

## Mine For Evermore

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# Mine For Evermore

by [leiascully](#)

## Summary

Ilya and Shane celebrate a significant anniversary.

## Notes

Timeline: 2038, so far beyond anything we've had in canon

Author's Note: The idea of ~~Old Men In Love~~ fine yes Middle-Aged Men In Love grabbed me by the throat and wouldn't let go. Thanks to "When I'm 64" by the Beatles for the title.

Shane is waiting outside the restaurant, looking so handsome in his long black coat. The light from the windows shines on him, all gold. He looks like he's standing in one of those souvenir things, whatever they are, with the water and the glitter and the perfect little scene. Snow globes, that's it. Ilya puts this memory away in his mind for later, so he can shake it like a snowglobe and see Shane standing waiting with the snowflakes all around him. When Ilya gets close, he can see Shane's freckles, the silver in Shane's dark hair, the crinkles by Shane's eyes. Ilya goes to him, leans in for a little kiss, puts his hands inside Shane's coat.

"Mm, you're warm," he says. "It feels nice."

"Don't you have gloves?" Shane asks, as if he doesn't know by now. He can probably see the fingers of Ilya's gloves poking out of his coat pockets.

"Of course," Ilya says. He pushes his hands under Shane's sweater, just a little. "But I like better to warm my hands on you."

Shane smiles that lazy smile that means he's a little turned on. Ilya marks a point on the scoreboard in his head. "You're not afraid someone's going to take pictures?"

"Of us? No," Ilya scoffs. "What would they do, anyway? 'Oh, another photo of sexy Ilya Rozanov kissing his beautiful boring husband in public, run it on the front page of *Retired Old Men Monthly*'? No. Throw it on the pile," he says, miming a waist-high heap of discarded photos.

"I guess," Shane says. He's still smiling, just a little. "Should we go in? Allons-y?"

"Yes, I'm hungry," Ilya tells him. "Je veux manger." See, he's learning. He pulls open the door to the building the restaurant is in and lets Shane go first. The foyer is warm and bright compared to the outside. The snowflakes in Shane's hair melt like little stars.

"That's good because we pre-ordered the five course dinner," Shane reminds him.

"Oh, for food?" Ilya gestures dismissively and brushes snow off his sleeve. "No, I don't care about food."

"Shut up," Shane says, bumping his shoulder into Ilya's. "You can behave for a few hours."

"Okay, I will," Ilya says. "And then after, you will behave."

"It's a deal," Shane says, and the smile is back, bigger and brighter. Ilya feels such a surge of love that he grabs Shane's hand and squeezes. Shane squeezes back. It's nice. Their little signal for when they don't have words: Ilya because English is a stupid language that doesn't let him express himself properly even though he's been fluent for years, Shane because of the way his mind and emotions work. They are lucky, that touching makes sense even when words don't.

Ilya squeezes again and lets go. It seems polite, not to put on a display for the whole restaurant of how in love they still are after all this time. They hang up their coats and go to

their table and let the server tell them all about the menu and the wine. Shane agrees to whatever it is. Ilya isn't really listening. He's watching Shane: looking so handsome in a soft sweater, dark blue like the lake, with a nice shirt under it. He likes to watch Shane talk to people, comfortable and confident, picking a wine like he's learned something from watching the food channel on tv. Ilya knows he hasn't. They're never really watching that channel.

Finally, the server leaves and Shane looks at Ilya again. The lights in the restaurant are dim, but the candle in the middle of the table reflects in Shane's eyes and makes them sparkle.

"Do you know why I wanted to come to dinner tonight?"

"You're tired of my cooking?" Ilya suggests.

"That too." Shane pauses. "Ilya, we met for the first time thirty years ago today. We've known each other for *thirty years*."

"I know," Ilya says. He can hear the softness in his own voice. "I remember." He puts his hand on the table and Shane takes it. They sit that way for a long time, just looking at each other. Ilya is remembering that first time: the strangeness of being in a new place, listening to a new language. The familiar feeling of snow and cold that drove him outside to smoke. His lighter that wouldn't work until Shane walked up, perfect timing for Shane to scold him in that so-helpful way. The warmth of Shane's hand. The sparkle in Shane's eyes, just like now.

"I could never forget," Ilya says finally.

"No," Shane says. "Me either."

They hold hands until the server comes back with food, and only let go so that it's easier to put the plates on the table. After all this time, Ilya couldn't give a flying fuck if someone sees him holding hands with his husband. His *husband*. Nearly twenty years of marriage and it still feels like winning the Cup every time Ilya thinks about it. He touches his toe to Shane's under the table. Shane nudges him back.

They eat. The food is good, very good, and the wine is also nice, but Ilya isn't paying much attention. He's watching Shane instead. Shane is so happy. Ilya loves to see him this way. Ilya's happy too, all the way to his bones. Maybe there's always a shadow, somewhere in the back of his mind, but it hasn't overwhelmed him for a long time. Tonight that shadow is just a reminder of how bright the rest of his life shines. They talk about the parts of their lives that intertwine less: the mixed juniors team that Ilya is coaching because he wanted to coach girls too, Shane's work as a commentator. The network even sends him to the Olympics these days. Ilya likes to hear the gossip from the set.

When dessert comes, Ilya picks up his fork and cuts a piece of cake. It's so rich it's almost oozing chocolate. He can see Shane looking at it. Shane picked the dessert with mostly fruit, because he still likes to lie to himself about what he enjoys most. It's cute, but Ilya likes to remind Shane that they both know better. Ilya stabs a raspberry, mashing it into the cake, and holds his fork out to Shane.

They have a brief married-people conversation with their eyes about whether or not it's silly for Ilya to feed Shane cake in the middle of a busy restaurant, whether or not Shane actually wants the cake, whether or not everyone in the whole world will immediately know that Shane is the bottom when they're in bed. But Ilya wins, because he has had years of learning to choose his battles, and also because Shane very very much likes chocolate cake. Shane leans forward and closes his mouth around Ilya's fork. It's very sexy, especially when Shane makes a soft sound and rolls his eyes in pleasure. Ilya is glad they are almost ready to go home.

"I sent the dogs with the kids to Mom and Dad's for the night," Shane says as they put their coats back on, like he can read Ilya's mind. "It's almost Christmas, so, you know. Sleepover time with the grandparents."

"Mm," Ilya says. "So you are saying we have the house to ourselves."

"I suppose I am," Shane says. He's trying not to smile.

"Whatever will we do?" Ilya says lightly.

"You never seem to run out of ideas," Shane says. His voice is quiet, because he's already thinking about what he wants Ilya to do to him.

"Yes, I am very creative," Ilya tells him. He steps close enough to see Shane's eyes widen. Ilya enjoys this very much. He leans in, closer and closer, until his lips are brushing Shane's ear. "Call a cab."

"Say please," Shane mumbles, his eyes half-closed now.

"Please, Mister Hollander-Rozanov," Ilya says, very low, "won't you call a cab so your horny husband can take you home and remind you why you married him?"

Shane shivers. "Okay, if you put it that way."

Ilya steps back, because otherwise he will do silly things like nibble on Shane's ear, and although he doesn't care who knows that they still want each other, he agrees with Shane that there are parts of their life that should be private.

"You know that's not the only reason I married you," Shane says while they wait.

"Yes," Ilya says. "You love me."

"So much," Shane agrees. He kisses Ilya on the cheek above Ilya's beard, very brave. It makes Ilya feel warm all over, how brave his husband is. For someone else, maybe it would be easy, but it isn't so easy for Shane. He works hard to keep their life together private, to protect their children, to guard their peace. Ilya appreciates it. He remembers how things were in Russia, how he felt like the property of his family and his government, how sometimes he felt like the property of the fans or the league. He doesn't feel like that with Shane. Shane keeps them safe. He takes very good care of them.

"What?" Shane asks.

Ilya realizes he has been staring. “Nothing,” he says with a shrug. “I also love you so much, that’s all.”

“Good,” Shane says. “You, uh, think we should stay married?”

“Yes, I think so,” Ilya says firmly.

“Okay, then we will,” Shane says. He grins, bright and shiny, and Ilya sees the boy he met in the snow.

When the cab arrives, they sit at opposite ends of the seat, because it’s too tempting to sit any closer. Ilya even buckles his seat belt, so that Shane won’t remind him but also so he can’t move next to Shane. Fortunately, it’s not such a long ride to the tv studio where Shane left the car. They drove together this morning: Christmas soon meant no practice meant an empty rink, skating with the kids for an hour or so before David and Yuna picked them up, and then running drills like the old days, just the two of them cutting up the ice. He loves to skate with Shane, to practice together. They’re not as fast as they were, but Ilya thinks they still have something special.

Ilya lets Shane drive. Shane only had one glass of wine. Ilya didn’t have much more, but it’s nice to sit in the passenger seat, to hold hands with Shane over the gearshift, to look at the way the streetlights slide over Shane’s pretty profile. It takes half an hour or so to get to their house. Their quiet neighborhood is full of lights. Their neighbor’s menorah has three candles burning, one in the middle and two on the end. Ilya isn’t sure what that means, but it’s pretty.

They barely get through the door before Shane is kissing him. Ilya kisses him back, his thumb in Shane’s mouth, his tongue in Shane’s mouth. It’s been a few days, maybe a week — Ilya loses track sometimes, when they’re tired out because of the kids and work. Good tired, but still. He’s more than ready to fuck Shane, especially since Shane is already making desperate little moans and breathing hard and they’re just kissing. Well, Ilya’s hands are up under Shane’s sweater, pinching Shane’s nipples through his shirt, but they’re not naked.

Ilya is happy to change that. They shed clothing all the way up to their room: coats in a pile by the door, sweaters and shirts and pants in a trail. That’s how Ilya knows Shane wants it badly, because he doesn’t stop to fold anything or hang his trousers over the stair railing. They only trip over two or three toys and pieces of sports equipment the kids left out, and nobody is injured, which is good, because Ilya doesn’t want anything to stop them. By the time they get to the bedroom, they’re both down to socks and boxers. Ilya pushes Shane down onto the bed and flips him over.

“Yeah,” Shane breathes. “God, Ilya, please fuck me.”

“Soon,” Ilya promises. He kisses his way down Shane’s smooth back, down and down until he’s spreading Shane’s cheeks and pushing his face between them. Shane squirms underneath him as Ilya teases Shane’s hole with his tongue.

“Your beard fucking tickles,” Shane complains, but he’s not really upset. Ilya takes a moment to scrape his chin and cheeks over Shane’s ass just to irritate him. When Shane is laughing, Ilya bites him, enjoying the way Shane gasps.

“I think you like my beard,” Ilya says.

“Not *there*,” Shane says.

“Oh, well, I don’t have to eat your ass,” Ilya says, propping his chin on Shane’s thigh. “No problem. Je veux manger, mais...” He lets his voice trail off, only partly because he doesn’t remember how to say the rest of the sentence in French. He is too full of naked husband thoughts. The blood is not in his brain.

“It could be worse,” Shane says in a hurry.

“You don’t want me to stop?” Ilya presses a kiss to Shane’s thigh, right at the top where it meets the ass.

“I fucking don’t and you know it.”

“Mister Pottymouth,” Ilya says, pretending to scold Shane.

“So what?” Shane says. “It’s just us. I’m not putting money in the swear jar tonight.”

“Yes,” Ilya says. “I think you could not afford it, with how much you want me to fuck you.” He splays his fingers over Shane’s ass, spreads Shane wide under him. Shane’s hole is tight, tight, but Ilya knows how to coax him open after so many years together. He sweeps his tongue across, around, pushing it inside while Shane tries hard to stay still and fails. The noises he’s making go straight to Ilya’s dick. Shane passes him the lube, a question with no words, and Ilya uses his fingers to open Shane wider. Fuck, Shane is so beautiful: softer, of course, but his body is strong under Ilya’s.

“On top,” Ilya says at last, when he thinks Shane can barely stand it. “I want to see you.” He slaps Shane’s hip twice, almost gently, and stretches out on the bed, wiping his mouth with the back of one hand.

Shane scrambles up and straddles Ilya’s belly. His dick is shining, wet with precum and so hard for Ilya. Ilya rubs his hands up and down Shane’s thighs. Shane looks down at Ilya with that lazy smile again, stroking himself a little, playing with his balls for Ilya to watch. His mouth is open; Ilya can see his tongue moving. Ilya reaches for a condom, but Shane shakes his head.

“I want you to make a mess,” he says. His eyes are dark and hazy with lust.

“Wow,” Ilya says, like his dick didn’t just get extra-hard somehow. “Cutting loose.” Maybe his French isn’t so good today but his English is excellent.

“We’re taking a bath after this,” Shane says. “It’s gonna feel so good. So it doesn’t matter if you cum all over me.”

“You love that big tub.” It’s okay because Ilya does too. They skated hard this morning, harder than a couple of men who are almost fifty maybe should. His body is sore, or it will be tomorrow.

“I love you,” Shane says, and leans forward to kiss Ilya. He reaches behind himself and Ilya reaches too and together they feed his dick into Shane. Shane balances over him, sinking down slowly. They both groan.

“Fuuuuck,” Ilya says, because he can’t help himself. It’s so fucking hot, every fucking time, to watch Shane take his dick deeper and deeper, to see the look on Shane’s face like Ilya’s dick is everything he’s ever wanted. He feels so fucking good around Ilya. Ilya can’t help thrusting up. Shane shakes his head.

“Let me,” he says, and rides Ilya slowly, one palm on Ilya’s chest. Ilya flattens his hands on the bed, trying not to move too much. It’s hard when Shane looks so fucking hot. His dick bounces against his stomach and the muscles in his thighs tighten and his fucking face is doing things that make Ilya want to come right now. Shane has aged very well. Ilya thinks he definitely gets that from his mother, but he would never say so.

He thought it would be boring, fucking the same person for so many years, but it’s not. Maybe sometimes it’s just part of their routine, but Shane still excites him. He’s still very beautiful to Ilya. They have tried so many things together, sexy adventures, but even the regular sex is good. Maybe because he fucking loves Shane so much he thinks his heart and his dick might explode from it.

Shane is breathing so hard. He changes the angle of his hips and Ilya can tell when he hits Shane’s prostate because Shane groans so loud. Ilya encourages him, mixing English and Russian, phrases Shane knows very well now. Shane’s head looks loose on his neck. Precum drips off his dick onto Ilya’s stomach.

Ilya’s too close. He can’t stand it. He puts his hands on Shane’s thigh and hip, pushes him onto his back, and pounds into Shane. Shane smiles, sex-drunk, pulling his knees higher. Oh yes, Ilya knows what he likes best, and he will give it to Shane.

“Gonna come for me, Ilya?” Shane’s words are jerky, the air pushed out of him by Ilya’s dick.

“Da,” Ilya gasps. He pulls out and jerks his dick once, twice, and then he’s spurting over Shane’s belly, his chest before he collapses onto the bed. “Fuck, Shanya.”

“Make me come,” Shane demands, sounding breathless. “Please.”

“Because you are so polite,” Ilya says, and licks Shane’s dick from balls to head. But it’s not what he wants: he wants to see Shane’s face, to kiss him, to feel Shane’s whole body shake against him. He moves up the bed and drips lube onto Shane’s dick before he wraps his hand around it. It doesn’t take long. Ilya catches Shane’s moans in his mouth. Shane arches up and splashes onto himself. He falls back onto the bed like he’s exhausted and kisses Ilya hard. Ilya chuckles.

“Still so easy for me, hmm,” he teases.

“Shut up,” Shane says. “Next round I’ll last longer. It’s not like you didn’t come first.”

“Yes, well, I was fucking a very sexy man,” Ilya says. “So.” He shrugs.

“Me too,” Shane says. He cups his hand over Ilya’s cheek. “Hey. I’m so fucking glad I met you.”

“You know, is 29 years, really, that we have known each other,” Ilya says, because he’s too worn out for fucking grammar. He kisses Shane’s forehead.

“We met in 2008,” Shane protests.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “So 2009 was one year that we knew each other. 2039 would be 30 years that we knew each other. Is still 2038. Met is thirty years ago for sure, but not known.”

“Fuck off,” Shane says, but he sounds so comfortable.

“You still can’t do math, huh?” Ilya kisses him again. “It’s a good thing you’re cute.”

“At least I can add one and one.” Shane cuddles against him.

“I don’t know,” Ilya says, putting doubt in his voice. “First you and me and now there are five of us in this house, plus two dogs.”

“When two people really love each other…” Shane starts, and Ilya rolls over onto him and pins him to the bed.

“I do not think it works quite that way for us.”

“I don’t know,” Shane says. He smiles. “We love each other. We made a family.”

Ilya might just die from how much he loves Shane. He strokes Shane’s face. “We did.”

Shane looks like he might cry, but in a happy way. “It wasn’t so hard.”

“No,” Ilya says softly. “It was very easy mostly.” He kisses Shane lingeringly and then pats Shane’s chest. “Come on. Let’s go get in the bath before you get too sticky and then you complain so much.”

“Fine.” Shane sits up. “Go start the water and I’ll be there in a second.” He pulls a tissue out of the box beside their bed.

“You just want to watch my ass as I walk away, because you are pervert,” Ilya says, but he’s already going.

“Yeah,” Shane says. “I do.”

Ilya’s body is so happy to see the big tub. He twists on the faucet and dumps in a lot of bath salts, something to soothe their muscles. He and Shane will soak in the water for a while, probably until they can get hard again, and then get messy all over again. Outside the window, the snow is getting heavier. There will be so much of it in the morning: they will wake up and fuck and make protein pancakes and smoothies and maybe fuck again and then

they will go to Shane's parents' house in their boring safe dad car and eat cinnamon rolls with their amazing children, even Shane, and Ilya will definitely get in trouble for sneaking little pieces to the dogs, and the kids will make faces when their dads kiss in front of them.

Ilya thinks, as the steam and the scent of lavender and bergamot rise around him, that maybe his life is perfect.

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