Our Love is Not for Them

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Our Love is Not for Them

by TuppingLiberty

Summary

Ilya posts something sweet about Shane, but the comments send Shane into a panic attack. Ilya is there to bring him back.

Set after The Long Game

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Shane has a love-hate relationship with social media. No, scratch that. Shane has a hate-hate relationship with social media. Sure, he loves himself a good TikTok session (he allows himself fifteen minutes a day) of cute animals being cute. But he immediately swipes past anything having to do with hockey since he and Ilya were outed. He doesn't need to look up clips of Ilya anymore; he has the real Ilya in his arms every night. And it's not like he needs it for research: anything in the Centaurs' film room will help him prep for games much better than some rando analyzing play in 60 second chunks.

And sure, he has official Twitter and Instagram accounts that both he and Yuna have the passwords to so that she can post official messages for him. She has sworn up and down that she never checks his messages - that *those* messages from Ilya have always been and will always be for Shane's eyes only. He'd verified that after he'd checked them. Still, he has to endure yet another lecture about how everything posted on the internet is forever - after she, too, hugs him and cries about the Centaurs' near miss. Sometimes Shane wonders if his mom loves Ilya more than him, but then again, that just seems correct. Ilya needs all the familial love he can soak up, and Shane's going to make sure he never misses out on it again.

Despite Best Son status, Yuna does get after Ilya about his reckless social media posting, before conceding that it all plays into his brand, the same way Shane's straightforwardness and often silence plays into his. Yuna does *not* have the passwords to Ilya's social media accounts, and what he posts is often the subject of playful ribbing over dinner on Friday night.

So maybe, actually, Shane *does* have a love-hate relationship with social media, because he truly can't hate something where his husband posts thirst traps. Maybe he should be jealous of all the men, women, and non-binary fans going crazy in the comments, but he doesn't, because he knows exactly who Ilya is trying to turn on, and his name is Shane Hollander. Ilya is his, and will be forever. The gold glinting up from his ring finger guarantees that.

So yes, he does have notifications set for Ilya's Instagram account, and yes, maybe he's in the middle of making them a post-workout breakfast, but he can multi-task watching the pancakes and pulling out his phone to see whatever goodness Ilya has posted.

Ilya.rozanov.official has posted:

[Image description: a photo of Ilya kissing Shane's cheek, taken by Shane's dad last summer around the campfire in the cottage's backyard. The warm glow of the fire is highlighting Shane's freckles, and Ilya's curls are clearly in mid-bounce as he pulls his husband in for the kiss. Ilya is wearing a black tank top, showing off his shoulders, and Shane is wearing a faded Ottawa Centaurs shirt, too faded to be his own, since he'd only been playing with the Centaurs for one season at that point.]

Shane remembers this moment, and pieces of him melt. He flips the pancakes, annoyed that he's tied to the stove when all he wants to do is go find his husband and reward him for being

so sweet, so he goes back to staring at the picture, then finally reads the caption.

Ilya.rozanov.official: Someday, a beautiful boring hockey god is going to introduce himself to you in a parking lot. You must introduce yourself back.

The caption is totally Ilya, a chirp and compliment rolled into one. He recognizes the formatting of the meme from some videos Ilya and Hayden have sent him. He's *definitely* going to find and reward his husband, stat, as soon as these fucking pancakes are done.

To kill time, he scrolls down to the comments, smiling at the heart eyes from various Centaurs. He can't believe he's ended up in a place where he and Ilya are so well supported. Rose is in the comments too, chirping Ilya back in that best Rose way. He keeps scrolling until one comment has him pausing.

Rozy's_girl_69: Shane could never.

The comment has about a hundred likes and quite a few comments underneath it, and Shane frowns, because he doesn't really understand what the comment is trying to say. He could never be kissed on the face by his husband? Well, duh, obviously he's chill with that. He could never post a silly meme? Sure, that's not what he does on his social media and his fans know and understand that.

The meaning becomes clear from the comments:

Ilyafan81: ha, right. Hockey god more like hockey robot. I will never get what Ilya sees in him.

And listen, Shane knows. Shane *knows.* Never read the fucking comments on social media. He *KNOWS.* But this isn't Monday morning right-winging about how he should've scored this or that, this is…this is…this is people out there using their time and energy on *his* relationship with his husband.

Insecurities he thought he'd buried years ago start to bubble up in his brain. What does Ilya see in him, anyway? He *is* a robot. He struggles expressing his feelings. Fuck, he fucked his best friend and the love of his life in anonymous hotel rooms for a full decade because he doesn't know how to express his feelings.

The parts of his brain that sound like his therapist, Ilya, Hayden, Rose, his mom…try to fight back the panic with rational counter arguments: Ilya hadn't known how to express himself either in that decade, he's *not* a robot, he's just autistic and yes, dammit, he *does* struggle with expressing himself but that's okay, it's okay to struggle, we struggle for all the best things in life and that's what makes them the best things.

Hockey_fan_1991: you don't even know them dudes, shut up

Rozy's_girl_69: we've never once seen something like this on Shane's accounts. You telling me you're going home to THAT gloriousness every night and not posting it all over ig?

It has…honestly never occurred to Shane to post something to his Instagram about Ilya. That's not what his social media is for; it's for brand deals and hockey highlights and announcements about The Irina Foundation and clips from the training camps. Why would his relationship with Ilya be a part of that, beyond pictures of them together at the annual fundraising gala for the Foundation, or videos they make for the camps?

Oh god, is he an awful husband?

The smoke alarm starts screaming, interrupting his thoughts and sending him almost directly into overstimulation. "Shit, fuck, fuck, fuck-" he gasps out around the smoky air in the kitchen, pulling the pan with the burned-to-a-crisp pancakes off the stove and throwing it into the sink, then rushing around to open windows and turn on the fan and-

Ilya races into the room, looking worried. "What is problem?"

His English always gets worse when he's panicked. It's such a silly thing for Shane to think in the moment, but he might be getting into the hysterical part of the panic attack.

"I burnt the pancakes." Shane winces at how stupid his own words sound. "Sorry, I. I wasn't paying attention. Everything's fine."

Obviously seeing that it's true, that the kitchen isn't about to burn down, Ilya crosses over to Shane instead with intent, his hands cupping Shane's cheeks. The smoke alarm is still going off, and Shane can't help but wince at both the skin contact and the ear-splitting sound.

"C'mon, любимый, let's get you out of the smoke." Ilya takes his hand and guides him through the house to the back porch, overlooking their nice Ottawa neighborhood. It's chilly, but not horrible, not for their Russian-Canadian blood. There's no snow or ice on the porch, anyway. The cold does help bring Shane back to center, but what helps even more is Ilya's exaggerated breathing. They fall into the counted breath habit they've built over the years, Ilya's hand pulling Shane's to his chest so Shane can feel the steady rise and fall of it. Inside the house, the smoke alarm finally stops going off. The air outside is fresh and clean, and the panic ebbs away.

"Sorry," Shane mumbles again, drawing his arms up around himself.

Ilya looks at him - Shane can't meet his eyes, but he can tell his husband is searching his face for something - then leans in and presses a kiss to Shane's forehead. "We do not apologize for panic attacks in this house," he decrees, sounding like some Russian emperor explaining a new law to his populace.

That simile makes Shane want to laugh, but his body is still too stressed out. Still, he leans into Ilya's embrace and nods against his neck. "Got it."

"Can I know what happened?"

His phone is back in the kitchen, thrown down on the counter when he'd had to move the pan, so he asks for Ilya's. "It's stupid, just some comments on your post this morning. I shouldn't take them to heart, I know, just-"

Ilya frowns when Shane shows him the thread, then flicks his thumb in such a practiced way that Shane barely realizes he's going through and blocking every single user that agreed with *Rozy's_girl_69,* including *Rozy's_girl_69*. "You can't do that!" Shane exclaims, trying to pull the phone back from Ilya, but his husband uses his height advantage to hold it out of his range.

"They upset you, they upset me, they must go. They don't deserve to see our happiness. Is my account, I can block who I want to block."

And Shane, well, Shane can't argue with that. What he can do, though, is feel his cheeks flush at the thought of Ilya protecting their peace in that way. Ilya, of course, clocks this immediately, slipping his phone into his back pocket and pulling Shane back into his arms to tease the blush with his lips.

Still, Shane's brain is Shane's brain, and when it's stuck on something… "You don't…do you wish I posted more about you? I can do that, you know. I can set up a reminder or something, to post about you and share us with the world. I'm not ashamed to do it. I know, I know we were secret for so long, but you're not a secret, you're my husband, and if you want me to-"

"Shane," Ilya stops him softly with the whispered name, and his thumb drawn over Shane's bottom lip. "You give me what I need, now. And, I think, we are good now at talking about it. At least, I try not to keep things all locked up in my chest anymore, and I think you do, too."

"I try, yeah. I promise I'm trying as hard as I can, Ilya."

"I know, любимый."

Shane relaxes at the name - *beloved* - and wraps his arms around Ilya's body, drawing him in. He nuzzles against Ilya's cheek, catching the scent of their shared body wash, before letting his lips brush over Ilya's in a soft kiss.

Ilya's hand is still on his cheek, his thumb rubbing over the high bone where Shane knows most of his freckles lie. "You know that our love is not a competition, yes, Shane?"

The question makes Shane jolt because he realizes he *had* been thinking that way back when he'd been reading the comments. Here, in Ilya's arms, though, it's easy to answer: "Yeah."

"Our love is not for them, even when I post about it. Our love is for us, in whatever form it takes. I do not need you to declare yourself on Instagram to know that is true. You push me to work out even on days off like today, and you make sure our shower is always stocked with everything - where do you even get that shampoo that is so glorious for my curls?"

"I just did some research online-"

"Uh huh, and also you make me pancakes to replenish myself after big workout this morning."

"I burnt the pancakes." But Shane is grinning now, blushing like wild, and unable to meet Ilya's eyes but in the good way, not the ashamed way. He shivers when Ilya nuzzles in against

his cheek and places a kiss there.

“Well, see, you are not perfect. Hockey god? Okay. House husband god? Maybe not. What do they say? Keep day job, maybe best for you.”

Shane laughs, the last little bit of him still tense from the panic attack and what caused it finally melting away. He hugs his husband more tightly. “Thank you,” he whispers in his ear.

“Is nothing,” Ilya murmurs, and Shane expects a chirp, but instead it’s Ilya’s most sincere voice.

“You know…before I fucked up breakfast and ruined everything-”

“*Rozy’s_girl_69* ruin everything, not you.”

“Okay, before *Rozy’s_girl_69* ruined everything, I thought the post was really sweet, and I was going to come find you and reward you for being such a good husband.”

“Oh?” Now Ilya’s cheeks are hot, despite his repeated claims that he never blushes. “What kind of reward?”

“I don’t know, don’t you think you should decide?”

Ilya gives one of his very pleased grins. “Come, we’re not skipping breakfast to work out some more. I need to fill you with many calories for what I have in mind.”

With a laugh, Shane lets himself be pulled back inside to the kitchen to finish their morning.

Chapter 2: The reward

Chapter Summary

Heads up that I changed the rating and this chapter contains sex! This is Ilya's reward, based off of a comment from atdawnanddusk, which I won't spoil the punchline of here, but was too good to pass up. :D

Also heads up for light dom/sub, though most of it is the aftercare of Shane coming out of the panic attack. (If the idea of aftercare used to help with anxiety intrigues you, you might like my original work, With Love In Mind: https://archiveofourown.org/series/1022376)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Breakfast is mostly recoverable - already made pancakes can be reheated, the dirty pan can be scraped and used to make up the rest of the batter. Ilya takes over, but he keeps Shane close, an arm around his waist, his hand buried in Shane's back pocket and squeezing his ass cheek every once and awhile whenever the blush on Shane's cheeks gets too light for Ilya's liking. The touch grounds Shane, he knows. Or, if it was bothering Shane, Shane would let him know, verbally or non. They still have communications issues - any couple does - but they're better than they used to be, and one thing Ilya takes extremely seriously is the soft domming that Shane needs to help him stabilize after episodes like this morning.

He chatters idly as he makes up the pancakes - buckwheat and protein powder, but made tolerable for a day off with butter and precious Canadian maple syrup. He talks about everything and nothing, Shane nearly boneless - just holding himself up, really - against his side, his eyes droopy post-panic, his pulse steady. As Ilya flips the last pancakes, Shane leans in and murmurs against the shell of his ear, "Я люблю."

His accent still needs work, not nearly as elegant as he sounds speaking French, but Ilya's heart stutters over the words. *I love.*

"я *тебя* люблю," he corrects, and also means, from the bottom of his heart. *I love you.*

Shane meets his eyes - the first time he's been able to since the episode this morning, which makes Ilya's heart stutter all the more, and carefully repeats, "я тебя люблю."

"ты очень хороший." *Very good.*

They eat the pancakes at the kitchen counter, their legs hooked around each other's stools and basically feeding each other bites of fluffiness. Shane slowly comes out of the post-panic state, smiling more and joking right along with Ilya about nonsense. It pleases Ilya very much

to see Shane returning to normal. The episodes are a double-edged sword: he likes that he can help Shane in that way, and he hates to see his husband so distraught. But he knows Shane feels the same way about his depressive episodes. Knows their routines, like the early morning workout Shane had pushed him to this morning, were to keep Ilya just as much on an even keel as Shane.

Routine is good, especially when Ilya can persuade his husband to bend it a little bit.

“Now,” Ilya says, clearing his throat and setting his fork down. “There was talk of a reward.”

Shane grins, fully back to himself, taking both his and Ilya’s plates and loading them directly into the dishwasher because his man cannot abide sex with a mess somewhere in the house, and Ilya knows this, and still loves him.

He lets Shane pull him up off the stool and into his arms, slightly swaying to some unheard music. “Well, you see, my wonderful husband posted the sweetest thing about me.”

“Oh, yes? Very good husband deserve very good reward?” Christ, his dick is already getting hard. How Shane Hollander manages to do it for him the way he does, Ilya will never understand, and also, never stop thanking God for it.

Delight makes Shane’s eyes sparkle as he leads them towards the bedroom. “You see, it’s not often that my husband admits to an error. Pretty much never, in fact. So I figure you should get a reward for finally admitting you were wrong.”

“What error? I made no error. Show me error,” Ilya replies with a teasing frown, pulling out his phone and bringing up the Instagram post again after they’ve paused in front of the bed. He hands the phone off to Shane and strips out of his shirt for good measure.

“Right there. ‘Someday a beautiful boring hockey god is going to introduce himself to you in a parking lot.”

“I hear no error. I know you are boring, this is part of why I love you.” Unable to help himself, Ilya reaches for Shane’s sweater hem, pulling it over his head and revealing Shane’s face, glittering with mirth and mischief.

“Not that part.” Shane tosses the phone to their bedside table and pulls Ilya in by the waistband, spanning his waist with his warm hands and kissing him deeply before pushing him back to the bed.

Ilya lands with an ‘oof’ that he will go to his grave denying and also a laugh, especially when he captures Shane with his legs and pulls him down to the bed too, then rolls them to reverse their position, Shane’s hands coming naturally up to be pinned by his against the bedspread. “Don’t tell me you don’t know you are beautiful. Do you know how much your Rolex ads haunted me in the early years. Everywhere I look, beautiful face, beautiful freckles.”

He leans down to kiss said freckles while Shane is at his mercy. Shane squirms underneath him, their clothed cocks grazing against each other with just too light of friction to be anything but frustrating.

“No,” Shane manages, his voice already all gaspy and gorgeous. “No, I know you think I’m beautiful, and that some people find me beautiful, and that’s a thing I’m working on for myself.”

“Good. I will stay in bed with you as long as you need to believe it. I make this my solemn vow.” He immediately follows this up by kissing down Shane’s neck, then blowing a raspberry under Shane’s ear, just to feel him squirm some more and laugh, laugh like he has no care in the world. It’s Ilya’s very favorite sound, even more than the sound a puck makes hitting a net.

He leans back, releasing Shane’s wrists - though good boy that he is, Shane keeps them pinned above his head - and works on relieving themselves of the rest of their clothing. Naked, he sits back, then lifts Shane’s foot and presses a kiss to the arch of it, making Shane’s toes curl, before he moves along, up his calf with the soft black hair, and to the soft skin of his inner thigh that already bears a mark from Ilya from earlier that week. He likes to keep this mark renewed, now that they are with each other always. He sucks it again now, making sure it will stay for another few days, just to hear Shane whimper and watch his cock leak precum onto his stomach.

“I am enjoying reward so far,” Ilya murmurs.

Shane gives a little laugh and shakes his head. “You still don’t know what you’re getting it for.”

“Oh, right.” Ilya tries to go back to the message, quite sure he hadn’t made any major grammar errors, but English remains an enigma to him sometimes. “Hockey god was too generous? That is what everyone called you back then. What everyone in their right mind calls you now, but you and I know the truth. If you are a god, so am I.”

Shane rolls his eyes and pulls Ilya down by the shoulders for another searing kiss. “You’re such an arrogant prick. God, I love you.” Shane’s arms loop around him, pulling him down, down, down to cover his body like a weighted blanket. The position causes their cocks to grind together again, and this time, without pants in the way, it’s much more delicious. Shane seems to agree, tilting his hips up in a sexy fucking roll to make their cocks kiss again.

Ilya groans, sliding a hand down to Shane’s hip and encouraging the movement again. He doesn’t understand how Shane is able to drive him so crazy with his body, but he doesn’t need to understand it to get off.

“Okay,” he says, pulling back and stilling their hips before he can come prematurely. “I give up. What error?”

Shane’s eyes are glittering with mischief once again, and Ilya wants nothing more than to just sink into him right now, but he needs to grab the lube and actually prep him. Shane sits back like the perfect little pillow princess he can be sometimes and watches with those eyes as Ilya slicks up his fingers and spreads Shane’s thighs apart.

Shane, frustratingly, seems intent on making him wait for his answer, but not making him wait for his hot, tight hole, and, well, Ilya has his priorities. They don’t speak at all for the

minutes it takes Ilya to make sure Shane is ready for his cock, just the sounds of Shane's sighs and moans and whimpers. God, he loves those sounds.

"Condom?" he asks when he's worked three fingers in and Shane is nice and relaxed. Sometimes Shane doesn't like the mess of anal without one.

But Shane shakes his head, opening his arms and beckoning his husband into them. Beckoning him home. They both sigh as Ilya slides in, Shane's eyes rolling back. "Such a fucking cock slut for me," Ilya murmurs against Shane's ear as his husband adjusts.

"Just for you. Only for you."

Shane's knees come up, his feet hooking behind Ilya's back and encouraging his movement, but Ilya stays still, capturing Shane's hands again and meeting his eyes as he's seated. Fuck, he can feel his pulse in his dick with how hard he is and how tightly Shane is squeezing him, and he wants to move, but he wants to finish their fucking conversation first. "Tell me my error."

Shane laughs again, a delighted sound that makes all kinds of fun vibrations through his body that affect Ilya's dick. "You admitted, to me and the whole entire internet, that *I'm* the one who approached you first. You didn't make the first move, I did."

Ilya pulls back almost more from shock than from wanting to continue their love-making. "What? No. No. No. Does not count. You did not know you were gay. You did not approach me for *that."*

"I didn't know I was gay when I sucked your cock or let you fuck me for the first time either, Ilya," Shane says with an eye roll, squeezing Ilya with his legs and thrusting up to get Ilya's dick back. "It totally counts. Would you please fuck me now?"

Ilya thrusts in, making them both groan and the headboard of their bed thump against the wall - they'd long ago installed a cloth cover so it wouldn't destroy the plaster. Shane's head goes back, showing off the long line of his throat and Ilya takes the opportunity to bury his face there, leaving kisses all over and doing his best to make sure none of them turn into love bites that Yuna or Harris must yell at him for marking Shane up.

"If I hadn't looked at you in shower, we never would have hooked up. You never would have had the courage." Ilya sets a pace that has them both grunting and sweating.

"I had enough courage to come up to you in the parking lot, didn't I?"

Ilya doesn't even know why he's arguing, when the outcome has led them here: he's balls-deep in the man he loves more than life itself, and that man is doing that *thing* with his muscles where he squeezes Ilya's cock with every thrust, and their mouths are pressed together to capture each other's sounds, but there's no need to be quiet because they're in *their* home on *their* day off from *their* shared hockey team and they can be as loud as they fucking want, but they're kissing anyway because any minute Ilya doesn't spend kissing this man is a minute wasted-

“Fuck, Shane, fuck, are you close, I’m so fucking close, Shane, любимый-” he mumbles against his husband’s lips, reaching down between them to get a hand around Shane’s painfully hard cock.

“Fuck, Ilya, there, yes-” His cum shoots all over Ilya’s fist and he clenches down around Ilya’s cock, and Ilya is completely gone.

He buries his face in Shane’s neck as he pulses inside him, euphoria curling around his spine and down to his toes and crashing through his brain.

In the come down, he lays over Shane like a blanket, the way Shane likes, and brushes his fingers through Shane’s sweaty hair while Shane floats in bliss for a while. He loves this, to watch his lover be so content, so quiet.

After some time, Shane comes back to him in pieces, and Ilya shifts off to grab one of the washcloths they keep on the bedside table to clean Shane up. They’ll go take a shower, too, when their legs don’t feel like jelly. For now, he fears he has his stupid ‘Shane’ grin on his face, because Shane is also looking up at him like the world’s most besotted kitten.

He pushes Shane’s hair back and presses a kiss to his sweaty forehead. “Thank you, любимый, for being brave in that parking lot.” He brightens, grinning down at Shane. “Hey, you know, we could say, ‘thank you Ilya, for being smoker.’”

Shane thwaps him lightly on the pec. “No, no. That is not the lesson here. Those death sticks take 17 minutes off of your life. Every single one, Ilya, and those aren't just your minutes anymore, they’re mine, too, damn it, according to Canada, I am legally entitled to half of those minutes.”

Ilya lets Shane wrestle him back to the mattress. Maybe the shower can wait a bit longer.

Chapter End Notes

Edit update: Thank you to Merlioske for Russian help and Fascra for word help (even though they didn't know they were helping me lol)

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Shane's war with Instagram continues.

Aka this silly little idea just won't leave me alone, and you all reap the benefits lol

The notification slides over the article Shane is reading on the upcoming draft prospects. There's a goalie out of Winnipeg that he knows Coach Wiebe has had his eye on as a backup for Wyatt, especially because Lisa Hayes is due in February. It's too early yet to think about playoff prospects, but Shane also knows Wyatt wants to bring the Stanley Cup home to Ottawa the same as Shane and Ilya are desperate to hoist it together. It's their fucking year, dammit, and they all feel it…having a solid goalie backup just makes sense.

Ilya.rozanov.official has posted: "cottage days."

Shane immediately thumbs over the notification to open the post. It's a series of images of their first weeks of summer vacation here at the cottage.

[Image descriptions: A video of Anya chasing a tennis ball thrown by Ilya's hand into the lake. She retrieves it and comes out, shaking the lake water off of her fur, and the video goes into slow-mo mode to capture all the droplets flying off of her.

An artistic shot of the sunset from a few days ago over the lake.

A photo of a dinner table set for four, a big steaming pot of spaghetti in the middle, with a set of hashtags from Ilya on the image, #myfavorite #davidknowsme #favoritemealforfavoriteson.

A video that is clearly taken without Shane knowing, of Shane flipping steaks on the grill and humming along to something in his airpods, his clothes covered by a pristine grilling apron, with the hashtags #getyouamanwhocangrill and #besthousehusband.

A photo of Shane and Yuna sitting together at a table with a bunch of blurred out paperwork in front of them with the hashtags #irinafoundation #familybusiness.

An action shot from behind Shane in just a pair of swim trunks, paddling a purple kayak through pristine waters over the lake, his back muscles flexing through a downstroke.

A thirst trap video of Ilya in their home gym, obviously shot by himself using the mirror, of him squatting an insane amount of weight, letting the bar fall with a clanking thud, and flexing his muscles at the camera with a proud grunt.]

It's such a ridiculous array of sweet and sassy, the perfect blend of a post to make every corner of the Ilya Rozanov fandom happy, cry, laugh, or come their brains out. He seriously doesn't understand how his husband does it, and he'd be jealous of his social media savvy, but Shane does understand that his talents lay elsewhere.

Still, one of the photos has him thinking about his meltdown a few months ago, and the burnt pancakes, and well, his hands type faster than his brain really thinks about it.

Shane_Hollander_Official commented: #besthousehusband huh? So you're saying I should quit my day job?

He presses send, then puts his phone on the coffee table in favor of going to find Ilya and see if he wants to go kayaking again.

It's definitely no hardship to watch Ilya lift his kayak from the water, his muscles flexing and rippling under smooth, tanned, mole-covered skin, the beads of lake water catching here and there as Anya runs in circles around his feet. His husband is ridiculously hot, and it's moments like these, here at the cottage, where Shane feels like he can truly appreciate it.

"Leave your kayak, da? I'll put it away for you, if you want to get started on lunch."

"Thanks," Shane murmurs, before catching Ilya by an arm around the waist and pressing a deep kiss to his lips that leaves his husband grinning with definite desire in his eyes.

"How you say, 'no worries?' Happy to be of help, happy to be big strong man for you."

"You're such a dick," Shane replies with a laugh before pulling away. "Turkey or ham for lunch?"

"Ham, please, with pickles. And, um, press like panini?"

"On it." Shane gives a mock salute, then blows his husband a kiss as he jogs up the hill and into the house to get started.

He's distracted halfway through the living room because his phone is buzzing non-stop on the glass of their coffee table. He picks it up to idly scroll while he makes the sandwiches, but the sheer *number* of notifications makes him do a double take. He has like, ten missed calls from various people including his and Ilya's agent Farrah, and his mom, and Hayden. There are also a ton of notifications from Instagram, but texts from Rose as well.

Later on, Shane will thank Rose for her texts, because they really did help frame his headspace for what the fuck had happened while he and Ilya had been out on the lake. Instead of panicking, he's able to keep a lid on his anxiety. He's very glad he opens them first.

Rose: Omg, what fucking idiots. Do they not understand sarcasm?

Rose has sent a link: Nhlnews.com/shanehollanderretiring/1847s

Link preview: Shane Hollander retiring? NHL News reports…

"What the fuck?"

He thumbs over the link as quickly as possible.

Is retirement in the near future for Shane Hollander? With three Stanley cups under his belt, and with the Centaurs' last season near-cup success in playoffs, could Hollander be thinking of hanging up his skates? According to his comments on Instagram, that may be the case. He posted in response to Ilya Rozanov's post [linked] that he may 'quit his day job.'

NHL News reached out to representation for Hollander, Rozanov, and the Centaurs this morning, but none have responded as of time of printing.

Printing, like this was news. Like this was an actual fucking news story. "Oh, my fucking god."

"What's wrong?" Ilya asks as he slides the back door open for him and Anya to spill through.

"People are stupid and insane."

"Yes, we know this. What this time?" Ilya crowds behind his back, his arms coming around Shane's waist and providing a steadying influence.

"They think I'm *retiring."*

"What the fuck?"

"That's what *I* said! Here." Shane hands Ilya the phone so he can read the 'article.'

It only takes him about ten seconds because the thing is mostly ads and click bait, anyway, but then Ilya is laughing against his neck. "Oh my god, Hollander."

Shane can't help it, he starts laughing, too. He lets Ilya hug him tightly, leaning his head into the crook of Ilya's neck as they both shake with laughter. It takes several minutes for them to regain some semblance of control.

"See, this is why I don't post on social media," Shane finally manages, wiping mirth from his eyes.

"No, this is why we strike back *with* social media. I have idea. You trust me, yes?"

"Of course I trust you, Ilya."

Ilya's smile in response is soft, like he needed to hear that, and maybe yeah, maybe Shane needs to state the obvious more often if it gets Ilya all soft like that.

"Come here." Ilya finds his own phone on the TV stand and unlocks it, then hugs Shane to his chest again and raises it up for the selfie angle. Before Shane can school his face for his

standard publicity pose, Ilya has already taken the picture, and honestly, he should bring Ilya with him to every modeling job he has to do, because Shane looks *amazing* in the candid. They're both still topless, but the lake water has mostly dried off of them. Ilya's face is resting against Shane's, their cheeks touching, Ilya's curls tangled with Shane's longer summer hair. Shane has a faint blush on his cheeks, highlighting his freckles.

With a quick kiss to his forehead, Ilya pulls away and types rapidly. In his hand, Shane's phone buzzes with the notification that Ilya has posted to Instagram.

Ilya.rozanov.official has posted: Hollander and I would like to announce our retirement from hockey after we bring the Stanley Cup home to Ottawa five times. Six? Ten? What do you think, #Centaurs fans? Sorry to disappoint our enemies. #heisstillbesthousehusbandthough #getyouamanwhocandoboth

An immediate comment from Rose pops up:

Rose_Landry_Official commented: Both? Both is good. [Road_to_el_dorado.gif]

Shane laughs, then throws his phone down on the couch and moves away. Enough social media for today. "I really fucking hate Instagram," he says as he walks toward the kitchen, intent on making them their lunch.

"I know. Do not worry, I will sort it all out with Farrah and Yuna. I'm sure they're already concocting some sort of something anyway, probably going to reprimand NHL News." Ilya is still typing away rapidly on his phone as he sits down at one of the kitchen island stools, and Shane feels a relief he didn't know he needed. He pauses in his lunch prep to slide his hand over Ilya's lower back and press in for a kiss on his cheek.

"Thank you for dealing with all of that. I love you."

A blush Ilya will never admit to rises to his cheeks as he flaps his hand in a 'don't worry about it' gesture. "You be house husband, I be internet husband, we work together perfectly."

Shane grins as he goes back to spreading mayo on bread for Ilya's cubano. "That we do."

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated!

And if you want some life advice from Ilya: Blocking people is never a bad thing.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!