and loving. He can tell Ilya will do whatever Shane wants to. It's a look Shane sees every day, all day. And that's the thing that shakes him out of his funk. Ilya is *Shane's*, not anyone else's. And he's going to remind his husband of that back in their hotel room.

Shane brings a hand up into Ilya's hair, twisting his hands into Ilya's beautiful curls. He uses it as leverage to pull Ilya down into a sultry kiss. "Let's go back to the hotel."

Ilya's eyes are dark with lust. Shane grins, feeling a little wild with the power he has over his husband. "Let me go close the tab. Call the car." He kisses Shane hotly before heading to the bar. Shane smirks, going to find Wyatt to let him know they're leaving, and they'll see him at the airport tomorrow. He gives Shane a big hug, making Shane laugh. He loves their goalie so much.

Ilya sneaks up behind them. "Hazy, release my husband."

Wyatt drops Shane, grinning at Ilya. "Roz, relax. No one is taking him away from you." He winks at Shane before continuing. "Although, if anyone could do it, it'd be me." Shane laughs again.

Ilya smirks. "In your dreams. We will see you tomorrow at the airport, yes? You are okay to get back to hotel?"

Wyatt claps Ilya on the back. "Yes, cap. I'll probably leave soon. Go enjoy your time alone, you horndogs. I'll see you for our flight tomorrow."

Shane flushes but doesn't deny the reason they're leaving. No point anyways when Wyatt has always been good at observing people. ("Goalie's job!" he'd say).

They say goodbye to a couple more people, including Cliff, as they go outside to catch their car. Shane almost wants to thank Cliff for the amazing sex he's about to have, but he doesn't think Cliff needs that insight into their life. And so, they're finally on their way back to their hotel, which is just over the river in Arlington.

Ilya pulls Shane to sit in the middle seat, so he can get his hands on Shane. He kisses him on the cheek, as the roll of the streetlights pass them. "So, are you going to tell me why you were quiet after the pool game?"

Shane smiles softly. Of course, Ilya noticed. He looks at his husband, patting the hand on his thigh. "I'll tell you when we're back at the hotel." He has a plan for Ilya and if he starts it here, he has a feeling he might get banned from Uber permanently.

Ilya hums, accepting Shane's proposal. They sit in silence as Shane plays with Ilya's fingers. It's a quick drive back to their hotel and only a couple of more minutes up to their hotel room. Once the door closes and their shoes and jackets have been discarded, Shane quickly pulls his husband into his arms.

Throwing his arms around Ilya's neck, hands curling into Ilya's hair, he pulls Ilya into a warm kiss, making his fingers curl extra into the soft tresses of his hair. Ilya reciprocates

easily, his own arms going around Shane's waist, hands coming to rest on Shane's butt. Ilya pulls him in, forcing a soft moan out of Shane's mouth. Shane pulls back, hand's detaching from his husband's hair, coming to run down his shoulders, resting on his chest. Ilya pulls back slightly to look at him.

Shane grins into Ilya's face. "I want to be in charge tonight. Is that okay?"

Ilya grins back, wicked. He leans down, giving Shane a quick kiss, while squeezing his butt again. "Do you have a plan, sweetheart? Are you going to have your way with me?"

In lieu of answering, Shane crashes his mouth into Ilya's again, who hums in excitement. It's all teeth, split, and the sucking of tongues as Shane slowly walks Ilya back toward the bed. He feels Ilya's feet hit the edge, and he pulls back quickly before pushing Ilya onto the bed. Ilya overexaggerates and bounces dramatically, which makes Shane chuckle. He crawls into Ilya's lap and resumes making out with him.

Shane runs his hands along the hem of Ilya's shirt, feeling his warm skin. Ilya gets the hint and rucks his shirt off, Shane quickly following his lead. Shane runs hands over Ilya's chest hair, feeling how masculine and big his husband is. God, even after all these years, it still turns him on to know how strong Ilya is. He pulls back to admire Ilya.

His hair looks a little more crazed than it normally does, his pupils wide and turned on. His cheeks are flushed and he's panting just a little bit. The stupid bear tattoo is staring at Shane, and it thrills him that only he gets to see the bear tattoo in this way anymore. Sure, the guys on the team see it all the time, but only *Shane Hollander* gets to see Ilya Rozanov with his shirt off to have sex with him.

He reaches down to grab Ilya's hands, which are still on Shane's butt. He raises them so they're above Ilya's head, arranging them so they're comfortable before letting go. Shane sits back a little, hands remaining on Ilya's chest. "I found out something interesting to night."

Ilya cocks his head, not moving his hands, despite Shane not giving them an order yet. It thrills Shane down to his toes. "And what is that?"

Shane flexes his hands into Ilya's pecks, causing his breath to hitch only slightly. "Cliff mentioned you used to hook up with *model-handsome men*. He didn't realize it at the time, just thought you were off to the next club to pick up some girl. But he knows better now."

Ilya smirks, seeing the game Shane is playing. "Yes, they were very handsome. Most people want to sleep with me."

Shane digs his fingernails into Ilya's chest a little for that one. Ilya's grin only gets a little more wicked. "At first, I was a little upset. I mean, you know my sexual history and it can be described as lackluster at best. These beautiful men all got a piece of you." He's started running his thumbs over Ilya's nipples, which makes Ilya shiver slightly. "But then, I realized, why should *I* be jealous? *I'm* the one who locked you down. Polite, anxious, boring Shane Hollander locked down the great Ilya Rozanov. I've won the Stanley Cup four times, but *that* is my greatest accomplishment in life."

Ilya's smirk turns into a gooey smile, which almost makes Shane want to drop the act, but he has a plan, and he is going to stick to it. "Yes, moya lyubov. Only you locked me down."

Shane smiles back. "So, here's what's going to happen tonight. You're going to leave your hands up there, and I'm going to suck your dick for a little bit while I get myself ready. And then, I'm going to ride you into oblivion. How does that sound?"

Ilya groans, loudly. "Fuck, Shane. Yes, I want that."

Shane smiles, leaning down to kiss Ilya briefly. "And you'll be good? You'll keep your hands above your head?"

Ilya grits his teeth. Shane knows this is killing Ilya, who *loves* touching Shane, regardless of if they're having sex or not. But Shane wants to wow Ilya, show him who he belongs to. "Yes, I will try to keep them up there." Shane figures that's good enough.

Shane rolls off of Ilya briefly, so he can take his and Ilya's pants and briefs off. He also goes to get the lube, so he can finger himself. He comes back to see Ilya looking like an erotic painting on the bed. Shane feels giddy with his lust and his possession.

Ilya's eyes don't leave Shane at all, the inability to move making him antsier than normal probably. But he's being good so far, only adjusting his position in bed, so he's closer to the headboard now. Shane swings his leg back over Ilya's hips, dropping the lube somewhere off to the side. He's going to take his time today. He starts by kissing Ilya's neck, leaving pecks to his warm skin. He starts slowly working his way down Ilya's chest, making sure to press an extra kiss to the bear, which does make Ilya snort. Shane pinches his nipple in response, only making Ilya laugh harder.

As he works his mouth down Ilya's torso, his hands are running up and down Ilya's sides. He loves Ilya's body so much. Everything about him is so *manly*. He sucks a hickey into the V of his husbands hips, which makes Ilya moan softly. Finally, he gets to his main event. Shane subconsciously licks his lips. He can't bring himself to be embarrassed by it. He loves sucking dick, particularly his husband's dick. In the years since he's come to terms with being gay, this has been one of the things he's really embraced as a gay man. He loves feeling the weight on his tongue, the taste of the precum, the headrush that comes with doing it for fun. He loves it.

He glances up at Ilya, who is smirking down at him. He definitely knows what Shane is thinking about. He confirms it when he says, "Is my slut going to suck my cock?"

Shane flushes, pleased, but grins. "Yes, and you're going to lay there and take it."

He reaches over and grabs the lube, squirting some on his fingers. He warms it up before reaching back to rub it over his rim. He hisses quietly, still a little cold before he relaxes and he's able to push his index finger in. He hums before turning his attention to Ilya's cock.

He starts by kitten licking the head of Ilya's cock, lapping at the precum that's accumulated there, loving the taste. He then opens his mouth before sucking the head, rolling his tongue

around to stimulate Ilya. He distantly hears Ilya groaning, but he's so focused on trying to suck Ilya's dick and finger himself, it barely registers.

After torturing Ilya enough, he finally starts to sink down, letting his teeth very lightly graze the length of Ilya's cock, starting to bob his head up and down. His eyes close, enjoying the sensation. He bobs for about 20 seconds before he goes back to ravishing his head, repeating the cycle, while he slowly works in a second finger into his hole.

He starts scissoring himself a little, trying to open himself up quickly. He can feel himself getting hornier and hornier by the second. He kisses down the length of Ilya's dick to suck on his balls, hearing a "Fuck, Shane, that's so good," in the background. Shane hums, pleased.

He resumes the bobbing motion, trying to push it further and further down his throat each time. He's not great at deepthroating, never becoming an expert at it. But he manages to get the head past his throat, where he swallows, adding that extra sensation to Ilya's dick, which causes another, "God dammit, Shane. Hurry."

Shane hums again, working in a final finger, also wanting Ilya's dick in his ass yesterday. It's only been several days since they've had penetrative sex, and he *misses* it. Admittedly, they don't have as much anal sex as people would believe during the season, probably only doing it once a week due to schedules and generally avoiding being sore, sticking to mostly blowjobs, hand jobs, and thigh fucking during the week. But it's a special occasion and Shane is ready for a cock in his hole for the second time this week.

He's fully finger fucking himself now, his hips making small undulations, as he continues earnestly sucking Ilya's cock. He can feel Ilya trying not to move his hips deeper into Shane's mouth, which means he must be getting close. He's ready anyways.

He pulls off, sitting back with his fingers still in his ass. It pushes them deeper, causing him to whimper just slightly. He takes Ilya in, who looks properly fucked out. His hands are still above his head, but Shane can see Ilya is digging his fingernails into his palms. It'll probably leave marks. Shane smirks. "You doing okay, baby?" Shane almost never uses pet names. Ilya is basically a pet name, since basically everyone else in their life calls him Roz or Rozanov. But he's feeling particularly smug tonight, so the baby slips out.

Ilya grits his teeth before he spits out. "Yes, Shane, I am doing fine. But if you could hurry up that would be appreciated."

Shane slips his fingers out of hole, getting into position to ride his husband. He reaches the fingers that were just in his ass up to Ilya's mouth, who greedily sucks on them immediately, causing both of their cocks to stir. He pulls them out after a couple of seconds. "Aw, did those handsome men not make you wait? Well, I'm not like them because I have all the time in the world."

Ilya looks a little awestruck. Shane can't blame him. He doesn't think he's ever gotten this possessive before. Usually, possessiveness comes from winning a great game or one of them setting a new record. But there's something about hearing about Ilya's exploits with men that's making him this crazy tonight, but he finds he loves it. And he's sure Ilya is too.

He takes Ilya's stunned silence to finally reach behind him and sink onto Ilya's dick causing both of them to moan loudly (sorry to their neighbors). He sinks down in one go, feeling full and sated. Fuck, he loves Ilya's dick so much.

Shane's hands flex on Ilya's waist. He breathes out, looking into Ilya's eyes. "Mine."

Ilya nods. "Yours."

He uses his hands as leverage, slowly rocking up before pushing back down, whimpering slightly as he sets a nice rhythm. "No one else gets to see you like this. Only *I've* reduced you to this. Tell me it's true."

Ilya starts grounding his hips up into Shane, as Shane comes down, causing the press into his prostate to even more delicious. "Only you've done this to me, moy lyubimyy. No one comes close."

Shane starts picking up his pace, watching Ilya's hands flex even more, as he itches to take control. Shane keeps running his hands over Ilya's chest, wanting Ilya to have reminders of him everywhere. "There were guys looking at you tonight. I should've staked my claim tonight."

Ilya groans, imagining Shane doing that for all to see. "Did not notice them. I only saw you. You are so beautiful, Shane. How could I ever want anyone else?"

Shane can feel his orgasm growing, even without touching his dick. He can tell it's going to be intense tonight, the headiness of staking his claim driving him to a climax. "Maybe we should get tattoos where our rings are. So, even on the ice, everyone knows you belong to *me*."

Ilya snaps. His arms come up to grab Shane, twisting them until Shane's back hits the bed. Ilya pushes Shane's knees into his chest, before pounding into him quickly and with precision. Shane doesn't even reprimand him, Ilya lasted way longer than he thought he would. All he can do is lie there and take it. "Oh fuck, Ilya, right-*uh*-there-*oh fuck*!"

Ilya growls. "Just as I am yours, you are *mine*, Shane. You may not notice, but everyone in the bar was looking at *you* tonight. But no one gets to have you like this, only *me.* You and this ass are *mine.*"

He presses his dick hard into Shane as he says mine and Shane unexpectedly comes, hard. He whines, coming all over his chest, some of it hitting his chin. It's always intense when he comes untouched but it's extra intense tonight, Ilya wringing an orgasm out of him as he keeps pounding.

Shane whines out, "I'm yours, only yours, fuck!" He clenches down, as his orgasm comes to an end and Ilya presses in, finally coming deep inside of Shane. Just like Shane's orgasm, Ilya's is long and drawn out. He makes small rocking motions, as he wrings out his orgasm.

It finally stops, Ilya all but collapsing on top of Shane, who opens his arms for his husband. They both lay there breathing each other in, as they catch their breaths. Shane barely notices

the cum sticking to both of their chests. Ilya is currently sucking a hickey into Shane's neck, as Shane strokes Ilya's hair. He normally wouldn't let him do that in the middle of the season, but he figures Ilya's earned it after tonight. He knows Wyatt is going to give them shit tomorrow, but he honestly doesn't give a fuck right now.

Finally, Ilya's dick is completely soft, and Shane can *feel* how gross he is. Before he can say anything though, Ilya stops sucking Shane's neck, instead kissing him sweetly on the mouth, before rolling out of bed to get a washcloth. Shane smiles softly. His wonderful husband.

Ilya returns, quickly cleaning off Shane before tossing the washcloth towards the bathroom. Ilya crawls back into bed, grabbing Shane and curling him into Ilya's side. Shane kisses Ilya's peck before he starts tracing nonsensical patterns on his chest.

He's sure he knows the answer, but he breaks the silence eventually. "Was that okay?" His voice comes out smaller than he would like it considering how confident he was only 20 minutes ago.

Shane feels Ilya kiss the top of his head. "More than okay, Shane. You know you have no reason to be jealous, yes? It was a very long time ago."

Shane presses another kiss to Ilya's chest. "I know. The way Cliff said it though made some of my anxiety flare up. We've been together so long now that I forget about when you used to sleep with all these people who were probably amazing in bed."

Ilya chuckles. "They were good, yes." Shane pinches him. "But it does not matter. You are the best. No one else compares. Even when you were 19 and unsure of what to do, you… what is word… bewitched me?"

Shane smiles. "Yes, bewitched."

Ilya squeezes him a little tighter. His voice comes out nervous. "Did you mean what you said about getting tattoos?"

Shane thinks. He honestly had said it in the heat of the moment. But when he thinks about it, he would get a tattoo. It would be nice to have a tattoo that reminds him of Ilya on his body, since Ilya already has the loon. Plus, everyone knowing *why* they both have the tattoos adds an extra thrill. "Yes, maybe this summer? After the season has ended?"

Ilya's hand comes underneath Shane's chin, lifting his head to look at Ilya. Ilya looks so happy, Shane's glad his cock-drunk mind came up with it in the heat of the moment. Ilya leans down, kissing him softly. "Ya lyublyu tebya."

Shane smiles. "Ya lyublyu tebya."

July 2023 - Ottawa

It was an amazing ending to the season for the Centaurs. Back-to-back Stanley Cup championships, Ilya winning MVP. You couldn't ask for much more.

Bood was currently throwing a Canada Day barbeque in his backyard. Shane and Ilya were going to enjoy the day with their team before heading up to the cottage for weeks of relaxation before the camps started for the summer. It was everything Shane could ever hope for. He sometimes can't believe he and Ilya almost waited until they were 40 to do this. At the time though, he thought he had everything he wanted, but it's only become fuller of love since joining Ottawa.

Bood, the ever consummate host, allowed Shane to invite the Pikes to come too, which only makes everything better. They're all hanging out in the backyard, laughing and chirping at one another. Haas and Boyle are talking with some of their new rookies. Wyatt and Dykstra are currently entertaining the kids by trying to see how many they can lift at a time, Lisa and Caitlin nearby to stop things from getting too out of control. Only quiet Arthur Pike is hanging out in Uncle Shane's arms though, talking his ear off about the new dinosaurs he's been learning about.

He doesn't mind though. He hopes maybe in two years, he'll be holding their own child at one of these. That was one thing he and Ilya did once they got back from the NHL awards. They officially started going through the adoption process. It's going to take probably a year, if not more, to be approved. Another joy of being out now is they don't have to wait a decade to become parents. It'll be nice for their kids to be close in age to their cousins.

The other thing they did when they got back from the awards is… "Hollzy! What's that on your finger?"

Shane grins, shifting Arthur so he can hold up his finger to show Bood, Hayden, and Troy, who he's been talking to. "Oh, do you mean this?"

Hayden just grins, since he's already seen it, but Troy looks shocked. Bood, unsurprisingly, laughs, delighted. "No way! You got your ring fingered tattooed! Where's your other half? ROZ! Get over here!"

Ilya turns from his conversation with Cassie, Jackie, and Harris. He excuses himself before making his way over to the group. "What, Bood? Do you not see I am charming your wife?"

Bood flips him off, before he grabs Ilya's left hand. He finds a matching tattoo. "Holy fuck!" Bood starts laughing again, delighted.

Troy also laughs, but more incredulously. "God, you guys are the sappiest people to exist."

Arthur turns to Hayden. "Daddy, what does sappiest mean?"

Hayden smiles, reaching his arms out to grab his son, who willingly goes into his arms. "It means your Uncle Shane and Uncle Ilya love each other very much."

Arthur nods, curling into his dad's side. Ilya quickly slides into the warmth left behind by Arthur. Ilya grins, cockily. "Just because we love each other more than you love your partners does not make us sappy."

All three of them start giving Ilya shit, who just grins, loving antagonizing the guys. He looks down and winks at Shane. Shane leans into Ilya, content. Yeah they might be sappy and maybe a little possessive, but who cares? Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov belong to one another. That's worth showing off.

End Notes

shane’s favorite child is arthur pike pass it along.

comments and kudos always appreciated! if you have a twitter and want to talk, my priv is @thecorktrees

(sorry for any typos or weird spacing. i'm sure i'll inevitably find stuff to edit in the days to follow even though i've read this over 15 times)

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