what's your love language?

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by omis

Summary

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“Looking pretty rough out there, Rozanov,” Shane teases. Ilya refuses to look at him. As pretty as he is, Ilya can’t get distracted right now.

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Ilya and Shane are the coaches of two very intense youth hockey teams. Ilya is a very attractive man who single hockey parents want. Shane is a very possessive man who needs the world to know that Ilya is strictly off-limits.

Notes

i saw a video of a little kid playing hockey and lying on the ice and immediately knew that shane and ilya needed to be hockey coaches for small children. this began in the palace of my mind and then suddenly it was written. i hope it's decent!

title from txt's love language #yippee

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya is in the midst of losing the biggest game of his life when stupid Shane Hollander decides to make his presence known.

“Looking pretty rough out there, Rozanov,” Shane teases. Ilya refuses to look at him. As pretty as he is, Ilya can’t get distracted right now.

“Yes, you should tell your players to practice more. Terrible form,” Ilya grunts, eyes tracking the puck.

“Sure, yeah,” Shane chuckles. “I’ll let my players know that their form could use some work while we celebrate our win.”

Ilya scoffs and finally looks towards Shane, standing right next to him. “You will not win. My team will wipe floor with your team.”

That’s probably untrue and Ilya knows it. The score is 6-2. There are thirty seconds left of the game. Ilya and his team will be tasting defeat. Ilya, mostly, will be suffering from a lack of money when he has to buy the pizza for the entirety of his and Shane’s teams.

“Hmm,” Shane acknowledges, then turns towards the mini game in front of them. One of Shane’s players is on a breakaway, little skates and hockey stick carrying the puck towards Ilya’s goalie. “You got this, Kayla!”

“Dmitri! Stop rolling on the ice! Block the goal!” Ilya shouts to no avail. His tiny goalkeeper is making snow angels in front of the goal, careless of the game being played.

Kayla stops in front of the goal, shuffling to get a good angle before taking a gentle swing. She misses, stumbles, and falls. Ilya hears a huff of laughter to his right, covered by a cough. So terrible, Shane Hollander, laughing at his player's accident.

The little girl pushes herself back up and aims again while the rest of the players on the ice try their best to skate closer. There are more than a few of them sitting on the ice, bored or tired. Life must be so hard as a five-year-old.

Time has run out, but neither Shane nor Ilya stop Kayla from trying her shot. She turns her stick, taps the puck, and watches as it slides across the ice towards the goal and Ilya’s unsuspecting goalie. Really, Ilya should tell this kid not to lie on the ice during the game, but the shot is weak and harmless, and it slowly sails towards Dmitri and connects with his leg. Dmitri finally looks down, sees the puck, and grabs it in gloves too big for his hands.

Shane can no longer hold his laughter. Ilya’s smile blooms, partly at Dmitri stopping the puck, but mostly at the sound of Shane Hollander’s happiness.

Ilya skates towards Dmitri and lifts him up off the ice to stand. “Dmitri! My star goalie!”

Dmitri laughs, thrilled at Ilya’s joy, and returns the high five Ilya offers with all the energy of a five-year-old. “Did you see, Coach Ilya? I blocked it!”

“Yes, yes,” Ilya approves. “Was beautiful goalkeeping.” Ilya doesn’t mention that all Dmitri did was lie on the ice. He’s not an evil person.

“Dmitri! Good job!” A little voice yells from behind Ilya, and he watches as three of Dmitri’s teammates finally make their way to the goal. Ilya leaves them be, turning to check on the rest of his team on the ice.

Instead, he sees Shane some feet away, crouching in front of Kayla, his tiny player who missed her shot. Shane is wiping at her cheeks, murmuring something quiet with a sweetly concerned look on his face. Ilya’s heart aches desperately.

Ilya closes the gap and kneels next to Shane. Both Kayla and Shane turn wide, sparkly eyes towards him. Ilya's knees feel weak, being confronted with these two.

“Kayla,” Ilya starts. “You took beautiful shot, earlier. You will be better player than me and Coach Shane one day!”

Kayla sniffles, more tears welling up. “I missed. And I fell.”

With a gentle hum, Ilya places a hand on her small shoulder. “Yes, you did fall. But what did you do after you fell?”

“I… I got up, Coach Ilya,” she mumbles, timid.

“Mmhmm,” Shane continues, ducking down to get Kayla to look at him. “You fell and you got up. Then you tried again. Do you know why that’s so impressive, Kayla?”

Kayla shakes her head, bottoms of her pigtails swishing around below her helmet. Ilya well and truly melts.

“A lot of times when we make mistakes, we decide to give up instead of trying again. It takes a really strong person to make a mistake and try again. That’s exactly what you did, sweetheart,” Shane says.

“Yes, like when Coach Shane does shootouts with me and loses over and over again, but still tries to beat me,” Ilya adds, ignoring the halfhearted glare he’s sure Shane is shooting towards him.

“Or when Coach Ilya challenges you all to races on the ice and loses every time, since you’re all so much faster than him!” Shane bites back, laughter in his voice.

Kayla giggles, amused by both coaches. Ilya feels his shoulders drop, happy to finally hear the girl’s happiness.

“So don’t let this bring you down, okay Kayla? We have a pizza party to get ready for, since you helped our team beat Coach Ilya’s!” Shane enthuses, and they both watch as Kayla’s eyes light up. Ilya stands, patting Kayla’s helmet-covered head and leaving Shane while he guides the rest of the kids off the ice to get ready for their post-game pizza party.

Both Ilya and Shane had promised that the winning team would get pizza, but they would be celebrating all the kids, of course. Their team parents had already set up one of the side rooms with the abundance of pizza they had ordered before the game. Ilya, loser of today's game, will have to make sure he reimburses whoever covered the bill at delivery.

"Let's go, my friends! Pizza time!" Ilya shouts, followed by the celebratory cries of all of his and Shane's players.

As all their players head towards the sidelines, full of their supportive parents, Ilya waits at the door of the rink for Shane, the last person on the ice, to come off. "Good game, Coach Shane."

Shane grasps Ilya's offered hand as he steps off the rink, an unnecessary support, but one that Ilya knows Shane will always take. "Good game, Coach Ilya," Shane murmurs, hand squeezing one time before letting go. Ilya tries not to miss the contact too much. He fails.

The both of them quietly head towards the side room, following the cacophony of tiny voices and parental chatter. A cheer sounds throughout the room as the two of them step in.

"Yes, thank you everyone for this season! My little hockey players!" Ilya begins.

"Coach Ilya and I wanted to say we are so proud of all of you and how much you have improved over this season. We know that we'll be seeing so many of you become amazing hockey players. Even better than you are now!" Shane continues, wrinkles at the corners of his eyes as they close into the crescent of his smile.

Ilya allows himself a small second to admire the man next to him, then turns his grin towards their tiny players. "Now, we eat pizza!"

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Shane has just finished locking the doors of the rink when he hears it.

"... free this weekend, maybe? There's a nice bar near here that could be fun," the voice says, flirty and self-assured.

Shane pauses. Considers his options. He doesn't need to hear who the person is talking to, pretty confident he knows exactly who is being hit on right now. He takes the few steps to turn the corner and pats himself on the back for being right.

In front of him stands one of their player's parents, Dominic, childless at the moment and standing entirely too close to Ilya Rozanov.

"Ah," Ilya begins, smile on his face, "Sounds very fun, but I am busy. Sorry."

Shane stops. *Busy*. Got it.

"Oh, no worries. Another weekend? I could text you?" Shane hears the hope in Dominic's voice, probably encouraged that there was no outright denial to the proposed *date*.

Shane chooses this moment to make his presence known, walking towards the two with heavy footsteps, hoping they hear him coming. Sure enough, Ilya turns, full body directed towards Shane as soon as he sees him.

“Coach Shane!” Ilya calls. Dominic smiles, but it’s tight and uncomfortable. Good.

“Coach Ilya,” Shane responds. He offers a quick smile to Dominic. “Dominic. Everything okay?”

“Yes, Dominic said there is good bar nearby,” Ilya shares, much to Dominic’s chagrin. Shane can tell he wants to stop Ilya from sharing, probably hoping Ilya isn’t trying to invite Shane to what could be a date.

“Sounds fun,” Shane muses. “I don’t drink, though.”

Dominic’s shoulders relax. Shane can’t help his amusement at Dominic’s belief that he has a chance at scoring a date with Ilya. Little does he know that Shane would rather die than ever let this man take Ilya *anywhere*.

“So, I’ll text you, Ilya?” Dominic tries again.

Ilya and Shane lock eyes. There is mischief glimmering in Ilya’s eyes. “Sure,” Ilya starts. “But will be for fun, I’m afraid, Dominic. I have very beautiful husband who gets very jealous.”

Dominic startles, eyes wide and blush rushing towards his cheeks and ears. “Oh! I’m so sorry, I had no clue. Um, yeah, okay. I’ll text sometime, maybe! Thanks coaches, see you later!”

Without waiting for Ilya or Shane to reply, Dominic rushes towards his idling car, shoulders to his ears.

“You could have let him down sooner, you know,” Shane begins, monotone.

“I was trying!” Ilya protests.

“Sure,” Shane says, beginning to walk towards the lone car remaining in the parking lot. “*Sounds fun, but I am busy*,” Shane repeats in Ilya’s voice.

Ilya guffaws, quick footsteps behind Shane to catch up with him on his path to the car. “That was me being nice! I am irresistible, I do not blame people for hitting on me!”

Shane rolls his eyes and unlocks the car, reaching for the driver’s door handle. Ilya rushes in front of him, batting his hand away to open the door for him and take his bag off his shoulder. Shane is really, truly, trying to be annoyed with Ilya right now. It’s so hard when even in these moments, Ilya is the sweetest and most caring man he knows.

Ilya hops into the passenger seat just as Shane closes his door, starting the car and pulling out of the parking lot. The two of them sit in silence and Shane tries to release the ridiculous tension that built in him from seeing Ilya being flirted with.

“Shane,” Ilya starts, and Shane grips the steering wheel. Ilya notices, of course. “Was just harmless. I would never say yes to date with random hockey parent.”

Shane hums, but says nothing, fingers flexing on the wheel. He can feel his jaw clench and he knows he’s being ridiculous but it’s building and building and he can’t seem to stop it.

“Shane,” Ilya repeats.

“I know,” Shane finally responds. “I just can’t help it, okay?”

Ilya is silent. From the corner of Shane’s eye, he can see Ilya’s hands tapping restlessly at his thigh before reaching over to grip at Shane’s. “You are very dramatic, my love. You are only one for me.”

Shane scoffs, removing a hand from the wheel to grab Ilya’s from his thigh and push it away. “You’re the worst.”

Ilya laughs, hand catching Shane’s before it returns to the steering wheel. Shane pulls away halfheartedly, but Ilya’s grip is firm.

“Don’t laugh at me!” Shane protests, still annoyed despite knowing how unserious the situation is.

“I’m not, sweetheart. I am just so happy,” Ilya expresses, tone so sweet that Shane’s irritation is draining by the gallon.

“Happy that I’m mad at you? What’s your problem, Ilya, seriously,” Shane mumbles.

“No,” Ilya begins, “Just so happy that I married you.”

Fuck him, really. Shane is trying to be mad at him.

“Kiss ass,” Shane shoots at him, glancing away from the road to glare at him.

“It’s true!” Ilya protests, other hand grasping onto their entwined hands. “You are love of my life! And so cute when you are jealous.”

“I’m not jealous,” Shane denies. He was jealous, but sure as hell won’t admit it.

“You were, my love. For no reason, but I like that you are, what’s the word…” Ilya trails off, searching for the English word. “Ah! You are *possessive*.”

Shane makes a sound of objection. “What are you even saying, I’m not *possessive*.”

“You are. It is very cute,” Ilya teases, bringing their hands up to place kiss after kiss to the back of Shane’s hand.

Stupid husband, Shane thinks to himself, ignoring the heat of his blush.

The car is silent again, but the tension has dissipated. Ilya turns on the radio to a low volume and hums along to the song playing. The closer they get to their home, the more Shane relaxes.

He knows he reacted ridiculously and that he never has anything to worry about with Ilya. It is just an unstoppable force, his intense feelings towards his husband. He wants him all to himself.

Shane's fierce jealousy used to extend from his insecurities, but those days are long gone. Years of therapy and Ilya's unwavering love and dedication has rid him of those toxic traits. These days, he still feels possessive of the things and people he loves, yet he can walk himself through the emotions and confront them head on so he doesn't catastrophize.

All this to say, his husband is hot and people want him. Shane needs to make it known that his husband is not and will never again be romantically available to anyone beside himself.

They pull up their driveway and Shane parks the car in their garage, shutting off the ignition. He and Ilya stay seated.

"You were so handsome today, Shane Hollander," Ilya says, voice soft. "What you said to Kayla was very good."

Shane finally tilts his body to face Ilya, unbuckling his seat belt. Ilya does the same. "You were so sweet with her today, too. I love watching you talk to the kids. You're such a natural."

Ilya's mouth tilts up at the corners. Shane can't help trailing his eyes over his husband's face. So beautiful, his Ilya.

"Are you okay, Shane?" Ilya asks, because he's kind, thoughtful, and he knows the depths of Shane's heart. He was there as Shane worked through his insecurities and trauma, steadfast and the reason why Shane is who he is today. He is Shane's foundation and soul, through and through.

"Mm," Shane replies, hand reaching up to cradle Ilya's face. "Yeah, sorry. I wasn't really upset. Just don't like when people don't know you're mine."

Ilya pushes his cheek into Shane's hand. "I am yours, sweetheart. You know this."

Shane smiles, pulls Ilya's face towards his to kiss him, lips brushing together once, then twice. "I do. I love you."

They kiss again, deeper as Shane tilts his head and opens his mouth to Ilya's prodding tongue. Ilya pulls away before it gets any more heated.

"Now," Ilya says, pulling away from Shane. "I need you to move quickly, Shane Hollander. Get in the house and take all your clothes off. You being *possessive* has made me very hard."

Shane is shocked into deep laughter, and even more so when Ilya immediately jumps out of the car, grabs both of their bags, and runs into the house. He sits there for a bit, content with

his life and his wonderful husband.

His husband who must have gotten impatient, it seems, despite only being in the house for a minute or two. Ilya bursts back into the garage and pulls Shane's door open.

"Quickly, I said! You are not moving!" Ilya scolds and shoves his arms under Shane's legs to pull him out of the car and into his arms in a princess carry.

Shane yelps and hits Ilya on the shoulder in protest. "Ilya! What the fuck!"

"It is emergency, Shane. I am horny and you are not naked. This is worst case scenario!"

Shane cackles, head falling against Ilya's shoulder. Ilya looks downwards, eyes sparkling and smile so fond that Shane's heart races uncontrollably.

As Ilya carries Shane into the house and towards their bedroom, Shane thinks about his simple, joyful life, and thanks whatever forces of the universe that sent him Ilya Rozanov.

End Notes

shane and ilya are my muses!! i can't stop writing about them!! pls like comment subscribe if you want (i love you).

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