

Across the Stars

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76964031) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76964031>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Married Life , Married Sex , Kissing , Boys Kissing , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Fluff , Humor , Mild Hurt/Comfort , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Parenthood
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Moon, Sun and Stars
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Completed: 2026-01-03 Words: 5,125 Chapters: 2/2

Across the Stars

by [Strange_johnlock](#)

Summary

Ilya adjusts the blanket around Luna, shifts his gaze away from her sweet face and towards the sky. It is full of stars, bright here, far away from the city. Hundreds and thousands of them, and the same person who has placed the freckles on Shane Hollander's cheeks and nose must have sprinkled them onto the firmament.

"Ah, husband withdrawal makes me a romantic, I think," he whispers, and Luna makes a sound that must surely mean she agrees, but thinks he has gone mad.

Ilya deals with Shane being away on his first road trip. The Hollanders are there to help. And Shane, well, he is full of surprises.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

The night is warm, at least for October, not a cloud in the sky, no lights close by. The Hollander's cottage is quiet; the only sounds are the crackling of the fire, the occasional rustle as animals moving around in the woods beyond, and the soft clink of glass on wood whenever Yuna places her wine glass back on the table. They had watched the game and then decided to come out here and enjoy the autumn night, to calm down.

Ilya adjusts the blanket around Luna, shifts his gaze away from her sweet face and towards the sky. It is full of stars, bright here, far away from the city. Hundreds and thousands of them, and the same person who has placed the freckles on Shane Hollander's cheeks and nose must have sprinkled them onto the firmament.

"Ah, husband withdrawal makes me a romantic, I think," he whispers, and Luna makes a sound that must surely mean she agrees, but thinks he has gone mad.

"Did you say something?" David sits up a bit, reaching out to add another log to the fire, making a few sparks fly.

"No, just miss Shane."

He'd started missing him the moment he drove off, managed all but eight hours before asking Yuna and David to come over for dinner. They had decided to go and stay at the cottage for a bit. Luckily, Luna loved car rides and slept for the entire two-hour drive. The week had been spent going on hikes, collecting and storing wood for the winter and finishing two jigsaw puzzles. It would have been the perfect week had Shane been here instead of New York.

They had talked at least once every day, Shane had read for Luna in the evenings, making her fall asleep, and once, Ilya as well. It's far from perfect, but they will manage. Everyone else in the NHL does. Women do this all the time, waiting for their hockey player husbands to come home, raising families. Jacky does it, and she is wildly outnumbered. But then, there is one more kid when her husband is actually home.

"He'll be back in less than 24 hours," Yuna reaches over to squeeze his arm, then, as if unable to resist, runs her palm along her granddaughter's back. "And then he will be home for over a week, right?"

"Yes," Ilya focuses on the stars again. "Just need to ... get used...", he tries to find the word.

"Adjust to the situation?" She suggests.

"Yes, adjust," he nods. "But don't tell Shane. He feels bad he has to leave. Don't want him to feel bad."

Yuna smiles softly, wrapping her blanket around herself more tightly. "He wants to be perfect in everything, doesn't he? Best captain, best Dad. He needs to adjust to the fact that you can't be perfect at being a parent."

Ilya smiles at her, and he knows she understands, even when his next words are teasing.

“I am already best Dad. I am not boring Dad.” Ilya directs that last part at Luna. “We will have adventures, and Daddy will be so scared for our safety. But he is reliable dad. He will have plan for everything. That is important. Need both in life, yes?”

Luna gurgles, tiny hand reaching for his finger, wrapping hers around it. “Just too bad you are left alone with chaos parent, not safe parent. But that makes it fun. And we manage, you and me.”

She gurgles, then yawns.

“That is sign. Let’s go call Daddy so you can sleep.”

Ilya untangles from the blanket, then gets up. “Good night, grandma and grandpa.” He takes Luna’s hand in his and waves. “See you tomorrow.”

Ilya gets his daughter changed and dressed for bed. He takes his phone, only to find multiple messages from Shane. The first is a reply to Ilya’s text.

Ilya:

Congratulations! Hat trick next time, okay?

Shane:

Thank you – I’ll try.

The boys want to go out and celebrate a bit before our flight tomorrow.

I recorded the new part of the book for Luna.

file attached

Can’t wait to see you tomorrow night.

Love you.

His stomach drops. He had been looking forward to this all day, to seeing Shane’s cute face, eyes still sparkling from the excitement of winning, lips pulling into a smile the moment he sees their daughter.

Maybe he needs more time to adjust to this than he thought. Not that he regrets retirement, not when he gets to hang out with his little moon all day, but it is very different from the life he has led so far. He’ll get better at it, like he always does. For now, it sucks, and Ilya just wants to complain to his husband about it, but his husband, for once, is out there having fun with his team, and Ilya would never ruin that for him.

Gently, he settles Luna down in her travel cot, before he sits on the bed to reply.

Ilya:

Best hockey player in league, now that I'm retired.

Have fun. Don't go too hard on ginger ale.

Thank you for recording. I will play it for her.

Baby misses you.

The three dots flicker over the screen as Shane types, and Ilya imagines him sitting at the bar, at least four empty chairs between him and the next person, secluded even among people, among friends. Hopefully, Wyatt will sit with him, soon, make sure he relaxes a bit.

Shane:

And Luna? Does she miss me, too?

That tears a laugh from Ilya's throat, one that startles Luna.

Ilya:

Yes, a lot. We both do.

But we see you tomorrow.

Now, get off your phone. Is rude, Hollander.

I love you.

Shane:

Might turn it off, so I can't get tempted.

I love you. See you soon.

Ilya scrolls up, downloads the file. He hides his phone between the mattress and the side of the cot, dims the light as Shane's voice fills the room, gentle, low, tongue easily wrapping around the French words. Maybe this could be one of his projects for retirement, learn French. Secretly, surprise Shane with it. Could be sexy.

His hand keeps rubbing circles on his daughter's chest and belly, soothing her as she slowly drifts into sleep, dark eye lashes falling onto pink cheeks, and after about twenty minutes, finally remaining there.

She is asleep, just as Shane, in the recording, switches to English. "We will hear more about the little prince, soon. Sleep now, Luna. I love you."

Careful not to disturb the sleeping baby, Ilya removes his hand, grabbing the phone to switch it off. He considers going outside again, sitting by the fire. But then, he feels so sad right now, and he does not want to burden his parents-in-law with any of that.

"It would not be a burden, they care," A voice that sounds like Galina's says. He needs to talk to her about this at their next appointment. Ilya lays on the bed, still fully dressed, staring at the ceiling. It is only nine, but he is tired to the bone. He has not slept through a single night, not with Luna needing a bottle every few hours. So far, Shane and him have taken turns. Now, it is all on Ilya.

Slowly, he turns his head to look at his daughter, and his heart swells with love at the sight of her. She is all worth it, of course, and more. She is the love between Shane and him personified, even if Ilya had little to do with creating her. He makes up for that in raising her, in caring for her, and that is more important than being the captain of any hockey team ever – sorry, Centaurs.

Ilya is asleep before he even notices.

Luna's cries tear him from his dream. Ilya is on his feet before his eyes are open properly, and he scoops her up, mouth somehow forming words to sooth her. Her tiny fist clench into his T-shirt, face red and wet with tears. He trails kisses over her scrunched cheek and nose as he carries her to the kitchen.

Making a bottle, feeding her, burping her, it is all down to muscle memory, now. He can go back to sleep, soon, get in a few more hours of rest.

Luna does not agree with that plan. Instead of falling back to sleep, she starts crying as soon as he tries to place her in her bed, and even against his chest, she fights to keep her eyes open, looking up at him so sadly.

"I know, Малышка. Would be more easy if you just sleep. And when you wake up, Papa will be in better mood, and then Daddy will come home in evening, and ..." Ilya wants to cry with her. He is exhausted and lonely, and his child just won't sleep.

Ilya paces along the windows, nothing but darkness outside, the only source of light fighting it is the small lamp on his bedside table, and it makes him feel incredibly small, somehow. In moments like this, Ilya wishes his mother was here. She'd know what to do. She'd always been so patient with him, would go so gently, not ever making him see the tiredness and frustration that she must have felt at times.

And she had done it all without her husband's support. Even if father had been there, he was never involved in raising his sons. Ilya should count himself lucky, because he has Shane, and he has Yuna and David.

And finally, his daughter is asleep, her mouth relaxed, hand resting against her own head. Ilya bites back a sigh of relief, not wanting to startle her. He keeps rocking her, afraid to put her back into her cot, afraid she might wake again.

When he does, she makes a long, soft sound, but stays asleep.

Thank God.

This time, he manages to kick off his jeans before he climbs under the covers.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The stars are long gone by the time Ilya wakes, head throbbing. His first instinct is to check in on Luna.

He finds the cot empty.

“Fuck,” he breathes, shaking his head to get rid of the surge of panic. There is a good explanation for this. There has to be. Yuna probably heard her stir and brought her to the kitchen to feed her.

A text from his mother-in-law confirms as much.

Mama Yuna:

Luna woke up at six.

We fed her her morning bottle.

Then, an hour later.

Mama Yuna:

We are driving to the shops. Took little one with us. Get some rest <3

He must have just missed them. Ilya relaxes back into the bed for a moment, breathing deeply. Luna is in the best hands, on an outing with her grandparents, who will surely spoil her. Ilya has maybe an hour or so to himself. And then, he'll drive home, maybe take Luna for a run, cook dinner and wait for Shane's car in their driveway.

Shane.

His brain immediately fixates on that part of the day and what will happen once their daughter is asleep. He hasn't had his husband under him in over a week, and his dick stirs just thinking of it. Ilya indulges himself, wraps a lazy hand around it through his boxers, his other hand skimming over his chest and belly, the wiry hair there rasping under his touch.

“Hmm, fuck,” he pushes his boxers out of the way just far enough to free his cock, and he curses as it meets the cool air of the room. Ilya allows himself long, slow strokes, wanting to not rush for once.

The sheets rustle as he adjusts his position, pulls another pillow behind his back, then his eyes slip closed, imagining Shane's hand dancing over his skin. Would he be able to take his

time too, or be so starved for touch, greedy? Ilya places his feet on the mattress to make more room, lets his hand slip from his cock, long enough to shove his boxer shorts out of the way fully.

The sound of car tires on the gravel. They can only mean one thing.

“How close is that fucking store?” Ilya mumbles as he tugs the fabric into the wrong direction. “Should have taken a fucking shower instead.”

Quickly, he puts on last night's jeans and t-shirt, then makes his way to the front door to help with the groceries.

He is greeted by the sight of Shane Hollander exiting his car, looking all smug, smile spreading over his face as he spots Ilya. He is so beautiful it takes his breath.

“What are you doing here, Hollander?” Ilya is so confused.

“I didn't go to a bar with the team. I took a flight right after the game. Slept a bit at our apartment, then came right here to see you.” He has the audacity to stand in the open car door as he speaks, as if he is still unsure after all these years. Ilya can not have this.

“Come here,” he says, voice rough with both emotion and arousal. He watches Shane close and lock the car door, following each step until they are finally in front of each other. His dark eyes never leave Ilya's, and in them, he sees reflected, the same joy he feels might burst him open. A moment later, his husband is back in his arms, tucked against his chest, under his chin. Ilya wants to surround him fully; to cover him completely until they fuse together so he never has to let go ever again.

Against the back of his shoulder, Shane's fingers are grounding him, digging into the skin in a painful desperation.

“He missed me, too,” Ilya thinks, as if it were a surprise. “He didn't fly with his team just so he could be here ten hours earlier. Drove here with little sleep after a road trip and an exhausting game last night.” Ilya kisses the love that threatens to overwhelm him back into Shane's skin, starting at the top of his head where they hide in his hair, then lets them rain down onto his forehead, his brow, his temple.

“I missed you,” Ilya breathes, and he does not even know what language he is using – it might have been French. How he managed to spend years only having Shane Hollander for an hour or two at a time and not go insane is still incomprehensible to him.

“Missed you too,” Shane whispers in a soft voice. Ilya cups his beautiful face in his hands, just taking him in, eyes dancing between dark pupils and the start of constellations against his cheek and nose.

When their lips finally meet, it is with a loud moan, one born in two throats. It shifts the energy from wonder to desperation.

“You are here. You made plan,” Ilya drags Shane inside by his collar, the willing way in which Shane follows, almost giving his cock whiplash in how fast it fills with blood again. “And you lied to me, just to surprise me.”

Shane blinks up at him from where Ilya now has him trapped against the door, hands already busy with the zip of his jacket. “Yes,” he breathes. “Sorry for lying. Just – wanted to see your reaction. And wanted to see you, so I booked the flight just before the game started.”

“And you told your mom, so she would make sure we had the house to ourselves.”

A blush darkens his husband’s cheeks, makes the spots there stand out even more, and Ilya closes the distance between them, kissing his mouth first, then rubbing the tip of his nose against the freckled skin.

“She offered – And she will text when they are on their way back,” Shane shoves him back a bit to shrug off his jacket and Ilya grabs it, hanging it up for him. He turns to find his good boy still against the door, eyes wide and waiting.

Ilya wants to pounce on him, to get him naked and fuck him right there in the hallway, but there is another need battling that first instinct, the need to hold him close, to show him how loved he is, how good the life they have carved out for themselves is.

Their pinkie fingers interlock, and Ilya pulls his love to the guest room he has been staying in. When he turns, Shane almost walks into him. Ilya has been anticipating it, welcomes him with a kiss, soft and slow.

“So, we have like an hour?” He smears kisses along his hair line, down to his jaw. The spot below his ear smells so much like Shane’s shampoo, mixed with the familiar scent of his skin. “Feels like before.”

And isn’t that thrilling? The drag of Shane’s fingers over his chest certainly is, setting his skin on fire. Sex has felt a lot like that, lately. Using Luna’s naps to be close to each other. And they found that yes, they are still very good at that, very efficient, when they have to be. Shane proves him right a moment later, just when Ilya’s mouth reaches his collar bone.

“I showered at home,” he whispers, fingers in Ilya’s hair now, combing through unruly curls. Nerve endings alight, sparks run through his body, and his cock is fully hard again. He rolls his hips, bringing them into contact with Shane’s belly and hip.

Ilya looks up at him, eyebrows raised. “You did not put plug in this time? Like Halloween?”

“Oh,” Shane looks disappointed now, like he didn’t consider. “I should have. I didn’t even think about it.”

“Hmm, doesn’t matter. You know I love getting you ready for me. This is what you want, yes?”

That earns him a shove to the chest. One that brings him closer to the bed. Ilya sits, leans back on his elbows to get a good view of the man in front of him.

“Of course it's what I want,” Shane’s eyes meet his. “It’s been over a week.”

“Important to check in,” Ilya insists, then follows the trail of Shane’s hand down to his middle, where his husband squeezes his own cock, a soft sound escaping from between kiss-swollen lips. He is so beautiful, that it takes him a moment to realise the sound is his name. Shane needing him this badly almost drives Ilya insane with lust and love. He waves his hand at his still fully dressed husband. “Off. Need to see you.”

Shane obeys, pulling off his hoodie first, then his t-shirt, revealing soft, hairless skin and the world’s most perfect nipples, dark and round. Ilya has seen his body naked a thousand times, and he is very appreciative of how well Shane takes care of it, beyond what he needs to do as a professional athlete. He could spend hours just licking him, pay attention to every inch, but no time for that now.

Efficiently, he gets rid of Shane’s trousers, and it is tempting to just watch him, but Ilya has some catching up to do. He does so, jeans and shirt ending up on the floor instead of the chair where Shane has placed his.

They are both gloriously naked and aroused when Shane steps into Ilya’s space. Big mistake, because he does not have a fibre of restraint in his body now, moving forward quickly to fill his mouth with his husband’s dick, dragging his lips over the first few inches, getting drunk on the scent, the smell, the feeling of him. He taps Shane’s inner thigh, makes him adjust his stance so he can run his fingers along his perineum.

A movement brings his eyes up to Shane, and he would have laughed with joy if his mouth wasn’t otherwise occupied, as he watches Shane fumbling with a package of lube. Of course, Shane Hollander came prepared. He must have had it in his trouser pockets and has held it in his hand this entire time. It is so endearing, Ilya’s heart does somersaults in his chest, and his dick twitches happily.

Ilya pulls his hand back for a second, lets Shane get his fingers wet, before pressing them back against his perineum, then his hole. It is not the best position for this, but Ilya is too lazy to move, missed Shane too much to let go for just a second.

Shane’s body accepts the intrusion, soon rocks back against the digit that presses into him, and Ilya is hit with the first taste of precum as soon as a second joins. He takes his time opening him up, enjoying the way his lover’s thighs shake, struggling to keep himself upright.

“Ilya,” Shane whimpers, and were Ilya a better man, he would take pity on him, letting him lay down on the bed.

“That is my name,” he says instead, nipping at Shane’s hip, then digging the fingers of his free hand into the meat of his ass.

“Will you finally fuck me?” Someone is getting impatient, and that is Ilya’s favourite thing in the world. He’d drag this out more, even with his own cock desperately neglected, just to see Shane lose his temper. There is no time for that today, so Ilya gently pulls back, scooting up on the bed. His husband follows him, straddling his thigh, and for a moment he thinks Shane

might take this into his own hands and just sink down on him. He doesn't, leaning down for a kiss instead. They share a breath as Ilya reaches down to press his fingers back into him, a third one joining soon.

Ilya loves preparation. He loves to witness how his partner's body slowly opens to him, how he moves into the touch, the small sound he always makes when Ilya finds his prostate, that little, needy whine. It's one of his favourites, and Ilya intends to hear it at least thrice today.

"Uh," Shane moans, eyes pressing shut. There it is. Ilya licks his lips, curling his finger again, and is instantly rewarded. "Fuck, Ilya."

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya echoes as his husband starts rolling his hips, fucking himself on his fingers. "Look at you, so needy. You need me to fuck you, ruin you. Your parents know this is what you're doing while they are away, hmm?"

"Ilya!" Shane's attempt at sounding stern fails, his cheeks pink. "Do not talk about them when... Oh, fuck."

Third time. Ilya grins. "When what? My fingers are in your ass? You should be able to say those words, Hollander. Been doing it for over fifteen years."

"Fifteen years," Shane's eyes turn soft for a moment, and he leans down for a kiss, sucking at his lower lip. Ilya cups his jaw with his free hand, letting soft kisses rain down on his mouth, his nose, his cheeks.

Shane lets him for a while, lazily moving against him, warm and tight. Ilya wants him around his dick. He is not the only one. "Will you just fuck me, already?" Shane breathes against his lips.

"Guess you have been good boy, driving here in early morning, just for my dick," Ilya muses, making Shane huff with annoyance, but the softness around his eyes shows him how much he enjoys this banter between them.

The same eyes widen, when Ilya digs his feet into the mattress and quickly flips them over, pulling his fingers out.

"Lube," Ilya demands and finds the half empty package in his palm a moment later. He spreads some on his dick, then rests his forehead against Shane's. "You want it like this, yes? No mess on bed?"

Dark eyes shine up at him, dark and desperate. Ilya watches them flutter shut as he presses the blunt tip of his cock against his entrance. "Won't last. Need you so bad. Wanted to drive here straight from the airport just to... but that would have been irresponsible."

"Hmm, my responsible, little slut," Ilya drawls, and finally pushes in, inch by inch, as Shane's face shifts from discomfort to pleasure. They start slowly, foreheads and noses touching, rocking together. "Like this? This is what you need, yes?"

“More,” Shane replies, and Ilya is once again lost in the deep pools of his eyes. “Need more.” He pulls his leg up, and they shuffle around until it is resting over Ilya’s shoulder, the heel of the other one digging at the back of his thigh, encouraging him deeper.

“Anything, солнышко. Anything you need.” Ilya picks up his pace, hips snapping forward as if they have a will of their own. Shane folds so beautifully under him, and for what must be the hundredth time in the past years, Ilya is so grateful for all that yoga. He leans down, kissing every part of Shane that he can reach, unable to be apart from him for more than a breath. He bites at his collar bone, licks his nipple, his shoulder.

With every thrust, air punches from Shane’s lungs in a soft moan, only interrupted by the sound of Ilya’s name and “Oh, God” and Ilya wants to ask him if those are synonyms, but his mouth fails him, breathing the words “I love you” into the space between them. How he missed him, how he needs him.

“Love you, Ilya. So much. Need you,” Shane’s hands find his curls, pull him closer.

“You have me. I’m right here. Gonna make you come, yes?” A fast rhythm turns brutal as Ilya buries himself in the perfect, tight heat of his husband’s body. He would crawl into it, make his home inside him, so he would never have to let him go. This is the next best thing, to surround him, to fuck him into the mattress until all that matters is them, here, in this bed, connected like this.

Desperate.

Ilya brushes his mouth against Shane’s, incapable of a kiss, before it comes to rest against his brow. “Now, Shane. Come for me, now.”

His obedient husband arches off the bed, the shreds of Ilya’s name tearing from his throat as he comes, cum splashing against his belly and chest. He becomes impossibly tighter around his dick.

It takes all of the willpower left in his body to pull out, cock red and angry as he closes a fist around it. He presses the side of his face against Shane’s knee and thigh, eyes fixed on his face and heaving chest. His orgasm hits him like a punch to the gut, dragging Shane’s name from his lips, making his legs give in.

Ilya collapses on top of him, hiding his face against his neck, breathing hard. He feels Shane shift, and strong arms wrap around the back of his head, holding him close, sweet kisses rain down on his forehead and into his hair. His world is reduced to this gentleness, and the loud pounding of his own heart.

Shane holds him through it. It takes a while before his words reach Ilya’s ear. “So good, Ilya. I love you. That was so hot. I’m so glad I got on that plane. Needed to be in your arms.”

Finally, Ilya feels strong enough to lift his head so he can kiss him. “Glad you are home, солнышко.”

On the nightstand, his phone buzzes with a message.

They both erupt into giggles. The Hollanders are on their way home. Perfect timing.

By the time the sound of the key in the door echos through the house, Shane and Ilya are in the kitchen. Their hair is still damp from the shower, but they are dressed and making lunch, a little thank you to Yuna and David.

Ilya watches Shane hurry towards his family, heart doing a funny little jump when he sees him pick up Luna, pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head. "Missed you so much, my baby." He mumbles, and Ilya wants to bottle up this moment, keeping it for the bad days.

Luna makes a happy little sound, obviously very content in her father's arms. Yuna pushes past them, a hand resting on her son's shoulder for a moment.

"You need help with bags?" Ilya asks, already putting down the kitchen knife he's been cutting carrots with.

"Oh, we did not buy that much, actually." As if on cue, David places a tote bag on the counter and starts putting away a few items. Olive oil, some spices Ilya is quite sure he had seen Shane use just now.

"Ah, yes, was wondering. Fridge is full. You just want your granddaughter all to yourself, huh?"

"Oh, yes, that." Yuna smiles, eyes finding Luna across the room where Shane is by the window, pointing someone out to the baby who seems entirely uninterested.

Ilya picks up the balsamic, the bottle still half-full. He makes a show of looking at it, frowning. "Maybe - could you go back and buy more of this? Need it for salad, and also maybe need more time alone with Shane. Just reunited, remember"

"Ilya Rozanov," Yuna chides, but different from her son she does not blush.

"What? You made plan with Shane behind my back. I'm innocent here."

That gets him a smile, an a raised eyebrow.

They planned to leave just after lunch, but then it had started to rain. Instead, both Ilya and Shane had napped on the sofa, Ilya's head resting on his husband's chest, heartbeat lulling him to sleep.

They wake and start packing their stuff.

After another feed and nappy change, Shane puts Luna in her car seat and they say their goodbyes to the Hollanders.

Shane is back asleep twenty minutes into their drive. He looks so young, head slumped against the car window, hands in the pockets of his hoodie.

“We’re so lucky,” Ilya thinks, eyes finding Luna in the mirror for a second. “We are so lucky that this amazing man loves us.”

His hand finds Shane’s thigh, find connection, comfort.

They will adjust. Shane will find it easier, with time, to go on his road trips, and Ilya will adjust to this new life. Once Luna is old enough, he will find a new purpose. They might expand the hockey school, bring more people into the Irina foundation. Surely, Yuna would have some job for him to do, there.

And they might start talking about having a second child in a bit, after Shane has retired too. They will be alright, Ilya knows that. They have always figured it out.

Ilya squeezes Shane’s thigh, then focuses on the road. As the sun sets, he can see the first stars gleaming against a red and golden sky.

Chapter End Notes

Ilya and I are members of the Shane's-nipples-are-perfect-Club. Leave membership applications in the comments :D

All joking aside, those two have brought my joy for writing back which I had lost for a bit - makes me all emotional <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!