

Full Circle

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Full Circle

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Shane fractures his toe and is out for the playoffs but it isn't all that bad...

Notes

First fic of 2026 let's goooooo

I just really loved Shane being so adorable and sweet while he was high on painkillers in the show and figured that Ilya should get the chance to really enjoy that experience. So I wrote a 16.6K fic to make that happen.

It's just a conglomerate of all the things I love: Shane and Ilya's love, Shane being adorable, Ilya being doting, either of them being a SAP/WAG, and lots of sex!

Hope you enjoy and wishing you a happy new year! 💖

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

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Shane fractures his toe

April - Ottawa

Shane was used to pain.

Being a professional hockey player for thirteen seasons did a number on one's body and the older one got, the more noticeable the wear and tear was.

Shane took good care of himself. He had a daily yoga practice, he ate well, got enough sleep, and was on top of the maintenance his body needed in order to perform well under stress for eighty-two games plus playoffs as someone well into their thirties.

So when his foot starting bothering him, he didn't really think much of it.

He was pretty in-tune with his body but he was also very good at ignoring pain because pain wasn't uncommon during the season and it wasn't unusual for guys to play through injuries, especially this close to the playoffs.

Shane tried everything. Stretching, icing, taking ibuprofen. He wasn't sure why his foot hurt or why it wasn't improving.

They'd had a game against Columbus, the last game before the playoffs, the Cens having clinched their spot as top in the Atlantic Division.

Shane had managed to get through the game but he was in serious pain after, hobbling back to the dressing room.

He flopped into his stall, bending over. The pain was pretty bad, to the point that he felt kind of nauseous, which was concerning.

He took a few deep breaths and then sat up slowly, starting to take off the gear he could, before bending to unlace his skates.

Carefully, Shane tried getting the skate off of the foot that was bothering him... only for a wave of pain to crash over him so intense his vision narrowed, his stomach roiling.

He closed his eyes, breathing through it, trying not to panic or pass out. His foot was definitely stuck in his skate.

Shane leaned back in his stall, eyes still closed, the pain *throbbing* now.

The room was boisterous with the guys celebrating their win, so no one had noticed Shane struggling. He opened his eyes, taking a few deep breaths.

"Ilya," he called to his husband. His stall was across from Shane and he was in the middle of taking off his compression shirt.

He turned, looking at Shane, and Shane watched his face go from celebratory to concerned.

"What's wrong?" he asked, fixing his shirt back into place and coming over to Shane.

Troy, who had been talking to Ilya, looked on, tilting his head to the side, his face going serious.

"I can't get my skate off."

"What?" Ilya's brows furrowed.

"My skate... I can't get it off... I think my foot is swollen... it hurts."

"Your right foot?"

Shane nodded and swallowed.

"I think... I think if I can get my heel up enough, you can wiggle it off."

"Okay." Ilya nodded.

Shane took a deep breath, holding his skate down, doing his best to ease his heel up to start getting his foot out of his skate. It hurt and he was sweating, gritting his teeth.

"I think I got it."

"Here."

Ilya gestured for Shane's leg. Shane raised it, gingerly, and Ilya took his skate, placing it between his knees, his deft fingers loosening Shane's laces, pulling them out so he could open the skate as much as possible.

"Barrett. Come here," Ilya called, without evening glancing behind him, using his Captain's voice.

Troy came over, still looking concerned. "What's up, guys? Everything okay?"

"Sit with Shane and catch him if he passes out."

"Huh?" Troy looked alarmed.

"I'm probably not going to pass out." Shane tried offering a reassuring smile at Troy but he was pretty sure it was more like a grimace.

"Jesus, Hollander. You're *gray*."

"He did something to his foot," Ilya explained.

Troy sat down next to Shane, hands hovering.

"Is it broken or something?"

"Possibly."

Troy shook his head.

"Okay. Ready?" Ilya asked

"Yeah," Shane sighed, trying to relax his body as much as possible. Tensing up would only make it worse.

Troy offered his hand and Shane took it, holding on.

"Here we go," Ilya murmured, very carefully starting to wiggle Shane's skate off. He went slowly, his eyes flicking back and forth between watching what he was doing and gauging Shane's expression.

The pain wasn't as bad as he was anticipating but his foot was definitely swollen.

Ilya managed to get the skate off and Shane relaxed, letting go of Troy's hand.

"Sorry," Shane said to him.

"It's okay. I got you, man." Troy patted Shane's shoulder reassuringly.

"Thanks."

"Fuck, Hollander. Is broken," Ilya said, bringing Shane's attention back to his foot. It felt a smidge better now that it wasn't jammed in his skate any more but Ilya was right. His foot was *very* swollen and the pain wasn't any better.

Ilya placed Shane's skate on the floor, then went to work on Shane's other skate, Shane kind of hovering his foot off the ground, afraid to place it down or move it more.

"Come here." Ilya bent down once Shane's other skate was off, scooping Shane into his arms. Shane didn't even protest. He knew he couldn't walk and he needed to have someone look at his foot.

"What happened?" Bood asked as Ilya carried Shane through the dressing room.

"Shane broke his foot."

"Possibly!" Shane countered, but things certainly weren't looking good.

Outside of the pain, Shane could feel dread beginning to trickle down his spine.

He'd had injuries before, that was nothing new. But they were headed to the *playoffs*.

They'd won the Cup two years ago and had made it into the final round last year against Florida, losing in game seven, and they had all been determined to bring the Cup back this year.

Shane didn't think that the team would suffer because he couldn't play. The team was strong as a whole. But he *wanted* to play. He loved getting to celebrate on the ice with his team. With his husband.

Winning with Ilya had felt so much more magical and special than Shane had ever experienced before. Shane would never discount any of his other wins but winning *with the man he loved* had been more exhilarating and amazing than he would have thought possible.

He hated the idea of not having that this year...

"What's going on guys?" asked Julie, the head physical therapist on the team.

Shane shook his head, brought back to reality as Ilya sat him down gently on one of the tables in the medical room.

"Shane broke his foot," Ilya said.

"I *might* have broken my foot," Shane added.

Julie was already putting on gloves, smiling a little. "Let's take a look."

She came around the table and Shane saw her face as she looked at his foot.

"Oh, yeah. That's definitely broken."

Shane closed his eyes, tilting his head back.

"We'll have to take X-rays to confirm but this doesn't look great."

Gingerly, Julie picked Shane's foot up. He hissed as she rotated his ankle, adding light pressure on the top of his foot, and then the sole.

"I don't think there's any nerve damage or anything like that. Might just be a fracture. I'm going to call in to Ottawa Gen and let them know you're coming so we can figure out next steps."

Shane nodded, exhaling out of his nose.

"Thank you, Julie," Ilya told her and she nodded, smiling as she took off his gloves.

"No problem. It'll be fine. But you're gonna be out of the playoffs, Hollander. I'm sorry."

Shane sighed and nodded. "Yeah. Thanks."

Julie left and Ilya looked at Shane.

"Fuck."

Ilya huffed and offered a wane smile.

"One thing at a time," he said, patting Shane's thigh gently.

Julie came back a few minutes later, letting them know that the hospital would be expecting them for X-rays.

Ilya helped Shane back to the dressing room and they gave everyone the rundown of what was going on.

The guys were great, which wasn't unexpected, but Shane just had a sour pit in his stomach.

About an hour later, Shane had had his foot X-rayed and was waiting for the results in an examination room. He knew that his foot was definitely broken but he just wasn't sure what exactly the extend of the damage was.

Ilya sat in a chair in the corner of the room, texting.

"Your parents are going to meet us at home," he said, looking up from his phone.

Shane nodded. "Okay."

Ilya watched him and Shane looked back, unhappy.

Ilya smiled a little before there was a knock on the door and Dr. Phoebe Metsker walked in. Dr. Metsker was the head of the Orthopedic Department at Ottawa General and worked closely with the Centaurs. Shane had met her before when the med team had been introduced to all the players.

"Hi, Shane, Hi Ilya."

"Hi."

"Hello, Doctor."

She smiled, walking over to a board fixed to the wall, where she placed the X-ray sheets, turning the light on to display what was Shane's foot.

It didn't look good.

Dr. Metsker explained that Shane had fractured his big toe, most likely a stress fracture from overuse.

"You can let it heal on its own," she said. "We'd have you in a boot and everything. And it would probably take the rest of the spring and summer to fully heal. I'd estimate you could be back on the ice in October, November. Or we can do surgery and cut the recovery time in half. The surgery is minimally invasive but you would be out for the playoffs."

Being off his foot until the fall meant no training. Even if he *could* be back on the ice for their home opener, he'd be unconditioned, and unable to do camps, even. Getting back to where he needed to be to perform would take until at least January or February. It would be a nightmare.

He would be a nightmare. And he really didn't want to put that evil on Ilya.

They talked about surgery, which had to be approved by the Centaurs' medical team, so they were left alone while Dr. Metzker went to confer with the team.

"Shit."

"Will be fine."

Shane turned his head to look at Ilya. "I'm missing the fucking playoffs. *Again.*"

"Shane." Ilya's face was an expression of soft exasperation. "You missed the playoffs *one time* seven years ago. Is okay."

Shane made a frustrated noise, rubbing his hands over his face, and into his hair. He felt gross. He hadn't had the chance to shower and his foot hurt, which was making him irritable, and thinking about not playing in the playoffs with Ilya this year just really sucked.

He was allowed to be cranky about it.

Eventually, Shane got his surgery date, which would be a week from today, and was officially on Long-Term Injured Reserve, not that it really mattered since it was the relative end of the season.

He wasn't looking forward to what the media would be saying about that.

A nurse came in and fitted Shane in a boot and crutches, and he was given a pain medication script which they could pick up at the pharmacy on the way home. They also provided him with pre- and post-op instructions.

"Come on," Ilya said once they were free to go, squeezing his knee gently. "Let's go home."

Shane was exhausted and grumpy as he was put into a wheelchair and wheeled down to the private exit so they wouldn't be bombarded by people, which was definitely a good thing. Shane wasn't fit for public consumption on any level at the moment.

Ilya had gone and gotten the car, parking the Mercedes at the exit so all Shane had to do was hobble a few feet on crutches.

Once he was at the car, Ilya hovering nearby, Shane had to assess how the hell he was actually going to get *into* the car.

"Can I help?" Ilya asked.

"No. I can do it."

Probably.

"Shane."

Shane turned to give Ilya an annoyed look, his husband completely unbothered.

"Let me, please."

Shane sighed. "Fine."

Ilya nodded, coming around the car door. Shane turned toward him and Ilya helped him into the car, making sure that he was comfortably seated, his leg outstretched.

"Okay?"

"Yeah."

"Okay."

The ride home was quiet, Shane stewing in his own frustration.

A fucking stress fracture! On his toe!

This felt like an avoidable issue and he was annoyed that it probably was but he was dealing with it anyway. It seemed stupid as hell.

They pulled into their driveway, Shane's parents' car already there.

"I don't know if I can deal with my parents right now," Shane huffed, his head back against the headrest, eyes closed.

"So I will deal with them," Ilya replied.

"I just want to shower and eat."

"We can do that."

Ilya parked the car in the garage and cut the engine. He looked at Shane and Shane looked back. He smiled, crooked and soft, reaching out to squeeze Shane's hand.

In all their years of being together, Ilya seemed to understand Shane better than pretty much anyone. He'd always been Shane's safe place, especially when he was feeling anxious, knowing how to calm him down and get him out of his head.

But even more, Ilya always seemed to just know what Shane needed. It was just an intuitive part of who Ilya was. Shane had worked hard to be that for Ilya, too, but at the moment, he let himself lean into what Ilya was offering.

Shane squeezed Ilya's hand back.

"Thank you."

Ilya kissed his hand and let Shane go, getting out of the car, and coming around to Shane's side. He helped Shane out, and then handed him his crutches.

They had about two seconds alone before the door leading into the house from the garage opened and Mom came out, looking worried.

"Shane! Honey!"

"Hi Mom."

"Are you alright?" Mom asked, coming around the car. "Hi Ilya."

Ilya chuckled. "Hello, Yuna."

"I'm fine, Mom. It's just a stress fracture."

Shane let his mom fuss over him, though she was asking a million questions.

"I think maybe we should get inside first. Shane is hungry. And I am, too," Ilya interjected gently.

"Of course, of course! I'm sorry! Yes! Inside we go!"

Shane shot his husband a grateful look and Ilya winked at him.

They all went inside, Anya trotting out of the kitchen to greet them, and sniff at Shane's crutches and boot.

"Hey kiddo," Dad greeted, wiping his hands on a dishtowel. "Made you boys some taco bowls, hope that's okay."

Shane smiled. "Thanks, Dad."

They all moved into the kitchen and Shane settled into a chair at the table, propping his crutches to the side.

"Tell me everything," Mom said, sitting at the table.

"Yuna."

Mom turned to look at Dad.

"He just got home. Let him sit and eat."

Shane offered his dad an appreciative smile. He loved his mom but sometimes she could be a lot, even though he knew she was just worried. It meant very much to him to have Dad and Ilya stepping in.

"I can fill you in," Ilya added and Mom smiled gratefully at Ilya.

"Thank you, Ilya."

"No problem."

Shane relaxed a fraction as Mom got up from the table. Ilya brought Shane a bowl of food, a fork, and a ginger ale, kissing the top of his head, before going to stand at the counter. He told Mom and Dad about everything that the doctor had said and what the deal was while Shane enjoyed a few moments of peace to eat.

Once Ilya had finished going through everything for Shane's surgery, everyone moved to the kitchen table.

Mom was apologetic and Dad made sure that Shane and Ilya knew that they could (and should) call if they needed anything, especially when Ilya was on the road during the playoffs.

Shane had already been thinking about seeing if he could join the guys if they were traveling but he wasn't sure if he'd be able to travel after surgery... and it would be one more thing for Ilya to worry about when he would need to focus.

No. Shane probably couldn't travel but he could be at the home games.

He needed to text Cassie...

But he'd worry about that later.

Mom and Dad hung out for a bit, everyone moving to the living room so Shane could elevate his leg, before Ilya made it clear that he and Shane needed to get some rest.

"No, no. Stay, honey. Just call and let us know if you need anything, okay?"

Shane nodded, smiling at his mom as she ran a hand through his hair and kissed his forehead while he sat on the couch.

"I love you. Rest, okay? Let Ilya help you."

"I love you, too, Mom. I know. I will."

Mom gave him a fond look that suggested she didn't believe him about the letting Ilya help part but she didn't say anything. She touched his cheek and moved out of the way so Shane could hug and say goodbye to his Dad.

"Get some rest, Shane. We're just a call away."

"I will. Thanks, Dad."

Ilya walked Mom and Dad to the door, wishing them a goodnight, and promising to keep them posted.

He closed the door and Shane flopped over onto his side on the couch. Ilya chuckled.

"You okay?"

"No."

"Are you in pain?"

Ilya came around the couch, sitting next to Shane, mindful of his legs.

"I mean, yeah, but mostly I'm just tired... and I want to take a shower."

"So let's shower and go to bed."

Shane pushed himself up to sitting and looked at Ilya. He felt pathetic and gross and Ilya looked at him, his expression soft. He smiled and then stood, offering Shane his hands.

Shane took them and let Ilya carry him upstairs.

"I can shower on my own," Shane said once they were in their bedroom, Ilya having placed him on the edge of their bed.

"I need to shower, too," Ilya replied, kneeling at Shane's feet as he started undoing the velcro on Shane's boot.

Shane smiled a little and watched Ilya work. He was too uncomfortable to be turned on but Ilya's attentiveness was sweet. Shane reached out, running a hand through Ilya's curls, looking at the way his eyes were lowered, how long his lashes were.

His husband glanced up at him, still smiling.

"This is very sexy," Ilya purred, sliding the boot off Shane's leg as seductively as possible, making Shane laugh.

"Is it?"

Ilya chuckled and kissed Shane's knee. "There is not a lot that is not sexy to me, when it's you, moy lyubimyy."

Shane chuckled, too, scratching his fingers against Ilya's scalp.

"Flatterer."

Ilya shrugged. "Is the truth."

"Thank you for the help," Shane replied, expression softening.

"Of course."

Ilya set the boot aside and stood. He bent at the waist and kissed Shane gently, before helping him to the bathroom.

"Okay getting undressed or you need help?"

"I can do that part."

Ilya laughed softly, pulling off his own clothes, leaving them in a pile on the floor, before he turned on the shower to warm.

Not being able to play in the playoffs and needing to get surgery fucking sucked but Shane was even more bummed about the fact that he wasn't even in the mood to have sex. Ilya looked so fucking hot but the throbbing pain in Shane's foot was very distracting. He should have taken a painkiller.

Ilya turned to look Shane, brows furrowing.

"You are in pain." It was matter-of-fact, Ilya certainly reading Shane's expression.

Shane nodded.

"Do you want to take something?"

"After."

"We will be fast then."

They had a sort of bench thing in the shower, mostly to store things like body wash and shampoo but it was low enough that Shane could sit. It felt good to be clean and he appreciated Ilya's help.

Once they were done, Ilya grabbed their towels, plopping Shane's on top of his head, and ruffled it.

"Quit it." He huffed a laugh and Ilya chuckled.

All dried, Ilya carried Shane back out to their bedroom, handing him pajamas and underwear, which Shane managed to maneuver his way into, while Ilya grabbed their dirty clothes from the bathroom, dumping them in their hamper.

Shane was pretty much done after getting changed, laying back against the pillows, foot throbbing, exhausted from the *everything* of the day.

"I will be right back," Ilya said, kissing Shane's cheek.

He was dressed in a pair of Adidas sweats and a Centaurs hoodie, looking comfortable and at home.

"Can you hand me my phone?"

Ilya laughed and handed Shane his phone before he left their room. Shane listened as Ilya went down the stairs, calling to Anya, taking her outside.

Shane unlocked his phone where a bunch of texts waited for him.

Hayden, JJ, and Rose had all texted him, asking if he was okay, since word had gotten out that he was on LTIR and out of the playoffs.

Shane texted them back, assuring them that he was fine, and giving them the rundown of what was going on.

Then he opened up a text chat he had with Cassie Boodram.

Shane: hey Cassie don't know if this is too much to ask but do you think it's possible for me to get in on a SAP jacket?

Shane: now that I'm out for the playoffs... might be nice...

The last time Shane had been out of the playoffs when Ilya had been in them was after they'd been outed. He'd gone to those games in a Rozanov jersey but a part of him had really wanted a jacket.

He'd been included in the group with all the other partners and spouses. Everyone had been so nice to him and his parents. He'd honestly loved it. It had been so fun being able to openly cheer Ilya on.

But there was a part of Shane that had wanted that symbol. Something nice and customized that showed who he was cheering for. Who he belonged to.

The idea of having a specially made jacket with Ilya's name across the back and a C on the front made Shane all tingly, almost enough to distract him from the pain he was in.

Almost.

Cassie: OH MY GOD! YES! ABSOLUTELY!!!

Cassie: I'm so sorry about your foot, Shane! I hope you have a very speedy recovery! Let us know if you need anything! And I will make sure that you have a jacket! Ilya will be so surprised!!!!

Shane: Thanks, Cassie. I really appreciate it 🥰

He smiled, feeling a little better, and went to check sports media, reading up on what was being said about him, which was a surefire way to completely ruin his good mood.

"Fuck," he huffed after the fifth article he saw, questioning if the Centaurs could manage a playoff run and Cup win without him.

He tossed down his phone, rubbing his hands over his face and into his hair in frustration.

"Uh oh," Ilya said. "Were you on social media?"

Shane peeked out from behind his fingers as Ilya came into their room. He had a glass of water in one hand, a pill bottle in the other, and a box of crackers under his arm. Anya was on his heels, veering off to go to her doggy bed.

"Unfortunately."

Ilya shook his head, joining Shane in bed.

"Don't do that."

Shane huffed. "Too late."

Ilya chuckled, handing Shane the glass of water. He put down the pill bottle and opened the box of crackers, holding it out for Shane to take a handful.

"Thanks," Shane sighed and Ilya smiled at him.

He folded his legs like a pretzel, watching Shane snack on crackers because he couldn't take the pain meds on an empty stomach.

"What were you reading?"

"Stupid shit about how me being out for the playoffs is going to ruin our chances of winning the Cup."

Ilya rolled his eyes. "Everyone forgets that I also play for this team. And also we have four other really good players, and also the whole team is *really fucking good...*"

Shane smiled a little, eating another cracker.

"I don't doubt that you guys will be okay without me... I'm more bummed for myself. I want to be involved."

"I know. Would have been better if we had you, but..." Ilya shrugged. "I will miss you."

Shane nodded. "I'll be at all the games here and obviously at the final. You can call and text me whenever you want..."

Ilya chuckled. "I know, sweetheart."

He picked up the pill bottle, opening it, and shook a pill out into the palm of his hand, handing it to Shane.

Shane sighed. "Thanks."

He took the pill and lay back against the pillows.

"Are we not having sex during the playoffs?"

Ilya smirked and shrugged. "Maybe not on game nights."

Shane closed his eyes. "I guess that's fair."

"You are not even in the mood," Ilya laughed.

"Yeah, but it won't be like this forever!"

"Will be fine," Ilya chuckled, squeezing Shane's thigh gently. "Is not like we will never have sex again."

Shane exhaled, trying to relax.

"Yeah, I know. Thank you for all of this. I know it's a lot... and annoying..."

"Is fine."

Shane felt Ilya settle next to him on the bed. He turned his head, opening his eyes to look at his husband. Ilya smiled at him softly, reaching out to run his thumb over Shane's cheek, along the line of his freckles.

"Still..."

Ilya shook his head slowly. "I like taking care of you. And is my job, yes? I'm your husband."

Shane smiled, eyes prickling. He never wanted to be a burden and it meant a lot to him that Ilya didn't think he was. Yes, there was the whole married thing but generally, he appreciated Ilya's love and care. He was so generous and kind. It was one of the many things Shane loved about him.

And he loved whenever Ilya mentioned anything about being married to him. It was so silly because they'd been married for three years at this point and they wore rings and everything but it still made Shane all melty inside.

"I love you."

"I love you, too. You should try and sleep, okay?"

"Okay."

Ilya helped Shane get all settled under the covers. Shane could feel the pain meds kicking in and he closed his eyes, head heavy on his pillow. Ilya lay propped up next to him, on his phone, fingers idly playing with Shane's hair.

It was the last thing Shane recalled before he fell asleep.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Shane gets surgery

One week later...

Ilya was spending his first day off in the first round of playoffs sitting in a hospital recovery room suite while his husband was in surgery.

Ilya wasn't feeling particularly worried about the surgery itself. This was something minor that was done all the time and Shane was in excellent shape. He didn't think there would be complications or anything.

He used to be more concerned about medical things, before he'd become more proficient in English. He still had his moments. There were plenty of terms he wasn't familiar with because he didn't use them all the time in every day conversation but he was proficient enough that he could get by. He always appreciated that the medical team always offered a translator, just in case.

This surgery was pretty simple and Ilya was more concerned about just understanding Shane's recovery, rather than the surgery itself.

Shane had been adorably anxious about the whole thing and Ilya was happy to reassure him. It was a little stressful to have to think about the surgery while in the playoffs, but Yuna and David were being exceptionally helpful.

They were back at the house, taking care of Anya, and were staying around to help Shane out while Ilya was with the team. But he was glad that he could be here now for Shane, especially when he came off of anesthesia.

Ilya had been texting with Troy, Hazy, and Sveta a bit but looked up from his phone as a knock came at the door.

A nurse walked in, offering Ilya a smile.

"He's awake," she said. "They're bringing him down in a few minutes. I have some information about his recovery and some pain meds just in case."

She held up a packet, handing everything to Ilya.

"The surgery went great, no complications. The doctor can fill you in on everything."

Ilya smiled and chuckled. "Okay. Thank you."

"Of course."

The nurse left and Ilya waited about ten minutes before Shane arrived, wheeled into the room by two nurses and accompanied by the surgeon.

"Babyyyy!" Shane exclaimed from his hospital bed, smiling goofily as soon as he saw Ilya, brightening up like a thousand watt bulb.

"Hello, sweetheart."

Ilya stood, sliding his phone into his pocket, chuckling to himself as the nurses arranged Shane's bed in the recovery room.

"Alright, Shane. I'm just going to chat with Ilya about your surgery and he'll be right back, okay?" Dr. Metsker said.

"Okie dokie," Shane replied, still smiling, giving a thumbs up.

Ilya and Dr. Metsker left the room and she gave him the whole rundown of Shane's surgery, his recovery, medication, things to look out for, and post-op follow up appointments.

"Everything is in the packet that Frances brought you. My phone number and email are there, too, so if you two have any follow up questions you just let me know."

"Perfect. Thank you."

Dr. Metsker smiled. "He was very chatty when he was waking up. Couldn't stop asking about you and telling us how great you are."

Ilya laughed, feeling his cheeks heat. It was still surreal and exhilarating when people in public acknowledged that he and Shane were married. Or simply just knowing that they could talk about one another and it wasn't forbidden any more.

The idea of Shane yapping away about Ilya while he was coming off of anesthesia was also pretty fucking adorable. But Shane was always really cute when he was high.

The last time he had been like this, Ilya had been terrified of his love for Shane, and had been thinking about ending things between them.

He hadn't been able to appreciate how sweet Shane had been at the time, how adorable he was being high on painkillers, but they were here now, and Ilya was going to enjoy every moment of it.

"Sounds like Shane."

Dr. Metsker chuckled. "He should be good to go by this afternoon."

"Thank you."

Ilya went back into the suite, finding Shane alone.

"Ilya!"

Ilya chuckled and came over to him. He sat gingerly on the bed, one leg propped up on it, and took Shane's hand as Shane reached for him.

"Hello, my beloved," he said, in Russian, kissing the back of Shane's hand.

"Mm, helloooooo."

Ilya smiled, his heart melting into absolute goo.

"How are you feeling?" he asked, switching back to English.

"Really good. *So good.*"

"They have you on the good shit." Ilya held Shane's hand in both of his.

"Fuck yeah they do."

Ilya chuckled.

"We can go home in a few hours, okay?"

Shane hummed, eyes closed, a little smile on his face as he nodded his head against the pillow. He was quiet for a while and Ilya thought he'd fallen asleep until he spoke up again.

"Ilya?"

"Yes?"

"I love you soooooooooooooo much."

Ilya smiled, chuckling softly. "I know. I love you, too."

Shane opened his eyes, looking at Ilya like the personification of the pleading eyes emoji.

"Do you? Really?"

"Yes, Shane. Of course."

"I really, really do."

"I know, beloved."

Shane smiled at him goofily, humming happily, and closed his eyes again.

"I like when you call me that," Shane said softly, his cheeks turning pink. "I like it so much."

Ilya smiled and laughed softly, kissing Shane's hand again.

He watched Shane, glad to see him in one piece and doing mostly okay. He squeezed Shane's hand again, before carefully placing it down, and sliding off the bed.

"Are you leaving?" Shane asked, sounding a little panicked.

"No, no. I'm right here."

Ilya grabbed his water bottle and came back to bed, taking Shane's hand again. He smoothed his thumb over Shane's knuckles.

"Are you thirsty?" he asked.

Shane's face scrunched up as he considered the question and Ilya couldn't help but smile, heart warming at that adorable expression.

"No," he finally answered, very slowly.

Ilya chuckled. "Okay."

Over the next few hours, nurses came in to check Shane's stitches and brought food. Ilya called Yuna and David to update them and Shane slowly came down from his high, after asking several questions about whether or not Ilya thought that plants had feelings, what the color blue tasted like, and if Ilya believed that their souls were tethered and that they were meant to be together in every universe.

Ilya's answer (*yes, I do think we are soulmates and we will find each other in every lifetime*) had Shane in tears.

Around 2 p.m., Shane was discharged from the hospital and Ilya took him home. He was tired, understandably so, and conked out on the couch once his mom got him all settled in.

There were several vases of flowers and a few gift baskets on the kitchen counter, all *Get Well Soon* wishes for Shane from various friends around the League and team management.

Ilya had been texting with Jackie, too, who had passed along updates to Hayden, as well as his alternate Captains to keep them posted about Shane's situation.

Ilya filled his in-laws in and Yuna took pictures of all of the documents they'd been sent home with.

"How are you holding up?" Yuna asked as Ilya sat at the kitchen table with them, having some snacks since he hadn't really had much to eat that day.

Ilya considered the question. "Tired, physically. A little worried about Shane but he is in good hands so..."

Yuna smiled and reached out to rest her hand over Ilya's. "We can stay as much or as little as you like. We know you'll be busy."

"I know. Thank you. I feel better knowing he will not be alone. The first few days are hardest they said."

They talked a bit about Ilya's projected playoff schedule, before Yuna, David, and Ilya all turned their heads at hearing groaning coming from the couch. Shane was sitting up, one arm laying across the back of the couch. His hair was mussed and he turned bleary eyes to look at them.

His brows furrowed.

"Hello," Ilya chuckled. "Nice to see you."

"I'm hungry," Shane replied.

They all laughed softly and Yuna stood up to grab something to eat for Shane. Ilya and David moved to the living room. Ilya sat on the arm of the couch and kissed the top of Shane's head, stroking his hair.

"How ya feeling?" David asked Shane as he sat in one of their armchairs.

"Tired. A little weird. Mostly okay."

"Your foot hurt?"

"It's like... sore. But fine." Shane flexed his foot carefully under the blanket tossed over him.

"Let me know if you want to take something," Ilya murmured.

Shane hummed, leaning back against him. "I will."

Ilya slid his arm over Shane's shoulder, resting his hand on his chest, and Shane's head fell back against his thigh.

"Here, honey," Yuna said, arriving with a plate of food and a glass of water.

Shane blinked his eyes open. "Thanks, Mom."

"You got another package, too. We took it in for you."

Shane's brows furrowed for a moment before he smiled. "Oh. Great. Thanks."

"Package?" Ilya asked.

Shane glanced at him and then away, his cheeks turning pink.

"Yup."

Ilya narrowed his eyes, lips pursed. "What is it?"

"Nothing."

"Shane."

"It's a surprise, okay?"

Ilya chuckled, shaking his head. "Okay, okay."

He wondered what it could possibly be. Maybe a sex toy? Which was why he was being dodgy, especially with his parents around.

Now Ilya was very curious but he would let Shane surprise him if that was what he wanted to do. Though if it was a sex toy, Ilya wasn't sure when they'd use it. They were going to be pretty limited with sex positions while Shane's foot healed and there was the "no sex on game nights" agreement.

He shook his head a little, turning back to the conversation, watching Shane eat, glad that he was getting actual sustenance in his system.

After eating, Yuna and David cleaned up while Ilya stayed with Shane on the couch, Shane dozing off again.

Ilya took Anya for a walk, which was nice. It was quiet and warm and he had some time to decompress. He got back to the house, just milling about with his in-laws, though he didn't really have to play host, which was nice.

He helped Shane with his crutches when he got up to use the bathroom, waiting outside the door for him, just in case, but he'd managed on his own.

"I'm fine," Shane assured, laughing softly.

"I am just making sure."

Shane smiled, leaning on his crutches. He shuffled closer, resting his forehead against Ilya's chest.

"I love you."

Ilya closed his eyes, burying his face in Shane's hair, breathing him in, resting his hand on the back of Shane's head.

"I love you, too."

David made them dinner and they all ate in the dining room, before Yuna sent them upstairs to get some rest (and time alone), while she and David cleaned up downstairs.

Ilya helped Shane get ready for bed, both of them laying side by side under the comforter, exhausted.

"So can you tell me what's in the package?" Ilya asked.

"No," Shane laughed, smothering a yawn. "It's a surprise."

"So is not a sex toy."

Shane flopped his hand against Ilya's chest, knuckles knocking against his sternum.

"No. Shut up."

Ilya laughed, taking Shane's hand, kissing the back of it, and held it against his heart.

Shane had taken some pain meds before and Ilya could feel his body relaxing. He turned his head, placing a sleepy kiss to Ilya's shoulder.

"Thanks for taking care of me..."

Ilya smiled, turning his own head to kiss Shane's forehead. "Always."

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The Cens are in the midst of a playoff run

"They're going to win this one," Shane said, sitting on the couch, hands pressed together, fingers to his lips.

He was wearing his glasses, staring at the TV screen as he watched time tick down.

The Cens were up by one and there was a minute and ten seconds left in the period.

Shane wished he was there.

He was really bummed about being out of the playoffs and even more bummed about not being able to be in the building (yet).

He was still off of his foot and had been relegated to watching Ilya lead their team through five games of the first round of playoffs, so far having won three.

This would be their fourth win and they'd be moving on to round two.

Overall, Shane was feeling pretty good after surgery. His foot was only in minor discomfort, nothing that he couldn't handle. If anything, the crutches and staying off of it were the most frustrating parts.

He and Ilya hadn't had sex in quite a while but it wasn't for lack of desire. Shane's recovery and Ilya's exhaustion had gotten in the way.

It had been nice to just be with him though, even if they were both tired and sore.

They'd talked every night when Ilya had been away and Shane knew they'd keep that up for the next few rounds since Shane couldn't travel.

But one thing at a time.

"Oh my god!" Mom exclaimed, both her hands fanning out. She grabbed Shane's arm and Dad's hand as they stared at the screen, watching Ilya on a fucking break away.

"Go Ilya, go Ilya, go go go. Holy shit—!" Shane had his hands on his face, peeking out between his fingers as Ilya flew down the ice, no one able to keep up. He was so *fucking fast*.

Shane's parents were on their feet as Shane raised his arms, all three of them screaming as Ilya scored a goal with thirty seconds left on the clock.

A fucking beautiful shot. Shane's eyes stung as he watch Ilya get mobbed by his linemates, smiling hugely.

"Oh my god that was beautiful!" he exclaimed, laughing as his mom wrapped her arms around him and kissed him, his dad laughing, reaching over mom to pat his thigh.

"Thatta boy!"

"He really is so good."

Shane laughed. "I know, right?"

He was smiling so wide, his vision a little blurry. They weren't done yet but he was so fucking proud of his boys. Of Ilya.

The game wound down and the Centaurs were declared the winners. They'd made it through the first round of playoffs in spectacular fashion.

Shane's parents helped clean up, taking care of Anya, and stayed until Shane had made it safely upstairs.

He was moving around better, though not perfect. He was amused by but also appreciated their worry.

Anya came up to join him, making herself comfortable in her doggy bed.

Shane gave her some attention, before he got ready for bed, and managed to get himself into it without too much struggle.

He'd texted Ilya, though it wasn't a surprise he hadn't heard back from him.

It would be late by the time Ilya got back but Shane didn't care. He pulled out the book he'd been reading on architecture and design and read that while he waited.

He heard the door open downstairs about two hours later and laughed as Anya took off, running down the stairs to greet her Papa.

Shane could hear Ilya talking, unable to quite make out the words he was saying.

Ilya came upstairs eventually, dressed in his dress shirt, tie undone and hanging from his collar, suit jacket slung over his arm, his shoes left downstairs since he was only in socks, and a glass of water in each hand.

"Hi," Shane greeted, placing his book back on the bedside table.

"Hi," Ilya replied.

His usual stubble was thick, getting closer and closer to beard territory, which Shane was greatly enjoying. Ilya looked fucking amazing with a beard.

"Is that for me?"

"Yes," Ilya replied, placing the glasses down on the bedside table.

Shane shook his head a little, leaving his glasses on, and stretched his arms out, reaching for Ilya.

"Come here."

Ilya smiled crookedly at him, placing his suit jacket and tie on the back of one of the chairs in their room, before coming back to bed, sliding gingerly into Shane's arms. He slid an arm around Shane's waist, tucking his hand underneath him.

"How are you?"

"Tired."

"Mm. I bet. You get two days off though."

"Yes. Thank goodness."

Shane kissed into Ilya's curls, one arm holding him close, the other stroking through the thick strands.

"You played so fucking well. I'm so proud of you, of all the guys. That break away goal was so fucking hot."

Ilya chuckled, kissing Shane's neck.

"Thank you, sweetheart."

"I mean it." Shane pressed his cheek to Ilya's head and gave him a squeeze. "It's gonna be a highlight reel."

"I know." Ilya chuckled again and sighed, his body relaxing against Shane's side. "How is your foot?"

"It's fine. Kind of hurts a little but definitely improving."

"Good. You need to take anything?"

"I don't think so. It's been manageable. I don't think it'll keep me up."

Ilya hummed, nodding his head.

"I'm sorry I'm not more helpful right now."

"Don't be. It's fine. I've been doing okay. My parents have been great. I should be able to go to the home games for round two."

"That will be nice. The boys will like seeing you. I will also like it. A lot."

Shane smiled. "Oh yeah?"

"Mm. Love seeing you in my jersey."

"I like wearing it."

Ilya shifted, looking up at Shane. He looked sleepy, his curls all mussed. He smiled at Shane, adoring and a little more heated than Shane would have expected after a playoff game. He leaned in, kissing Shane, knocking his glasses askew.

They both laughed and Shane took them off, before turning to kiss Ilya again, Ilya's tongue brushing against Shane's lips and Shane opened for him easily, resting a hand on his cheek, sliding into his curls.

"I love you," Ilya sighed after a few long, drawn out moments of kissing. "But I need to sleep..."

"It's okay," Shane chuckled, rubbing their noses. "I do, too."

"You need help?"

"Nah. I got it."

"Okay."

Ilya kissed him again, before sliding out of bed. Shane maneuvered himself out of bed, too, going to the bathroom, while Ilya undressed.

Shane brushed his teeth and washed his face, Ilya joining him, and then helped him back to bed, getting him all settled. It was unnecessary but sweet. Shane could tell how much Ilya wanted to help, so he let him.

He rested back against his pillow and chuckled as Ilya groaned, laying flat on his stomach. He reached out a hand, rubbing his knuckles gently back and forth over Ilya's shoulder.

"Get some rest, superstar."

Ilya chuckled and Shane turned off his bedside lamp.

The next morning, Shane woke up before Ilya. This was a fairly common occurrence and Shane certainly wasn't going to disturb his husband from getting more sleep. He needed as much rest as he could get.

Shane was more than happy to just be a quiet observer. He liked looking at Ilya, cataloguing him. The way his brow was relaxed, his plush lips parted, curls tumbling over his forehead. Shane smiled to himself, eyes wandering the sharp lines of Ilya's cheekbones, the jut of his chin, the elegant curve of an ear.

Eventually Ilya stirred and Shane snuggled against his pillow, watching Ilya stretch, joints popping, muscles pulling taut. He yawned and rubbed the heel of a hand into his eye, before turning to face Shane.

"Good morning," Shane murmured, reaching out to rest his fingers on Ilya's forearm.

"Good morning."

"How're you feeling?"

"Eh. Could be worse."

Shane chuckled and Ilya smiled at him. "You?"

"I feel pretty okay actually."

"Oh yes?"

"Yeah." Shane wiggled his toes under the comforter. He was a little stiff maybe, but not painful, so that was a plus.

Ilya shifted closer, pressing a kiss to Shane's shoulder, then his neck.

"Feeling okay enough for me to fuck you?" Ilya nuzzled against Shane's jaw and Shane closed his eyes, smiling, a pleasant shiver running through him.

"Yeah, probably. If you're careful."

"I am always careful."

"No you're not."

Ilya laughed. "Mm, but you like it."

"Most of the time," Shane sighed, Ilya's hand cupping his cheek, turning his face so he could kiss him. "When my toe isn't broken."

Ilya chuckled, smiling against Shane's mouth. They kissed, Shane sliding an arm across Ilya's shoulders, laying on his back and taking Ilya with him.

He was careful, not quite laying on top of Shane, but allowing them to kiss. Shane had missed a good make out session. He didn't even care that they hadn't brushed their teeth, it was just nice to kiss and touch and be close.

He had his hands in Ilya's hair and on his face, running his fingers down Ilya's neck, to his shoulders, down his back.

Shane made a needy noise and Ilya hummed, breaking their kiss.

He leaned away, grabbing lube from the bedside table.

"No condoms," Shane said preemptively. They rarely used them any more but Ilya always asked anyway, because sometimes Shane didn't want to deal with clean up. But he didn't care. He wanted Ilya, mess and all.

Ilya left the lube within easy reach and considered Shane, hazel eyes wandering. Shane preened, making Ilya's lips quirk up in the corner.

"May I?" he asked, sliding his hands up Shane's thighs, to the waistband of his briefs.

Shane nodded. "Yeah. Just go slow."

Ilya smiled and nodded, too, curling his fingers into the fabric of Shane's underwear and pulling them down. Shane was careful, raising one hip, since he couldn't use his other foot, but Ilya managed to get them down and off with minimal fuss, tossing the briefs aside.

He paused, looking at Shane, and Shane looked back, lifting his arms above his head, fingertips pressing to their headboard.

"You are so beautiful," Ilya murmured, leaning over Shane, eyes tracking his face.

Shane smiled, feeling his cheeks heat. He reached up to cup Ilya's face in his hands, bringing him down to kiss him.

"So are you."

They kissed for a long time because kissing was maybe their favorite thing to do together. Shane wanted Ilya closer, he wanted their bodies pressed together, but Ilya was being judicious, careful not to lean his whole weight on Shane, but staying close.

They parted when lips were sore from stubble and oxygen became necessary again. Ilya kissed his way down Shane's neck, to his collarbones, hands squeezing Shane's pecs. He leaned away, pulling off his own underwear and tossing it aside, before grabbing the lube.

Shane adjusted himself a bit and Ilya grinned, running his hand up and down Shane's thigh, before arranging himself between Shane's legs, both over his shoulders.

Ilya had such a beautiful smile. Wide and gorgeous and bright. Like sunshine. It transformed his whole face, making him look boyish. Shane loved seeing it. Especially like this.

"Is this okay?" Ilya asked and Shane nodded.

"I'm good."

"You tell me if anything hurts, yes?"

"I will, don't worry."

He touched Ilya's cheek and smiled as Ilya leaned into the touch, his eyes sliding shut for a moment. Then he looked at Shane and smiled, his eyes sparkling with delight and desire and a bit of mischievousness.

Shane bit his lip. He fucking loved seeing Ilya between his thighs like this, long fingers dancing along Shane's quads. He rubbed his scruffy cheek against the inside of Shane's thigh and Shane moaned.

Ilya hummed in approval, turning his head to press kisses to the sensitive skin, and Shane's hands fisted in their sheets.

"I am not gonna last," he huffed.

"Is okay." Ilya smudged his mouth over Shane's inner thigh. "I won't either."

Shane chuckled and inhaled sharply as Ilya pressed a kiss to his sac and then licked his dick from base to tip, heat crackling through every synapse and nerve-ending.

It had been way, *way* too long since the last time they'd done this.

"Oh *fuck*, Ilya..."

Ilya chuckled lowly, sucking just under the head of Shane's cock, making Shane whimper, before taking him into his mouth. He didn't linger, simply teasing Shane a bit before pulling off of him, slicking his fingers.

It was the right call. If Ilya was sucking his dick *and* fingering him, Shane would come immediately.

"Okay?"

"Yeah. Fucking hell."

Ilya chuckled, rubbing a finger carefully against Shane's hole. Shane closed his eyes and relaxed. Ilya took his time, going slow, teasing Shane's dick a bit with kisses and licks, before sliding a finger into Shane.

Ilya took his time, strong fingers carefully twisting, curling, and gently stretching apart, and Shane sank into the sensations. It was like riding a bike, just getting back into it. Ilya went a little slower, a little more tentatively because Shane had been stressed.

But it was easy to open for Ilya, to be ready for him, even if it had been a little while.

"I'm ready," Shane murmured. "Want you in me..."

"Mm, yes. I want that, too."

Ilya kissed the inside of Shane's thigh once more, before removing his fingers. He gingerly slid Shane's good leg from his shoulder, readjusting, and picking up the lube, snapping the cap open.

"Okay?"

Shane nodded. "Yeah. More than. Come on."

Ilya slicked himself and Shane felt the blunt head of his cock press against him. Ilya had his hand on Shane's quad, fingers splayed out, holding him as he pushed in, slow and careful.

"Oh fuck. *God.*"

Shane breathed, eyes sliding closed. He'd fucking *missed this*. He'd missed Ilya filling him up and being this close and the way pleasure washed over him.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya murmured and Shane opened his eyes. They looked at each other and Shane reached for him.

"You're sure?" Ilya asked, leaning over, bending Shane's leg forward. He could feel the stretch in his hamstring but it wasn't unpleasant.

"I'm fine."

Shane touched Ilya's cheek, Ilya's eyes tracking Shane's face, looking for discomfort, but Shane smiled at him, pulling him down for a kiss.

"*Please* fuck me."

Ilya met his eyes and smiled, kissing the corner of Shane's mouth, before he pulled out a little and pressed back in.

Shane hummed, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck, holding on as he found a slow, easy rhythm.

They kissed, faces pressed together, Ilya's breath puffing against Shane's face.

"I missed you," he murmured, his nose pressed to Shane's cheek.

"I missed you, too."

They rocked together like this, a slow, wonderfully torturous build, surprisingly tender and adoring. Ilya pressed warm kisses to Shane's face and Shane soaked it all up like a sponge.

After a while, he slid his hand between them, wrapping it around his dick.

Ilya tilted his head down to watch, something he almost always did, which Shane loved.

"Yes, Shane. Fuck. Let me see it."

Shane bit his lip, stroking himself, and Ilya sped up. He looked back at Shane's face, his cheeks flushed, lips parted, eyes dark with desire.

Shane looked back at him, panting and moaning, his orgasm building.

"Oh fu— Ilya. Don't stop. Just like that."

"Are you going to come for me, beloved?" Ilya asked, in Russian, and Shane nodded his head frantically, hand flying over his cock until he was coming all over his hand and stomach, crying out.

Ilya fucked Shane through his orgasm and Shane watched his face, enraptured as he always was, watching Ilya's face as he came. It was one of the most beautiful things in the world to witness.

Shane hummed, pulling Ilya close, holding him there.

"You're okay?" Ilya asked, his face smushed up against Shane's neck.

"I'm perfect." Shane could hear the dreaminess in his own voice but it was true. He felt amazing.

He would have loved to just have had Ilya stay like this for the next hour but his leg was starting to cramp, so Ilya gingerly slid it from his shoulder, and pulled out.

Shane pouted a little at the loss and Ilya kissed him warmly in apology.

"One second," he murmured and slid out of bed, heading to the bathroom.

Shane watched him go, admiring those broad shoulders and muscular back and perfect fucking ass. He stretched out on the bed, wiggling his toes carefully, smiling to himself, and just basking for a bit.

He closed his eyes, listening to Ilya in the bathroom, the tread of his feet on the carpet, the bed shifting with his weight as he came back to bed.

He cleaned Shane up, an intimate and tender experience that Shane would never tire of, before curling up next to him in bed.

"I want to make you breakfast," Shane murmured, brushing his thumb over Ilya's cheek.

"Okay," Ilya chuckled. "What do you want to make me?"

"Coffee and a sausage egg and cheese."

Ilya made a face that suggested his approval.

"I think we have bagels, too."

Ilya chuckled. "Sounds delicious."

Shane smiled and kissed him several times, cupping his cheek.

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The Cens get a surprise in the locker room

May

It was the second round of playoffs and Ottawa was back at home. They'd played the first two games away, winning one, and were back on their home turf.

Ilya was feeling good about this run. Even with Shane out of the line-up the team was clicking and dialed in.

They were doing well.

He wasn't going to get too ahead of himself but it was nice to just let the team cook.

They were all in the dressing room now, Coach talking to them before they did the line read, gassing everyone up.

"Alright, boys, before we head out, we have a special guest with us tonight to read our starting lineup!"

Everyone went kind of silent, curious, since no one had been told that they were having someone else come in to read the line up.

All the guys turned to look at the entrance to the room, watching.

Ilya let out a laugh, covering his mouth as Shane hobbled into the locker room on crutches.

The room erupted into excited hooting and hollering and clapping and Shane was smiling hugely, laughing.

He looked really fucking good, wearing a pair of tailored jeans, black and red fashion sneakers, a black t-shirt, and a custom made red and black bomber jacket.

It was a SAP jacket, fitting him perfectly. There were patches on the sleeves for the NHL and club, with a C on the left side.

"Nice fit, Hollzy!" Evan Dykstra called out.

Shane grinned. "Shout out to Cassie for getting me a jacket last minute." His eyes slid over to look at Ilya. "Pretty sweet, right?"

Ilya smiled back and wolf-whistled, making everyone laugh.

"Alright guys. Super pumped to be here tonight to cheer you on. I wish I could be out there with you but I know you're gonna crush it."

Shane didn't need a slip of paper to know the line-up, doing everything from memory to the claps and cheers of his teammates.

Just having him here, doing this, was more than enough for the boys to get fired up. Even just having him in the building would be enough but it was more that he had surprised them all, Ilya included.

"Let's go boys!"

Everything clapped and cheered and Ilya went to Shane because there was no way he couldn't.

Shane looked up at him, smiling, his cheeks wonderfully pink.

"Hi," he laughed softly.

Ilya didn't say anything, he simply walked around him and Shane laughed again as Ilya paused. He looked at the back of the jacket, seeing his last name and number there, and taking a second to check out Shane's ass in his jeans.

He shook his head a little, walking back around to face his husband.

"You like it?" Shane asked.

"I love it."

Shane was still smiling, his face all crinkled in the way it did when he was happy, and knocked the knuckle of his index finger against Ilya's chest.

"Good luck out there, Captain. I'll be watching."

"You better be," Ilya replied, reaching up to hold Shane's chin between his thumb and index finger.

They just looked at each other for a long moment, saying more in that look than they could ever say in words, before Ilya stole a quick kiss. He brushed his thumb over Shane's chin and let him go with a wink.

Shane hobbled out of the dressing room, glancing back over his shoulder, and Ilya gave him a cheeky wave, before he went back to his stall to finish putting his gear back on.

He checked his phone and smiled.

Shane: I love you! Kick ass! My parents are here, too!

Ilya's heart flipped in his chest. He loved having all the Hollanders at his games. It had meant so much to him when they had come for his first playoff run with the Centaurs and he had loved David and Yuna coming to pretty much all of his and Shane's home games, switching off who was wearing whose jersey.

And Ilya loved that they were all here now.

He loved that Shane was in a SAP jacket. It looked so good on him and Ilya just loved that he was wearing Ilya's name and number.

Mine.

Shane in a SAP jacket or wearing one of Ilya's jerseys had been one of those things he had only ever allowed himself to fantasize about, before they'd come out.

It was a ridiculous thing to think about at the time but he had anyway. Ilya had never wanted that before, with anyone.

Things for them had seemed impossible and Ilya had been so heartsick and painfully in love at the time.

And now he had everything he could have possibly wanted.

A husband, a family, friends, a dog.

He didn't wish Shane had fractured his toe but he did appreciate that Shane had gone out of his way to get a jacket. Just knowing that he had wanted to do that for Ilya and surprise him meant a lot.

Maybe it was silly... but Ilya was feeling even more fired up. They were going to win this game tonight, he'd make sure of it.

"So does Hollander always need to be out for the playoffs with an injury for you to play this good?"

Ilya didn't even look at Troy Barrett, he simply reached out his arm and pushed his glove into Troy's face, making him laugh, and nearly knocking him off the bench.

"Shut up, Barrett." Ilya turned to look at his grinning teammate. "Did you get your pregame blowjob? Is that why you're playing so well?"

Troy shoved him back and they both laughed.

Ilya was on fire tonight with a goal and two assists, one of which had been on a goal by Troy. He felt good and maybe some of that had to do with Shane being in the crowd but tonight just felt like a good night.

"I think maybe I will score one more goal," Ilya said casually, grabbing a water bottle. "For fun."

Troy chuckled. "Let the rest of us get in on the fun, Roz."

"There are a lot of games left. Plenty of time."

And it was true. They were working their way through round two, eyes set on the conference finals.

One game at a time.

Teams couldn't be underestimated during playoffs. Everyone was hungry and determined. They had to pace themselves but not completely ease off the gas.

It was a difficult balance at times but most of the guys on the team were familiar with the playoffs and what it took to succeed. They were being good with the rookies, too, showing them the ropes and what they needed to do to maintain for a full Cup run.

There were injuries, for sure, but most of the guys were holding up okay. And it was Ilya's job to keep the ship on course, full steam ahead.

He was on the ice for his shift, taking a face-off against against Markstrom. He ignored whatever it was that Markstrom was saying to him, winning the face-off.

Troy had snagged the puck and passed to Ilya. Out of the corner of his eye, Ilya saw someone coming. He had a moment to register that he was about to be checked, sending the puck flying toward Bood, adjusting his stance to brace for impact before whoever was coming for him collided with him... and bounced right off.

Ilya didn't really have the time to appreciate the moment but he was definitely going to watch the highlights after.

"DUDE!" Nick Chouinard said once Ilya was back on the bench. "You sent Barkley flying! It was incredible!"

Ilya laughed, wiping off his visor with a towel. "He should know better! He is like, two apples tall."

That game itself was great hockey. Fast, competitive, and challenging. They'd won 3-2 and the locker room was buzzing again.

The boys were hyped, especially as they placed another puck in the case they were using to document their climb through the playoffs.

Ilya showered and changed back into his suit, finding his husband and in-laws waiting for him once he was out of the locker room. It was nice to be greeted by their smiling faces, to get hugs, and his highlights reiterated back at him.

They all walked out to the parking garage together. Yuna and David were heading back home so they parted as they went to their car, Ilya and Shane veering off to get to the Mercedes.

Shane was much more proficient at navigating his way into the car with his crutches but Ilya stayed nearby, just in case, before driving them home.

"You played an awesome game tonight," Shane said, resting a hand on Ilya's thigh, his head back against the headrest, a warm, proud smile on his face.

"I know," Ilya chuckled. "Thank you."

He curled his fingers around Shane's, lifting his hand to kiss his palm, before resting their joined hands back against his thigh.

They talked about the game; things they liked, things that needed work, entertaining moments, and highlight reel worthy plays.

Ilya wasn't as tired as he was expecting to be. He was kind of worked up, actually, and he was sort of embarrassed to admit that it was Shane in that bomber jacket that was really doing it for him. And the way that Shane kept looking at him, shooting him furtive glances through his lashes, made Ilya think that Shane was feeling it, too.

Shane loved competence and Ilya had played exceptionally well tonight.

Ilya parked the car in the garage. He cut the ignition and leaned over the console, humming as Shane met him, cupping his face, his hands fisting into Ilya's curls, mouth opening eagerly under Ilya's tongue.

This was probably a bad idea.

He had meant the no sex on game days but also not having sex with Shane on a regular basis was kind of killing him.

And now was the perfect time for sex, when both of them were feeling it after an amazing game, and Shane looking as good as he did in that fucking jacket.

"Inside," Shane breathed and Ilya nodded.

Ilya hopped out of the car and helped Shane, handing him his crutches. They headed inside, greeted by an excited Anya.

Shoes were left at the door, jackets hung up in the closet, except for Shane's.

"Keep it on," Ilya told him.

Shane had moved to the living room and Ilya slowly followed after him, hands in the pockets of his slacks.

He turned toward Ilya, still leaning on his crutches. Ilya smiled at him. He took off his suit jacket, laying it on the back of the couch, then undid his tie, pulling it off, and rested it on top

of the jacket.

He looked at Shane, smiling at him.

"Ilya," Shane said.

"Shane."

He rested a hand on one of Shane's crutches and Ilya took it, then the other, setting them both aside.

Shane sighed softly, wrapping his arms around Ilya's shoulders, and Ilya rested his hand on Shane's hips, sneaking his hands under his t-shirt to touch warm, smooth skin.

"We shouldn't," Shane murmured as Ilya brushed their mouths together.

Ilya knew Shane was probably right but neither of them were putting up any kind of particular fight about it.

They kissed, Shane's hands back in Ilya's hair, Ilya's hands brushing up Shane's abs, to his pecs, squeezing them appreciatively.

They kissed for a while, hands clutching and squeezing, and Ilya reached down, lifting Shane up to sit on the back of the couch.

"Ilya, wait, stop—" Shane huffed as Ilya kissed his jaw, his neck.

Then, in a move that Ilya was not expecting, Shane dumped himself backwards, onto the couch, in such a way that made it look like his legs had gone over his head.

"Shane!"

"I'm fine, I'm fine!"

Shane had somehow managed to get himself on the floor, his hair all mussed. He peeked up at Ilya and they both looked at each other for a moment. Ilya made sure that Shane was actually fine and hadn't fucked up his foot further, before they burst out laughing.

Shane fell flat on the floor and Ilya was on his knees, his forehead leaning against the back of the couch.

"Oh my god," Shane wheezed.

Ilya shook his head, coming around the couch, finding Shane sitting up on the floor.

"I won't be responsible for you guys not making it to the Cup finals."

Ilya sighed, shaking his head. "Yes, yes. I know."

He offered his hands to Shane and Shane took them, allowing Ilya to help him to his feet.

"Are you sure you're okay? Your foot..."

Shane took a moment, rotating his ankle, wiggling his toes.

"Yeah. I'm good. Probably shouldn't do that again though."

"Definitely not."

Shane laughed softly and smiled up at Ilya. Ilya smiled back and kissed his forehead.

"Come on. Bedtime. And I'm going to jerk off in the shower."

Shane whined and Ilya couldn't help but chuckle. He pulled Shane into his arms and hugged him, smiling as he kissed into Shane's hair.

"I want marathon sex after we win the Cup," Shane huffed, a pout in his voice, his forehead pressed to Ilya's sternum.

Ilya hummed in agreement, running a hand over the back of Shane's head.

"Is a deal."

They held each other in the living room, Ilya gently rocking them back and forth, before he had to let Anya outside once more. When she'd come back inside, they all went upstairs together.

Ilya took a shower while Shane got changed. He jerked off because of course he did. The team was definitely going to win the Cup this year. He had marathon sex he had to make good on.

Ilya chuckled to himself as he toweled off his curls. Shane was better about asking for sex things than he had been in the beginning of their relationship but it was still a struggle for him sometimes. Ilya was impressed he'd even asked for that but Ilya would never turn him down.

Hopefully he'd actually be able to have marathon sex and the playoffs didn't total beat him down.

Only time would tell but he bet he could rally for Shane.

He came out of the bathroom in a towel, finding Shane reading the architecture and design book his dad had gotten him for Christmas.

Shane had been finding his way into design and real estate in the last few years. It had always been an interest but only peripherally. Ilya liked that he was diving more into it, that it had become a hobby of sorts.

He liked to tell Ilya about it, which Ilya enjoyed listening to.

Shane was really cute when he was excited about something and it was nice to see him talking about things other than hockey.

Ilya slid into a pair of briefs and joined his husband in bed, kissing his shoulder.

"I'm gonna brush my teeth and stuff," Shane replied, kissing Ilya's forehead, before placing his book and glasses on his bedside table.

"I might fall asleep."

"That's okay. Rest. I love you."

Ilya smiled, shoving his arms under his pillow. "I love you, too."

Shane stroked his hand over the back of Ilya's head and kissed his cheek before he slid gingerly out of bed. Ilya closed his eyes, vaguely registering the sounds of Shane shuffling around, before he fell right into sleep.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Ilya and Shane are at the NHL Awards

June - Las Vegas

In total, Shane had won five Stanley Cups, and each one felt like the first time.

A new season, new players, new vibe.

There was always something different about each Cup run that made it feel new and exhilarating and thrilling.

He was sad he couldn't have helped the team in the playoffs for win number five but he knew that he had helped get them there, so there was that. He was so happy to see them all happy, to watch them battle it out, and succeed in the playoffs.

Shane was in awe of them and so proud.

It had been weird going out onto the ice more as a spectator than a player, waddling carefully out into the crowd of families and media in his sneakers since he didn't need his crutches any more.

Ilya had immediately come to him, scooping him into his arms, and skating with Shane around the ice as if *he* were the Cup.

It had been a fun night.

Shane had been in the dressing room with the guys, popping bottles, drinking out of the Cup. They'd gone out to a few bars afterwards, the entire city staying up late to celebrate the win.

Ilya had gotten them a hotel room at the Westin and they'd managed to find their way to it at almost four in the morning.

They were both pretty drunk, giving each other the world's sloppiest blowjobs, and promptly passing out in bed together after.

Shane had had the worst hangover of his life when he'd finally woken up but it had been worth it.

Now, much better prepared, he was standing in a deep navy and black suit in the penthouse they were staying in in Vegas for the NHL Awards, Ilya having extended their stay for an

extra day.

"Shane."

Shane looked up from where he had been staring out the window at the sparkling lights of the desert city below, his fingers still on his wedding band, which he'd been rotating absently on his finger. He turned to look at his husband.

Ilya was wearing a burgundy suit that did insane things to the gold in his curls and his eyes and his skin.

He always looked good, especially when he was dressed up, and he looked *particularly* good like this. He wasn't wearing a tie, the silk shirt he had on was a deep v-neck that revealed a tasteful amount of chest and his chain, accompanied by a few other layered pieces of gold necklaces.

His curls were perfect, falling across his forehead so elegantly. It was rare for him to pay so much attention to them, and Shane wanted to wrap them around his fingers.

Ilya had convinced Shane to wear a set of pearls instead of a tie, which both his stylist AND Rose had encouraged. It was actually rather elegant and Shane liked the switch up in style. It seemed to make Ilya happy, too.

Shane knew he was notoriously difficult to buy for and Ilya seemed pleased to splurge on him.

He wasn't going to complain.

"You look great," Shane said and Ilya smiled warmly at him.

"Thank you, my love," he replied, in Russian.

"What do you need?"

"Can you help?"

Ilya held open his palm, revealing the cufflinks Shane had bought him as a Christmas gift, the ones he'd worn at their wedding.

Shane smiled back and nodded, taking one cuff. "Of course."

Ilya held out his arm and Shane slid the cufflink through the cuff of his shirt.

"Does this feel a little full circle to you?" Shane asked softly, glancing up at his husband.

"Mm?"

"Being here. Giving out the Most Sportsmanlike award."

Ilya's smile deepened. He handed Shane the second cufflink.

"Maybe a little."

"Is this the same penthouse?"

Ilya laughed softly. "Probably."

Shane shook his head. They both knew it was.

It was hard to forget that time together in Vegas. 2014. It felt like a lifetime ago. Things had been so charged between them. Hot and heavy. And *strained*.

Shane didn't necessarily remember that time fondly but being here now felt a little healing.

They'd come such a long way since that night.

He finished with Ilya's cufflink and smoothed his thumbs over the back of Ilya's hand, appreciating the roads of veins, the scars on the knuckles, and looked up at him.

He was watching Shane, surprisingly serious. Shane met his eyes, looking back, waiting. Ilya reached out with careful fingers, brushing a thumb over Shane's freckles, and sliding the backs of his knuckles over his cheek in a gentle touch.

"I love you."

Shane smiled softly. "I love you, too."

"You look very beautiful."

Shane's cheeks warmed at the compliment. "So do you."

Ilya smiled then, chuckling softly. He held Shane's chin in his hand and kissed him. It was a warm kiss, full of promise, tempered with a sweet tenderness. It made Shane flutter.

"We should go."

Shane nodded, licking his lips, his ears as warm as his cheeks. Ilya offered his arm. Shane double checked to be sure that they had their room key and phones, before sliding his arm through Ilya's, as they left the penthouse.

The evening, overall, wasn't bad.

It was busy, and a bit chaotic, but most NHL award shows in previous years had been the same.

Ilya and Shane received quite a few congratulations for the Cup win. They took pictures for social media and the press, they were shown to their seats, though for the majority of the show they were backstage, waiting to present their award.

It was kind of nice, just the two of them and the crew.

They talked and teased and laughed softly and Shane had the realization (not for the first time) that he really loved doing life with Ilya.

He loved being married to him and living with him and playing hockey with him. He loved that they had separate hobbies and that Shane could rattle on about a new architectural design he liked or a kind of camera he was interested in and Ilya listened like it was the most interesting thing in the world to him.

Shane loved listening to Ilya talk shop and seeing him and Troy being friends and hearing about what music Ilya was interested in. He was learning how to play guitar and he would sing to Shane sometimes and it was maybe one of the most romantic things he'd ever experienced.

And now, more than a decade after they'd first done an award show just like this, after Ilya had won the Cup, they were doing it all again.

"Alright, guys. You're on in ten."

Shane blinked, bringing himself back to the present. Ilya was smiling at him, his hazel eyes sparkled, full of playfulness and a hint of something else.

"Look alive, Hollander."

Shane huffed a laugh. "That's our cue, Rozanov."

They walked out on stage.

Their back and forth banter was a call back to that first award's show presentation. They talked about how strange it was that they were here now, those two kids not having any idea what was in store for them in the future, and the importance of sportsmanship in all areas of life, including a marriage.

Ilya announced the winner this time and they presented the prize, making their way off stage.

Ilya rested his hand on Shane's lower back and tingles ran down Shane's spine, to his toes.

"Do you want me to blow you in the bathroom?" Ilya asked lowly, in Russian.

Shane glanced at him, heat pooling in his belly at the suggestion, his cheeks warming.

"No," he replied just as softly, also in Russian. "Marathon sex, remember? You promised."

Ilya's smile turned wicked and the hand on Shane's lower back moved lower, smacking Shane's ass.

"Stop," Shane hissed in English, glancing around, but he couldn't help but smile, too.

They went back to their seats, Ilya holding Shane's hand in both of his, resting on his thigh, and Shane was paying more attention to Ilya's profile than he was the show.

After the show was over, the awards having been doled out, they did a little media, before they were finally able to head to the after party.

They ordered drinks and mingled. Ilya kept his hand around Shane's waist or on his lower back almost the entire time. Shane kept touching Ilya whenever an opportunity presented itself; a hand on his shoulder, knuckles knocking gently into his stomach, a hand on his upper arm, an arm around his waist.

Shane wasn't sure why he was so turned on by all of this.

Maybe it was just because he knew what was coming. Maybe it was because he and Ilya were out, comfortably so, mingling with their fellow hockey players and no one being (too) weird about it. Maybe it was just because Ilya could work a fucking room and Shane loved the way he did it so effortlessly.

They found themselves alone at a table, most of the guys were fairly drunk, mingling or dancing, many of them having abandoned their coats and ties.

Shane felt fairly sober but he hadn't been drinking much and neither had Ilya; probably because they had plans for after the party.

Ilya rested a hand on his thigh, his fingers curving inward, and Shane turned toward him, lowering his lashes as Ilya leaned in to talk into his ear.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked. His breath was warm on Shane's skin, his lips brushing the sensitive shell of Shane's ear, making him shiver.

"Yeah," Shane nodded.

They left the table they were at, tangling their fingers as they made their way out of the event space and toward the exit.

There were cars that were waiting so they didn't have to worry about calling one, simply letting the staff know where they were headed, and sliding into the appropriate car.

Shane held his and Ilya's hands on his thigh as they drove about ten minutes to their hotel. Shane was kind of glad that the venue had been different this year, allowing them to escape.

They were dropped off and stepped into the hotel, still holding hands, and went right to the elevator. Shane's whole body was warm, eyes glancing at Ilya as they waited, and Ilya watching him right back.

They stepped into the elevator and turned to each other. The door closed and Ilya backed Shane up into the corner one hand placed on the wall, boxing Shane in.

Shane bit his lip, looking up at Ilya's mischievous smile and sparkling eyes, before he just grabbed him, fingers sliding into Ilya's curls, and kissing him deeply.

Ilya's hands started untucking Shane's shirt to get to skin and Shane wrapped a leg around his ass as Ilya kissed him filthily.

The elevator arrived at their floor and they stepped off, laughing, making out in the hall, Ilya pressing Shane up against the wall.

"Ilya," Shane breathed, fingers gripping Ilya's curls, one arm resting across Ilya's shoulders as Ilya kissed his jaw.

"Yes, yes."

Ilya fished the keyfob out of his pocket and let them into the penthouse.

Shane went to kiss him again but Ilya rested a hand on his chest.

"Wha—?"

Ilya smiled and chuckled softly.

"Patience, my beloved," he murmured in Russian, running a thumb over Shane's mouth.

Shane pouted.

"I have plans for you."

"Oh do you?"

Ilya nodded. He moved closer, rubbing their noses together.

"Will you be good for me?" Ilya brushed his mouth over Shane's cheekbone, his voice low, almost a rumble. They were close enough that Shane could feel it in his chest and he nodded, resting one hand on Ilya's pecs, sliding his fingers into the deep v-neck to touch skin.

"Yes."

"Good boy..."

Shane sighed, eyes sliding closed as Ilya kissed the corner of his mouth, his big hands resting on Shane's hips, one sliding under his shirt to run across his lower back.

Ilya kissed Shane's top lip, then his bottom lip, then both together, flicking his tongue teasingly against Shane's mouth, before pulling away.

Shane huffed, opening his eyes.

Ilya beckoned him closer as he moved further into the penthouse and Shane followed.

"Take off your clothes," he said.

Shane chuckled and shook his head. Ilya grinned at him. He took off his own suit jacket, setting it aside, before sitting elegantly down in one of the chairs in the living space. He crossed his long legs, leaning his elbow casually on the arm rest, his cheek propped on his hand.

The windows were open and Shane glanced at them for just a moment, before he slid off his jacket, placing it on the back of the couch, and reached up to unclasp the pearls around his neck.

"Keep the pearls on," Ilya said.

Shane nodded, carefully adjusting the necklace from beneath the collar of his shirt, and then started unbuttoning it. He slid it off, carefully resting it with his jacket.

"You are so beautiful, Shane," Ilya said.

Shane laughed softly, glancing away, his cheeks warming. "Thanks."

"Is true. I could look at you all day."

"You could?"

He looked back up, slipping off his shoes, and neatly sliding them against the couch, taking off his socks. Ilya was watching him, his expression surprisingly soft, but his eyes were dark.

"Of course."

"You're not so bad yourself."

Ilya smiled, nodding his head in acknowledgment. "I know."

Shane bit his lip against a smile, undoing the fly of his pants, and slid out of them, setting them aside, next to the jacket and shirt.

He stood in nothing but his boxer briefs and pearls, watching Ilya's eyes travel up and then down his body.

"All of your clothes, please."

"Yes, sir."

Ilya laughed and Shane smiled, tacking off his underwear, and dropping them, neatly, on top of his pants.

"Okay?"

A little smile teased Ilya's mouth as he just looked at Shane. Shane felt the heat in his cheeks spread up to his ears and down his neck. He didn't mind Ilya's eyes on him, he enjoyed it in fact, but it was still intense. He was half-hard just from Ilya *looking* at him.

Then Ilya carefully unfolded himself from the chair, reaching behind himself to pull off his shirt, dropping the silk unceremoniously on the floor. He took off his shoes next, then his socks, the necklaces dangling as he bent over, the gold glinting in the low light of the room.

Shane watched, enraptured. No one could make getting naked look as interesting as Ilya Rozanov could.

Ilya smiled crookedly at Shane, undoing his pants, sliding out of them, kicking them aside, and then took his underwear off, kicking those away, too.

"Fair?" he asked, holding out his arms.

Shane licked his lips, eyes roaming as he took all of Ilya in, from his long legs to his mostly soft cock, to his perfect belly button, up to his chest, the gold necklaces he wore, his shoulders, and the perfect curls of his hair.

"Yeah," he breathed.

Ilya nodded his head once, then went and sat back down in the chair. He held up a finger and Shane watched curiously as he reached into the cushion and pulled out a bottle of lube.

"Oh my god. Seriously?" Shane laughed.

Ilya grinned and slapped his thighs. "Come here."

Shane went, climbing into Ilya's lap, managing to fit himself into the charge with Ilya, which was quite a feat since neither of them were particularly small.

Ilya has his hands on Shane's hips, making sure he was settled, before running them over Shane's ass, up his back to his shoulders, and then back down. Shane sighed at the touch, leaning down to kiss Ilya.

They just kissed and touched, one of Ilya's hands running down Shane's chest, squeezing a pec, thumb brushing over a nipple until it was hard, and Shane was panting.

"So good for me," Ilya hummed, kissing Shane's neck, sucking on the skin, leaving a mark, making Shane mewl.

He heard the pop of the lube cap, Ilya slicking his fingers, before one of them brushed up against Shane's hole.

"Fuck, yes."

"You want this?" Ilya asked, his finger circling, teasing.

"Yes. *Please.*"

"Oh, asking so nicely already?"

Shane gasped as Ilya slid his finger into him in one go, the sensation overwhelming and also extremely hot. Ilya hadn't even touched his dick but Shane was as hard as granite.

"God, Ilya."

"You are being so good for me. Why wouldn't I give you what you want?" Ilya purred, kissing the corner of Shane's mouth and nuzzling his nose against his cheek as he worked his finger in and out of Shane with an expert touch.

Shane didn't really know what Ilya had planned for him but he would be patient and wait, which required some concerted effort on his part.

He let out a little whimper and kissed Ilya, one of Ilya's arms wrapping around him to hold him steady as they kissed, Shane's hands flexing into the muscular mounds of Ilya's shoulders.

He sank a second finger into Shane and then a third, twisting and curling and stretching Shane apart with care and the knowledge of over a decade of fucking. He nudged up against Shane's prostate, kissing and nipping at Shane's chest, catching a nipple between his teeth and tugging. He sucked on it, making Shane whine and pant.

Shane pressed back against Ilya's fingers, wanting more.

"Ah, fuck. Shit, Ilya. Want you in me."

"Oh yes?" Ilya asked, kissing the hollow of Shane's throat, the tip of his chin.

"Yeah. Yes. God. Want you so bad."

Ilya hummed, kissing Shane, messy and greedy, sinking his fingers as deeply into Shane as possible, making Shane gasp and moan. He removed his fingers carefully and Shane leaned his forehead against his husband's, panting.

"Up," Ilya said, patting Shane's ass.

Shane climbed off of Ilya, feeling almost unsteady on his feet.

Ilya crowded him, stepping so close at their bodies touched. He ran his fingers almost reverently over Shane's pec, before resting that hand on his hip. His other hand came up, holding Shane's chin between thumb and forefinger.

Shane felt almost drunk with desire, looking up at Ilya with want in his eyes, resting his hands on Ilya's chest just to ground himself a little.

Ilya kissed him then. It was a surprisingly gentle kiss, soft and sweet, and Shane melted into him. They wrapped around each other, just kissing, and Ilya slowly backed them up until Shane made contact with the cool glass of the window.

"Wha—?"

Ilya stepped back slightly, giving Shane a little room.

"Turn around," he said.

Shane met his eyes and swallowed, turning around, staring out at all of Las Vegas.

Once upon a time this would have made him exceptionally anxious. Potentially being spotted would have killed the mood for him immediately. But it was different now. He had nothing to hide, not really, and while Shane only liked the idea of an audience in theory, this was serving that.

They were on the fourteenth floor. The chances of being spotted were slim. But there was that chance...

"Fuck."

"Is okay?" Ilya asked, sliding his hands down Shane's sides, pressing soft kisses to his shoulder and upper back.

"Yeah," Shane breathed. "It's okay."

Ilya hummed, pressing a kiss to Shane's ear, then nipped his earlobe.

"I want the whole world to see how beautiful you are. And I want them to know that you're mine."

Ilya's arms wound around Shane, pulling him close, and Shane leaned into him, hands coming up to rest on Ilya's arms.

"Yours."

Ilya growled, kissing Shane's cheek, and Shane moved his head to kiss him messily, reaching one hand up to thread into Ilya's curls as Ilya's hands roamed Shane's abs, wrapping around his dick, giving him a teasing stroke.

"Fucking hell, Rozanov."

Ilya bit Shane's shoulder, before letting him go, pushing him the last few inches to the glass, pressing Shane up against it.

"Stay," he said, backing away, and Shane closed his eyes, hands and cheek and chest pressed to the glass, all of Vegas before him.

He listened to Ilya walk to grab the lube, popping the cap, before he came back. Shane heard his bare feet on the marble floor, felt the heat of him against his back.

"You are so fucking perfect," Ilya said, in Russian. "And you are *mine*."

Shane felt the blunt head of Ilya's cock press against his entrance and he shifted his stance slightly before Ilya pushed into him, both of them groaning.

"Okay?" Ilya asked, mouth pressed to Shane's shoulder.

Shane nodded and Ilya kissed his cheek, before pulling out and slamming back in. Shane's mouth fell open, pleasure rippling through him as Ilya fucked him hard, pressing Shane fully against the window.

If anyone was going to see this, they were seeing it. And Shane didn't fucking care at all.

He felt safe. He knew that Ilya would take care of him, would never put him in any position he didn't want to be in. Which was maybe the hottest thing of all. Ilya had always taken care of Shane at his most vulnerable.

It was one of his sexiest qualities.

All he cared about in this moment was Ilya's big hands on his hips, his cock inside of him, the way he praised Shane in both Russian and English.

"You take it so fucking well, Shane. You love it."

Ilya's hand gripped Shane's hair, pulling his head back. He gasped and whimpered, Ilya holding him like that, kissing Shane's neck.

"Yes, fuck. Love this. Love you."

It was overwhelming; to be fucked so good and praised so thoroughly.

"So good for me. Gorgeous."

"God, Ilya. So good. Don't stop. Make me come."

Ilya released Shane's hair, his hands back on Shane's hips. He held him like that for a bit, before running his hands up Shane's sides, to his chest, pinching his nipples, making Shane whine and moan, before he rested his hands over Shane's where they were pressed against the glass.

Ilya slid his fingers through Shane's, his jagged breaths puffing against the side of Shane's face, and shoulder.

"Can you come like this?"

"Yeah, probably."

"Mm."

Ilya kept fucking Shane, his mouth pressed to Shane's shoulder, his neck, his cheek. The penthouse was filled with the sounds of their fucking; flesh slapping against flesh, moans and whines and whimpers.

It was hotter and more intimate than any other sex they'd had before. It was all out there, for anyone to see, nowhere to hide.

"I love you so fucking much," Shane gasped out. "Oh fuck, Ilya. I'm so close. Don't stop, don't stop."

"Are you going to come for me, beloved?"

Shane nodded. "Yes. Yeah. Fuck. Uh huh."

His orgasm crashed over him, hard and intense. His head fell back, mouth open, crying out into the penthouse as he came all over the glass, Ilya gripping his hands. Ilya fucked Shane through his orgasm.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya groaned as he came, Shane watching his reflection. Ilya always looked so fucking beautiful when he climaxed.

Shane hummed as Ilya pressed his mouth to his shoulder again, lingering, their joined hands still pressed to the glass.

"God, that was so good," Shane hummed.

"Yes. Very."

Ilya kissed his cheek, his neck, and carefully extricated his hands from Shane's, placing them on his hips as he pulled out of him gently.

Shane would have liked him to have lingered but cuddling in bed sounded much more pleasant than hanging out at an open window naked with your jizz all over the glass.

They were gonna have to clean that.

"Go to the bed," Ilya said, as if reading Shane's mind. "I will take care of it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Was my idea."

Shane smiled and Ilya kissed his mouth.

"Go," he hummed and smacked Shane's ass.

Shane went to the bathroom first, cleaning up a little, and then went to the bedroom, crawling into bed, waiting for Ilya.

He didn't take too long, coming back with their clothes, and dumping everything on a pile on a chair in the corner.

"We will deal with it later," Ilya hummed. "I promised you marathon sex."

Shane laughed and Ilya grinned at him, bright and beautiful.

"You did."

Shane reached for him and Ilya came, wrapping his arms around Shane, and kissing him fiercely, before ducking his head and blowing a raspberry on his pec, making Shane giggle.

"Quit it!"

"No."

Ilya slid his fingers between Shane's, lifting his hands above his head, holding him there as he kissed his neck.

Shane rippled against him and Ilya nipped him.

He was in for quite the ride.

Chapter 6: Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Ilya and Shane are at the cottage

July - The Cottage

Ilya woke up to the sound of rain on glass and Shane kissing his shoulder. He lolled his head to the side, peeking an eye open to look at his husband.

"Good morning," Shane said with a sweet smile, sliding one hand across Ilya's chest.

"Hi," Ilya replied, his voice rough from sleep.

"Happy anniversary."

Ilya closed his eyes and smiled, giving himself a moment to let that soak in, before blinking them open again.

"Happy anniversary."

Shane made a happy noise that made Ilya's heart wobble, pressing a lingering kiss to Ilya's cheek, before resting his head on Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya slid his hand over Shane's arm, turning his head to kiss his forehead, and rest his cheek on top of Shane's head.

They'd come to the cottage almost immediately after the NHL awards.

It was nice, being here in the quiet and safety of the cottage to decompress.

It had been fun celebrating after the Cup wins and their own awards (Ilya had the most points in the entire league and Shane for most outstanding player as voted by their peers) and it felt good to be here, together, to just relax and unwind before they were back in the spotlight.

As nice as it was to be out and not have any more secrets, Ilya appreciated his and Shane's privacy more now than he had in the past.

It was just good to have Shane all to himself.

Thunder rumbled in the distance and Shane snuggled closer, making Ilya chuckle. He wrapped his arms around Shane tighter, squeezing him.

"Do you want to go back to sleep?"

Shane shook his head. "No. I'm just comfy."

Shane raised his head, perching his chin on Ilya's chest and Ilya shifted his head so he could look at Shane properly.

"We can stay in bed all day," Ilya murmured, brushing the back of his index finger over Shane's freckles.

Shane smiled, still all sleepy and soft and sweet.

"After coffee?"

Ilya chuckled. "Okay."

Shane sat up and Ilya watched him stretch, appreciating the pull of muscle in his back and arms. He did the same, sighing, before following Shane out of bed.

"You're coming with me?"

"Why not?" Ilya shrugged.

Shane smiled, cheeks going pink. "I'm not complaining."

Ilya kissed his shoulder and nuzzled his jaw. Shane hummed and turned his head so they could kiss properly, before he took Ilya's hand and they went to the kitchen together.

It was nice, spending their anniversary here together, enjoying the peace and quiet and solitude of the cottage.

Ilya had always been a city boy but he had come around to the idea of being in the country. He wouldn't say he was outdoorsy in the way Shane was but he had an appreciation for being here, in private.

It was beautiful here, too, Ilya had to admit, but not as beautiful as Shane.

Shane was at the counter, pulling out the espresso, and Ilya came up behind him, kissing behind his ear, the top of his shoulder, wrapping his arms around his husband.

"Hi," Shane chuckled as Ilya rested his chin on his shoulder, closing his eyes.

"Hi."

"I love you." Shane pressed a kiss to Ilya's cheek and Ilya turned his head to kiss his neck.

"I love you, too."

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

You can follow me on [Tumblr](#), [Bluesky](#), or [Instagram](#) to get updates on what I'm working on!

Every kudo and comment is so greatly appreciated and treasured! Thank you for your support! 💖

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