

Life With You

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Life With You

by [dazedilemma](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov are wrapping up the end of their first full summer as a married couple. They have just celebrated their first year wedding anniversary, there is no impending doom. Their friends know, their family knows, their fans know, whoever cares to know, knows. They are playing for the same team once again, when the season starts. And they are happy. There is nothing to fear. No practice to get to. For now they get to rest. Just them, in their home, with each other.

Or

A day in Shane and Ilya's domestic life full of conversations, teasing, and adoration in three parts, (late) morning, evening and night.

Notes

A/N:

Content Warning: Mention of Ilya's mother and her death by suicide in passing; A moment of grieving.

Each section is bordered by three little stars "***" and this content is in section two if you wish to read but skip over said content

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

Life was so uncharacteristically calm that it was driving Shane Hollander insane. Life was beautiful. Life was perfect. There was no other way to describe it. Shane Hollander had gained everything he could ever want in his life and then some. He had never known, at eight or seventeen or even twenty-five, that this would be his life. A room full of medals, Stanley Cups and rings, jerseys and pucks. He had always known he was good at hockey but the real surprise was the room was shared. Just as many awards (Shane had counted, he had more but) and memorabilia lined the shelving opposite of Shane's all addressed to Ilya Rozanov.

It was where he sat, most mornings, when he had to be reminded who he was. Sure, he was neurotic, overtly anxious, and overthought literally every choice in his life, but hockey and Ilya Rozanov were the only two things in the world that he knew he had. Having a shared room, though they had more spare rooms in their home than Shane could count on his fingers, allowed him to be reminded of the two best things in his life at once. And he had fought for it. Of course, it had been playful, but Shane wanted their achievements in one room and Ilya wanted his own. They bickered, if you could even call it that, until Ilya let Shane win, too charmed by the thought of sharing to deny Shane.

It's where Shane would go to sip his morning smoothies that turned into coffee then coffee began to include some miscellaneous morning pastry that Ilya always had stocked. And that is where Ilya found him.

Shane was sitting in the center, facing the floor to ceiling windows that gave way to a set of glass sliding doors and looked out to the backyard, the calm, cool water of the lake and their trophy cases on either side of him. He was leaned back against the chair, his legs spread lazily and his still steaming mug balanced on the narrow arm of the seat. Ilya couldn't help but smile at the tossle of hair that sat on his head, his bedhead very apparent.

Ilya, with his own mug in hand, silently approached. He ran his fingers through Shane's hair from nape up and leaned down to kiss his neck. Shane barely flinched, only leaned into the affection.

"You need a haircut." Ilya whispered and kissed his jaw.

"Mm, probably." Shane murmured absently.

"You okay?" Ilya moved in front of Shane, setting his mug beside his and kneeling between Shane's legs.

Ilya was ready to devour him. Shane looked achingly beautiful. His face was still a bit puffy from sleep but so were his lips from their favorite morning activity. He wore a black t-shirt that had gone taut against his chest and arms as they trained together for the new season. He also wore training shorts that rode up his thighs and tightened around his crotch in a way that taunted Ilya as he looked at him.

"Mm, yeah." Shane blinked to lock eyes with Ilya. "Yeah, sorry. 'M still waking up."

"Don't apologize," Ilya kissed Shane's exposed knee. "I just wanted to know."

Shane smiled down on Ilya and gave him a nod, reaching down, running his fingers through his hair. Ilya leaned against his hand and thigh all the same and smiled back. It was warm, one of understanding and knowing.

“Have you worked out yet, my love?” Ilya asked gently, pushing himself up with the help of Shane’s thighs.

“Mm-mm,” Shane hummed, shaking his head as he sipped his coffee, “I wanted to wait for you.”

“Ah,” Ilya rested his hands on his hips. “I don’t want to train.”

“Ilya,” Shane dropped his head to the side and looked up at him.

“Shane,” Ilya feigned annoyance, but a smile threatened.

“The season’s starting soon.” Shane took another sip of his coffee, reminding Ilya that he had abandoned his own.

“Yes. And?” Ilya leaned toward Shane, and grabbed his mug.

“And that means we have to put in some effort to shape up.” Shane smiled, his fingers brushing against Ilya’s wrist.

“So work out for us both.” Ilya waved his hand dismissively as he straightened. “I want to swim. Or we could fuck, I would like that very much.”

“Ilya, we can only do so much cardio before it’s just a waste of time.” Shane weakly scolded.

“Shane Hollander, never say that sex is a waste of time.” Ilya turned away from Shane and sipped his coffee.

Shane rolled his eyes, “You know I would never say that. We just need to be doing weight training too.”

Ilya turned back around and smiled, “Oh, I am sure that you are doing weight training.”

Shane ignored the hungry look in Ilya’s eyes and shook his head, stifling a laugh, “You are insatiable.”

“What is insatiable?” Ilya blinked, Shane smiled at the near innocence of the Russian’s expression.

“Look it up while I train.” Shane stood, tapping his mug against Ilya’s, and moving to leave.

“Ah, ah. Shane Hollander.” Ilya caught his wrist. “You must be going insane.”

Shane laughed, his body naturally moving back to Ilya, knowing exactly what he wanted. Ilya lifted his brows to further the point and Shane leaned up to kiss his cheek then caught his lips in a chaste, quick kiss that always left Ilya’s nerves thrumming. It was the simplicity of

it, the domesticity and the lack of sexual desire that gnawed at his gut, that this was his life and that there would always be time to share a kiss.

“I love you,” Shane smiled, “If you don’t want to train, don’t.”

“I love you too,” Ilya hummed and chased his lips for another kiss. Shane leaned away slightly.

“Just don’t be surprised when my jersey has the ‘C’ next season.” Shane smirked.

“Shane Hollander, I could be fat like Santa and you would never get the ‘C’.” Ilya gaped back.

“I dunno,” Shane almost sang, “I think you might need to retire soon.”

Shane turned fully to Ilya, setting down his mug once again and dragging his hands along Ilya’s abdomen over his shirt. It was very obvious that Ilya was still in incredible shape, his muscles were tight against Shane’s palms as he slid them up, against his chest and shoulders then took hold of his biceps.

“Shut your mouth.” Ilya commanded, his eyes teeming with desire.

“Mm, prove me wrong then.” Shane smiled back, dauntless.

Ilya almost smashed his mug, putting it down to free his hand to wrap around Shane’s waist. His other hand joined on the other side and kept him in place. Shane let out a breathy laugh before conceding and cupping his face. They connected at their hips then their mouths as Shane laughed and Ilya hungrily kissed him. Shane quickly followed with the depth and intensity. Shane then bit Ilya’s lip just hard enough to make him pull away.

“In the gym.” Shane stated and Ilya frowned.

“You want to fuck in the gym? Okay.” Ilya shrugged.

“No, asshole,” Shane laughed, gently scratching at the base of Ilya’s neck. “I meant, let’s go to the gym and work out.”

“You get me hard,” Ilya sucked in a breath, “then want me to work out?”

“Yes.” Shane nodded.

“No sex?” Ilya’s mouth hung open slightly.

“No sex.” Shane grinned.

He was too fucking cute to fight with.

“You hate me.” Ilya sighed, lifting his shoulders just to drop them.

“I do not.” Shane laughed, tugging on the hair at Ilya’s neck and kissing the corner of his mouth.

“You do. You want me to die of having balls that are blue.” Ilya exclaimed, but still kissed Shane.

“Balls that are blue. Wow.” Shane laughed softly, kissing him just a soft. “Who taught you that?”

“The guys, I dunno. I just want you.” Ilya squinted impatiently.

“Maybe think of the guys then, to fix those blue balls of yours.” Shane kissed him once more before pulling away, dragging his hand down his arm and locking their fingers.

“Some are very sexy,” Ilya teased, letting Shane lead him out of the trophy room and toward their gym. “It would not work.”

“Don’t tell me that if you plan to fuck me after our work out.” Shane sang over his shoulder.

Ilya grunted in response, biting back the snarky yet playful response that had coated his tongue, in the case Shane was really serious. Instead, he tightened his hold on Shane’s hand and followed him willingly. He looked down at himself and saw that he was still only wearing a pair of sleep pants while Shane was appropriately dressed.

“Uh, Shane?” Ilya started as Shane pushed into the gym.

Ilya looked into the room and sighed, a smile growing when Shane dropped his hand and moved to the bench at the left side of the room. Shane motioned to the pile of neatly folded clothes and Ilya’s sneakers set right below them on the floor. Ilya imagined Shane planning to convince Ilya to work out, smoothed out all the minor details and most likely all the wrinkles in his clothes as they were pristine.

“You are cute.” Ilya moved further into the room, but not toward the clothes but to Shane.

“I’m not.” Shane shook his head, letting Ilya catch him at his waist and plant countless obnoxious kisses on his cheek, jaw and neck.

“You are blushing, my love.” Ilya mumbled against Shane’s skin.

“I am not.” Shane huffed as he smiled and pretended to push Ilya away.

“Yes.” Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane, “You are so cute and I love you.”

“I love you too.” Shane rolled his eyes, leaning onto Ilya’s hold. “But we are getting distracted.”

“Mm yes,” Ilya nodded, “My husband is being cute. I am only human.”

“Shut up.” Shane shyly breathed out, blinking quickly and his cheeks warming faster.

“I want to bite you.” Ilya confessed, already widening his mouth to take a bite of Shane’s neck.

“What?!” Shane gasped, pushing Ilya away and laughing, “Stop!”

“Shane Hollander, let me bite you.” Ilya bared his teeth and closed the gap Shane just created.

“Ilya, stop it!” Shane laughed as Ilya took hold of him once again.

Shane squirmed against Ilya’s grapple on him, though he wasn’t a small man by any means, Ilya maintained his hold with ease. Shane persisted, freeing his arms from Ilya’s pin and taking hold of his head as Ilya pushed him against the walls of mirrors and lifted him slightly. Shane wasn’t expecting this kind of work out but he pushed against Ilya’s shoulders nonetheless and broke the hold. A bit of breath escaped at Shane’s sudden return to the floor and he swayed at the loss of balance.

Ilya stumbled back slightly and Shane quickly shifted so his back was equally exposed to the rest of the room. Ilya leaned down, his stance wide and low, waiting for the right time to pounce, his eyes were wild. But his lips were curled into an unthreatening smile, throwing Shane off. Shane shook his head quickly and backed up, smiling slightly.

“Ilya, we are not doing this.” Shane warned, “There is equipment and shit.”

“Fuck you, Hollander.” Ilya taunted him playfully.

“No.” Shane held out his hands, breathless. “You’ll break something.”

“I’ll break something?” Ilya straightened slightly.

“Yes! Either the equipment, or a bone. I dunno!” Shane motioned, “You’re clumsy!”

“Clumsy?!” Ilya straightened immediately. “Me? Ilya Rozanov, CLUMSY?!?!?”

Shane pressed his lips together and brought his shoulders to his ears, letting out a sharp breathy laugh that so desperately wanted to tear through his chest. Ilya’s eyes narrowed and Shane immediately tensed. Oh no. Ilya closed the space between them for the second time in two strides and suddenly Shane was swept up and laying flat on his back. Instinctively, he took hold of Ilya’s biceps and brought him down with him, a smile flashed from them both before Shane wrapped his strong legs around Ilya’s waist and used all his momentum to roll them over. Shane ground his hips against Ilya’s, expertly sliding his hands up his arms and pinning his wrists.

He could feel how hard he was.

“Ilya,” Shane panted, “Enough.”

“How the fuck can you do that?” Ilya panted back.

“If you trained with me, you would know.” Shane quirked his brows up.

“Bullshit, you learned how to do this this summer?” Ilya was still out of breath.

“I have private lessons in this room twice a week.” Shane released Ilya’s wrists and straightened up. “How did you not notice?”

“Oh, I just thought you were sneaking in sexy man to see if he will be good for our threesome.” Ilya teased, bucking his hips to throw Shane off him.

Shane’s hand shot to Ilya’s stomach to steady himself then he rolled his eyes and climbed off of him. He sat on the floor and leaned against the wall.

“You noticed me bringing a man in and didn’t even ask me about it?” Shane lifted his knee toward him and stretched out his other leg.

Ilya shrugged, propping himself up on his elbows and turning his head to look at him. “You are too weird to cheat. You like rules.”

Shane pressed the tip of his tongue to his molars as he took in breaths and smiled, then shook his head. “Asshole.”

“So no threesome?” Ilya pulled his lips to one side in an awkward smile, “Shame.”

“Like you would want to share me.” Shane smiled.

“Who says share you? He could come for me and only me.” Ilya licked his lips. “Do we have water?”

“Fuck off,” Shane stood, padding across the room and picked up two bottles of water.

He tossed one to Ilya who let it land right on his stomach and puffed out a breath dramatically then slid the mouthpiece open with his teeth and squeezed a mouthful of icy water into his mouth. He held it there for a moment, enjoying the cold slowly moving down his throat. He could feel Shane staring, specifically at the drops of water that had escaped from the edges of his lips and now ran down his chin and wet his t-shirt.

“You are hard, yes?” Ilya stated, as if his dick wasn’t also tightening his pants.

“Obviously.” Shane laughed shyly, having taken a seat on the bench press.

“Then let’s fuck.” Ilya took another sip of water.

“No.” Shane bit the inside of his cheek, trying to temper his smile.

“We will train after.” Ilya waved a hand at the room, “I promise.”

“No, you always fall asleep after sex.” Shane lifted his brows, “It tires you out.”

“Tires me out?” Ilya’s jaw dropped, “You want me angry?”

“You are getting old.” Shane scrunched his nose.

“We are the same age!” Ilya sat up.

Shane ignored him and threw Ilya’s clothes onto his lap then turned to start racking Ilya’s benching weight. “Sex after. As a reward.”

“We should work out naked.” Ilya lifted his hips up and pushed down his pants, his hard-on popping out with ease and giving him some relief.

He then stood, pulling on his t-shirt first and glancing at Shane through the mirror. He rolled his eyes when Shane was fully focused on getting the weights on the rack, rather than the throbbing dick that was on full display behind him.

“Shane.” Ilya put his hands on his hips.

“Hm?” Shane hummed without looking up, “Just get dressed.”

“Shane.” Ilya urged a little louder.

“Oh my god Ilya, just-” Shane whipped around then froze.

Ilya waved his hips slightly, knowing that it was incredibly unsexy but also it was amusing to see Shane still flustered by it. Shane’s eyes were glued to Ilya’s length for what felt like hours before he looked up.

“Put it away.” Shane scolded and turned again, uselessly adjusting the clips that held the weights in place.

“Oh my god.” Ilya gasped jokingly, stepping into his shorts and pulling them up, “You don’t love me anymore!”

Shane rolled his eyes and shook his head, “Don’t joke like that.”

“You are fucking your,” Ilya motioned to the floor where they had fought, not having the vocabulary, “Coach!”

“Ew. I am not.” Shane said flatly. “Shut up and get your shoes on.”

“Shane Hollander does not want to fuck!” Ilya approached, hugging his side and kissing his shoulder, “I am no longer beautiful!”

“Ilya,” Shane started.

“He can’t get hard for me. There is another who he can.” Ilya continued, resting his head on Shane’s shoulder.

“What is wrong with you?” Shane laughed softly, leaning his head against Ilya’s.

“Hmm, I’m horny and going crazy.” Ilya mumbled, nuzzling his cheek against Shane.

Shane just hummed and nodded once, looking at them both in the mirror. Ilya wrapped around him and his eyes sparkling as he looked back. His chest tightened, and he felt almost nauseous from how much love he felt pouring out of him. He was a bleeding heart for Ilya, for his silly behaviors such as these and the chaotic release of their tension.

“I love you,” Shane whispered, “And I am not fucking my extremely straight, twenty two year old MMA instructor. Just for the record.”

Shane always had to specify.

“So you would if he was gay?” Ilya knew the answer, but liked hearing it.

“No, unfortunately, I am so in love with Ilya Rozanov that I married him and built a life with him.” Shane sighed. “I don’t have room for anyone else. And I don’t plan on making any.”

Ilya’s grin was just plain stupid. He looked like a dopey puppy just happy to be alive and Shane couldn’t help but laugh. His chest loosened from the laughter and he felt the rush of tears in his eyes as his body had no other way of releasing the sheer love he had for Ilya in that moment. He lifted his hands up to his face and pressed his palms against his cheeks, laughing and wetting them with his tears. Ilya joined in too, softly chuckling as he swung them back and forth slowly.

“I am so in love with you too.” Ilya whispered, “Just for the record.”

Ilya woke up with the familiar weight of Shane asleep on his chest, and their legs in a tangle below the thin sheets. After a long, frankly painful workout which Ilya had done entirely hard, Shane had finally rewarded him for his work. It was safe to say they skipped the cardio section of Shane’s workout plan and opted for their preferred exercise in their bedroom upstairs.

Ilya pressed a kiss to the raven colored crown of Shane’s head, his fingers mindlessly playing with his overgrown hair. He doesn’t remember falling asleep after their activities but he could feel a slight dampness in Shane’s hair and to his own so they must have cleaned up properly before succumbing to sleep together. He turned his hips toward Shane and inhaled as their bare bodies made contact. They had cleaned up but hadn’t gotten dressed.

The sharp inhale and sudden stimulation stirred Shane and Ilya quickly blinked away where his mind was wandering. Instead he focused on what, or rather who, was in front of him. Shane inhaled slowly, his eyes not yet opening as he stretched slightly before tightening his arm around Ilya now that Ilya had turned toward him. Shane’s lips pressed to Ilya’s chest twice before he lifted his head and opened his eyes.

“Hi,” Shane breathed out sleepily.

“Hello.” Ilya whispered, his hand moving up to cup Shane’s face, his thumb running over his freckled cheek.

“When did we fall asleep?” Shane mumbled, his eyes fluttering shut at the affection.

“I dunno.” Ilya mumbled, “Doesn’t matter. We have nothing to do.”

“Mm, nothing to do.” Shane moaned happily. “I like that.”

“Me too.” Ilya’s lips split into a toothy smile.

“I feel drunk,” Shane blurted out, “like I took a million shots.”

“You do?” Ilya laughed softly.

“Like when I got knocked out. Those drugs.” Shane softly winced. “Like that.”

Ilya licked his lips, “You sound like it.”

“Mm, I’m not- I didn’t take any.” Shane blinked slowly, his lashes ticking Ilya’s chest, “I’m just happy.”

“I know, my baby.” Ilya kissed Shane’s eyebrow. “Me too.”

“I love you so much.” Shane looked up at him, “I would never cheat on you. Especially not with Tim.”

“I love you so much too.” Ilya smiled, already knowing, “And Tim? What is that name?”

“I know. Weird name.” (Sorry to any Tims) Shane took a deep breath and nuzzled impossibly closer, “And it’s weird. He looks just like me. It would be too weird.”

“Ah, so he is my type then.” Ilya teased.

Shane glared up at him and pinched his nipple.

Ilya flinched and gasped. “It was a joke!”

“Don’t start,” Shane smiled, “I wanna keep liking you.”

“Oh, so you can start but I can’t.” Ilya tested.

“Mhm, because I am cute.” Shane stated, “That’s what you called me right?”

“No, I think I said adorable.” Ilya corrected. “And I am not cute?”

“If you want to be.” Shane laughed with Ilya’s face scrunched up in shock.

“You are rude.” Ilya pushed Shane onto his back.

Shane seemed to shrink below him as he smiled up at Ilya. Ilya propped himself up and stared down at Shane. Shane’s eyes were like melted chocolate and there was no other way to describe his expression except for cute. Ilya wasn’t entirely sure what had gotten into him. To render him so insanely cute but a bit out of it but he couldn’t say he wasn’t enjoying it. His heart pounded at Shane’s hands on his arms.

Shane reached up and cupped his face. "You're an ass."

"So you tell me." Ilya retorted and leaned down, kissing each corner of Shane's mouth softly.

"I love you, Ilya, so much." Shane whispered against his mouth and pulled him closer.

"I know." Ilya kissed into his lips.

"Don't reference Star Wars so casually or else we will never leave this bed." Shane warned.

"I am okay with that." Ilya mumbled, planting kisses on Shane's neck.

"Of course you are." Shane rolled his eyes, "But I'm hungry."

Ilya smiled, Shane's words didn't align with his actions. He was currently tilting his head to allow Ilya to plant even more kisses on his neck and shoulder and lifting his knee up to try and coax Ilya's hips down toward him. Not to mention the calm rise and fall of his chest had stopped and was replaced by long, deep breaths, his skin warming after every kiss that landed. Ilya kissed up his neck and kissed the shell of his ear before biting and tugging at his earlobe. Shane gasped softly and let out a soft noise of pleasure.

Ilya then quickly pushed himself up and away from Shane, "Let's eat."

Shane lifted his head but the rest of his body stayed pinned to the bed. "What?"

"You said you were hungry, yes?" Ilya tilted his head, feigning confusion, "So let's eat."

"I thought-" Shane managed to prop himself up on his elbows.

"You thought what? That we would have amazing sex like we usually do where we suck each other's dick and then I fuck you until we have amazing orgasm then we kiss until we fall asleep again?" Ilya couldn't fight off the smile.

"Well, kinda..." Shane admitted softly, redness lifting from his neck to his cheeks.

"No, we can't." Ilya bit back his smile. "My baby is hungry. I must feed him."

"You're a dick." Shane took hold of a pillow and threw it weakly at Ilya.

"Mm, I know." Ilya lifted his brows and caught the pillow.

"Let's go." Shane huffed and sat up, sliding into Ilya's space then pushing past him.

"Let's go." Ilya's eyes stayed locked onto Shane's expression, following him as he stood.

Ilya smiled when Shane didn't go very far, just gave him a look of urgency and motioned for him to join him. Ilya let out a soft laugh and got up from the bed. He got to Shane at the blink of an eye and took up his hand, kissing his knuckles then lifted his head to kiss Shane's cheek. Shane then found two t-shirts and two pairs of track pants, and tossed one of each to Ilya.

“I love you too. Just for the record.” Ilya smiled stupidly at Shane as they both dressed.

Shane was irresistible to annoy. His face would scrunch up and he would so desperately try to hide the fact that he most often enjoyed Ilya’s harmless digs. But his eyes always betrayed him. Ilya could always tell true annoyance from mild annoyance, one that earned him a night in the guest room and one that earned him a night in their bedroom. Tangled in their sheets, their bodies pressed to each other, Shane’s breath against his lips...He was getting carried away. Ilya shook the thought, realizing that Shane was guiding them downstairs to their kitchen.

“I know.” Shane said, as if he were waiting for Ilya to return from his thoughts.

“My love,” Ilya tugged Shane’s hand slightly to stop them on the landing in between the two sets of stairs.

“Mm?” Shane looked up at him, as he was standing one step below Ilya.

“Can we order food?” Ilya felt a bit of a juvenile tone in his voice as he asked.

“You want to order?” Shane asked, not a drop of judgment in the request nor the tone.

“Yes.” Ilya’s eyes flicked away as he looked at their chandelier as he thought, “Maybe Japanese food?”

Shane stepped back up to the landing and pulled Ilya closer, kissing his jaw. “Do you miss my mom’s cooking?”

Ilya nodded and Shane smiled warmly. “We can order Japanese food. And we will make sure to visit before the season starts, get the real deal.”

Ilya nodded and smiled back, cupping Shane’s face, feeling Shane’s strong hands at his waist, and kissed him three times. Quick, clean and full of love. As if they were with Shane’s parents, tame and respectful. Shane smiled, his lips a bit tighter than usual and his eyes searching.

“I am not sad, Hollander.” Ilya said softly, “I am very happy, and I miss your mom.”

“And Dad?” Shane’s concern melted away.

“Sure, for whiskey,” Ilya playfully cringed, “and boring puzzles.”

“Mhm,” Shane kissed him once more before turning away and walking them the rest of the way, “You love doing that with him.”

“Hm.” Ilya huffed. “I don’t like this. I used to be a mystery.”

Shane breathed out a laugh and let go of Ilya’s hand to lay down on the couch. Ilya followed him, throwing a pillow onto Shane’s torso then dropped right onto him. Shane grunted loudly and smacked his shoulder, but spread his legs for Ilya to slot himself between them then

began playing with his curls as he settled against him. Ilya made sure to take the pillow from between them and discarded it on the floor.

“Ilya, the pillows stay on the couch.” Shane scolded, finding his phone in his pocket.

Ilya only blew raspberries in response but leaned down to pick up the pillow, intentionally hitting Shane in the face, before he threw it toward the other side of the couch. Shane let out a soft exasperated noise and Ilya smiled. He then took up the remote and turned on the tv. As he scrolled through the different possible channels, trying to possibly find something related to the pre-season but they were a couple weeks away from that sort of coverage. So, he opened up their menu of streaming apps and clicked the one that contained the show he and Shane watched together.

He looked at his profile, affectionately labelled “Asshole” with him in his game gear (an option as their documentary was on the service and had created profile pictures with them both). The other profile was Shane’s of course, the picture the service had chosen for him and titled, “Dickhead”. The third profile just read “Mom and Dad” with a cute cartoon character. Ilya’s eyes scanned over the three profiles and a pang of melancholy love hit his chest.

His dream of family, community and unconditional love was being displayed in front of him. Shane, his parents who had not only accepted Ilya as Shane’s husband, but also embraced him as their own son, shown in something as miniscule as a shared account. Most days, Ilya would not think twice about clicking his account profile and browsing through the countless choices, but today, he took pause and let his eyes scan over the three profiles and chewed his cheek in thought.

“Ilya.” Shane asked gently, “Did you fall asleep?”

Ilya shook his head, “No.”

“Then what are you doing?” Shane looked up at the tv from Ilya.

“Thinking...” Ilya mumbled, which was true.

“About?” Shane asked softly.

“I think we should change our profiles.” Ilya made a face, “They are too...naughty?”

“Naughty? It was your idea.” Shane opened his mouth to tease but he closed it at Ilya’s unchanging expression. “Okay, we should change them.”

Ilya nodded. “I will choose?”

“Sure, baby,” Shane hummed, the pet name telling Ilya that he understood.

“Okay.” Ilya whispered and pressed his cheek against Shane’s sternum.

As Shane set up their order, knowing Ilya’s favorite Japanese restaurant and dishes from said restaurant, and browsing for something new for them to try (they had grown the habit, to expand their palates and to keep themselves curious), Ilya focused on the tv. He renamed

Shane's profile to simply read "Shane" and left his profile picture as is. He smiled slightly and renamed his own to "Ilya" and changed his profile picture to an equally cartoony picture as their parents'. Shane glanced up just as Ilya finished up, wanting to confirm what they were ordering when he saw the finished product. Shane couldn't help but smile and kiss the crown of blonde curls below him and gently scratch Ilya's scalp in praise.

"No fair, you get to match with Mom and Dad?" Shane playfully complained.

"Yes, to match with their favorite son." Ilya lifted his head and rested his chin on Shane's chest.

"Can't argue with that." Shane turned his phone for Ilya to look at their order. "Good?"

"Good." Ilya nodded, blinking away the brightness of the phone. "Thank you."

"Welcome." Shane turned his phone back and confirmed the order before dropping his phone onto the arm of the couch and joining his other hand in Ilya's hair.

Ilya looked up at him, the profiles still humming on the tv as they locked eyes. Ilya pressed his lips together and Shane returned it, lifting his chin slightly. Ilya moved up, knowing he was being beckoned. Shane kissed his forehead and cheeks as he moved up which Ilya relished. Their lips first connected briefly but Shane quickly reconnected them, leading the kiss that was so often led by Ilya. It was slow, deep, and knowing and it was everything Ilya needed. They pulled away for breath and Shane could see the glossiness in Ilya's eyes, rubbing the nape of his neck as he hovered.

"You okay?" Shane asked softly.

"Mm," Ilya nodded once and moved to lay back down on Shane's chest, "Happy, just very happy."

"Me too," Shane spoke in soft Russian, "I love you so much, my heart."

Ilya's brows knitted together as his shoulders dropped from the use of his mother tongue. Shane smiled sadly, knowing that what Ilya was feeling was complex and hard to explain. But he would always try to understand and let Ilya know that he was always there to talk, truly talk in the language that came easiest, and to listen.

"I just miss her," Ilya swallowed dryly, the Russian feeling familiar yet foreign on his tongue, "I see so much of her in all of you. Sometimes it's hard to think of anyone but her."

Shane nodded, it was his turn to struggle a bit in a second (third) language, "I know. It's good that you think of her. It means, she put... her in us."

Ilya tilted his head and smiled a little, a tear rolling down his cheek. "What?"

Shane breathed out, feeling relief at Ilya's smile, switched to English, "I dunno. I'm trying."

Ilya laughed softly, "No, not trying, you are perfect Shane Hollander. Perfect."

Shane shook his head, "Shut up. I'll make sure to study even more."

"Good," Ilya nodded, "But your Russian is cute."

"Mm." Shane hummed then drew in a breath, "But seriously, your mom is with you. If you can see her in us, that means she's a part of everything in your life."

"Do you think she chose you for me?" Ilya asked, suddenly too raw to conceal his most secret thoughts.

Shane contemplated the question for a moment, which Ilya appreciated.

"I think...that she loved you so much and you loved her so much that you searched for her in others. You were able to find her wherever you needed her. Her love shaped you to love and want to be loved a certain way. You know how you deserve to be loved, because of her." Shane nodded as if he were hearing his own thoughts for the first time. "So yes, I think, in a way, she did choose me for you."

Ilya's nostrils flared slightly as he looked up at Shane, nodding slowly as he locked on to every one of Shane's words. The tightness in his chest slowly unraveled at each gentle word, ones he knew Shane was choosing carefully, until he was completely unwound. Ilya took a deep breath and nodded.

"Yes," Ilya whispered. "She did."

Shane nodded, glad that he could ease the sadness in Ilya's eyes, he knew that this grief would never go away but that he would always be there to help Ilya through it.

"Do you need anything from me?" Shane asked gently.

"Mm-mm," Ilya turned his head to look at the tv, quickly turned on their show and tightly wrapped his arms around Shane's torso. "Just you, like this."

"Okay," Shane adjusted for Ilya and settled in the warmth, "That I can definitely do."

Ilya's eyes stayed glued to the tv and he squeezed Shane every so often. Shane could tell he was still a bit distracted but Ilya's eyes stayed on the screen, he even smiled slightly. Shane didn't want to push, it wasn't his grief to work through, and it wasn't his job to get to the bottom of it. He had to help Ilya heal in the ways Ilya wanted him to. But if he could take this sadness from Ilya and shoulder it himself, he would do it instantly. He knew that Ilya would do the same.

Shane didn't notice the tears were rolling down his cheeks until Ilya looked up at him. He must have heard the hitch in his breath. Ilya knew him too well.

"Shane?" Ilya asked gently. "What's wrong?"

"No, no, nothing." Shane shook his head, "I'm okay."

"Shane." Ilya pushed himself up to hover slightly, "Don't do that."

Shane pressed his lips together, "You're right. I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize." Ilya reached up and wiped Shane's tears away, "Just tell me."

"I'm just...sad, for you." Shane frowned as he regretted the word. "No. Not sad, just, I wish I could do more for you. I know that I do all that I can, and that you have your therapist, but I just wish I could take it all away myself, to know that it's really working. And I know that that's impossible and I don't think you'd even want to get rid of it all because then it would be like forgetting your mother and I don't want you to forget about her at all I just don't want you to be sad so often but also who am I to dictate when and how often you miss her or think of her? I just wish that you-when you did have that feeling that I could take some of it on so that it didn't affect you so much but still were able to feel it but just not in, like, an earth-shattering, insanely exhausting way and not exhausting for me, but for you, it just sucks that I can't ease any of it but I know its natural and okay and I never want you to think-"

"Shane." Ilya was getting lost in Shane's ramble. "Slow down."

"Sorry," Shane inhaled slowly, "Sorry."

"It's okay." Ilya whispered, "Try again please?"

"I was saying," Shane took another breath, "That I wish that you could share this sadness with me so that you didn't have to feel it alone. I want to be able to take some, and keep it, so that you aren't in as much pain."

Ilya seemed to be turning over what Shane had said in his mind for a moment, his eyes floating away from Shane's and remaining unfocused on Shane's shoulder instead. Shane bit his tongue, feeling as though he had said something wrong or had worded it wrong but he fought the urge to try and clarify. He had to sit in it. But Ilya didn't seem angry. He looked to be collecting his thoughts.

"I don't want to share this with you." Ilya locked eyes with Shane's once again, then he switched to Russian. "I would never want you, especially you, to feel like this. This is all consuming and terrifyingly...sad. You will...understand it one day, and I will feel it all over again."

The thought of losing Yuna soured Ilya's mouth, bringing tears to his eyes and almost to the point of stopping his thoughts but he continued.

"But until then, no, this is all mine. You help me so much. That is all I will allow for you to face. You. You are my delicate river." Ilya cupped Shane's face and leaned closer. "You are so strong, but so affected by change, by something as big as this or even by the tiniest pebble. And that is why I love you. And why I would endure this pain for you, keep it just mine, until the world leaves you no other choice but to feel it too."

Ilya's slow, calculated speaking allowed for Shane to pick up most of what he said, even in his limited Russian. But a sadness weighed on Shane, for not being good enough to fully understand. Ilya nodded at him, knowing he understood what was most important. Shane pressed his lips together and reached up to Ilya, pulling him into a tight hug around his neck.

He pecked kisses onto his forehead and along his hairline as he was so full of pressure and tension that he didn't know what to do with it. So he squeezed Ilya tighter to him and when Ilya lifted his head, he kissed him, hard with no other motive but to tell him that he loved him in something more than words because he didn't have them and he had no answers and he hated it but he knew he could at least love him as much as he possibly could. Which was the easiest thing in the world and that eased him.

Ilya gently tapped Shane's ribs with his hand, asking for Shane to release him slightly, which Shane obliged quickly.

"I couldn't breathe, I'm sorry." Ilya's cheeks seemed to bloom with warmth.

With the sun setting on the horizon and neither of them turning on a lamp, it was hard to tell. Even more so when Ilya sat up and smiled down at Shane, who was sitting up as well.

"I can't say that I'll always be okay." Ilya says softly, in Russian, "But just know, I will never leave you. No matter how bad. I love you, I love our life, I love our parents and I love my mama. I will not do that to you."

"I didn't mean to make this about me." Shane replied in English, resting his hands on Ilya's forearms. "I'm sorry."

"You didn't," Ilya shook his head, continuing in Russian, "You can't...not feel...sadness when I feel this way. It's impossible. We do this together. It's okay to feel when I am feeling like this. You did nothing wrong."

Shane nodded, the emphasis in Ilya's Russian made him know that Ilya wasn't just easing his anxiety, as he so often needed to do, but wanted Shane to commit it to memory. Ilya knew that Shane needed to hear that he would never go away, not in the way that his mother had, but he also needed to remind himself. He loved his life, he loved Shane, he loved Yuna and David, and he would have children to love the way his mother loved him and he will do it all for his mother and for himself. Because he wants to, with Shane and their parents.

Ilya took a deep breath and took Shane's hands into his. Shane scanned his face and Ilya gave him a small nod. They both squeezed each other's hands then took a deep breath as they released. They repeated that as many times as they needed before their breaths were steady and they both loosened their hold on each other. They then leaned toward each other, wrapped their arms around one another and shared a gentle kiss. Neither of them pulled away until they both felt at ease, once they did they smiled at each other, foreheads pressed together and took another breath.

"I love you." Shane spoke first.

"And I love you." Ilya replied.

Then, there was a knock on the door. Shane kissed Ilya's forehead and pulled away.

"I'll get it." Shane breathed out, immediately standing and rushing toward the door so as to not make the driver wait.

Ilya nodded to himself and stood, walking into the darkening kitchen slowly. He knew that Shane wouldn't come and find him in the kitchen, that he would go straight to the living room again and sit down, waiting for him. Ilya opened the cabinets and retrieved two plates and set them down. He then opened a drawer and pulled out two sets of chopsticks (he was getting better with them), some spoons to serve their food and a singular fork for when he decided he was done practicing with the chopsticks. He placed on the two stack of plates and moved slightly to the left, grabbing two glasses and stacking them on one another then picked them up in one hand and the plates in the other and walked into the living room.

Shane was setting up the coffee table as he always did, stacking and tucking their magazines and books away then setting out coasters for their drinks, pulling out the food and lining them up in front of the folded napkins that came with the order, making there was room for each plate beside each other. When Ilya came in, he was opening each takeout container and tucking the covers under them. When he saw Ilya return, he adjusted on the couch to make room for Ilya to his right. Ilya set out the dishes then sat down, passing a plate, glass and chopsticks to Shane who set them up pristinely on his side. Ilya tried his best to copy it for the sake of it looking nice then placed a spoon in each steaming dish.

“Ready?” Ilya asked gently.

Shane had stood up and was looking into the takeout bag, frowning slightly.

“I ordered us sodas, I think they forgot them.” Shane sighed a little.

“I will check the kitchen.” Ilya sat up.

“It's okay,” Shane sat back on the couch and put the bag on the floor to his left. “We don't need them.”

“No problem, I will be back.” Ilya stood, kissing Shane's temple on his way up, and picked up their glasses.

He knew that Shane really wanted the soda. If it hadn't been too important, he would have checked the kitchen before ordering, to see if they had any. He ordered it to make sure that they did. And he wanted it cold. Ilya checked the pantry and found one can of ginger ale, room temperature and sighed. He folded up the box and tucked it into the recycling bin before going back out to the kitchen. He turned to the refrigerator and filled their glasses with ice, opening and pouring Shane's soda in one then retrieved a glass straw and pushed it into the glass, making sure to mix it slightly. He simply filled the other glass with water, and added a straw, just in case Shane would want some. He carefully carried the full glasses to the living room and set them down on their respective coasters.

“We have to go to the store.” Ilya said softly, “We are all out of soda.”

Shane looked down at his off-white bubbly glass, the ice clinking against each other as the carbonation moved them slightly, and smiled. “Thank you baby.”

“Of course.” Ilya smiled, “Tell me if it's not cold enough. I'll get more ice.”

“It’s perfect,” Shane smiled back, not even looking at the soda, “Thank you.”

“Let’s eat.” Ilya motioned to the food as he started scrolling through the streaming service.

Shane nodded, “Yea but I kinda wanna eat you first.”

Ilya’s head snapped to Shane, “What?”

Shane laughed softly and kissed him quickly.

“Eat me?” Ilya was barely able to kiss back as he talked through it.

“Yes.” Shane smiled, “It turns me on that you know exactly what I want.”

Ilya’s mouth hung open, “I got you a soda with ice. I didn’t save a baby from a burning house!”

“You would be surprised at how hard it is to get a ginger ale anywhere but the Hollander-Rozanov house and the other Hollander house.” Shane leaned against Ilya’s shoulder.

Wow,” Ilya turned back to the food, “Sad world.”

“The saddest,” Shane turned his face and pressed his cheek to Ilya’s shoulder, watching him mess with the spoons, “Serve me?”

“Mm,” Ilya only grunted, plating up their dinner before it got cold.

Once they each had their plate, Ilya closed up the containers and stacked them away from their plates. Shane had taken over the show finding and had landed on one that seemed exactly the level of sappiness. A Japanese dating show, about queer men trying to find love. Ilya’s eyes lit up as he looked at the screen and read the synopsis.” .

“What do you think? Should we watch it?” Shane feigned boredom, knowing Ilya would love it.

“In English, Russian words.” Ilya said instead of answering.

“It won’t be too cheesy?” Shane asked, already changing the audio and closed caption setting.

“Fuck you Hollander, I need to see this.” Ilya motioned to the tv, his playful intensity making Shane laugh.

“Fine, fine, anything for you.” Shane hummed.

“Thank you,” Ilya nodded dramatically, leaning toward the coffee table so he could eat.

Shane knew he didn’t respond so he joined Ilya in the meal, both their eyes glued to the tv as they ate and watched with an intensity that most closely resembled their focus on the ice. Ilya ate quicker than Shane, and was finished in mere minutes, thus began his passionate commentary on the show. Shane didn’t have a rank of his favorites of Ilya’s quirks, he loved

them all, but Ilya's insistence to say his piece on everything they watched was easily top two. Maybe even first. Shane just listened to Ilya and let him ramble as they easily picked up on what was going on. He liked not having to speak, and he liked knowing that Ilya knew that Shane was listening, no matter how quiet he was.

"He's handsome." Ilya said softly, now sipping a glass of wine, referencing a newly introduced cast member on the show.

They were up late, too invested in the show to go to bed quite yet. They had paused a couple times just to clean up their dinner, run to the bathroom and most recently (which was two hours ago) to open a bottle of wine. Now Ilya had a blanket thrown over his legs and Shane was resting his head on Ilya's lap, his nearly empty wine glass set aside on the table so he could see. They had both been drinking, emptying about half of the bottle but they were slowing down. Ilya was still sipping every so often but Shane was already tapped out.

"Yea, he is." Shane mumbled, sleep slowly taking over especially with the second glass of wine.

"He doesn't look anything like you." Ilya tilted his head, "But he's still handsome."

"Not all Japanese people look alike Ilya." Shane scolded.

"Of course not. I was trying to compliment you." Ilya pinched Shane's ear.

"Oh, bad timing." Shane laughed a little.

"Dick." Ilya mumbled into his glass to take one last sip before he leaned to put it down.

Shane rotated so he could look up at Ilya, "Ya know, I don't think I even have a type."

"Hm?" Ilya asked, pausing the show. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, all I thought about growing up was hockey. I didn't think about girls or boys or even about people dating or whatever, it was just hockey." Shane then licked his lips. "But then I met you. And suddenly, it was hockey and you."

Ilya pressed his lips together and pulled them into a smile to stop himself from teasing. "Really?"

"Mhm," Shane turned back toward the tv, but Ilya didn't press play.

"So your type is a blonde Russian hockey player?" Ilya lifted a brow, looking at Shane's features.

"Well no." Shane blinked, "I could throw a rock and hit like seven of those that are in the league. I meant, it's just you. I don't feel attraction to anyone but you. I can recognize someone's beauty, sure but attraction? No it's just you."

Ilya felt warm, “I don’t either, not anymore. That’s what it means to be in love.”

“Is it?” Shane asked genuinely.

“It is.” Ilya shrugged, “I have...had relations...”

“Ew.”

“Fine, sex, with other people. Women mostly and some men but I have never loved them. Not even a little, especially not as much as I love you.” Ilya shook his head, “I love you so much I have no idea what to do with it all.”

Shane smiled widely and turned his head further toward Ilya’s stomach, kissing it innocently then nuzzling his nose against his belly button. Ilya flinched slightly at the tickle and his hand shot to Shane’s hair. Shane allowed Ilya to pull his face away and locked eyes with him.

“But you did, feel attraction for other people. Before me and during our situation.” Shane said matter-of-factly, without an ounce of jealousy. “I don’t think I had that.”

“Mm, but I think you may have been looking in the wrong parts.” Ilya motioned, “Rose Landry isn’t exactly the man you were looking for.”

Shane stifled a laugh and nudged Ilya’s ribs, “True.”

“It’s hard to tell.” Ilya shrugged. “I stole your heart before you could explore.”

“You’re joking but it’s true.” Shane smiled. “I don’t need to explore anyway. I am happy just as we are.”

“You’re not curious?” Ilya asked gently.

“No, not really. I have everything I need in you.” Shane yawned a little, “It’s not like we will ever split up. So there’s no point.”

“So your type is...”

“Ilya Rozanov.” Shane stated with a confident nod.

“Okay.” Ilya laughed softly, leaning down and kissing Shane softly.

“What was your type? Before we met?” Shane asked, again, not a drop of jealousy, just curiosity.

“Mm dark hair, but light eyes.” Ilya nodded. “In women at least. In men, lighter hair with dark eyes. But I wasn’t too picky.”

“I have dark hair and dark eyes.” Shane tilted his head, “What drew you to me?”

“Hm?” Ilya tilted his head back.

“Ah, what made you attracted to me?” Shane asked softly.

“Your kindness.” Ilya smiled, knowing it wasn’t what Shane was asking, then slipped into Russian, “You wanting to be my friend, but not being able to help telling me what to do within seconds.”

“Ilya, I meant physically.” Shane scolded, then he slipped into Russian, “What about me made you want more?”

Ilya blushed a little as he smiled down at Shane, “Your freckles. And your mouth.” He switched back to English, “I didn’t speak a lot of English, so I had to look at your lips to really know what you were saying. I thought you had a really gorgeous mouth. And I thought of other things about your mouth, but I will not say right now.”

“Later.” Shane nodded, smiling up, “And what is your favorite part of me now?”

“Still your freckles,” Ilya then suddenly blurted out, “Mm! And your shoulders.”

Shane laughed softly and shook his head, “You are an idiot.”

“What? They are good, strong shoulders. Good for checking.” Ilya nodded, trying to contain himself.

“Well, they are beneficial on the ice.” Shane looked like he was weighing the odds, “But I can’t check you now. Same team or whatever.”

“Sad world.” Ilya nodded. “Maybe during practice.”

“The saddest, and I can do that.” Shane winked and Ilya snorted. “What?”

“Don’t do that again.” Ilya laughed, “You look like a little duck.”

“What?” Shane laughed. “A little duck?”

“Yes, a duck. It’s cute-” Ilya rolled his eyes as Shane’s jaw dropped, “Shush. It’s cute, and you too.”

“Whatever man, you’re annoying.” Shane scoffed and pushed Ilya’s stomach, both of them knew that yes, Ilya was annoying but Shane loved him for it.

“Man? Man?!” Ilya sat up, forcing Shane to lift his head to avoid falling off the couch. “Who are you? Hayden?”

“Oh my god, I’m sorry!” Shane laughed as he steadied himself and sat up. “Hit a nerve.”

“Yes, Shane Hollander,” Ilya took hold of Shane’s shirt and pulled him closer, “I am not your teammate. I am your husband and you are mine. Do not call me ‘man’. It’s offensive to our marriage.”

“Yes, yes, I know.” Shane giggled in Ilya’s face and nodded, then smoothly spoke in Russian “I’m sorry, my love.”

Shane tilted his head and gave Ilya his most weakening look. His eyes were wide and somehow sparkling in the otherwise dark room they were in save for the large screen that illuminated them. Ilya narrowed his eyes and released his shirt but leaned forward to kiss Shane softly.

“Say that again, with that face and I will have my way with you on this couch, right now.” Ilya rattled off in Russian.

Shane tried to contain his smile and nodded, repeating himself, “I’m sorry, my love.”

“Again.” Ilya demanded and kissed Shane’s cheek.

“I love you, my heart.” Shane managed before the tickle of Ilya’s lips on his neck made him laugh.

“I love you too. My heart and soul.” Ilya replied, his voice like velvet.

“Let’s go to bed.” Shane whispered into Ilya’s ear, his hand slipping up into Ilya’s shirt and pressing against Ilya’s taut muscles.

Ilya wanted to melt right then and there, kneel at Shane’s feet and let him decide what they did. All he wanted to do was to make Shane say even more in Russian, whisper it in his ear while Ilya fucks him into the mattress and Shane’s voice erupts to fill the entire house with noises of his pleasure. Ilya pulled off his own shirt and Shane smiled, kissing his chest then squeezing his waist.

“Upstairs.” Shane was diminished to the simplest of words, trying not to break out of Russian.

“Okay.” Ilya sighed out.

Ilya quickly stood and took Shane’s hand rushing them up to the landing at the midway point then pinned him to the railing and kissed him hard. Shane reached up into his hair and tugged, trying to get them apart long enough to get upstairs but Ilya persisted and crashed his lips back onto Shane’s. Shane quickly replied and adjusted his approach, continuing to kiss Ilya until Ilya pulled away slightly to draw breath, then Shane dipped down, shaking loose from Ilya’s hold and dashed up the steps.

“Motherf-” Ilya started and ran up the steps too, but Shane was quicker. Maybe he should’ve been training...

Shane was already sitting on the bed when Ilya came in, both of their chest rising and falling in effort. Shane had leaned back on his hands, trying to look as casual as possible but him being out of breath dropped the illusion. But it didn’t matter to Ilya, he wanted him and Shane was right in front of him. What Ilya usually did was tackle Shane onto the bed, but what is marriage if you don’t try to keep surprising each other so Ilya approached. He hovered over Shane and cupped his face, kissing him deeply and giving him freedom to reach for his waistband but just as Shane wrapped his fingers around it, Ilya pulled away from his face and pushed his hands off.

“Wha-” Shane started then watched Ilya kneel, wasting no time and pulling at Shane’s waistband. “Oh.”

Shane lifted his hips and Ilya pulled his trackpants down and off, discarding them over his shoulder and Shane gasps softly at the cool air hitting his hot hard-on. He felt like he was on fire. Ilya held Shane’s knees and leaned forward, rubbing his cheek against Shane’s hard on and letting his lips only just brush against his shaft every few seconds.

“Fuck, Ilya.” Shane’s accent was usually thick, but this, this he could say effortlessly.

Shane’s sudden skill in Russian motivated Ilya even more. His dick was aching in his pants but he wanted Shane to be the one to remove them so he simply squeezed Shane’s knee and used his tongue to guide Shane throbbing tip into his mouth. Shane moaned loudly, his head fell back and his hands really worked hard to anchor him to the bed. Ilya smirked around him and dipped his head, taking in more of Shane into his mouth. Then without much warning except a light squeeze he knew Shane wouldn’t feel over the sensation on his dick, Ilya pushed his entire length down his throat, eliciting a soft choking noise from his own throat.

“A-AH fuck!” Shane folded around Ilya and gripped Ilya’s head by his hair, “Holy fuck. That’s so good.”

Ilya pushed himself a little bit further before he pulled out entirely to allow himself to breathe. His mouth was coated in his own saliva and there was a string that still connected him to Shane’s dick. Shane’s eyes darkened at the sight and he grit his teeth. Ilya smiled up at him then leaned down to take Shane’s balls into his mouth, the faint seam rolling over his tongue and pulling his eyes back toward his head. Shane gripped his hair and Ilya could tell he was resisting the urge to cum. Ilya wanted him to stop. He wanted him to cum. Just from his mouth. He reached up and pulled at Shane’s dick twice before taking him back in his mouth, he expertly dipped his head quickly, sure to push Shane’s head down his throat every three reps.

Shane was far from silent but Ilya’s head was spinning with lust and pure determination to get Shane to cum down his throat. He felt slutty, for the lack of a better word. He was a slut who wanted to be a tool, a toy, for Shane’s pleasure. He was so used to Shane wanting to prove himself with his pretty lips and Ilya was always more than happy to receive but tonight, he wanted to ravage Shane. He wanted it to be all about him and the sexy fucking Russian swears that were currently pouring out of his mouth as if he had been born to say them.

“Ilya,” Shane moaned loudly, “I’m gonna cum. Please.”

Ilya persisted. He wanted this night to be long and he wanted Shane to be absolutely spent by the end of it. Ilya wanted to test Shane’s limits. Ilya will make sure that Shane will be willing. After he made him cum. Which he did. Ilya pushed himself further down then swallowed hard, tightening around Shane’s dick. Shane’s body jolted and just because Ilya was a bit of an ass, he hummed. Shane’s eyes shot open and his mouth hung as he moaned out, releasing his load down Ilya’s tight, thrumming throat. Shane’s arms immediately lost their strength and he fell back on the bed. Ilya swallowed Shane’s orgasm, which made Shane’s entire body twitch including his now soft dick, then pulled up slowly. Ilya’s dick was aching so he

allowed himself one kindness and palmed at his agitated hard-on as he licked up any residual cum from Shane's dick then kissed his hip.

"Are you alive?" Ilya teased, gently biting Shane's stomach before he kissed up his body.

Shane had slung his left arm over his eyes and his right had dripped the sheets that were now bunched at his hip. Shane only rocked his head side to side and panted hard. Ilya laughed softly and kissed at Shane's neck. Shane's hand was near his face, and Ilya knew that even small stimulation like this could be too much for Shane, so he pulled away when he felt Shane gently push his forehead with his palm.

Ilya pushed himself up and curled up slightly, facing Shane's right side and tapping his bicep with one finger. He just wanted to tell him he was there. Shane's hand moved immediately and blindly found Ilya's hand and intertwined their fingers.

"I just need a second." Shane muttered in Russian.

Ilya was impressed he still had enough of his mind to speak Russian. He hoped to change that. Though his dick was still pin straight toward his stomach, Ilya felt calmer, knowing that Shane had had such a pleasurable orgasm that Shane needed to cool down for a moment, calmed his fire enough to be able to be patient.

"Take your time." Ilya asked softly, "I can get you water."

"No, no, I don't need it yet." Shane squeezed his hand and dropped his left arm. "Jesus, it was like you were...taken over by a ghost..."

Ilya smiled, "Good. You mean possessed?"

"Yes, possessed," Shane repeated, "By a horny animal in heat."

"How do you know how to say that in Russian?" Ilya tilted his head.

"Because my husband is a horny animal in heat." Shane teased flatly.

"Very true." Ilya said softly, then took a deep breath, then after a beat, "I like speaking Russian with you."

"Mm, I do too." Shane took a deep breath too, "But I'm not very good."

"You are very good." Ilya praised then motioned between them as he continued, "And this is how you learn."

Shane nodded and turned to curl toward Ilya too. "You're right. We should have a Russian only day. Once a week or something."

Ilya smiled, "Sounds perfect."

"Good." Shane smiled then got very serious, "I want to know you. In Russian. I want to not just understand but to just know it and you. Like I just know how to walk or breathe."

“That will be hard.” Ilya says gently. “It will take time.”

“I’m okay with hard.” Shane says back, “And I have time. Plus, the best teacher I could ask for.”

Ilya smiled, asking with his eyes if Shane was ready again. Shane nodded and rolled onto his back. Ilya moved to be over him once again and kissed him deeply, pressing his weight against him as they sank into the kiss then adjusted so his forearms on either side of Shane’s head.

“Should we roleplay?” Ilya joked, “Teacher and student?”

“What is rollplay?” Shane asked gently, his hand mindlessly pushing down Ilya’s pants.

“No, roleplay.” Ilya laughed a little but snuffed it when he saw Shane’s expression, “It means, pretending to be other people, or I guess characters?, during sex.”

Shane’s eyes relaxed as he understood the explanation then smiled widely, “No, no, roleplay.”

“Perfect.” Ilya praised his accent, “And why not? It could be fun.”

“Sure,” Shane said, now having succeeded in pushing off Ilya’s pants was now scratching Ilya’s nape with both hands. “But I don’t need you to be anyone else. Roleplaying is for boring people who hate each other.”

Ilya burst out in laughter and dipped, kissing Shane because he wanted to. Shane giggled against his lips and Ilya pulled away, instead nuzzling his face in Shane’s neck and kissing it. He took that chance to kick off the track pants that had since been bunched on his ankles. Now they were both bare.

“Too far?” Shane asked, kissing the shell of Ilya’s ear.

“Mm no, you’re just funnier in Russian.” Ilya smiled.

“Am I? Because I am no good?” Ilya could hear the smile in Shane’s voice.

“No, no, you are good. I told you that.” Ilya lifted his head, squeezing his eyes, “You’re bolder, more playful. You sound relaxed.”

“I must have learned to be from you.” Shane leaned up, kissing Ilya’s nose.

“You must’ve, unless you have another Russian hockey player boyfriend I don’t know about.” Ilya teased, letting Shane kiss his cheeks and chin.

“Nope, no other boyfriend. Just you.” Shane answered.

“I know, my love.” Ilya whispered.

“I know you do, my heart and soul.” Shane scrunched his nose and smiled, pulling him in for a kiss.

“Okay,” Ilya abruptly switched to English and pushed himself up, “Stop learning Russian. Or I will never have any secrets.”

Shane could tell he was joking so he just laughed, craning so he could kiss him again and again.

“You are my heart and soul, Ilya Rozanov.” Shane confessed, as if it were the first time he was professing his love. “I will love you until the day that I die. And then we will possess people and have sex like horny animals.”

Ilya laughed hard, dropping his weight onto Shane. He shook his head against Shane’s shoulder and wound his arms around Shane.

“This is the weirdest language lesson ever.” Ilya laughed even more.

“Whatever makes me learn, right?” Shane lifted his shoulders up in a shrug while he grinned.

“You will sound like Russian porn star!” Ilya said in English, finding it funny that Shane was speaking Russian and he was speaking English.

“I am okay with that.” Shane nodded proudly.

“Oh my god, who are you?” Ilya laughed.

“You said it, I am funny in Russian. I will speak Russian so I can make you laugh.” Shane pressed two quick kisses to Ilya’s lips.

“You are a beautiful idiot.” Ilya murmured as they kissed.

“Rude.” Shane whispered and kissed him again.

“You understood that?” Ilya was truly surprised.

“No, but I know that tone.” Shane whispered in English, “I know you too well, Ilya Rozanov.”

“Oh yea? If you know, what am I going to do?” Ilya had nothing in mind, he was just curious what Shane would say.

Shane tipped his chin down and looked up at Ilya, readying the Russian on his tongue, “You’re going to fuck me, hard, into this mattress and make me cum as many times as you want.”

“Fuck.” Shane had surprised Ilya yet again.

“And then, when you’re done, since you’re so good, you will clean me up then yourself, change the sheets, then you will hold me while we sleep.” Shane added, pecking his lips.

“Wow.” Ilya glanced down at their hips, “Did you just cum saying that last sentence?”

Shane rolled his eyes, holding Ilya’s shoulders, “Shut up.”

“You definitely did.” Ilya teased.

“You know I did.” Shane smiled. “Now was I right?”

“You absolutely were.” Ilya dipped down and kissed Shane.

Ilya then wrapped his arms around Shane and hiked up higher onto the bed, but Shane was quick to scramble up himself too, allowing Ilya to chase him as he turned and laid down in the center of the bed. Shane grinned and caught Ilya’s face in his hand as Ilya essentially dove into his hold without much consideration. Their hips collided, their dicks (slowly stiffening) made contact and they both hissed in both pleasure and slight pain at the velocity. They both laughed it off, as they so often did when they had their naturally clumsy sex and continued to paw at each other’s bare bodies and kiss each other with every drop of their love poured into each kiss.

And Ilya met each one of Shane’s guesses, and Shane gladly enjoyed every moment of it. Just as he laid flat on his back, Ilya laid beside him, having collapsed on his stomach from exhaustion with only putting in enough effort to throw an arm around Shane and turn his face toward him. Shane smiled and leaned down, kissing Ilya’s wet curls that were sticking to his forehead and then his shoulder.

“I love you,” Shane says gently, knowing Ilya was already drifting to sleep.

“I love you too.” Ilya mumbled back, but he meant it and Shane knew it.

“See you in the morning.” Shane kissed his shoulder again.

“Yes, in the morning.” Ilya licked his lips. “Wanna do it all over again?”

Shane laughed breathily, Ilya’s arm bouncing slightly with Shane’s stomach, “Definitely.”

“Okay.” Ilya sighed happily, gaining enough energy to move closer to Shane.

Shane received him by opening his arm to Ilya so Ilya could mold himself to his side and rest his head on Shane’s shoulder, Ilya’s arm tightening around Shane’s waist. Shane nodded privately, Ilya’s eyes were shut and it seemed he had already fallen asleep. He took the chance to admire Ilya’s sleeping face, as he so often did, tracing his finger along the slope of his nose before kissing his head once again and giving into the sleepiness.

End Notes

A/N:

AHHHHHH Happy Cottage Eve. I wrote up this little day of domestic Hollandov because I can't stop imagining what their lives would be when they can just exist with one another in a little bubble. That being said, I did take some creative liberties with how Shane would be if he didn't have the weight of the world on his shoulders so he's unmasked and I may have given him a touch of OCD (bc I have OCD).

And I also wrote Ilya to be doing well mentally, medicated and in therapy as this is a year into their marriage. I know that mental health is non-linear and that grief can hit someone no matter how mentally stable they are which is why it is featured in this story. I think it was cathartic to see that Shane and Ilya have reached a point that they are in sync, knowing what the other needs in both domestic, every day life and also when their moods stoop a little low.

This is also very dialogue heavy fic because 1. I love writing dialogue (I yearn for scripts) and 2. I feel like as soon as Shane is able to unmask for an extended time and Ilya feels safe, loved and stable, neither of them would ever want to stop talking to one another.

Anyway, I love this work and am proud of it so I hope that if you read it before the cottage or even after, that it offers you some warmth and comfort while we miss our Shane and Ilya on screen.

Thank you forever and always for reading! MWAH!

- Dazed

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