

and all the rest are for you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/74089691) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/74089691>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Post-Canon , Slice of Life , Domestic Fluff , so so so so soft , Hand Jobs , Shower Sex , 69 (Sex Position) , Rimming , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Kitchen Sex , Multiple Orgasms , no plot just vibes , slight - Freeform , Breeding Kink , I couldn't help myself , Dom/sub Undertones
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-12 Completed: 2025-11-23 Words: 16,376 Chapters: 2/2

and all the rest are for you

by [syddd28](#)

Summary

If you would have told Shane ten years ago that Ilya Rozanov would be cooking him his birthday breakfast that they ate outside on the porch of their shared house with their dog running around the backyard, Shane would have laughed out loud. And then he probably would have cried because it felt like such a pipe dream.

or, a year after the events of The Long Game, Shane and Ilya spend their first birthdays together as a married couple

Notes

hi so this is my first Hollanov fic- also the first time I'm actually posting something I've written bc I've never been more inspired by a piece of media, literally owe Rachel Reid my life. I am currently working on a much longer much angstier fic about Shane's first year with Ottawa, but that will be a marathon. also a lot sadder, so I wrote this as a palate cleanser lol. Hope you enjoy :)

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

Chapter 1: i'll be there if you're the toast of the town babe

May

Shane wakes up to the late spring light peeking through their bedroom curtains. He glances at the clock on the bedside table, 6:52. The alarm will go off in seven minutes. The weight of Ilya's arm on his waist and the even breaths hitting the back of his neck tells him that Ilya's still asleep.

He reaches over to grab his phone off the bedside table as carefully as possible to turn off the alarm. He can skip the ten kilometer run this morning. It's his *birthday*, and he's decided he's going to give his body a little more grace as he ages.

He navigates through his alarms when his nose gets smushed into the pillow and he hisses in pain. *Shit*. He got slammed face first into the boards pretty hard the night before. He did concussion protocol and nothing's broken, but his face is *hurting*. It was worth it though, Ilya got a goal on the ensuing powerplay and they won against Florida 4-3 and now lead 3-2 in the series. One win away from the conference finals.

Unfortunately, Ilya seems to have woken up from Shane's movements. Damn. He really wanted Ilya to be able to sleep in this morning. The playoffs are tough on everybody, but the opposing players seem to be targeting Ilya more than anyone. Shane wishes sometimes that Ilya would calm down a little on being an antagonistic shit on the ice, but he knew what he was getting into when they got married. *He* was the one dealing with it for a decade, after all.

"Mmmm," Ilya groans behind him as he wakes up. "Face okay?" he mumbles in Russian into the back of Shane's neck.

"Yeah, just sore," Shane mumbles back.

"Happy birthday, sweetheart," Shane hears, still in Russian. Ever since Shane has really started to get a better grasp on the Russian language (it's been much easier since he started living with someone who speaks the language), Ilya has taken to using Russian a lot more often, mostly when they're alone, but especially when he's tired. Or horny.

Ilya starts pressing little kisses all over the back of his neck, and Shane knows he's kissing each individual freckle back there. The ones he never sees but now knows exactly where they lay on his skin.

Shane shifts his hips against Ilya's, just a bit, just to feel how interested Ilya may or may not be. Since he started taking meds, it's been a toss up in the mornings. But this morning, Shane is pleased to feel his husband's hard length pressed up against his ass. *Happy birthday to me*.

They haven't really been capable of anything more than handjobs in the shower lately because of the playoffs. They're both pretty beat up a month in. In addition to his sore face, Shane has a couple bruised ribs, and his left knee is starting to act up. Ilya's shoulder and

torso has some concerning bruising and three of his fingers are taped up from a brutal slash the previous week.

They've also been too tired to operate at the level of horniness they're usually at. But this morning, Shane wants. It's his first birthday he's spending with his *husband*. His husband that he hasn't had to miss all year.

That's not to say the past year has been perfect. There's definitely been ups and downs as Shane struggled to find his bearings with a new team. They had a pretty rough start to the season, and Shane's anxiety had gotten the best of him quite a few times. That and the transition from long-distance boyfriends to husbands who also work together was hard. They had to work to learn how to communicate as a married couple and as teammates at the same time. But they put in the work, and Shane thinks they've made it to a pretty good place. He knows this next year will be better because of it.

He shifts his hips a little more to rub Ilya's dick right between his cheeks. Ilya's hands wander from his waist downwards, skating down his thighs so, so close to where Shane wants them to be.

"You wanna take a shower with me?" He breathes out, already raring to go. His ribs are starting to hurt a little more as his breathing gets harder, but the pain is worth it.

"Whatever you want, moya lyubov," Ilya replies as his hand starts to dip into Shane's underwear.

"Then take me to the shower."

They take a little longer to get out of bed than Shane would like, and not for any sexy reasons. They both need a little help sitting all the way up, and it takes some stretching for Shane's muscles to feel any sort of normal.

As they start moving around, Anya hops out of her bed and gallops over to the bed to greet them.

"Good morning my baby girl," Ilya bends down to pet her and stuff his face into her neck. "Say happy birthday to daddy, he is very old now and needs special attention."

"Oh fuck off," Shane says as he gives Anya his own pets and kisses. "You won't be saying anything about being old a month from now, asshole."

"That's true, but I will have my fun for a month," Ilya replies with a grin and a kiss to Shane's cheek.

Shane just rolls his eyes as he stands up and holds his hand out to Ilya. "Come on, you said whatever I want."

Ilya grabs his hand without another snarky word and leads him to the bathroom.

After teeth are brushed, and the water is heating up, strong hands grab his waist and push him up against the counter. He immediately opens up his mouth to Ilya's tongue, their first kiss of

Shane's 31st year. It's as filthy as he wanted it to be.

With their underwear quickly thrown off, Ilya leads Shane into the shower. His mouth is trailing down his neck, sucking on all the spots he knows by heart.

He lets the feeling of Ilya all around him envelope his senses. The stress, anxiety, and pressure from the last month melt away under his mouth and his hands. They're not NHL superstars fighting for a championship right now. They're just Shane and Ilya.

Finally, a hand is on his dick, stroking just the way he likes it. Shane's head drops to the wall behind him as Ilya whispers in his ear, "Love how much you always want. So desperate. Just for me."

"Mmm, yeah, feel's good."

Ilya flips them around, very carefully, so Shane is under the spray. He keeps Shane steady with his hands, feet planted firmly on the ground. They're both aware of how awful it would be to have to explain to the team that one (or both) of them has to sit out with an injury because of shower sex, of all things. They would never live it down.

Shane lets his hand find his husband's hard cock and starts to stroke both of them together as Ilya's mouth travels across his collarbones.

"What do you want, sweetheart?" Ilya whispers into his ear.

"Just you," he pants. He doesn't care what happens, as long as it's Ilya taking him apart.

"I can't wait to be inside you again, moya lyubimyy. It's been too long."

It's only been, like, three weeks. They've gone way longer without even *touching* each other. But, hey, maybe he's been a little bit spoiled this past year. Shane might be guilty of giving Ilya whatever he wants whenever he wants.

"Nine more wins, and then you can be inside me whenever you want," he mutters against Ilya's mouth.

"When we are in Fiji, I'm going to live inside you," Ilya says as his hands move to grip Shane's ass.

Shane huffs out a laugh at Ilya's statement. He's not wrong, honestly. They struggle to leave their hotel whenever they go on vacation.

This year, they chose Fiji for their summer trip. Ilya said he's always wanted to go, and now that they don't have to watch out for Canadian tourists, Shane is going to make it happen. He would follow Ilya to Antarctica if that's what he wanted.

Shane picks up the pace as he strokes their cocks. They're both leaking, it's not going to last much longer. One of Ilya's hands moves from his ass down to play with his balls. The other spreads his ass cheeks apart, and then he can feel fingers rubbing lightly over his rim. Yeah, if Ilya keeps doing that it's gonna be over pretty quickly.

“*Fuck*,” he groans, resting his forehead against Ilya’s collarbone. “Keep going.”

Ilya grips his balls a little tighter as just the tip of his finger sneaks inside his entrance. The water is helping to guide his thumb inside just that little bit more and Shane is gone.

“That’s it. So good, sweetheart,” Ilya moans, still working his rim as Shane shudders through his orgasm.

Shane keeps working Ilya’s cock against his own, determined to get him there just as quickly. He lets the overstimulation flow through him, his knees start to shake a bit, but that’s okay. Ilya won’t let him slip.

A few strokes later, and Ilya’s coming against his stomach. He gathers some of his come from Shane’s stomach, and reaches back around to his rim, smearing it around with the tip of his finger ever so slightly poking back in.

“Soon,” he whispers into Shane’s ear. Shane feels his mostly soft cock twitch one more time against his thigh. If his ribs weren’t starting to scream at him, he’d be able to go again.

They take a moment to come down and breathe against each other. As Shane’s senses come back to him, the pain in his nose and his ribs brings itself to the forefront.

He lifts his head off Ilya’s shoulder and looks up into his husband’s eyes to make sure none of his injuries have been aggravated. There’s no pain in his eyes, just love and awe. It still floors Shane that he gets to see that look every single day.

“Feel good?” Ilya asks, as he reaches over to grab the shampoo.

“The best,” he answers with a smile. Maybe not physically, but it’s easy to let that all go when Ilya is taking care of him.

Once the shampoo is washed out, Ilya grabs his face with two hands and tilts his head upwards. His eyes trace all over Shane’s face, like he’s taking a picture with his mind. Shane can relate, he wants to remember this for the rest of his life, too.

“I’m so happy I get to have you for the rest of your birthdays,” Ilya confesses, barely audible above the water.

“Me too,” Shane replies in his stilted Russian. His understanding of the language has gotten *a lot* better, but he still struggles with shaping his mouth around the words. “I love you more than anything.”

“I know,” Ilya says, beaming. He trails the softest of kisses across his nose, his eyelids, his cheeks, and grabs the soap to finish their shower.

--

This morning is probably going to be their only alone time all day. Shane’s parents are coming over for his birthday lunch before their flight to Florida at two, and the rest of the day

is going to be spent with the team getting ready for Game 6. Shane will let himself have this moment, but after, it's back to work.

Once they're done in the shower, Shane helps Ilya re-tape his fingers, a kiss to each finger as he goes. His nails are bruised black and purple, he's lucky that slash didn't break a finger.

Ilya heads downstairs first to let Anya into the backyard and get started on their breakfast. Shane picks up their bedroom a bit, gets rid of the dirty clothes that have been thrown around the last couple days, and makes sure both of their suits are ready for travel.

The rest of their morning is slow and easy. Shane's smoothie is ready by the time he makes it downstairs, and Ilya cooks him an egg white muffin sandwich alongside a yogurt bowl that has strawberries in the shape of a heart placed on top.

If you would have told Shane ten years ago that Ilya Rozanov would be cooking him his birthday breakfast that they ate outside on the porch of their shared house with their dog running around the backyard, Shane would have laughed out loud. And then he probably would have cried because it felt like such a pipe dream.

But it's not a pipe dream, because after breakfast, Shane gets to claim birthday privileges and force Ilya to do his yoga routine alongside him. He gets to watch and laugh as his husband stumbles through the first couple poses and then collapses back onto the mat in surrender. He gets to soak up all of Ilya's attention as he watches Shane finish his routine while he lays back on the mat next to him.

--

As they're taking Anya for her morning walk, Ilya starts getting invested in his phone. He has a secretive smirk on his face, and Shane knows he must be planning something. He's not surprised, but he just hopes Ilya has kept it reasonable.

As they're walking back up the house, he notices a new car slowly pulling into the driveway. A brand new Jeep Grand Cherokee with a big red bow over the hood. His parents are the ones pulling the car in, he can see his mom waving to him from the passenger seat

Shane whips his head to look over at Ilya trailing behind him, a big goofy grin on his face.

"You said you wouldn't get me a car!" He had told Ilya not to get him anything, actually. They're millionaires, when they want something, they just buy it.

"No, I said I wouldn't get you Porsche or Jaguar, you love Jeep Cherokee!"

"Yeah, because I already have one. Wait, where's my car?" He looks around the circular driveway and can't spot his car anywhere, he can only see Ilya's Mercedes and his parents' SUV.

Before Ilya can answer, Mom comes rushing over to him to wrap him up in a hug.

"Happy birthday, honey," Mom greets him as Dad joins the hug, too.

“Happy birthday, kid,” he says into the side of Shane’s head.

“Thanks, guys.”

“Don’t worry, we took all of your stuff out of the old car before we took it to the dealership,” his mom tells him. “We appreciate that you keep it so clean.”

So they managed to drive over to their house, clean out his old car and take it to the dealership, and pick up the new one while Shane and Ilya were walking Anya. And Ilya planned it all. Of course he did, Shane would be stupid to think that Ilya wouldn’t actually get him anything for his birthday.

Ilya walks over to them, puts an arm over Shane’s shoulder and smacks a wet kiss to the side of his head.

“Come on, look inside, the screen is so much bigger!” Ilya insists, and then his husband is dragging him over to his brand new car.

--

Lunch with his parents isn’t that different from how it usually is. They talk hockey (Ilya drops some of his favorite gossip floating around the league) and they talk about the foundation. They talk about their summer schedules. They update his parents on their minor injuries.

Mom made kawisha mochi for dessert, a favorite from his childhood. It’s perfect. It’s all he could’ve asked for.

As they’re getting ready to leave with Anya in tow, Mom pulls both him and Ilya into a hug, while Dad is getting Anya and her stuff into their car.

“Good luck, boys. You know we’ll be cheering for you.”

“Thank you, Yuna, but I do not need luck. Shane, though, his face needs luck,” Ilya jokes.

“Oh, I know!” She leans back and holds Shane’s face in both of her hands, studying his nose and cheekbones. “Take care of him, Ilya, we can’t have anything bad happening to his pretty face.”

“Mom, come on,” Shane groans as he pulls his face out of her hands.

“She’s right, moya lyubov. All of Canada would be devastated if your pretty face got messed up,” Ilya teases.

“Okay, okay, enough about my face. We have a plane to catch.”

They say their goodbyes, Ilya gives Anya more kisses than is probably necessary for what’s only going to be two nights away, Shane lets her get one good lick to his face, and then they’re gone.

Once the front door is closed, Shane wraps his arms around Ilya's waist, careful not to irritate the bruising underneath his shirt, and rests his cheeks against Ilya's collarbone.

"Thank you for the car," he mumbles. "The big screen *is* really nice."

He can feel Ilya smile into the side of his head as he hugs him back.

"You are welcome, sweetheart. It has parking assist, too. Maybe you will finally learn how to parallel park."

He scoffs lightly and tugs at a handful of Ilya's curls in response. Sure, he had bigger things to worry about than parallel parking when he was sixteen. Like the Russian kid that everyone was saying might get drafted ahead of him.

And then something occurs to him, something he's glad he didn't think of while his parents were still there.

"Uh... there was a bottle of lube in the center console." He picks his head up from where it was tucked into Ilya's neck and looks up at his husband with wide eyes.

Ilya lets out a small gasp, mirth in his eyes. "Uh oh! Maybe they think it's for car maintenance, yes?"

"*Stop* it, tell me you got rid of the lube." Shane's not whining, but he's close to it.

Ilya laughs and starts rubbing a hand up and down Shane's back. "Don't worry, I took care of it. Your parents will never know what your favorite brand is."

--

Ilya drives them to the team facility where they'll take the team bus to the airport, and Shane takes the chance to go through all the messages on his phone.

He responds to the group chat he still has with JJ and Hayden. They sent their happy birthday wishes and they even wished him luck for the rest of the series with Florida. He really does appreciate that considering they're both still mourning a first round loss against Detroit. He's sad for Hayden and JJ, he knows how much they got used to winning, but he can't ignore the part of him that feels vindicated. It became apparent pretty soon into the season that Montreal struggled to score without Shane centering their first line.

Rose has sent him about 15 texts, including a gif from the night before when he went face first into the boards. *Sheesh*. He hadn't even watched the replay, but it looks like he's pretty lucky he didn't break his nose. He texts her back to let her know that he'll call her as soon as he gets a chance.

The Centaur's group chat has about a million messages in it, only some of them even mention Shane's birthday. It's a pretty overwhelming group chat on a regular day, a lot of random emojis are always popping up that he never knows how to interpret, so Shane has honestly stopped trying to keep up with it, Ilya lets him know about anything important (or when

there's drama). But today he messages the group chat with, *thanks for the bday messages, we'll see you all soon.*

Shane finally looks up from his phone as Ilya parks the car. He looks up at his husband, who is giving him his signature smirk.

"What?" he asks.

"Come here," Ilya replies. And then, without waiting for Shane to actually get any closer, he leans over to gently grab Shane's face between his hands and Shane knows what's coming next.

Ilya's mouth is on his, kissing him deep and wet just how he likes it. He knows they need to get out of the car, the bus needs to leave in a couple minutes, but it's his birthday goddamit. And they're gonna be surrounded by their teammates for the rest of the day. He's gonna let himself have this for a couple more moments.

The moment definitely gets away from them, though, because suddenly there's knocking coming from the other side of the window. They jump apart to see Bood looking at them with an amused look on his face.

"Bus is about to leave, boys. We kinda need you both to make it to Florida."

Shane tries to will his blush away as he wipes his mouth and gets out of the car. After eight months on the same team, their teammates have definitely witnessed a kiss or two, but they usually try to keep their tongues to themselves in public.

"It's your birthday, Hollzy," Bood says as Ilya's grabbing their bags from the trunk, "so I'm not gonna comment. Just save some of that energy for the game, yeah?"

"Hah, yeah. Thanks, Bood," Shane chuckles awkwardly.

They start discussing what they'll do once they land in Fort Lauderdale. Bood says he got some good dinner recommendations from a buddy that used to play in Florida, and there's a Korean barbecue place that he's been wanting to try for years.

He tunes out the rest of the conversation, thinking about what he's going to watch on the flight. The video coaches have sent him all the game tape they have from their current series with Florida, but he thinks he might have to watch the LA vs Vegas game from the night before. Apparently it was a blowout that got pretty heated.

He follows Ilya and Bood onto the bus and is met with a very loud, horribly off-tune chorus of *Happy Birthday* mixed with some party blowers and confetti poppers. Shane laughs as someone places a pink and fluffy birthday princess crown on his head and somewhere, somehow a cake has been produced out of nowhere.

Out of the corner of his eye, he can see the film crew that has been documenting their playoff run. The cameras are on him as he blows out the candles in his birthday crown, cheeks red and a wide smile on his face.

“How are we supposed to take this on the plane?” he asks to the group at large. It’s a huge sheet cake with a *Happy Birthday #24* in red and gold icing.

“Come on, Hollander, don’t be a party pooper. Is private plane, we do what we want,” Ilya says. He has his phone pointed at Shane, taking his own video that Shane is sure will end up on an Instagram story.

The cake gets put back in its box to be cut open later, and Coach Wiebe starts yelling at everyone to sit down, the fun is over for now.

“Any other plans I should know about?” Shane asks as he takes off the crown and places it lopsided on Ilya’s head.

Ilya just gives him a smirk and a wink as the engine starts and the bus rumbles underneath them.

--

At this point in his career, Shane is used to spending his birthday in the midst of a playoff run. He prefers it that way. It means he spent his past year doing what he does best.

Last year, his birthday was a whole lot quieter since neither the Voyageurs or the Centaurs had made it this far. And that was perfect too, after all the chaos that had preceded it.

But this one feels special, too. Thirty-one means he’s no longer one of the young superstars. Don’t get him wrong, he’s definitely still a superstar, there’s still some records he plans on breaking, but now he’s the one that the young stars are supposed to look up to. He hopes after all the bullshit from last year that they still do.

There were a few times in the past year where he really thought they wouldn’t make it here. Learning to communicate with Ilya as his captain was a learning process. He’s had to accept the fact that his new wingers can’t read his mind the way Hayden was able to. He struggled to put up his usual numbers in the beginning of the season, and sometimes the weight of being Shane fucking Hollander on a new team felt like it was going to crush him eventually. But they pushed through all the blood, sweat, and tears.

It’s a milestone in a different way, because Ilya was there at the end of every bad day so they could piece each other back together. Even more, he was there at the end of every good day, too.

Every win and every loss was spent with the love of his life. No matter what happens at the end of this playoff series, he knows he got pretty fucking lucky.

He’s thinking about all of this as he sits alone on the plane with his AirPods in studying game tape from the other teams still in the playoffs. Some of the guys, including Ilya, are playing a very loud game of poker, and the rest are watching a new tennis movie that, if Shane heard correctly, gets pretty gay at some point.

Over the next half hour, he starts to drift off into his neck pillow as he watches Las Vegas's goalie completely fall apart on his iPad.

Shane doesn't know how much time has passed when he feels a body plop down in the seat next to him. He's barely awake but he doesn't need to open his eyes to know who it is. He feels familiar hands slide his glasses off his face and onto the tray table in front of him.

"Don't wake up," the voice says. "Still an hour until we land."

"Mmkay," he mumbles and shifts his head from his neck pillow to rest on the warm shoulder next to him.

--

By the time they make it to their hotel in Fort Lauderdale, Shane is exhausted and hungry.

After getting their room keys, they trudge their bags up to their shared hotel room.

At the beginning of the season, Shane was a little hesitant to agree to sharing a room with Ilya on the road. He was worried that it looked unprofessional, that if they lost a game the media would claim they were too distracted with each other to focus on hockey. Especially after Shane tripped last year and the media circus that turned into.

So for the first road trip, Shane and Ilya had separate rooms. They said an extended goodbye to each other in an empty hotel hallway and went their separate ways. Shane had laid fully clothed on his bed for about two minutes before he thought, *fuck it*. There's no reason for them to be in the same city, the same building, and sleeping apart. They're fucking married, everyone knows what married couples do and they can all be adults about it.

Ilya had opened the door immediately after the first knock with a knowing smirk on his face, and they've been sharing a room on the road ever since.

Ilya immediately sheds his clothes and collapses onto the king sized bed, his bag and his suit haphazardly thrown onto a chair.

Shane is a little more careful taking off his suit, but soon enough he's collapsing on the bed right next to him. .

"Please don't make me go out again," Shane says as he turns to face Ilya. "We can order room service and stay in here for the rest of the night."

"Hollander, as your captain I must remind you how important it is to participate in team activities."

Shane grabs Ilya's hand from where it was resting on his stomach and starts toying with his wedding band.

"And as my husband?"

Ilya leans over and presses a soft kiss to his nose and then against his lips. “Your husband can wait until later to do the things he really wants to do to you,” he whispers against Shane’s mouth. “I promise you will have a good time at dinner, moya lyubov.”

“Okay,” Shane breathes.

—

The team ends up going to the Korean barbecue place Bood suggested.

They’re somehow able to get a private room on such short notice, but Shane thinks he sees Ilya slip a couple hundreds over to the hostess. He has no idea when Ilya even had the time to get American cash.

It gets pretty chaotic pretty quickly, no one is sticking to their original seats, and he feels bad for the poor server trying to remember who ordered which drink. But the vibes are great, it seems like everyone feels good about their chances to close out the series tomorrow.

Shane is sitting with Dillon and Chouinard while they explain the plot of the tennis movie to him (it actually sounds pretty interesting, he does love a good sports movie) when he hears the door to the private room open up. He looks behind him, hoping to see a server bringing the veggie rolls he ordered as an appetizer. He’s fucking *starving*.

But it’s not the server walking through, it’s *Rose*. What the fuck is Rose doing here? Last he checked she was filming for a limited series in Atlanta.

She rushes over to him immediately with an enthusiastic “Happy birthday!!” and hugs him from behind over the back of his chair.

“What are you doing here!? I thought you were filming for that thing all month?” he asks as he turns to hug her back. He hasn’t seen Rose since January when they played in LA, and he’s missed her *so much*. They talk all the time of course, but it’s different to be able to talk shit in person. She’s one of the only people that he can word vomit all his weirdest thoughts to and she’ll just agree and say something equally as weird back.

“Well, we have a break in filming for two weeks, so I texted Ilya to see if you had any crazy plans I could crash... and here I am!” she explains. She takes the seat next to him and greets the guys around her. She met a few of them in LA, but he can see the faces of a couple rookies go completely red as they stutter out an introduction. It’s still funny to see the starstruck look in their eyes once they have a movie star in their midst.

Shane looks over at Ilya down at the other end of the table who doesn’t seem to have noticed that Rose has walked in yet. He’s deep in debate with Wyatt and Barrett, a beer cradled between his two hands, and now Shane is starving in a different way.

His curls are sticking to his forehead from the Florida humidity, he’s wearing a light green patterned t-shirt that makes his eyes look greener than usual, and he’s tapping his wedding ring against the bottle while he argues about whatever with Barrett.

Fuck, Ilya is probably the hottest man in this whole city *and* he gave his best friend the time and place to be to surprise him for his birthday. Shane must have been Gordie Howe or something like that in a previous life to deserve this. He doesn't give a fuck about their injuries anymore, he *will* be thanking his husband once they get back to their hotel room.

Ilya finally looks over and notices Rose next to him. His eyes light up as he waves at her, and then he looks over at Shane. He has what everyone calls his *Shane smile* on his face, which never fails to make his stomach feel a little weak. And then he gets his *Shane smirk* on his face, and he knows that Ilya can tell exactly what he's thinking. They're on the exact same page and they don't even need to say a word to each other.

Shane takes a sip of his ginger ale and forces himself to look away before he gets an inappropriate hard-on, and turns back to Rose.

"You didn't have to come all the way here," he says. "I know you've been exhausted with all the stunt work."

"Oh, please, Fort Lauderdale's a lot closer than Ottawa. And besides, I didn't come here *just* for you. It just so happens to be on the way to Jamaica, where I'm spending the week with a friend."

"A *friend*?" he questions, and then she's off catching him up on every detail about her newest situationship.

--

Ilya was right, he did have a good time at team dinner. And he genuinely wasn't expecting Rose to show up, either. Shane is a little floored with all the big and small ways Ilya has shown his love for him today.

But after drinks and dinner and more drinks, Shane is ready to *go*.

They say goodbye to Rose at the restaurant entrance with a promise to see her after the game the next night, and then they follow the rest of the team down the block back towards the hotel.

They're lingering towards the back of the group, taking a moment to walk alone together. They didn't sit together at dinner, contrary to what their teammates might say, they are *just fine* spending an hour or two not glued to each other's side, but Shane can admit to himself that he missed feeling Ilya's body heat linger next to him.

Ilya throws an arm around his shoulders, and leans his head down to lean on Shane's. He angles his face into Shane's neck and takes a moment to just breathe him in. Shane leans in to him as they walk and grabs on to the hand that's thrown over his shoulder.

"Thank you for everything today," Shane whispers. "*Ya tebya lyubyu.*"

He can feel Ilya's smile against his neck, "*Ya tozhe tebya lyubyu,*" and then he picks his face up to press a couple of wet kisses against Shane's cheek.

He can smell the beer and fried rice on Ilya's breath, but he doesn't care. He gets to walk down the street with his husband hanging all over him and their team ahead, rowdy as ever.

"Are you tired?" Ilya asks.

"Yes," Shane answers truthfully. "But not too tired."

"Good, is still your birthday, and I have plans."

"What kind of plans?"

"Plans you will like. Very slutty plans. Just like you."

Shane laughs and lifts his head up to look Ilya in the eyes. Shane's laugh catches in his throat as he catches the dark look in Ilya's eyes. He can feel his dick twitch in his pants, and suddenly nothing is funny anymore. They need to start moving a little faster, *now*.

He removes Ilya's arm from around his shoulder and grabs his hand to tug him further along.

"Come on," he demands breathily, "I'm ready for your slutty plans."

"You are always ready," Ilya replies, but he picks up his pace all the same.

--

Once they make it back to their hotel floor and say a very quick goodnight to their teammates (Shane decides to ignore the wolf whistling), Ilya calls out one last, "Morning skate at ten! Don't be late!" and then their hotel room door is closed.

Finally.

There's hands in his hair, a mouth on his neck, shoes are being kicked off. Shane feels drunk without any alcohol in his system.

Ilya leads him over to the bed, tearing off his own shirt along with Shane's. He sits on the bed and starts working on Shane's pants while sucks open mouthed kisses all across his stomach. Shane starts tugging on the curls with one hand on the back of Ilya's head, the other toying with his gold chain at the back of his neck.

He's rock hard already, been half-hard since they started speedwalking back to the hotel. His pants and underwear go down with one tug, and then Ilya's hands are making their way up and down his thighs and across his ass cheeks.

"You will tell me if anything hurts, yes?" Ilya asks, looking up at him.

"Yeah," Shane breathes out. "You too, okay?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Good. Now take off your pants."

“Bossy, moya lyubov,” but he listens, anyway.

Shane very hastily grabs the lube from his bag while Ilya is getting his pants off and crawling up the bed. He sits with his back against the headboard, stroking his hard cock with a smirk in Shane’s direction.

“Come to bed,” he growls in Russian with a slap to his thigh.

Shane complies without a word, straddling Ilya as gently as he can. He feels a small twinge in his knee, but fuck it, it’s nowhere near bad enough to actually stop what they’re doing.

Ilya’s hands immediately go to the meat of his ass and start massaging. He tugs Ilya’s face towards him and kisses him hard.

“I couldn’t stop looking at you tonight,” Ilya breathes into his mouth. “You looked so beautiful. Your freckles looked so happy.”

“My freckles look happy?” Shane questions. Ilya only had two beers, there’s no way he’s drunk, but maybe he’s drunk in the same way Shane feels drunk. Drunk on euphoria or something poetic like that.

“Da. When you are smiling a lot. The ones right here,” he strokes a finger under Shane’s eye, “they get all scrunchy. Happy scrunchy. It makes my heart stop.”

Shane really doesn’t want to cry when he’s this horny, but he might. Ilya is always doing that, saying something groundbreakingly romantic at the most inopportune time. He doesn’t really know what to say to that, so he just leans back in and kisses him again. They just do that for a couple minutes, enjoying the feeling of their mouths and bodies moving against each other.

He starts getting impatient eventually, though. Ilya can tell, he can always tell, and he starts to scoot them down the bed so he’s laying down with Shane on top of him.

“Ilya,” Shane breaks the kiss, “I don’t think I can be on top, my knee.”

“No, not like that,” Ilya says. “Sit on my face.”

Oh. Okay, yeah, Shane is down for that.

He slowly climbs up towards Ilya’s face, lifts his body high above his head and grabs ahold of the headboard with one hand, the other resting in Ilya’s curls.

His cock is already leaking and he’s barely even touched it.

“You ready?” he asks Ilya.

Ilya just grabs his hips and pulls him down towards his mouth. He gives the meat of his ass one good bite and a suck, and then his tongue immediately starts lapping around his rim, no build up, no teasing.

"Fuck," Shane gasps. He doesn't think he'll ever get used to the feeling of Ilya's tongue on him like that. All thoughts immediately leave his mind besides *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya*.

He grips the headboard with both hands now, his knees can't hold him up by themselves right now. He tries to stay still, tries to let Ilya set the pace, but Ilya is starting to work his tongue inside and Shane's hips have started to move of their own accord. He can hear the breathy moans that are leaving his lips.

And then Ilya is blindly grabbing at the lube lying on the bed next to him and expertly slicking up his fingers, the ones that aren't bandaged up, without even looking away. A finger starts to circle around his rim, right next to Ilya's tongue.

Shane stops him before he can slip a finger inside, though. "Wait."

"What? Are you hurt?" Ilya says, lips swollen and face wet.

"No, just..." He leans his body back up, and very, very carefully swings his leg around to face the other direction, then situates himself back over top of Ilya's face. "Okay, you can go again."

Ilya dives right back in with no hesitation, his tongue working its way in and out of his hole. The noises he's making are downright filthy. Shane's cock is very steadily leaking now, a line dripping between the tip and Ilya's stomach. He's trying his best to hold back his moans, he knows there are neighbors on either side of their hotel room, but he might need to prepare himself to hear some comments tomorrow morning. Whatever, none of that matters right now. The only thing that matters right now is Ilya's tongue. And his fingers.

As Ilya starts to slip his finger inside, his other hand goes to massage Shane's balls.

Shane grips both of his hands on Ilya's thighs and bites off a moan into his own shoulder. *Fuck*. And then he thinks of a better way to shut himself up.

Ilya's cock is up against his stomach, rock hard.

Once Ilya has one finger all the way in, he leans down and sucks the tip of his cock into his mouth.

Clearly, Ilya wasn't expecting that because he jerks in surprise and then presses his finger firmly against Shane's prostate, causing Shane to groan around his cock. His mouth has moved to Shane's balls, sucking and nipping, as he gets ready to add a second finger.

Shane starts to move his mouth up and down and Ilya's cock, getting into a good rhythm. He moves his hand up and down the length his mouth can't reach from this angle, slick from his spit.

Ilya starts moaning against his balls as he finally adds a second finger and presses both right up against his prostate, unrelenting. They spend the next couple minutes moaning and grinding against each other, and at some point Ilya has slipped a third finger in. He doesn't let up on his prostate while he continues to suck on Shane's balls. Ilya was right, it *has* been way

too long since they did anything like this. Handjobs in the shower just weren't gonna cut it for much longer.

He's close, he can feel it, and he won't even need a hand on his cock to get there.

"I'm close," he gasps out, "don't stop."

"Go ahead," Ilya moans out. "Come."

And that's all it takes, he's shooting off against Ilya's abs. He keeps his mouth on Ilya's cock as his orgasm goes in waves. Ilya's fingers are still stroking him inside, gently now, soothing. His mind is blank, his body is on fire, its heaven.

Before he knows it, Ilya is tapping his ass in warning, but Shane keeps his mouth where it is as he feels Ilya coming down his throat. He happily swallows it all and suckles the last little bit off the tip as Ilya comes down from his orgasm.

Shane finally leans up, moves to the side and collapses on the bed next to Ilya.

"Fuck, that was hot," he breathes out.

Ilya laughs while still catching his breath. "Happy birthday, moya lyubov."

"Yeah. Happy birthday to me."

He rolls onto his side to face Ilya, ignoring the ache in his ribs, and gently traces one of the purple and green bruises on Ilya's shoulder.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"I could never feel pain with your ass in my face," Ilya replies with a kiss to his forehead.

"Stop it, I'm serious."

"No, moya lyubimyy. Shoulder is fine. I will still score goals for you tomorrow night."

"Oh, yeah? How many goals?"

"Mmm, three probably."

"I get a hat trick for my birthday?"

"You get whatever you want for your birthday," and then he turns to look Shane in the eyes, "You are my whole world, my everything. Whatever you want for the rest of your life."

This time, Shane actually feels the tears starting to gather in his eyes.

Ilya just gathers him in his arms and starts pressing kisses all over his face and hair, as Shane wipes his tears onto Ilya's collarbone.

He lets go of Shane and then looks back at the wall behind him.

“I hope Hazy didn’t hear you, he needs to sleep good for tomorrow.”

Shane laughs and grabs the pillow next to him to smack Ilya. “Fuck off, asshole.”

--

The next night, Ilya scores a hat trick. He points at Shane after every single goal.

Chapter 2: or if you strike out and you're crawling home

Chapter Summary

He's never gotten to experience this post-season silence and recovery with anyone before. Even after their relationship became serious and Ilya moved to Ottawa, Shane was always in the playoffs for months before he could join Ilya in the summer. It's easier to breathe through it with Shane by his side.

Chapter Notes

Happy premiere week!! Hope you enjoy this chapter :) btw I couldve yapped way more about Ilya vs. SSRIs but I decided to save it for my long fic, just know in my heart he's a Wellbutrin girl. I'm almost done with the first chapter of that so #comingsoon. also idk what's going on with ao3 but my italics got messed up in the back half,

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

June

There's a wet nose in Ilya's ear. And then there's a tongue on his mouth. It's definitely not his husband's tongue.

"Anya stop, get off," he hears. Anya doesn't listen, she continues to lick at his cheeks and his nose as Ilya moves his arm to start petting her head. He can't help the smirk that makes its way to his face, Anya still listens to Ilya more than she listens to Shane.

He finally opens his eyes to see Shane standing next to the bed, a Centaurs branded mug of coffee in his hand. He's wearing a tank top and running shorts, his long, damp hair is pushed back with a headband, and his glasses are sitting on his adorable, annoyed face.

Anya finally decides she's done and bounds off the bed and out of room, probably running down the stairs in anticipation of her morning walk.

Shane sets the coffee mug on the bedside table, sits on the edge of the bed next to Ilya, and starts carding his hands through his curls.

"Happy birthday," he whispers and leans down to press a deep kiss against Ilya's mouth. He moves his fingers through Shane's hair, enjoying the way his husband's tongue slides against his own. He knows the only reason he's getting kissed right now is probably because it's his birthday, but he'll take what he can get.

“What time is it?” he mutters in Russian once they finally separate.

“Almost ten-thirty.”

So Shane *really* let him sleep in today. Unless Ilya is in a bad place mentally, Shane is usually dragging him out of bed before nine.

“You worked out?”

“Not really, just did some stretching.”

He’s happy Shane has been taking it easy. They’ve both been taking it easy since their loss in the conference final eleven days ago. He was worried Shane would find a way to blame himself, that he would overanalyze all the ways he could’ve done better and push his body before it had a chance to fully heal.

The loss was devastating, but it was no one’s fault. They just got *fucked*. Carolina came right out of the gate physical and *violent*. Dykstra fractured his foot on a blocked shot and Barrett went down with a broken wrist in Game 1, one right after the other. It had the whole team rattled.

In Game 2, Shane took another bad hit and his knee was slammed into the boards at an awkward angle, the same knee that had already been giving him trouble. He laid there on the ice for a couple moments while Ilya’s heart was stuck in his throat watching from the bench, transported back to 2017. It was nowhere near as bad as *that* hit. It wasn’t to the head and he was clearly still conscious, but it terrified Ilya all the same. Shane was helped up by Bood and one of the trainers and immediately escorted down the tunnel back to the locker room. He wanted so badly to follow his husband, but he knew he couldn’t. He was the captain, he had to lead this team regardless of who was injured.

The trainer had come back to update Ilya and the coaches. Shane’s knee was okay, it seemed like a minor sprain, and he wanted to come back for the last period. If it was the regular season, he probably would have been out for at least a few games, but Ilya knew it would’ve had to be a lot worse to keep Shane out in the playoffs.

The rest of the series, they played messy and undisciplined. They made dumb defensive plays and took even stupider penalties (Ilya is not proud of the amount of penalty minutes he racked up, but he just couldn’t help himself from crosschecking the guy who slammed Shane’s knee into the boards).

it all ended with a loss in Game 6, and their season was over.

Ilya knows that sometimes this is just how it goes. You usually have to get your ass kicked in the playoffs a couple times before you win a championship. But he really thought they could have had it this year. They were electric in the first two rounds. Their powerplay had been insane all year since Shane joined the first unit. Even on their bad days, when everything felt impossible and they could barely talk to each other without sharp, angry words, they could still manage to score together on the powerplay.

But it didn't happen. Not this year, at least. And they're both finding a way to be okay with that.

He smiles sleepily at his husband and grabs the coffee mug off the bedside table to take a sip. He puts his other hand on Shane's knee, the bad one, and looks for any signs of swelling.

"Okay?" he asks.

"Yes," Shane rolls his eyes with a small smile on his face. "It's really not bad. Stop thinking about it. I made you breakfast, and I have a feeling if we leave Anya down there alone any longer, there's not going to be any left for you."

Ilya reaches for the hand that Shane offers to help him out of bed. Most of his bruising has faded, but his muscles are still stiff in the morning. He wonders if that'll become a regular occurrence in his thirties. Once he's standing, he gathers Shane up in his arms and squeezes him as tightly as he can. "Thank you for breakfast, moya lyubov."

Shane smiles into his neck and says, "You should wait until you try it to thank me. It might be terrible."

That's definitely true. They cook together all the time, but Ilya has the more innate talent for it, and he's usually the one directing.

"Go check on Anya, I'll meet you down there," he pecks Shane cheek, his lips and adds a smack to the ass before he heads to their bathroom.

After brushing his teeth (he's not interested in testing Shane's limit for morning breath kisses today), he grabs the prescription bottle full of his anti-depressants and washes one down with a handful of water from the sink.

After almost a year of working with his psychiatrist, he thinks they may have finally settled on one that works, but it was certainly a battle the whole way through. At some points, it felt like the doctors were just playing with his brain like silly putty. It was a lot of *This one might work better for you* and *Well, we just won't know until we try*.

It was frustrating on a good day, and on a bad day it made him want to throw his entire life away. He thought about stopping all the time, he made it thirty years without taking anything, maybe that's just how it's supposed to be. But then he would think of Shane, and he would think of the soulcrushing heartbreak from his own childhood, and he knew there was no world in which he could make his husband suffer through a similar misery.

So he decided to be patient and he decided which side effects were worth it (he absolutely did not tolerate the ones that made his dick stop working). It's a lot easier to get out of bed these days than it was eighteen months ago.

He runs his hands over his stubble deciding whether or not it's time to shave. He thinks about the beard burn that will be on Shane's thighs later and decides to leave it. There's something about seeing the evidence of his love on Shane that will always make his heart beat a little faster.

He doesn't bother putting on a shirt before he makes his way downstairs. He can tell that Shane has opened up the back doors to let the sunlight in, the breeze is warm and the way it blankets his shoulders feels like home.

He finds Shane in the kitchen cleaning up around the stove with Anya pacing back and forth around his legs. There are blueberry pancakes on the kitchen table next to an egg sandwich and a plate of bacon on the side. It's turkey bacon, which is not Ilya's preference, but if there's one thing he's learned this past year, it's that marriage is ninety percent compromise.

He snags a piece of bacon off the table and shoves it into his mouth as saunters up behind where Shane is standing at the stove. As he chews, he tucks his finger into the back of Shane's waistband, pulls it away from his ass, and looks down. No underwear, just like he was hoping.

"Hey," Shane bats his hand away. "Your breakfast is getting cold."

"The microwave works fine," Ilya replies as moves to slide his hand up the back of Shane's tank top.

"I was serious when I said no more sex in the kitchen, it's gross." He continues to wipe up the stove, unaffected by Ilya's hands skating up and down his back.

"Come on, it's my birthday. And you have no underwear, what did you expect?"

Shane finally turns his head to level Ilya with a look. "I'm not wearing underwear because we haven't done laundry in almost two weeks."

That part is true. They've spent the past eleven days icing their injuries and watching terrible reality TV. It was a great distraction from the cup final going on without them. But they're injuries are mostly healed by this point, and it might be time to stop mourning their loss and move on.

"I still think we could pay someone to do our laundry," he tells Shane. He's been suggesting this all year, neither of them like doing it and they have a horrible habit of letting it pile up. "It's not any different from paying someone to do the dry cleaning for our suits."

"I'm not paying anyone to wash my underwear." It's the same argument they've had so many times. Another thing he's learned about marriage, the dumb little arguments will always repeat themselves.

Ilya shoves the last bit of bacon into his mouth, grabs ahold of Shane's waist with both hands, and turns him around to fully face him. He shoves his face into Shane's neck to nose at his pulse as his hands move upwards to caress both of his nipples.

"Can you at least finish chewing before you start licking me," but his breath has hitched and Ilya knows he's won.

He swallows the rest of his bacon before he slides the tank top the rest of the way off of Shane, throws it on the ground, and tugs off his shorts. He leads Shane back towards the

kitchen table, takes a seat, and pulls him down to straddle his lap. Ilya is only wearing his boxers, so there's one thin layer between them as he grinds up into Shane's ass and covers his mouth with his own.

Shane tastes like coffee and blueberries, the familiarity of his tongue has Ilya sighing in relief.

Ilya pulls away and stares into Shane's blown pupils. He brings two of his fingers to Shane's mouth and says, "Suck."

Shane welcomes the fingers into his mouth with no hesitation. He laps his tongue around, sliding his teeth up and down. He's fully hard now as he grinds down into Ilya's cock.

"Good boy."

Shane moans around his fingers and grinds a little harder.

Once his fingers are fully soaked, he takes them out of Shane's mouth and they find their home at Shane's rim; he circles around for a couple moments before his pointer finger dips inside. His tongue finds Shane's pulse point, feels the way his heart beats a little faster while Ilya slowly pumps his finger in and out.

"Good?"

Shane just nods and moans again. He stops grinding against him and takes Ilya's cock out of his boxers. He leans away for a second to spit on Ilya's dick, pumping slowly, gathering the precum to mix with his spit and sliding it down the rest of his length.

Ilya adds the other finger and quickens his pace, finding Shane's prostate with ease. They probably shouldn't take too long, Anya *does* need to go on her walk. His other hand finds Shane's nipple again, stroking in time with his fingers.

Shane's hand speeds up, moving over both their cocks now. Ilya is getting there pretty quickly. Even after all these years, nothing will get him there like Shane in his lap and all around him.

"Ilya," Shane pants into his ear.

"Come on, moya lyubov." He lets his fingers stay there on his prostate, relentlessly pushing and stroking, the way he knows drives his husband insane. Less than a minute later Shane is coming against his stomach. He ducks his head to bite his moan into Ilya's shoulder, and then Ilya is following, their come mixing together, creating a mess.

Ilya tugs at the hair on the back of Shane's head to get him to lift his head so he can look at him. His face is flushed, his forehead is sweaty, his lips are red. It stuns Ilya that Shane has no idea how fucking *hot* he is. How surprised he always is whenever anyone expresses any sort of attraction to him. It's even hotter that Ilya is the only person who ever gets to see him this way. This version of Shane is for him and no one else.

“Happy birthday,” Shane breathes, and kisses him again. Ilya’s fingers stay where they are inside Shane as they kiss, sweetly and softly, for a couple more moments. It’s so warm in there, it feels like home, so Ilya will keep them in there until Shane starts to complain.

Ilya’s stomach grumbles as they part from their kiss. “You need to eat something, you just took your meds,” Shane mumbles, face tucked back into his neck, but he makes no move to get off of Ilya.

So, without even removing his fingers from inside Shane, Ilya grabs a blueberry pancake from the table with his other hand, folds it half and shoves half of it into his mouth. It’s cold, it’s a little burnt on one side, and a little raw in the middle, but with his husband in his lap, it tastes amazing.

Shane wrinkles his nose a little at the come on both of their stomachs as Ilya continues to eat his pancake, unbothered.

“Now I mean it,” he says airily, still catching his breath. “After today, no more sex in the kitchen.”

Ilya doesn’t respond, just strokes a finger back over Shane’s prostate, just to see what happens. Shane gasps, his hips jerk forward, his dick twitches against Ilya’s. *Nice*. He grabs a piece of bacon, and moves his fingers again.

“*Ilya, please.*” He’s whining now, squirming a bit. Ilya loves it when he’s like this.

“You want me to stop?”

Shane just moans again and grinds down into Ilya’s fingers. He takes that as a no. One of his hands have found their way into Ilya’s curls, tugging at the base of his neck, the other is holding onto his gold chain, like he’s holding onto Ilya for dear life. When he looks down, Shane’s cock is fully hard again.

He doesn’t stop moving his fingers as he continues to eat the slice of bacon. He’s not going too fast, he doesn’t want to completely overwhelm Shane, but his husband naked, moaning, and *needy* in his lap as he fingers him to a second orgasm is the best birthday present he could have asked for.

Shane doesn’t seem capable of forming words, just moaning and whining into Ilya’s neck. Ilya doesn’t let up on his prostate as he finishes eating his breakfast one handed. What can he say, he’s always been a good multitasker.

After a couple minutes, Shane’s rim is squeezing Ilya’s fingers so tight, he’s worried there might actually be a loss of circulation, but he keeps going, he knows Shane is close. *Again*.

He starts whispering filthy Russian words into Shane’s ear as he gets closer. The ones he knows Shane will understand. It doesn’t take much longer before his cock is spilling between them again. It’s not much, but Shane’s entire body is shaking in his lap. It might be the sexiest thing he’s ever seen in his life.

His filthy Russian words turn sweeter as Shane slowly starts to come back to earth, face still buried in Ilya's neck.

"Holy fuck," Shane pants, "It's supposed to be your birthday."

"Yes," Ilya responds. "Already best birthday."

Shane finally lifts his head and looks back at Ilya. He looks *wrecked*. Good. Ilya can't help but kiss his freckled nose; even when he's wrecked, he's adorable. He's perfect. If he never wins another hockey game in his life, he'll die happy.

"How was the food?"

Ilya barks out a laugh. "Was very good, moy lyubimyy."

And that's when Anya breaks their moment, a little bark coming out of her mouth from the other room. She's been *very* patient. Ilya will give her a couple extra treats on their walk.

"Can you stand?" he asks. Shane's thighs are still shaking. Ilya is proud of himself.

"Yeah," he braces his hands on Ilya's shoulders while Ilya keeps his hips steady as he stands. Once he's steady on two feet, Ilya leans over to grab the tank top off the ground. He wipes himself off and tucks himself back into his boxers before gently bringing it across Shane's stomach, trailing kisses across his abs.

"You should probably change your boxers."

"I think this was the last pair. No more underwear the rest of my birthday," he smirks up at Shane.

"You're crazy If you think we're going to my parents house with no underwear."

"Okay, okay. No more underwear until four?"

"Fine," Shane breathes out as he steps back into his shorts. "You can take Anya for a walk. I'll clean up."

Ilya stands up from his seat and grabs Shane's face with two hands. "Are you sure? We can clean later. Come?"

Shane just huffs out a laugh. "I don't think I can be in public right now," he says with red cheeks, eyes still a little glassy. He's probably right, he looks like he just got fucked. His hair is a mess, the headband has been pushed back even further, and he has strands of hair standing up in all directions. Ilya is always happy to turn him into a mess. "And your phone's been going crazy all morning, you can go through it while you walk."

"Ok, sweetheart," and leaves him with one last kiss before going to put on some clothes.

--

The adrenaline crash after a playoff run is always a bit of a mind fuck. He's done it enough times to expect the grey clouds to gather over his head in the beginning of every off-season. This time around, though, the sky is a little more blue. He's definitely still tired, he's definitely still sore, but right now he doesn't need to bury his head in a pillow and not look up for days in a row. He knows the ups are fleeting, but the downs always hover in a more permanent way, so he lets himself enjoy it.

He takes his time as he walks Anya, enjoying the early summer air as he lets her sniff at the bushes for as long as she wants. He scrolls through his phone as they make their way through the neighborhood loop. Shane was right, he does have a lot of messages.

He answers Yuna and David first, thanks them for the birthday wishes and asks them if he and Shane need to bring anything for dinner at their house tonight.

He gets back to all the guys on the team. They had already done an early birthday lunch after locker cleanout day a couple days before. Everybody's gone their separate ways for the summer, and he'll see a few of them for the summer camps in July.

He gets to the message from Harris and sees a video attachment. Intrigued, he clicks on that message next.

Happy birthday Ilya!!! Hope you have a great day today 🥳 The vid I attached is from the last ep of the playoff doc. We cut it out because it seemed like a private moment, but I thought you might like to have it. See you at camps in July!!

Ilya clicks play on the video as Anya tugs him further down the street. The first thing he notices is that it's in the Cen's locker room. Harris said it's from the last episode, so it must be after their loss in Game 6. The locker room is silent, even from this tiny video he can sense the grief in the air. He remembers it vividly, it was only eleven days ago after all.

The camera pans over to Shane's stall. Shane is sitting shirtless, pants, socks, and skates still on. He's leaned over with his hands covering his face, his shoulders are twitching ever so slightly. Ilya sees himself come into view, wearing only his compression leggings. He sits on the ground in front of Shane, back turned to the camera, head bent over into Shane's space. He watches himself place both of his hands on Shane's thighs and move them apart just slightly so he can lean even closer.

Shane immediately opens up for Ilya, he lifts head out of his hands to bring them to Ilya's sweaty curls, and leans his forehead on Ilya's collarbone. Ilya watches himself bury his nose into Shane's hair as they breathed together. They sat like that for quite a few minutes, he remembers. They weren't saying anything, just feeling the loss together. The video ends, and Ilya is left staring at the play button.

Harris was right, that *was* a private moment. He can still feel Shane's shaky breath and wet eyes in his neck if he thinks about it too hard. He's grateful the editing team was able to recognize that. They're not shy about acknowledging their relationship on camera, not anymore at least, but some things are just for them.

They should be used to this kind of loss. You lose more often than you win in this league. But it's their first loss *together*. It was a heartbreaking moment, but it was still a first. It certainly felt different from all the rest. He saves the video to his *Shane* folder and watches it a couple more times.

He's also grateful Harris took the time to get the video and send it to him since he's probably busy taking care of Troy after his wrist surgery.

As he's making his way up the driveway, he gets a notification he wasn't expecting. It's an Instagram post notification from *ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer*. He clicks on the notification immediately to see it open up to a new video on Shane's account.

The sound of a play-by-play broadcaster fills his speakers as he watches a mini version of Shane dropping a pass to a mini version of Ilya. Ilya runs up the ice into the offensive zone, tearing through two defenders, and scores on the breakaway. He feels himself smile as he watches the two of them collide behind the net in a hug, smiles huge as they yell into each other's faces.

Ilya remembers this vividly, too. It's from the beginning of the season, the first goal they scored together on the Centaurs. The fact that it was against New York makes it even sweeter.

He can't help himself as he pauses in the middle of the driveway to watch the goal a couple more times.

The next slide is a picture of Ilya from their honeymoon, a picture he doesn't think he's ever seen before.

He's sitting on the beach with the ocean sunset in the background, shirtless with his crucifix hanging between his pecs. His sunglasses are sitting on his nose, a wide dimpled smile on his face with his lips stained red from sangria. It's probably the happiest he's ever seen himself; this is the Ilya that belongs to Shane. He's a little shocked his husband is allowing the world to see it.

He's kept the caption simple and in Cyrillic, *еще много целей, еще много лет. С днём рождения, Илья. Я люблю тебя.*

Shane *never* posts anything actually personal on Instagram (his own account is active enough for the both of them), but that's just how he is. He expresses his love in quieter, softer ways that Ilya wouldn't trade for anything. But that doesn't mean his heart doesn't pound a little bit harder when his love is loud enough for the whole world to see.

Ilya likes the post and adds his own simple comment,

забивать вместе до конца наших жизней. Я люблю тебя.

And then he walks back into their house to find his husband.

--

After Anya is released from her harness, Ilya wanders around downstairs in search of Shane. The kitchen is cleaned up, he can hear the washing machine tumbling in the background, but Shane is nowhere to be found. And then he hears a crash from upstairs, so Ilya follows the noise.

Shane is in one of their guest bedrooms. After he moved his life to Ottawa last summer, they argued over what to keep and to get rid of. The things they couldn't agree on were shoved into this room and forgotten about. It's also where they dropped all of their hockey gear after locker room cleanout day.

Which is where he finds Shane surrounded by a mess of Ilya's sticks all over the ground.

"What are you doing?"

"I figured I should get our dirty clothes out of these bags before it becomes a biohazard--"

"Biohazard?"

"Like, moldy or... something that can get you sick. And then I thought I might as well cut the tape off our sticks so we don't have to when we start skating again, and then your sticks kind of came crashing down around me," he explains with a shrug to his shoulders.

He has one of his own sticks in his lap, a pocket knife in his hands as he works on stripping the tape off.

"You need help?"

"If you want," Shane shrugs. "You might want to get new pads for next season. You should go through it all."

He sits on the ground across from his husband, but he drags Shane's bag over instead of his own and starts digging through it.

"You know what I really want for my birthday?" he asks casually.

"Hmm?" Shane looks up, eyes curious.

"For you to get a new jockstrap." He holds up the old thing with one finger. It's a sickly grey color, frayed and ratty. If anything is a biohazard, it's Shane's jockstrap.

"*Stop it.*" Shane snatches the jockstrap out of his hands and hides it behind his back, like if Ilya continues to even lay eyes on it, it will disappear. "Everything I've ever won has been with this jockstrap."

"Yes, but maybe is time to move on? Harris always talks about new eras. He says new era is good."

If there's two things he knows about his husband, it's that he struggles with change, and he's deeply superstitious when it comes to hockey. It actually physically *hurt* to watch Shane stumble through a new pregame routine at the beginning of the season. It hurt even more to

watch him struggle on the ice, which only seemed to confirm Shane's worries that his superstitions and routines were the only reason he was ever any good.

They both had their mental battles they needed to overcome this past season, but it was easier in the same house rather than hours apart. Shane has had a couple of conversations with a sports psychologist at the insistence of Ilya and his parents. It definitely helped when his on-ice productivity started to pick up, but as with Ilya's depression, there's an ebb and flow, an up and down.

Shane gives him a look, like he knows exactly what Ilya is thinking about.

"We can put it in the trophy room?" Ilya suggests.

Shane's eyes soften at that, but he keeps the jockstrap protected behind his back.

"Maybe."

Maybe is good. *Maybe* is progress. So Ilya will let it go for now. He finds the knife he keeps in his gear bag and gets to work cutting the tape off his sticks.

They sit there for a while working in a comfortable silence. They've spent a lot of the past eleven days sitting together in silence. In the locker room directly after the loss, in the car on the way back home, in the shower as they attempted to wash this last series off their skin. That was all rumination.

This doesn't feel like that. It feels like the long-awaited night cap after an exhausting night out. With the tape scraped off, the pads put aside to air out, their skates laces taken out, the past season is also being packed away. None of the hits or the fights or the sharp words on the ice matter anymore.

He's never gotten to experience this post-season silence and recovery with anyone before. Even after their relationship became serious and Ilya moved to Ottawa, Shane was always in the playoffs for months before he could join Ilya in the summer. It's easier to breathe through it with Shane by his side.

He's almost done going through all the junk that has piled up in gear bag when he feels sharp edges that seem unfamiliar. He pulls out a small box wrapped in brown paper. He stares at the box for a beat before looking up at Shane.

Shane, who has a shy smile on his face, just says, "Happy birthday."

Ilya wastes no time unwrapping the brown paper, and opening the box inside. Inside is a watch, but it's clearly not just a watch, it's a piece of art. A winged figure takes up most of the face sitting atop a smaller watch face, one hand resting on an hour glass off to the side. The gold casing has a very intricate floral engraving. It's *beautiful*. And then Ilya notices the name of the watchmaker on the edge of the face. *Konstantin Chakyin. Shane got him a Russian work of art for his birthday. A piece of art from the country he no longer returns to. Ilya doesn't have any words, in English or in Russian.*

“It’s no car, but...”

No, it’s so much better than any sports car Ilya could buy.

Ilya turns it over in his hands a couple times, looking at it from all angles. The craftsmanship is like nothing he’s ever seen before. None of his Rolexes could ever compare to this.

Ilya is still speechless as he notices the embossing inside the leather band. It’s a sequence of numbers, 24 81 56.

“Fifty six?” he asks.

“The number of goals we scored on the ice together.”

It’s so Shane. Of course he wanted to commemorate their first season together. Ilya knows he comes first, but to Shane, hockey will always be a very close second. Ilya wouldn’t have it any other way.

He very carefully places the watch back in its box and off to the side, grabs his husband’s wrist, and yanks him into his lap.

He whispers his thanks and his love in Russian words into Shane’s mouth.

“Better than any car, moya lyubov. Best gift I ever received.”

“Good. Svetlana helped, too. She found someone in Moscow who could bid on it at the auction for me.”

“Auction?”

“Oh, yeah. The piece is one of a kind, actually. Apparently the bidding got intense, I probably overpaid way too much, but... once I saw it... It’s flashy and Russian, just like you, you know?”

Ilya peppers more kisses across his face, across his freckles, makes his way to Shane’s mouth. He feels Shane smile into his mouth, and then they’re both just grinning like idiots into each other’s faces.

Sitting there on the floor of their second bedroom with his husband, surrounded by their beat up hockey gear, Ilya feels the last nine months fade into the past.

--

Ilya remembers a time when he used to be jealous of Shane’s relationship with his parents. He remembers resenting this perfect Canadian kid with perfect Canadian parents. He remembers their very first conversation when Shane asked if his parents came with him, and he remembers the pain in his chest when he had to tell him no. He also remembers how, despite this resentment, he couldn’t resist the perfect Canadian kid anyways. He’ll always be grateful to teenage Ilya for his commitment to a bad idea.

The first summer he spent at the cottage, he thought it would be hard to build a relationship with Shane's parents. He assumed his history and his reputation would get in the way, he was scared his years old resentment would get in the way.

But Yuna and David refused to let any of that hold them back. Like they saw right through Ilya, how Shane had become his whole world and decided his world could be a little bigger. They're probably the only reason Ilya survived those first years in Ottawa. When Ilya was buried under the darkest parts of his depression, when he felt like he might never breathe right again, he could come to Yuna and David and, if even for a second, feel slightly more steady.

Before Ottawa felt like home, he had a piece of Shane, a piece of home, with Yuna and David. Shane has given him a lot of things over the years, but one of the best is probably his parents. They have pieces of Ilya all over their home. His preferred brand of vodka sits in their freezer, one of his favorite hoodies hangs in their coat closet, their draft photo is on the fridge, a picture of Ilya with his Conn Smythe from 2014 is on the fireplace mantle, and next to it sits a picture of mother.

The sting of his grief will never go away, he never expects it to. But if there is an afterlife, wherever she might be, he knows she would be happy for him. He knows that this is all she's ever wanted for him. And that feeling sits next to the sting in his chest, wrapping a blanket over it, protecting it.

He's looking at the photo of his mother while he sits on the floor in front of the coffee table working on a puzzle with David. It's a 1000 piece puzzle of a landscape of dinosaurs during the meteor strike. Ilya has been working on the dinosaurs while David puts the edges together.

Shane and Yuna are in the kitchen together. He's probably bothering her about upcoming camp details (Shane won't relax for a fucking second, but he gets it from his mother, so Ilya doesn't really feel bad for her).

Anya trots over to him from the kitchen, distracting him from his thoughts to sniff and whine at his legs.

"What's wrong, Anechka? Did you get kicked out of the kitchen?"

"I'm surprised they didn't kick her out sooner," David laughs.

"Marriage has made Shane softer," Ilya responds as he gives her the pets she is so clearly asking for.

"Have you guys made any plans for your anniversary yet?"

"Eh, not really. I think Fiji is counting as the anniversary. Shane said no big plans, says he just wants to be at the cottage."

"Have you gotten him a gift yet?" David has a smirk on his face, like he knows something Ilya doesn't. Maybe Shane put him up to this, he knows his husband doesn't like surprises.

“No...” Ilya sighs as he finally finds the head of the velociraptor he’s been looking for. “Coach Wiebe says first anniversary is supposed to be paper, but I am way too rich to get him a card.”

“There are other forms of paper,” David laughs. “I’m sure you’ll figure it out. But you guys should be prepared, since it’s been a year now, Yuna might start asking about your plan for kids.”

That makes Ilya’s hand stutter over his pile of puzzle pieces. He takes a sip of his vodka as he thinks of what to say. It’s certainly not the first time they’ve been asked about kids. They’ve heard it all year from management, to teammates, to beat reporters. Those questions have been easy to answer with a simple Not yet. But the question feels different coming from his future children's grandparent.

Ilya and Shane have had brief discussions about. Vague discussions about it. They know they’re not ready right now. They both have a lot more work to do on themselves before they’re ready to be parents. They have more they want to accomplish together before they’re ready. They both want to be present to raise their kids together. It probably won’t happen for a while, but Ilya is willing to wait. He still has a lot of hockey left in him.

In an effort not to disappoint David, though, Ilya decides to keep it as vague as possible.

“We have talked. We want to be best parents possible so... we will wait for when it is right.”

David nods as he pieces a couple more edges together. He doesn’t seem surprised by Ilya’s answer. “You want to have a cup together before you have a baby together, huh?”

“Yes,” Ilya smiles. “Cup then baby. Is a good plan, right?”

“For sure. I don’t think Shane will rest until he has at least two more.”

Ilya knows his goal is actually four more. Shane wants to be the most decorated hockey player of this century. Ilya will do everything in his power to make sure he’s the most decorated Canadian hockey player of this century.

Before he can say anything else, Yuna calls from the dining table that dinner is ready. Ilya’s quick to get up, he’s been waiting for this chicken parmesan all day.

He stops at the kitchen to refill his vodka glass. As he passes by Shane, he stops him with a hand on his waist. After pressing a kiss to the side of his head, he says, “No more work talk, yes? For my birthday?”

Shane looks slightly guilty. “We weren’t talking about hockey.”

Ilya just gives him a look. Shane knows exactly what he meant, but he’ll rephrase anyway. “Don’t make Yuna talk work on my birthday.”

“Fine,” Shane sighs. “I’m done for the night,” he puts his hands up in surrender.

"You want another beer?" he asks as he opens the freezer to grab the vodka. "Or vodka? Less calories."

He fills the glass a couple inches and offers it to Shane. To his surprise, Shane actually grabs the offered glass and brings it to his mouth. He can't help the smile that lights up his face as Shane's nose scrunches in exactly the way he was hoping for.

"I think I'll stick to beer," he says, freckles warm and scrunchy as he grabs one from the fridge.

"Maybe later tonight... you will have vodka with me, yes?"

Shane's cheeks flush even more and now his ears are red, too. Also exactly what he was going for. He knows they're both thinking about that night in Vegas almost a decade ago. Ilya remembers thinking that might've been the last time Shane would allow their secret hookups to go on, he remembers wanting to savor every second he had with Shane's body. He wishes that younger version of Ilya could've known how much more time he would get.

"Do not bring that up when my parents are ten feet away," Shane tries to glare at him, but Ilya can tell how he's trying so hard not to smile. "Maybe later."

And then he walks away with his beer. As always, Ilya is helpless to follow.

As they gather around the dining table, Yuna notices the watch on Ilya's wrist and grabs his forearm to inspect it closer.

"Oh my god, this is even more gorgeous than in the photos!"

"Yes," Ilya smiles. "Shane did very good, I think."

Shane ducks his head with a shy smile as he piles some of the salad Yuna made onto his plate.

"I can't imagine what you must have spent on this, Shane," she says.

"Probably not more than secret investment building," Ilya says slyly.

Shane's head snaps up at that, eyes wide. Uh oh.

"Secret investment building?" David asks.

"Uh... b-back in Montreal in like... 2013, I- I bought a building as an investment. I renovated the condos and then sold it right before we started the foundation," Shane explains.

"Shane! Why did you never tell us about it?" At Yuna's shocked face, Ilya can't help the small giggle that escapes his mouth. Shane glares at Ilya again. In his defense, he was not aware of the fact that Yuna and David didn't know about the building.

"I don't know... I guess... it never came up," Shane mutters as he focuses on putting food on his plate and avoiding eye contact with everyone at the table. Poor Shane, he's so bad at

coming up with reasonable excuses. It might be a miracle they were able to keep their relationship a secret for over a decade.

Yuna and David look between Shane's red face and Ilya, who is now openly laughing. Realization seems to dawn on their faces, which causes Ilya to laugh even harder. After a moment, Yuna and David join Ilya in his laughter. Shane's face breaks, and then he's laughing, too.

"Okay, whatever. What else am I supposed to spend all my money on? And it actually was a good investment! I was up, like, half a million when I sold it!"

"You do not have to defend yourself, moya lyubov. No shame in spending millions of dollars on your future husband." Shane rolls his eyes, but he's still laughing.

"Anyways... Did you guys watch the Jays last night?"

--

After dinner, Ilya and Shane are sitting in his parents backyard while they watch Anya run around hunting whatever small animals come out during the Canadian summer.

Ilya is sitting on an adirondack chair, legs splayed out, feeling full and relaxed. Shane is perched on the arm of the chair, his arm hanging over Ilya's shoulder. His hair has been pulled up into the bun that Ilya always loves to tug on. He never asks anymore if he should cut it, by now he knows Ilya's answer. The breeze is making the small strands around his face wave around, and his face is encased in the light of the early summer dusk. All versions of Shane are beautiful enough to make Ilya's heart stutter, but Shane in the summer might be his favorite.

Ilya is resting the side of his head on Shane's chest, lulled by the way it moves up and down as he breathes. Ilya's hand is on his thigh, absentmindedly rubbing up and down as he makes sure Anya isn't trying to dig any holes in Yuna and David's yard.

"Sorry I spilled your secret," Ilya mumbles.

Shane huffs out a laugh. "It's fine. It's not like they thought we were secretly meeting up for years to play video games." He grabs the hand on his thigh and starts spinning Ilya's wedding band around his finger. "I do enjoy spending money on my husband, though," he mutters, leaning down to press his face into Ilya's curls.

"I am supposed to be the rich husband," Ilya says. "Make more money than you." Ilya can feel the way Shane is smiling into his hair.

"If it makes you feel better, I'll let you spend your next signing bonus on me."

Ilya scoffs at that. "You would never let me spend my whole bonus. Always about good investments and responsibilities... You know, David asked me about kids before dinner."

Shane lifts his head from top of Ilya's and looks down at him, eyebrows raised. "What'd he say?"

“Just asked what our plan is.”

“We don’t really have a plan. What did you say?”

“Just that it will happen when it is right.”

“God, you make it sound like you’re trying to get me pregnant.”

Ilya laughs and lets his hand move from Shane’s thigh up to his waist.

“Hey, who said you would be getting pregnant? I could grow big, strong baby.”

“I don’t think I’m interested in getting anyone pregnant,” Shane laughs.

“So you admit you want to be pregnant?”

“This is a ridiculous conversation.” Shane rolls his eyes and shifts on the arm of the chair so he’s almost completely facing Ilya now. One of his legs is in Ilya’s lap. He can’t help how his eyes are drawn to the way Shane’s shorts are riding up his thigh. The hand on Shane’s waist moves back down to his thigh, a little higher than it was before.

“People keep asking us about kids.”

“Yeah, but it’s definitely not going to happen that way.”

“I think we would have very cute freckled babies.”

“God, can you imagine?” Shane laughs. “If that was possible... we’d probably have more kids than Hayden with the way you can’t stay off of me.”

The arm thrown over his shoulder moves as Shane puts his hand in Ilya’s curls and tugs, forcing Ilya’s eyes to look up at his husband. Shane’s eyes are a little glassy, the beers he drank has him relaxed and loose. Ilya can’t wait to make him even looser later. They meet in the middle with a wet kiss, probably a little too dirty for Yuna and David’s back yard.

“I can’t wait to have kids with you, but...” Shane whispers against his mouth.

“But, what?” Ilya whispers right back.

“How many years did we play against each other?” he asks.

Ilya does the math in his head. “I think... nine? No, ten?”

“Yeah... I want to play at least as many years with you. I think we can win a couple more cups, you know?”

“So I will get you pregnant when we are forty. Might be risky in your old age, but I think your body can handle it.”

Shane pulls away to smack Ilya’s shoulder. “I’m being serious, asshole.” And then he says softly, “And when we’re done with all of that... I think we should adopt... like as many as we

can."

Yeah, that sounds nice to Ilya. Without saying another word, he grips Shane's thigh and tugs his body even closer until he's almost entirely on Ilya's lap. He moves his hand even higher up Shane's thigh. High enough that it might be considered indecent. The discussion of their future has made him unreasonably horny. Although, the idea of getting Shane pregnant might have added to that as well. He leans up to start sucking on Shane's neck.

Shane laughs and tries to pull away, but Ilya won't let him go.

"Ilya, please don't get me hard in my parent's backyard."

Ilya glances down. Shane is already half way there. But he just can't help himself because there used to be a time where talking about the future made him want to crawl into bed and never wake up. He had no idea what he would possibly do with himself after hockey. The anxiety of knowing his value in North America was only temporary would weigh on him more and more each flight back to Russia.

But none of that weighs him down anymore. He can look at his future, and see kids and more dogs and Shane next to him for every birthday and holiday in between. He will savor the years he has left playing hockey, but he doesn't have to dread what comes after.

Shane is the reason for that, so he kisses up Shane's neck and jaw until he reaches his mouth. This time, Shane doesn't put up a fight.

--

Later that night in their bedroom, Ilya watches as Shane fingers himself open, an empty glass on the nightstand, previously filled with vodka.

This time, he only lasts about three minutes before he's crawling up the bed, yanking Shane's fingers out of his own hole, and replacing them with his own. There's no reason to resist anymore, so he won't.

He still refuses to touch Shane's leaky cock, though.

"Mmmmm, Ilya," Shane moans, high-pitched and whiny. It's music to his ears, his favorite sound. "Touch me, please."

"No," he says. "You will come without any of that, sweetheart."

He sees Shane's cock spurt a little more at that.

Ilya starts sucking bruises all across his thighs as he continues to finger him. Another thing he loves about the summer so much. Shane will let him mark him up as much as he wants. The chorus of Shane's moan has him humping the bed to get relief on his own hard cock. He can't wait to get inside, but one of his favorite things is to make his husband insane with want, to drag it out until he's relinquished any idea of control. It'll be his birthday present to himself.

When Shane's thighs are red from beard burn, littered with hickeys, and every other part of his body is damp from sweat, Ilya decides it's finally time. He removes his fingers, turns Shane on his side and sidles up right behind him.

Once his cock is lubed, he teases his husband a little more, rubbing it between his cheeks, stretching out his rim with just the head. Shane has started moving his hips back and forth, trying to get more, but Ilya stills him with a hand on his hip.

"Ilya."

"Relax," he soothes. The back of Shane's neck and shoulders are completely flushed. He whispers more sweet nothings in Russian as he licks and kisses his way across all the freckles smattered back there.

He's pumping his dick in shallowly, reveling in the way Shane's clenches around him. And then, he pounds inside. He starts relentlessly, driving Shane insane going from almost nothing to everything all at once. The feel of it is amazing, he was teasing himself just as much as he was teasing Shane. The relief of his husband, warm and wet and heady, all around him is worth it.

Shane is whimpering into the pillow now, his cock still hasn't been touched, a steady stream of precum forming a puddle on top of their comforter. Ilya tucks his face into the side of Shane's neck, he slows down his thrusts until he's grinding steadily, hitting exactly where he knows Shane's prostate is.

"Look at me, moya lyubov. I want to hear you."

Shane turns his head, tears forming in his eyes, more moans escaping his lips as Ilya continues to grind inside of him. He looks overwhelmed, he looks beautiful. Ilya kisses him despite the awkward angle.

He notices Shane's hand moving downwards towards his cock, he's probably not even aware he's doing it. Ilya grabs his hand to intertwine their fingers against the bed, continuing his thrusting.

"No. No touching, not tonight," he whispers against Shane's mouth.

"Please."

"I promise I will make you feel good. I might even put a baby in you." He surprises himself with that last part, but hey, their conversation from earlier is still in the back of his mind. Shane doesn't seem to mind either if the way his dick twitches is any indication.

"I- I... I think I'm close," Shane moans as Ilya presses his cock against Shane's prostate again, he leaves it there, grinding his hips in tight little circles.

Ilya takes his hand from Shane's and brings it to his balls. He gives it a tug and a small squeeze, rolls them in his fingers. That's what finally gets him there. Shane clenches around

him so hard it makes Ilya's brain go fuzzy. Shane's thighs are shaking, his whines are high-pitched as he pants into the pillow.

"Good boy," Ilya breathes into his neck as his own orgasm follows. Ilya closes his eyes and sees stars as Shane continues to clench around him. He continues to pump his cock in and out as he rides out the orgasm. It might actually be one of their best, but he's sure he thinks that every time.

Once their breathing has evened out, he slowly pulls his cock out and watches the way his come leaks out of his husband's hole. The sight of it will never get old.

"Hey." Shane turns onto his back away from the mess in front of his stomach. They're going to have to do laundry again.

Ilya looks over and smiles at the sappy look on Shane's face.

"You're gonna be such a good dad," Shane whispers against his shoulder.

"That is what you are thinking about after I just fucked your brains out?"

"You brought it up first," Shane laughs. His eyes turn more serious as he says, "You don't mind waiting, right?"

"Of course not, moya lyubov. We have time," he replies as he pulls Shane so he's fully on top of him and presses kisses into his hairline.

And he really believes it. This is the best birthday he's ever had, just spending it with his husband. Next year will probably be even better. And they have so many more ahead of them. They have all the time in the world.

Chapter End Notes

RIP to Shane's investment building, gone but not forgotten, I will keep you alive in my fics

If you're curious about the watch:

<https://konstantinchaykin.com/collections/watches/Classic-watches/karpe-diem/>

End Notes

next chapter will be Ilya's bday

on twitter @hollastrof if u wanna keep me accountable

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