

Everything else fades away when I look at you

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Everything else fades away when I look at you

by [Fuddlewuddle](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov believes he is at good at noticing things about Shane Hollander. It's hard for him not to; he's gorgeous and Ilya finds it difficult to look anywhere else but where Shane is. Not a particularly good look for hockey team rivals, but Ilya stopped giving a fuck a long time ago. He would rather stare at Shane and count all of his beautiful freckles that cover his nose and cheeks than look at all the non-Shanes everywhere else. Ilya notices all the little things about Shane like the way his nose scrunches when he laughs, and how literal he is sometimes, and that he gets anxious about things, but also that Ilya can calm him down, because Ilya is never *not* thinking about Shane.

He's been haunted by Shane in the best possible way for years at this point, and he never wants it to stop.

Notes

This is inspired by how adorable and in love they are with each other at the cottage.

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

Ilya Rozanov believes he is at good at noticing things about Shane Hollander. It's hard for him not to; he's gorgeous and Ilya finds it difficult to look anywhere else but where Shane is. Not a particularly good look for hockey team rivals, but Ilya stopped giving a fuck a long time ago. He would rather stare at Shane and count all of his beautiful freckles that cover his nose and cheeks than look at all the non-Shanes everywhere else. Ilya notices all the little things about Shane like the way his nose scrunches when he laughs, and how literal he is sometimes, and that he gets anxious about things, but also that Ilya can calm him down, because Ilya is never *not* thinking about Shane.

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But being at Shane's cottage with him (though it is like no cottage Ilya has ever seen; looks nothing like small, thatch-roofed house from fairy tale books he used to read in the library as a child), Ilya has noticed other little things that their scraps of time together before wouldn't have allowed him to know - both of them so worried about being caught, they couldn't focus on anything else except making the other feel good, and forgetting about everything that had scared them in the first place.

It is like he's getting to peek behind the curtain of who Shane is when he doesn't have to be World's Best Hockey player (sshh, he did not say that out loud where anyone can hear, okay?), and can just be *Shane*, and Ilya gets lump in his throat just thinking about it. Because he's getting to see what Shane is like when he's free to care about Ilya without restriction and all it does is make Ilya love him even more.

Which, if he's honest, he did not think was actually possible.

It starts with his stupid, practical car that Shane drives very sensibly that no one would suspect sexy, talented hockey players to drive so no one pays attention when they drive together; with its good amount of leg room, and a gear stick that doesn't get in the way meaning Shane can rest his hand on Ilya's thigh the whole drive and Ilya can just pick up Shane's beautiful hand that he uses to rub in other players' faces how good he is on the ice, whenever he wants, and kiss his knuckles or his palm or where his pulse flutters at his wrist, and Shane just lets him.

Of course, Ilya complains about how boring the car is, and how boring Shane drives it, but Shane just smiles the whole drive with his sunglasses perched on his nose and Ilya spends half the drive planning for future journeys they will have together and how successful he will be at convincing Shane to pull over somewhere secluded so Ilya can suck his dick or fuck him in the back seat.

He's currently convinced he can talk Shane into it with a 70% success rate.

Then there's the burgers.

The recipe was for eight burgers and Shane made eight burgers even though there was only two of them at the cottage. He squirmed and blushed adorably when Ilya asked why he didn't

halve the recipe, but the burgers were so good that Ilya would have eaten the other four if he was certain he would not throw them all up afterwards. Shane had looked so good flipping burgers Ilya had been ravenous like bear with hunger. And not for the food. Because no one cooks for Ilya normally, but Shane did. Every day they are at the cottage he makes them dinner or breakfast. Brings Ilya his morning coffee and a blanket so he doesn't get cold while he watches the sun rise by the lake.

He makes Ilya feel loved and Ilya has not felt like that since his mother was alive.

That does not include the other things Ilya has noticed, like him getting cokes for the fridge even though Shane doesn't drink it; that when they shower together Shane always manages to make it so that he can wash Ilya's hair, massaging the soapy bubbles through his curls while he hums under his breath (Ilya always shows his appreciation by getting on his knees and sucking Shane's pretty cock as thank you); and wearing his glasses around the cottage even after he's finished reading whatever it was that required his focus and attention, because he knows how much Ilya loves it when he wears them.

Also the loon.

That stupid Canadian wolf bird that scares the shit out of Ilya every time it makes that 'definite not bird and definitely is wolf' noise when it's dark. Shane protects Ilya from it even while he laughs at him for being unnerved by them in the first place. Shane protects him when no one has looked at tall, built, muscular Ilya Rozanov in many years and thought he was someone that needed protecting.

Shane does all these little things to make Ilya feel at home in his cottage, where he usually retreats to alone for solace and peace, his safe space, and he thinks Ilya does not notice. Ilya has been allowed to see all the squishy parts of Shane that are usually kept hidden behind his hockey gear, and his polite answers, and his rib cage, and it makes Ilya's heart feel like it might burst of his chest from how much he loves him.

He knows how lucky he is to know this side of Shane, and he knows not even Hayden Fucking Pike who has more children than points in last five games gets this Shane. It's just him. Just Ilya.

Like it is just Shane who gets this version of him.

The one who cries and tells honest truth and cannot keep his hands or mouth off of Shane's soft, warm skin because he feels like he might die if he stops touching him.

All of it just makes Ilya want to never let Shane go. Which is difficult as it will soon be new playoff season, but still.

"I have realised something," he says; cheek resting on Shane's big, thick thighs. They're cuddling on the sofa together; Shane sitting in the corner, with Ilya lying on his side, stretched out across the cushions with his head on Shane's lap. Shane's fingers comb through Ilya's curls in a lazy, contented motion that makes Ilya want to purr like cat.

"Hmm?" Shane sounds like he is close to falling asleep. Ilya knows he will wake up quickly when he hears what Ilya has to say. He's looking forward to it. Loves how Shane gets all puffed up like bird. Proper bird. Not Canadian wolf bird. "Realised what?"

"You are like my housewife."

Shane's fingers stop petting his hair. Ilya just about stops himself from pouting. "W-What?"

"You are my housewife," Ilya repeats.

"Housewife?"

"Cottagewife, whatever. This not exactly house or cottage though. More like boring yoga retreat turned sexy love nest. Wife is the important part though."

He can practically *hear* Shane's face scrunching up in confusion. "Uhhh...I have a job and I'm not a woman, Ilya."

He tuts and rolls his eyes. "Yes, I know both these things, Shane. But housewife is not about job or gender." He taps his temple. "It is state of mind."

"I really don't think it is."

Ilya flops onto his back; looking up at Shane. Fuck, he is so beautiful. Ilya smooths his hand up over Shane's chest; gives his tit a fond squeeze before collaring his neck. Strokes his thumb down the jut of his throat. Can feel where his heart goes *thump-thump-th-thump*, skipping a beat when Ilya touches him. "It is. Trust Me. I know."

Shane huffs out a laugh; sneaking his hand under Ilya's t-shirt, idly toying with the hair that trails from his navel downwards. "You're an expert in housewives? I thought all the women you'd been with were young, like models?"

"I don't mean them," Ilya waves him off; not ashamed of the women he's fucked, but not wanting to talk about them right now. Not when he is with Shane and he knows Shane loves him. "I mean I am expert in you."

"W-What do you mean?" Shane bites his lip; having no clue how much he tempts Ilya to sit up and *bite* him.

"You cook for me. You make sure I don't get cold even though I grew up in the cold of Russia. You protect me from stupid Loon - honestly what is that? Really? You wash my hair, you make yourself all sexy for me wearing glasses, and you cuddle up to me in your bed like cat seeking sun patch."

"You're very warm," Shane mumbles; blushing fiercely. Ilya wants to drag his tongue over every single freckle he can see.

"And you care for me like I am your husband. Which makes you my wife. Does not matter if you play hockey professionally or have dick or we would *technically* both be husbands," he makes quotation marks with the hand not stroking Shane's throat to emphasise how much

stock he doesn't put into this being the only option, "You are my housewife. You should be proud of this. I very proud to have you as my wife."

"*Ilya*," Shane splutters out a laugh; scratching his nails over Ilya's belly as if to distract him. Unfortunately for Shane, Ilya's in to that. He arches his hips upwards chasing the drag of Shane's nails, and Shane just whacks him gently. Ilya smirks at him; dropping his hips back down onto the couch.

"Don't act like you don't like it, Shane. I can feel your dick poking at my cheek."

"Fuck off!"

Shane tucks his face into his shoulder, trying to hide his blush. As if Ilya has not stuck his tongue in his asshole and had him sobbing as he begs for release. As if he is embarrassed to be hard from Ilya calling him his wife. Which, Ilya knows he is, but still. He's not letting him hide.

"I'd rather fuck you." Ilya sits up and manoeuvres them so Shane is flat on his back underneath him. Shane gasps in surprise at the change of position and Ilya kisses him revelling in how quickly Shane melts for him. "I want to fuck my pretty wife with his pretty freckles..." Ilya brushes his fingertips over Shane's nose, his cheeks; grins when he feels the flutter of his lashes against his fingers. Wiggles his hand under the waistband of Shane's shorts, groaning as he feels hot skin, and wiry curls. No underwear. Ilya wants to eat him whole. He wraps his hand around Shane's erection, thumbing at the plump tip. "...and his pretty cock that is all wet and leaky just for me." Shane whimpers as Ilya pumps his cock a few times and then lets it go to skim his fingers further down, circling his hole that's all puffy and still a little bit sticky from where Ilya had fucked him earlier despite their shower. "...and his pretty hole that is desperate to be filled again."

"*Ilya*," Shane whines; squirming underneath him. His hole quivers against Ilya's fingers, and Ilya's dick throbs with the need to be inside him again.

"No? That is not you who I just described, Shane Hollander?"

"I..." Shane chews on his lip; dark eyes wide and endless.

"Are you sure?" Ilya presses soft kisses from the hinge of Shane's jaw on one side to the corner of his mouth. Does the same on the other side. Then captures his lips in a slow kiss, feeling Shane tremble against him. "Because I only fuck my pretty wife who looks after me so well I never want to leave. I don't fuck anyone else. Not anymore."

"*Ilya*."

He sounds wrecked and Ilya's not even inside him. Brown eyes barely holding back tears and looking at Ilya like he can't believe he's real. So Ilya kisses him and kisses him until Shane is clawing at his back; tight, little hole fluttering around tip of his finger trying to suck him inside, and he gasps out—

"Yes!"

"Hmm? What was that?" Ilya nips at Shane's ear; sucking on the peachy-fuzz softness of the lobe.

"Yes, I'm your wife," Shane practically sobs. "I'm your housewife."

"Da. You are." Ilya brushes their noses together; very aware how soppy his smile is. "I love you, Shane Hollander. My pretty wife."

Shane blinks away tears. "I love you too."

"Good. I'm very loveable." Shane laughs; curling his fingers in Ilya's hair and tugging him closer to bite at the tendons of his neck.

"You annoy so many fucking people, Ilya Rozanov. Don't even fucking try it."

"I annoy you though, and you love me."

"Yeah well, I'm different."

Ilya nods seriously; cupping Shane's cheek. Kisses his freckles, holding his lips there for a long moment. "Da. You are. I'm going to fuck your greedy little hole now, okay?"

Shane exhales deeply and then says, "Okay."

He tears Shane's shorts off while Shane wiggles out of his t-shirt. Ilya strips off his own clothes and roots between the couch cushions for the half-empty bottle of lube he'd stuffed down their the other day because he knew he'd want to fuck Shane on the sofa again at some point. He doesn't bother stretching Shane, because he's still soft and open from the last time they fucked. Just slicks his cock and grabbing Shane's legs, pushes his knees up by his ears and slams his dick inside his fat, peachy ass.

Shane shouts in pleasure as he's filled; yanking at Ilya's hair and the arm of the couch. "You gotta move, baby," he says breathlessly.

Ilya jerks out a nod and then bracing one hand by Shane's head and gripping his hip tight enough to bruise with the other, he sets a hard pace. Snapping his hips, again and again. Long, deep thrusts that rub over Shane's prostate and make him shake all over and babble out nonsensical words and sounds that go straight to Ilya's dick. Neither of them are going to last long, he can tell. Both so desperate for the other even though they're right there.

"You close, Shane?"

He mewls like kitten; cock spurting out another glob of precum all over his belly. "So close. Please, Ilya."

"Can I come in you?" Shane's nose wrinkles at the thought of being all sticky and itchy with sweat and cum again, and Ilya huffs out a laugh. Becomes determined to convince him. Has an idea which he think could work. One borne from how much he wants and loves Shane Hollander. "I know is mess but can't give my gorgeous wife lots of babies if don't fill your greedy, pretty hole with my cum now, can I?"

"Oh god!" Shane wails; head thrashing from side to side, all flushed and shivering with the need to come. "Ilya, you can't just *say* that!"

"Why can't I, hmm? Pretty wife will look good pregnant with my babies, da?" He fucks his cock deeper, trying to carve a space just for him in Shane's guts. "Everyone will be jealous wishing they had knocked up the beautiful, incredible Shane Hollander, but only *I* get to. Only Ilya Rozanov gets to fuck you full of babies, da?"

He feels Shane clench tighter and tighter around him, before breaking apart with a punched out moan as his orgasm rips through him; burying his face in the sweat-slick hollow of Ilya's throat. "Oh god - fuck, fuck, fuck, *Ilya!*"

"That's it, Shane. Make mess all over self." Ilya curls his hand around Shane's cock and jerks him off as he continues fucking him, trying to milk every last drop from his balls so his belly is all wet and sticky. "Show me how much you want your husband's cock filling you up. Gonna get you so fat and pregnant, everyone will know I fold you in half like pretzel and knock you up with twins."

"Do it," Shane moans; panting hot breaths against Ilya's throat. "Breed me, Ilya."

Ilya curses under his breath in Russian and shoves in deep; flooding Shane's guts with his cum. It feels like his orgasm goes on forever; Shane's ass hot and tight where it spasms around him, until Ilya can't keep himself up anymore and collapses on top of Shane with an exhausted grunt.

"Jesus fuck, Rozanov," Shane says in a daze; wiggling a little so his legs can flop back down, bracketing Ilya's body. "What was that about?"

Ilya shrugs; nuzzling his face into the crook of Shane's neck with a contented hum just breathing him in. Trails his fingers up and down Shane's flank, just needing to touch him constantly. "Showing my appreciation for man I love. Pretty sure you liked it or did I make up you screaming my name as you come, hmm?"

"Shut up." Shane's blush tastes like fire and happiness and sweat.

Ilya peers up at him through his curls. "You did like it though, da?"

Shane nods; nibbling at his bottom lip shyly. "It was a little...unexpected. But yeah, I did."

Ilya smacks a wet kiss to his sternum and then snuggles deeper into him; his cock slowly softening inside him. Knows he has until Shane starts feeling his cum leak out of him and onto the couch to enjoy just getting to hold Shane like this, before the Canadian shoves him off and demands they shower before cleaning the cushions. They lie there in companionable silence, with Shane petting his hair again when Shane suddenly says, "Do you ever think about that?"

"Think about what?"

"Us. Being married. Having kids."

Ilya's heart stops for a second as he's overwhelmed with the image those words inspire and then he exhales, nodding softly. "Da. I do."

Shane's whole body sags with relief and he holds Ilya tighter. "Me too."

"Also picture you being good wife who has been knocked out of play offs and makes pancakes for me while wearing just an apron. Is good image, da?"

Shane whacks him on the arm, but he's smiling. "Oh fuck you, Ilya Rozanov."

"Would be Ilya Rozanov-Hollander, no?"

He feels Shane smile against his temple, in no rush to move even though he must be uncomfortable and gross because he wants to cuddle just as much as Ilya does, and Ilya knows that no matter what their future is like, as long as he's with Shane, and he can call him his wife just to make him blush and drip with need, then he'll be happy. Because Shane makes him happier than he ever thought possible and he's never giving him up.

Not for anything.

Even hockey.

End Notes

Comments make my day, so please leave one if you enjoyed it 💜

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