

i (heart) you

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by [Literal_Multifandom_Trashcan](#)

Summary

“Ilya! And Svetlana! Hi!” Shane exclaimed cheerily, looking at Ilya’s face with an open expression of adoration. Oh. Oh. Shane was most certainly drunk.

Ilya was going to have his hands full.

or:

shane hollander clingy drunk agenda, ft ilya rozanov experiencing cuteness aggression

Notes

entirely inspired by how cute shane looked this episode in the hospital while he was medicated. that scene went triple platinum on my computer i rewatched it like ten times hes my little gay autistic son i love him

Ilya was leaning against the uncomfortable bar counter, talking with Svetlana. It was some kind of unofficial official hockey event, with multiple teams having been invited, the bar being closed for the night and rented out for the teams.

Even though him and Shane played for Ottawa, numerous past teammates from Boston had talked with Ilya, giving their congratulations along with some friendly ribbing. Some members from the New York and Montreal teams were here as well.

(Though the only people Ilya bothered to talk with from Montreal were Hayden and Jackie. JJ was on thin ice with him, and everyone else on the team might as well have been invisible. Shane might have forgiven them, but Ilya most certainly hadn't.)

It was nice to have everyone mingling off the ice. Spouses/partners had of course been invited as well, just a way for everyone to talk and hang out at the end of the season without worrying about press or strangers overhearing things they shouldn't be.

Svetlana had been a surprise to see, visiting from Russia on the arm of some ruggedly handsome Boston rookie. Upon seeing Ilya she had immediately separated herself and made her way over to him, where Ilya had been asking her how Russia had been over the past few months.

Shane had been dragged away by Hayden, Vaughn, and Jackie as soon as him and Ilya had arrived at the event. He gave Ilya a pleading look, but Ilya had just shrugged and offered him a smirk, well aware that Jackie and Vaughn together could not be fought when it came to social situations.

Plus, it was good for Shane to hang out with people outside of just his husband and parents.

Speaking of said man, Ilya's conversation with Svetlana was momentarily cut short as a body collided into him. Letting out a little "oof", Ilya adjusted himself to steady Shane, who was sinking into Ilya as though he was boneless.

“Ilya! And Svetlana! Hi!” Shane exclaimed cheerily, looking at Ilya’s face with an open expression of adoration. Oh. *Oh*. Shane was most certainly drunk.

A little bit behind him was Hayden, who was looking a little guilty and abashed.

Ilya raised an eyebrow, inquiring as to how his husband had gotten to this state.

“He got challenged to a drinking contest. And, well, you know how competitive Shane can get...” Hayden trailed off. Yes, Ilya was very familiar. Shane rarely drank or got drunk, but the man could never resist competition.

“Ah. So you got my husband drunk. I see.” Ilya said dryly. He cast his attention back to Shane, who was now resting his full weight against Ilya, hand fiddling with the hem of Ilya’s shirt. Ilya tried to remain stone-faced as Shane’s hand travelled to Ilya’s upper arm, squeezing his bicep and making a little noise of wonder.

Svetlana was looking in amusement at both Shane and Ilya. Hollander was one of the tensest people she had ever met, so seeing him *this* calm and relaxed in public was certainly new.

“Wow.” Shane mumbled under his breath. “So strong. Hayden, did you know Ilya is so strong? And my husband, too. We got-we got married.” The awe-struck expression that crossed over Shane’s face at the last sentence made Ilya’s whole body warm.

God, drunk Shane was cute.

His cheeks were flushed and puffed out just a little bit, and his hair was tussled and messier than normal. Ilya felt the strangest urge to pinch at Shane’s cheeks like his aunt had done to him when he was younger.

(He had seen something online called cuteness aggression. Apparently it was mainly applicable to puppies and kittens, but Ilya felt like it applied to Shane too right now.

He was just so *cute*. It almost made Ilya mad. He wanted to wrap Shane up in a blanket and pinch his cheeks and kiss his forehead and make him food and hot chocolate.)

“I know, bud. I was at your wedding.” Hayden said with a tinge of amusement. He had the decency to look at least a little apologetic towards Ilya. Drunk Shane was a handful on the best of nights.

Shane didn’t seem to have processed Hayden’s words, smushing his cheek against Ilya’s chest as his hand travelled down to the bottom of Ilya’s shirt, sliding under it *just* enough so his palm could rest against Ilya’s stomach.

The sudden warmth of Shane’s skin against Ilya’s made him shiver a little bit.

“So handsome. Did you know I’d never seen a dick that big until I met Ilya? And he knows how to use it, too-”

Before Shane could say anything else, Ilya brought his own hand up to cover Shane’s mouth. He knew his husband would *never* forgive him if he let Shane say anything explicit about their sex life in front of other people.

Hayden blanched, grimacing a little.

“I don’t know if I should feel offended or not. Also, ew. Did not need to know that. I’m going to go find Jackie before I have to hear anything else about Ilya Rozanov’s dick. Good luck handling him.” Hayden nodded at Ilya before disappearing back into the crowd.

Shane licked Ilya’s hand, and Ilya frowned at him, immediately pulling his hand away from Shane’s mouth.

“Did you-did you just *lick* my hand?” Ilya asked. Shane just grinned up at him and giggled, splaying his hand wider across Ilya’s stomach under his shirt, tracing patterns into the skin.

(He would *not* get hard in this random bar surrounded by other hockey players. That would just be embarrassing.)

“Mhm. I could-I could lick something else, if you want. Rose thinks I have an, uhm,” Shane scrunched his face up in thought for a moment. “an oral fixation. I just think I have an *Ilya* fixation. What is it those people say online all the time? You could step on me and I would say thank you.” Shane said, tone all of a sudden serious as though Ilya was questioning whether or not Shane was mincing his words.

Before Ilya had the chance to respond, Shane pitched forward and started mouthing at Ilya’s neck. Ilya instinctively brought a hand up to Shane’s hair, gently pulling him away from where he had been committed to leaving a hickey on Ilya.

Ilya’s eyes widened. His brain shorted out for a moment. He turned and shared a desperate look with Svetlana, who was absolutely no help at all, looking entirely too amused at the situation he was in.

“Okayyy, I think that's a sign to get you home, yes?” Ilya maneuvered Shane, pulling him off from where he had attached onto Ilya like a leech.

Shane pouted as Ilya wrapped an arm around Shane’s waist, grabbing one of Shane’s arms and putting it around his own shoulder. He leaned his head against Ilya’s shoulder, allowing the other man to basically hold him up.

“I feel kinda like jelly. I wanna pet Anya, but I also want chicken katsu, but I also want to make out with you for like ten hours.” Shane whined.

Ilya couldn’t hold back a small chuckle at Shane’s behavior. Oh, his husband was *so* going to regret this in the morning. Ilya couldn’t wait to tease him about tonight.

“Well we can do any of those things *after* getting back home, yes?” Ilya used his free arm to wave goodbye at Svetlana before maneuvering him and Shane through the crowd. Hayden Pike was going on his shitlist for this, certainly.

(Or maybe he should send the man a thank you card. It was very rare for Ilya to see Shane so relaxed, unworried about people’s reaction to every little thing he said and did.)

“Mkay. I love you. Like, so so much. Like, I’ve never loved anyone like this ever ever in my whole entire life. I love your dick, too. It was kinda life-changing, honestly.”

Ilya grinned at Shane as they finally exited the building, the breeze of fresh air refreshing after being stuck in a building full of other people.

“Wow. You will give me an ego. I will remind you of this in morning, yes? I changed Shane Hollander’s life with my big dick. You were, ah, dickmatized, or whatever Svetlana calls it.”

Shane rolled his eyes, falling forward to give Ilya a sloppy kiss on the side of his mouth.

“You’ve always had an ego. S’okay though. I think it’s kinda hot.”

Ilya let himself laugh, brightly and openly, chest warming at the way the noise made Shane’s eyes sparkle.

“Let’s get you home, Hollander. I love you too, by the way.” Ilya gave him a small chaste kiss on the forehead, wrapping Shane’s hand in his own. “I will love you more when you have had water and food.”

Shane didn’t even bother responding, eyes fluttering shut as he turned into dead weight against Ilya.

He was never, *never* living this down. Ilya wouldn’t let him.

Shane groaned, head hung over the toilet as Ilya leaned against the frame of the bathroom.

“I’m never drinking again. Please tell me I didn’t do anything too embarrassing last night.” Shane said, voice hoarse from the fact that he had just thrown up. His head was *killing* him.

Ilya snorted, grinning at Shane.

“You are a very, *very* clingy drunk, did you know that?”

Shane leaned forward and let his head hit the upper seat cover of the toilet.

“Fuck.”

(A few days later, Vaughn would send Shane a video he had managed to get from that night. It was blurry and pretty low quality, but you could obviously see Shane latched onto Ilya like a leech, pinning the other man against the wall.

Attached to the video was a text message.

“Didn’t know you had it in you, Hollander!”

Ilya insisted Shane send him the video. It was never leaving his camera roll until the day he died, that was for sure.)

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