Shelter here with me, my love

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Shelter here with me, my love

by mickeysmyheart

Summary

The restaurant was beautiful, the food was delicious, but all Shane could think about was getting back home so that he could get under his insanely sexy husband and show him a few things he's learned recently.

OR

Shane talks dirty in Russian to Ilya and Ilya has some Feelings about it.

Notes

hiiiii!

this fic is based off of a tweet i saw and knew i needed to write a little something. the tweet will be linked below.

i do not speak russian but i asked someone who does to do the translation.

i'm so sad the season is over but i hope to contribute more fics to the hollanov tag during the wait for s2.

hope yall enjoy this! ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

inspired by this

December 23, 2025

Shane has been trying to learn Russian for longer than he cares to admit to anyone. Since he first met Ilya, he was drawn to him, and couldn't stop thinking about him. It's been seventeen years of Shane being utterly smitten by the man he gets to call his husband— and teammate, which is still the most fun Shane's ever had being a professional hockey player, even though he's in his thirties now and everything hurts just a bit more now.

Shane's been learning Russian because he'd like to be able to speak to the love of his life in his native language, or at least understand him when he says that *English is too hard*. And it's just a bonus that he'd be trilingual and Ilya is still bilingual. Competing has always felt like an extra love language for them.

Ilya knows Shane is learning Russian and made it his mission to try and learn French— he's still very much a beginner— but Ilya doesn't know how good Shane has gotten, especially with certain words and phrases.

With their anniversary being right before Christmas, they arrive at the cottage that morning for their little four day break as Ottawa is not playing today and there are no games from Christmas Eve to Boxing Day. They plan to leave that day to head back to their home in Ottawa where they'll have a home game the following day.

On their way to their cottage, they stop by Shane's parents house to drop off their gifts where his mom will put them under the Christmas tree, and to drop off Anya. Anya loves Shane's parents, and he knows it's because they give her some of their food that they eat. She's going to stay there until Shane and Ilya head over on Christmas day where they plan to spend the entire day with Shane's parents.

This has been tradition now since they got married and he knows it makes Ilya incredibly happy to have family to have some new traditions with— it's also a dream come true for

Shane, to be able to make new memories and traditions with the most important people in his life.

Once they get to the cottage, they unload the few things they brought with them, especially the food that his parents made for them, before they find themselves in bed together, enjoying each other.

They eventually get themselves ready to head out to dinner to celebrate their anniversary. They don't exchange separate anniversary and Christmas gifts, instead they get each other one gift— usually one *big* or *expensive* gift— that they know the other will like or is very meaningful to them.

The restaurant was beautiful, the food was delicious, but all Shane could think about was getting back home so that he could get under his insanely sexy husband and show him a few things he's learned recently.

Once Ilya closes the front door, Shane is on him— his body pressing him up against the door with his tongue in his mouth. Ilya moans into the kiss, grabbing at Shane's sides, sliding his right hand up to his chest and then up to his neck. Shane's hands are on Ilya's waist, holding him in place as he grinds against him.

"*Mmm, Shane*," Ilya moans, trailing his lips down to his neck. Suddenly, Ilya lifts Shane up into his arms where he easily wraps his legs around his husband, allowing him to carry him to their bedroom.

Shane doesn't stop kissing him the entire way until they're separated by Ilya dropping him onto the bed and then immediately climbing on top of him. They grind against each other, fully clothed, until they're both panting. They remove each other's clothes until they're both fully naked.

Ilya's between Shane's open legs, his fingers lubed up and opening Shane up. Shane moans as Ilya's fingers press against his prostate.

“*Fuck*—” Shane says, looking at Ilya and adding, “*Ilya*, mne nuzhno chuvstvovat' tebya vnutri.”

Ilya pulls back enough to look at Shane fully, eyes wide. Shane smiles at his husband’s shocked face, happy to have gotten the reaction he wanted— until Ilya touches his prostate again and shoves his face into Shane’s neck, sucking a small mark into his collarbone.

“Ilya…” Shane moans.

Ilya pulls away, looking at him intently. “Ty tak prekrasen,” he says softly.

Shane can’t help but blush at the compliment. Ilya smiles at him, leaning in to kiss him softly on the lips. He pulls his fingers out of him slowly before pulling his lips away from him. He adds more lube to his hand, stroking himself a couple times before lining himself up with Shane’s hole.

Shane moans loudly as Ilya pushes all the way inside of him, bottoming out. He arches his back, feeling Ilya’s face resting on his, he turns his head to kiss his forehead. Ilya kisses across his face until his lips are on Shane’s as he starts fucking him.

Shane’s legs are wrapped around Ilya, his hands deep in his curls, holding him close as he kisses him. He moans, “Sil'neye,” holding Ilya’s face in his hands.

“*Jesus Christ, Shane*,” Ilya moans, pounding into Shane harder as he asked for, going deeper and hitting Shane’s prostate.

They breathe into each other’s mouths as they both moan. Shane meets every one of Ilya’s thrusts and he’s so fucking close even though nothing but their stomachs moving against his cock are giving him any attention.

“Gospodi, ne ostanavlivaysya,” Shane moans, and Ilya fucks him harder, over and over into the same spot. “I’m so close, baby, *fuuuck*.”

“You’re *mine*,” Ilya says hotly into his ear, fucking him harder. His chain dangling between them.

“Yes,” Shane moans, adding for good measure, knowing it’ll drive Ilya over the edge with him, “Ya tvoya malen'kaya shlyushka.”

“*Fuck, Shane*,” Ilya moans as he chases his orgasm, fucking Shane harder, deeper, coming hard inside of him. Shane comes hard, untouched between them.

Ilya slumps on top of him, both of them breathless. They look at each other and start laughing softly. Ilya kisses him softly on the lips, Shane chases his lips but they’re already kissing him on his cheek, then down his neck and to his chest. Ilya kisses back up to his lips. He holds himself up with his hands on either side of Shane’s shoulders and looks at him intently.

“When did you learn all of that?” he asks him, smiling softly.

“You know I’ve been learning how to speak Russian,” Shane tells him shyly.

“Yes, but not that you are learning how to talk *dirty* to me in Russian,” Ilya says as he leans in, lips ghosting over his, making Shane feel lightheaded.

Shane kisses Ilya back softly when he presses his lips to his, finding himself chasing them again but Ilya staying out of reach. “I wanted to do something special for you after all these years of practice,” Shane tells him the truth, smiling shyly.

Ilya smiles at him fondly, leaning in again to kiss him softly on the nose. “You are very cute,” he says, smiling. “You know… now you are not allowed to leave this bed until we go to your parents on Christmas,” Ilya adds.

Shane blushes and he sees the corner of Ilya’s mouth lift even higher. “I— what?” he stutters.

“You heard me,” Ilya smirks. “You can only leave to use washroom and to eat, but that is it. I am not done with you.”

Shane feels his dick twitch back to life at the thought of Ilya having his way with him for the next thirty six some odd hours. Ilya could feel Shane’s intrigue and leans in to kiss him. Shane’s hands come up to hold Ilya’s face, kissing him harder. If he knew talking dirty to Ilya in Russian would get him so riled up like this, he would have done it sooner.

Ilya pulls back slightly and says, “We should shower.”

“Okay,” Shane says softly.

Ilya gets out of bed and Shane quickly follows, taking his husband’s offered hand, where he leads him to the bathroom. They wash each other soothingly until they’re both hard and Ilya’s down on his knees taking Shane into his mouth.

Shane looks down to meet Ilya’s eyes, and Ilya winks at him.

Here we go.

End Notes

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translations:

“Ilya, mne nuzhno chuvstvovat' tebya vnutri.” — “Ilya, I need you inside of me.”

“Ty tak prekrasen” — “you are so beautiful”

“Sil'neye” — “harder.”

“Gospodi, ne ostanavlivaysya” — “God, don’t stop.”

“Ya tvoya malen'kaya shlyushka.” — “I’m your little slut.”

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