Always and Forever

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77023166.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Autism, Sensual Play, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Autistic Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Needs a Hug, Light Dom/sub, Light Petting, Comfort, Fluff and Angst, Protective Ilya Rozanov, Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov, Good Significant Other Ilya Rozanov, Soft Ilya Rozanov, Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shower Sex, Self-Doubt, Caretaking, Anxiety, Fluff and Smut
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Words: 8,465 Chapters: 4/4

Always and Forever

by Henna112301

Summary

Shane’s autism makes love complicated—until Ilya makes it safe.

Shane Hollander loves deeply—but quietly. Crowded rooms, public affection, and the constant noise of the world weigh on him in ways he struggles to explain, especially when standing beside someone as open and radiant as his husband. Shane’s autism shapes how he experiences love, touch, and connection, often leaving him trapped in his own head, convinced he isn’t enough.

Ilya knows better.

Through gentle control, unwavering patience, and fierce devotion, Ilya becomes Shane’s anchor—guiding him back into his body, his breath, and the safety of being loved exactly as he is. Across moments of vulnerability, intimacy, and raw honesty, Shane must learn to voice his fears and trust that his differences are not a burden, but something Ilya cherishes.

This is a story about quiet love, consent spoken and unspoken, and two men choosing each other again and again—softly, fiercely, forever.

Notes

Shane is my sweet little baby, but his anxiety can be damning, especially when he suffers in silence.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Everyone had their faults. No one was perfect; that's what made everyone so beautifully different from each other. Shane knew that his parents had preached it to him his whole life.

Shane knew he was different from those around him; he processed things differently, and he kept to himself. He didn't like sharing his life on socials like everyone else; he didn't like PDA, and he could barely stand it when others touched him without permission. He struggled with social norms and how to read other people's emotions. For as long as he could remember, Shane had always been 'different'; he couldn't tell you when it started. Perhaps it started at birth, or when he was a toddler, or even when he was in his moody teenage years, where he only let himself hyperfixate on the one thing he could actually understand. Hockey.

From a young boy, when he learned his father played hockey and watched the old games on TV with his parents, Shane always knew hockey was the one thing that made him feel normal. It made him feel safe, where he didn't have to focus on trying to be what everyone wanted him to be. Sure, there were expectations that people wanted him to live up to, and Shane met those expectations; he didn't do it on purpose, he just happened to be that good at it.

The moment he stepped onto the ice rink, it was as if all his doubts went away; it was like he was taking a gasp of air after being suffocated for so long. Shane loved hockey; he ate, slept, and breathed hockey, and for the longest time, Shane was convinced hockey was the only thing he needed in life.

But then he met Ilya Rozanov, a Russian hockey player whom the league appointed as Shane's rival without any proof or background, and the fans ate it up. Shane couldn't understand it; he couldn't understand why they thought they were rivals. To him, they were two people who had the same passion, just like everyone else. He didn't care that they were the same age or on teams that went against each other all the time; Shane just wanted to play hockey, and he assumed that Ilya was the same way.

Shane remembered it like it was yesterday—meeting the young Russian, who was attempting to light a cigarette in an unauthorized place. He remembered seeing the bright blue eyes and feeling his heartbeat pick up. He remembered how soft his curled hair looked, and how he so badly just wanted to reach up and touch it. He wanted to be friends with the boy; his dad always told him that kindness would get you far, and all you had to do was be nice. Shane knew that wasn't always the case. Growing up 'different' made that very obvious. From a young age, it was like people just knew automatically, just from looking at him. They didn't like that he would just walk up to random people and ask them to play; they didn't like how he hyperfixated, and they called him weird or would run away from him. It was never easy for Shane to make friends, and he learned that from a very, very young age. His mom was the one who explained to him that not everyone is like Shane; they aren't as kind or open to people who are different, and that was okay. He just needed to find his own people.

Shane wasn’t able to find his people until he joined hockey, but even then, some people just didn’t like Shane, and he knew Ilya wasn’t any different. The moment he stuck his hand out, Ilya looked him up and down like he was strange—something that didn’t make sense to him. Shane’s heart dropped, just like it always did when he felt a rejection coming on. But Shane was happily surprised when the boy shook his hand back, and he fought back a beaming smile. He remembered being told that he wouldn’t be so nice when his team was beaten, but he didn’t care; he was just happy that the boy didn’t run away from him or judge him for being so different.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Shane would have never guessed that anything could ever be in the same league as his love for hockey. He especially never would have thought a six-foot-something Russian, whom he met at eighteen, would rival his hyperfixation with hockey. He never would have guessed that he would become irrevocably and hopelessly in love with the boy who accepted his hand.

Shane especially would have never thought that he would end up married to that same boy after being involved with him for over twelve years. He should have known after that first meeting, when he couldn't stop thinking of the pretty blue eyes, curly hair, and strong jawline, that he was slowly building up a new obsession in his brain. After that first day, he remembered going back and finding anything he could about the Russian. He spent days going down a rabbit hole, wondering when he would see him again, and when the day of the draft came, Shane had been so excited. Part of that came from the thought of being drafted and being able to do the one thing that made him feel normal for the rest of his life, and the other part knew it was because he would get to see Rozanov again.

When Shane had been second to Rozanov, he was upset, but he couldn't find it in himself to be too upset. Shane wasn't sure if he was upset about the fact that he was second, or upset about the fact that he would feel like he disappointed his parents more. He wanted to live up to their expectations; he wanted to make them proud, and as he lay awake in his bed that night in the hotel, he felt the overwhelming panic of what it would mean if he didn't live up to their expectations. Would they stop loving him? Would they think it was because he was different that it impacted his game? All he wanted to do was make those around him happy. He knew he was overthinking it, and that they loved him regardless, but the idea of failing them overwhelmed him.

Which is how he found himself in that gym that night, working through his thoughts and his anxiety. The last thing he had expected from going down to the gym was Rozanov eventually joining him. Shane felt ecstatic, and he tried to keep it hidden with a little friendly silent competition, increasing his speed as Ilya did, to see if they could match each other. He was extremely thrilled when the blonde went along with it. After the workout, and his little conversation with the blonde, and the intense tingling he got in his stomach just by looking at the other, Shane knew that he was fucked. He knew that this new hyperfixation would be hard to beat.

As time went on, and the more they played against each other, Shane could admit Rozanov was a bit of an ass—at least that's what his teammates preached every time they played Boston. Shane knew the other wasn't the kindest, but he also didn't think he was that bad, more blunt than anything, but Shane didn't want to stand out any more than he did with his teammates and went along with what they said, even if a part of him liked Ilya's "no fucks given" attitude. He was everything Shane couldn't be.

Eventually, the feelings he felt towards Ilya progressed. He found himself staring at him more during games, hoping deep down that they would make eye contact and he could see those pretty blue eyes again. Shane wasn't sure why he felt that way about Rozanov; emotions

were hard for him, and he wasn't good at processing his own. He wasn't sure what it meant, or why he felt the way he did, but it was eating at him. He remembered feeling a little dumb when he asked his dad what it meant—that he was obsessing over pretty eyes and wanting to get one specific person's attention—and he was shocked when his dad told him it sounded like he was developing romantic feelings for someone. Shane never hung up on his dad so fast in his life.

There was no way, Shane remembers thinking—no way that he felt that way towards a guy, let alone his "rival"—but the more he sat and pondered, the more it made sense. He never felt that way about women; honestly, he didn't care much about anything other than hockey. He thought about the conversations his teammates had about the women they met and hooked up with, how they described how it felt, and their favorite parts to look at—the normal locker room talk—but Shane never felt anything as they described. I mean, sure, he thought girls were pretty, but he never wanted to kiss them, or touch them, or play with their hair the way he wanted to do with Ilya. He had a few girlfriends before he was drafted, but it was petty high school and middle school romance. Shane honestly believes, now looking back, that he only dated them because he just wanted to look "normal" to other people, but he never could meet them on a physical level.

Shane remembered being curious after that phone call with his dad and tried to look into gay stuff, but he got embarrassed after about twenty minutes of his internet search and gave up. He remembers sitting and thinking if he felt differently towards men in general or if it was just Rozanov he felt something towards, and he came to the stifling realization that it was, in fact, just Rozanov. Shane never felt so sick in his life. He didn't know what that meant for him, but he knew one thing: that he could never tell him, or anyone. Everyone hated Rozanov, and being the people pleaser that Shane was, he would rather everyone else be happy and comfortable than suffer himself. He didn't want to lose his new friends, the ones he waited his whole life for; he wanted to be liked.

Then the commercial happened, the one that Ilya arranged so they could do it together, and Shane's heart soared, and then the shower happened, and who was Shane to deny Ilya anything? After that, Shane felt like he was going down a rabbit hole that just kept falling. He knew he would never be able to crawl out if he continued to meet with the other boy, but he couldn't help it; he wanted to be around the too-blunt, foreign man. He wanted to please him; he wanted Ilya to think he was worth every second of his time. He knew it was wrong and that the other had a history of being a bit of a womanizer, and he was aware that Ilya had other options, but for Shane, he couldn't imagine anyone else. He knew he could never tell anyone, especially not Rozanov, so he played it cool and kept everything to himself.

Eventually, as time passed, Shane's feelings became too much, and he was scared his secret would get out. So when Ilya started to question, after years of them sneaking around, if he liked girls and why he had never seen him with any, Shane panicked. He thought the other was starting to pick up on the fact that Shane had feelings for him, and when Ilya had called his actual name and not Hollander, he freaked. He thought that this meant that Ilya was going to call everything off, that he had been hinting that maybe it was time for them to stop what they were doing, and after Shane had finished that last time and heard his first name leave the other's lips, he ran. He ran to keep himself from being hurt by the other's words; he figured if he ended it first, it might hurt less. He was wrong.

Then he met Rose Landry, who was fun and kind, and the opposite of Rozanov. She wanted to hear him talk and listened to him overshare without insulting him or making him feel bad. She never called him boring or made him feel lesser for not having the same social battery. Shane tried really hard not to compare her to Rozanov, or how the two made him feel, but it wasn't easy. Shane knew deep down he was just trying to cover his hurt from not hearing from Ilya after he ran out, which only confirmed his fears that the other really was going to end things with him. He was happy and content with Rose, even if his stomach didn't tingle the same way that it did with the Russian.

After a while, Rose picked up on Shane's preferences and, rather than a girlfriend, she became his best friend—one he could be 100 percent honest with. He came out to her and told her about his feelings towards his "rival" and how he felt about just wanting to make others happy, and she always listened. She gave the best advice, and she was there no matter what.

So after Shane and Ilya finally got together and eventually got married, Rose was still the first person he called when he was feeling down. Which is where Shane finds himself now.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shane had always had the worst anxiety; he always overthought everything, and he wanted everything to be perfect or in a way that he felt comfortable.

Ilya was the opposite. Where Shane was control, Ilya was chaos, and somehow it worked for them. They had their own things, and they always respected that about each other. Ilya never made Shane feel like he was a terrible person for wanting to be home and away from people and the pressure of being surrounded or doing things that weren't well thought out and planned.

And Shane tried his best to be open with Ilya, as that was all he asked for. But sometimes Shane couldn't be honest, especially when it came to the idea of Ilya being mad at him. He always had a crushing fear that, eventually, the love of his life would be tired of having to deal with Shane and eventually would want someone normal.

Shane thought about this frequently, and he never told anyone his fears, especially not his husband, who would probably look like a kicked puppy dog if he found out that Shane thought Ilya would get rid of him that easily. But he just couldn't help those self-deprecating thoughts. Shane knew his husband was bisexual, and with how attractive he was, he had women—and now men, after he came out—who threw themselves at him. Normal people, who probably could process emotions better, and would probably love to show the giant man off. Shane had seen the messages his husband received on social media, even though they had been publicly married for a year now. He had seen the people who had actually thrown themselves at the blonde when they went out to a club or bar, or when they were having meet and greets. It scared Shane and made him feel insecure.

The other night happened to be the icing on the cake that caused Shane to spiral.

Ilya had gone out with the team to celebrate their team's win, but Shane was overstimulated and didn't think he could handle being in a bar or club with so many people that could brush up against his already on-edge body, or handle the loud, booming music. Shane had decided to go home but encouraged his husband to celebrate enough for both of them. Shane ended up regretting it when social media started to blow up with tweets and posts of Ilya in the club; pictures circulated of how fun and relaxed Ilya looked, without Shane.

The thoughts started to trickle in, and he knew he was being ridiculous, but he couldn't help but think if Ilya would look like that all the time if Shane didn't pull him down or hold him back. Would Ilya be with someone like Svetlana, someone who had the same energy and social battery as him? Would he be happier? How much longer would Ilya put up with Shane's differences before he got fed up?

These types of thoughts plagued his mind for almost a whole week. Every time they were in public, he saw how at ease Ilya was with random people coming up to them, how easy it was

for him to converse with random people, even if sometimes he was cocky. The big Russian was the definition of a golden retriever—a condescending one—but he had the same energy as one.

With Shane having no one really outside of the league that he could consider a friend, other than one person, he usually ended up calling her for wine and ranting. Which is how he found himself on a Saturday on Rose's hotel room couch, as she was filming in Ottawa this week.

"Rose, I don't know what to do," Shane hiccupped; he was a lightweight, so after two glasses, he was already feeling the buzz. "Ilya," he hiccupped with tears in his eyes, "Ilya is going to leave me. He hates me, I know it."

"What? Shane, you are crazy. Ilya would never," Rose expressed passionately. She knew how her friend could be with his anxiety, but she had never actually seen him this upset.

"He's not going to love me anymore," he cried, ignoring her. "He's going to think I'm boring and then leave me for someone normal." He actually sobbed this time, and she jumped a little at the loud sound.

"Oh, honey," she said softly. "There is nothing wrong with you. You are different, but everyone is different." She sighed as she patted his arm.

"I'm not like all those other people; they can probably understand him better than I could. Have you seen the people who throw themselves at him? I couldn't even cope with him holding my hand in public most days for half our relationship," Shane took another gulp. "He's going to leave me. He's going to get fed up and find some leggy blonde with big boobs who would love to jump his bones in public and be able to read his emotions, and she'll be ten times better than me at everything, and I am going to die alone," Shane continued to ramble.

Rose felt really concerned; she knew Shane had doubts and beat himself up for things he couldn't control, but she had never seen him actively sob this badly before.

"Shane," she cooed and put her arm around his shoulder. "That is so far from what will happen. Ilya is obsessed with you; he's texted you at least ten times in the last hour, and he would never leave you. He literally left Boston to be with you, remember?" She tried to soothe him.

"Yeah, he does that now, but what if he gets fed up with me? He is going to be so upset eventually that I am too boring for him."

"Impossible."

"He probably resents me for being the reason he left the Raiders." Shane rubbed his eyes and laid his head in Rose's lap. He continued to cry for another ten minutes about how Ilya was going to get sick of him, and his face was starting to swell from all the crying. Rose made the excuse of needing to use the bathroom really quickly while bringing her phone with her.

After about two rings, the person she was trying to call secretly picked up. There was blasting music in the background.

“Hello?” A thick Russian accent filled her phone.

“Ilya?” Rose whispered into the phone.

“Rose Landry?” he called back, and Rose rolled her eyes. It didn’t matter how many times she hung out with them; he still called her by her full name. “Where is Shane?” he asked almost immediately after.

“He is currently having a breakdown on my couch,” she answered bluntly.

“What?” he snapped, voice filling with worry. “What is wrong with him?”

“He had a little too much to drink and started crying—” Ilya cut her off.

“What did you do?” he said, entering protective husband mode.

“Me?” she gasped, offended. “I didn’t do anything.” Rose realized she could hear the music on his end quickly fading.

“Lies,” he said back.

“If you must know, he is crying over you.” Ilya took in a sharp breath.

“Me?” he said as a car door slammed in the background.

“Yes, he had two glasses of wine and started to cry about you leaving him.”

“Leave him? Who is leaving him?” Ilya said, confused.

“He’s just really overwhelmed and overthinking, but,” she sighed, “I think he needs you right now.”

“I am there in three minutes,” Ilya said seriously.

“Okay,” Rose said, then she heard Shane call her name. “Got to go. He doesn’t know I called you.”

“Wait!” he started, but she hung up anyway, quickly texting him her room number.

Rose walked back out to the living room of her hotel and almost laughed. Shane lay on her couch, curled up like a baby, eyes closed, but clutching the whole wine bottle to his chest. She walked toward him and took the bottle from him.

“No more wine for you.” She shook her head and put their glasses in the sink. By the time she had washed them and put their stuff away, there was a banging at her door.

“Jesus, Roz, you would think you’re the police,” she said as she opened the door to a distraught-looking Russian.

“I am not police. I am hockey player,” he said, like she had said the stupidest thing ever. She just rolled her eyes and brought him into the living room, where his husband still curled up like a baby with tear stains on his cheeks.

“Malysh,” Ilya whispered in a cooing voice as he walked to his sleeping husband.

Shane whimpered in his sleep but didn’t stir other than that. Ilya bent down and brushed the hair off his husband's forehead, knowing how it could overstimulate him sometimes.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya whispered in his ear. Shane moaned and opened his eyes slightly. “It's time to go home. Can I touch you?” Ilya always tried to make sure that Shane was coherent enough to consent. Shane had moments where physical touch was too much for him unless he initiated it, and with him being drunk, Ilya didn't want to make him uncomfortable or send him into a panic.

However, it seemed he failed anyway because almost instantly Shane's eyes welled with tears.

“I'm sorry,” he sobbed, and Ilya looked at him, confused. “I'm so sorry.”

“*Moya lyubov*? What's wrong?” Ilya asked, concern welling inside him for the smaller man.

“You shouldn't have to ask just to touch,” Shane hiccupped through his tears, cutting off what he was saying. “Touch me.”

“Shane?” Ilya’s confusion continued to grow, and he looked at Rose in question. She just smiled sadly and shook her head. “Baby, I do not mind. I just want you comfortable,” he said in his thick accent.

“You shouldn't have to ask to touch your husband,” Shane cried. “You're going to leave me.”

“What?”

Shane just sobbed and covered his face with his hands.

“No, no. I would never leave you. Where is this coming from?” Ilya’s brow furrowed forward.

“You deserve normal.”

“Shane,” Ilya said firmly, knowing how much his husband struggled with the idea of what was normal.

“I'm sorry.”

“Shane, I love you no matter what. Consent is sexy, yes?”

“Yeah, totally!” Rose chimed in, agreeing.

“You can have better,” Shane continued to spiral. “Someone who you don't have to ask to touch, someone who isn't afraid of showing you off.”

Ilya quickly shook his head.

“Where is this coming from?”

“You are going to leave me, you'll get bored and replace me, and I'm going to be all alone,” Shane continued to wail.

“No, no, malysh. I am going nowhere. You are everything to me.” He wanted to reach out and grab his hands. “Baby, please let me hold you?” he pleaded.

It took a moment, but Shane, through his sobbing, nodded his head. Almost instantly, he was scooped up in his loving husband's arms, head pressed into the side of his neck.

“Shh, shh. Is okay,” Ilya whispered into his hair as he pressed small kisses into it. “Shane,” he soothed him down. “Come back to me.”

“I'm sorry,” his husband repeated into his neck. Ilya just shook his head.

“Nothing to be sorry for.”

“I'm a mess,” Shane rubbed his swollen eyes.

“Shane, what happened?” Ilya asked, confused and worried.

“It’s stupid.”

“No, nothing you say is stupid,” Ilya took a second. “Actually is lie. You say stupid things, only sometimes though. But I love you still,” Ilya tried to joke. When he got no reaction from Shane, he sighed.

“Shane,” Ilya rubbed his head. “I will never leave you. It makes me sad that you would think that.” Shane whimpered as he thought about how he was hurting Ilya, which only caused his anxiety to spike even more.

If he hurt Ilya’s feelings, then it may cause him to get tired of Shane even faster, and then he’d leave him, as Shane's brain convinced itself would happen. The thought of it happening even sooner than he thought made his breath hitch, and a whole new wave of fresh tears sprang to his eyes. He buried his head deeper into Ilya’s shoulder, attempting to hide the fresh wave that hit him, not wanting him to get fed up with Shane’s ridiculousness.

He felt the hand of his husband running down his back.

“*zaychik*, tell me what’s going on?” he pleaded again, the other hand petting his head soothingly, as if he were soothing a small child. Shane hated that. He hated that he was acting like a child.

“I’m sorry,” Shane said again. It was the only thing that would leave his mouth. He pulled back, turned his head, and wiped the newly fallen tears quickly, hoping Ilya hadn’t noticed, and he stood as fast as possible.

“I’m gonna—” He took a breath. “I’m going to go to the bathroom quickly, and then we can leave,” he said with a surprisingly steady voice, not waiting for a response. He tried to appear calm as he went to the bathroom.

Ilya’s surprised face almost instantly changed, turning his sharp gaze to the woman who was standing quietly in the corner of the room.

“What is it you know?” he squinted his eyes at his husband's friend.

Rose raised her hands in the air. “Hey, it wasn’t me. He was acting really strange all night, and then once he got to his second glass, he started to break down, and I called you immediately.”

“Da, but what makes him upset?” Ilya asked with a confused face. Rose sent him a small smile. She always loved how protective and concerned the big, scary Russian got for the other man.

“I really don’t know,” she sighed and continued quietly, glancing to where Shane disappeared. “He started talking about you leaving him for his differences and that you would resent him for having to leave the Raiders, and that you were gonna find someone better and who was just like you, but he didn’t tell me what brought this thinking on.”

“Resent him?” Ilya asked, a little confused.

“Yeah, he thinks that you’ll eventually hate him for being the reason you had to leave the team.”

“But that’s not true!” Ilya protested loudly.

“Shh, shh,” Rose sent a panicked look toward the hallway. “I know that, but I think he is just overthinking. I think you and he need to talk. Comfort him, get him relaxed before you start digging into him.”

“I know that,” Ilya huffed, almost offended that she would think he needed help on how to get his husband to loosen up. But to be fair, if he knew how to do it properly, would his love have spiraled this badly? He frowned at the thought.

Before they could continue, Shane opened the door slowly and walked out with his shoulders pushed back, face still a little red and swollen from how long he cried. The blonde's eyes softened.

“Ready, *moya lyubov*?” the blonde whispered softly. The brunette nodded his head and went to collect his stuff.

“Thank you for tonight, Rose,” he said, almost embarrassed by his behavior.

“Hey,” she said as she put her hand on his arm gently. “You know you can call me anytime.”

“Of course, thank you. I think I just had too much wine.” His ears were red, and he refused to look her in the eyes. Ilya swooped in, collecting his husband's coat, holding it out for him to put on.

As the two walked out together, Shane shyly waved his hand at her. Rozanov had his arm around his husband's waist.

Chapter End Notes

I love soft Ilya, him leaving as soon as Rose called him felt so on par for him. My poor Shane >_<

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Had to add a very intimate bathroom scene. Ft. Shanes oral fixation with Ilya ;-)

zaychik= Bunny
Ty prekrasen, moy malen'kiy zayka, ty takoy krasivyy dlya menya, = You are beautiful, my little bunny is so beautiful to me.
Moy muzh= My husband
Moya dusha= My Soul
Shlyukha= Slut

** Disclaimer** I do not speak Russian, this is 100% google, so if something is wrong, please tell me (nicely)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The car ride back to their home was silent. Shane didn't feel like talking, and the other was trying to find the right words in English to converse with his husband.

He knew that once they got home, his first step was to run the stressed man a warm bath, hopefully to help start the process of loosening him up.

Shane was on edge the whole drive, and he could tell. He knew that he was probably overthinking what Ilya was thinking, probably making up so many scenarios in his head.

"Shane," Ilya called out, noting the slight flinch from the other, which immediately caused him to feel a pang in his chest.

"Yes," Shane said back, in his usual tone.

"I love you," Ilya glanced at his husband, hoping that the sincerity of those words was showing in his eyes.

"I love you too," Shane said, but quickly turned his head before the other could see the tears prick at his eyes again. Ilya hesitantly reached out for the other's hand. When the other circled his fingers with his, he immediately brought their hands to his lips and kissed Shane's.

The rest of the ride remained silent until they pulled into their garage.

"I will run bath," Ilya broke the silence.

"That's not necessary," Shane tried to protest. Ilya waved him off.

“I will run bath. You go into room and undress,” Ilya said firmly, knowing Shane did much better when he was told explicitly what to do, so he didn’t have to think. He tended to give the control over to Ilya, and it helped them both a lot—Ilya with having control of a situation, and Shane with finally not having to overthink everything he did.

“Okay,” Shane said quietly and opened his door, walking into the house, the other following behind him. Anya was somewhere in the house, probably asleep.

Once they both made it to their bedroom, Ilya went straight to the bathroom, drawing a bath to the perfect temperature for Shane, adding bubbles, and dimming their lights slightly. The blonde opened the door and walked to the undressing man.

“Bath is ready,” he said as he stood behind the other.

“Thank you.” Ilya gently took his hand again and guided him into the bathroom. Once he guided his husband into the tub and watched him sink back, he left the room again, collecting clothes for both men. He placed the clothes on the counter and looked back at the other man, whose eyes were trailing his every move.

“Can I join?” Ilya asked, nodding at the tub. Shane gave one stiff nod and scooted forward before Ilya stripped off his clothes slowly and stepped into the tub behind the dark-haired man.

“Can I hold?” he asked again. Shane silently relaxed back into his chest, and Ilya wrapped his arms around the man. Shane rested the back of his head onto Ilya’s shoulder as his husband started to massage his stiff muscles.

“Okay?” Shane nodded his head, closing his eyes at the sensation of the other’s hands on him.

Ilya’s hands started at his shoulders, massaging little circles, trying to rid the body of the small knots under the skin. Shane relaxed even more as the hands slowly and sensually made their way lower, now on his biceps, continuing the process of kneading. His hands trailed to his chest, cupping some of the water and letting it drip onto the relaxed man’s chest, sliding down his body and back into the bubbly water. Trailing his soapy, warm hands over his chest, Ilya watched his husband’s face, waiting to see any sign of discomfort.

His fingers gently brushed over the brunette’s nipples. Shane’s breathing hitched slightly at the sensation. Ilya brought his lips to the side of his neck, not kissing but just gently running his lips up from just under his ear and down to the base of his neck, repeating the motion slowly and gently.

“Ilya,” Shane groaned, eyes still closed, body still lax against his chest.

“Hmm?” he rumbled back.

“S’good,” he mumbled.

The blonde smiled slightly and continued his sensual touching, fingertips gently grazing and circling Shane's nipples before he pressed his palm flat against his stomach, slowly—almost torturously slow—sliding his hand down the toned stomach, adding a little more pressure than before. Shane let out a soft moan. Ilya added pressure to his neck at the same time with his lips, still not fully kissing it.

Rather than letting his hands go where he was sure Shane wanted them most, Ilya let his hands run to his thighs under the water, running his hands up and down the firm muscle, his fingers doing practiced work on the flexing muscle. Shane's groans were getting a little louder.

"Okay?" Ilya whispered in his ear, giving it a little nibble. Shane's left hand shot up out of the water and wrapped his arm around Ilya's neck, fingers grasping his soft curls.

"S'very okay," Shane whimpered out.

Ilya's hands were still on his thighs, making little circles in his skin, back and forth all over. His hands started to creep down the middle of his legs, and Shane instinctively widened his legs for the wandering hands. The man's eyes never left his flushed husband's body in the dim lighting. Shane looked like he was in bliss, his body sleek with bubbles and water, making his skin look like it was glistening. It was a very enticing sight.

"*Moya lyubov,*" he whispered, finally opening his mouth, trailing real kisses up and down Shane's neck as his hands dipped into the crease between his thighs and aching cock.

"Ilya," Shane whimpered out, his hand still tangled in Ilya's curls, gripping a little harder.

"Yes, *zaychik*?"

"Touch me," he whispered, eyes still closed.

"I am, *zaychik*."

"No," he groaned frustratingly. "I want you to touch my cock." Ilya smiled into his neck.

"Yes, *zaychik*," finally letting his right hand wrap around Shane's weeping member. Shane let out a loud moan almost instantly at the touch, his back arching. Shane felt hyper-aware of Ilya's left hand slowly making its way back up his body, wrapping across his stomach and trailing slowly back to his right nipple.

"Fuck," he moaned out as Ilya's fingers started to circle his peaked nipple. "S'good, baby." Shane arched his chest into his hands even more.

Ilya's tongue came out and started to run its way up Shane's neck. Shane felt like he was being tortured in the best way possible. Ilya kept a steady speed on his cock, and Shane was starting to feel desperate.

"Ilya."

"What is it, sweetheart?"

“Harder,” he whimpered. “Please.”

“Of course, baby, whatever you want.” Ilya’s hand picked up speed. His fingers started to pinch Shane’s nipple at the same time as he bit into his lover’s neck. At that moment, all the sensations were too much, and Shane arched his back as much as he could and shot his load into the water with a loud groan.

“Fuck,” he fell back into his husband’s warm embrace, and they both sat there for a few blissed-out moments.

“The water’s all dirty now,” Shane slurred sleepily.

“Shhh, is okay, baby. We’ll wash in the shower in a second. Relax,” Ilya kissed his head. Shane did just that, trusting his husband to get them both cleaned before leaving the bathroom.

After about ten minutes, Ilya gently nudged his husband forward before he stood. He stepped out of the tub and reached his hands out to help Shane out as well. He unplugged the tub and walked them both over to the standing shower, where he set the temperature to warm and guided Shane into the waterfall spray. Shane was so blissed out that he just stood there as his husband washed the dirty bath water from his skin, scrubbing him down and rinsing him again before focusing on himself.

Shane came to slightly after a moment when he noticed his husband’s hardness. Slowly, he reached out his hand, but before he could grip it, Ilya caught his wrist.

“I’m okay, baby,” Ilya shook his head. Shane looked down at his aching member and frowned.

“You don’t want?” he said, almost a little hurt.

“No, sweetheart, I want. I want very bad. But this is about you,” Ilya immediately tried to soothe the frown from the other’s face. “I want you to feel good right now. I can wait.”

Shane frowned, still glancing down, wishing he could feel the heavy member on his tongue. He glanced back at his husband’s kind eyes and took a step forward, letting his hand run up the blonde’s stomach. He gently kissed his defined chest, wrapping his arms around him and letting his husband’s soapy body rub against his.

“But I want it,” Shane whispered prettily. Shane saw the fire blaze in the other’s eyes.

“Baby,” Ilya shook his head, but Shane ignored him as he slid down to his knees.

“I want it very badly, please,” Shane looked up at him with begging eyes. “It would make me feel so good.”

“Fuck,” Ilya groaned, dropping his head back as Shane started to kiss up his thighs.

“S’my favorite part,” Shane whispered as he ran his face up and nuzzled the dark blonde curls at the base.

“Whatever you want, sweetheart,” Ilya said as he wrapped his left hand into Shane’s wet, dark hair. “As long as this is what you want.”

“I want, I want it very bad,” and Shane did. He loved the feel of Ilya on his tongue, bringing him to the end with just his mouth. He loved watching this big, strong, borderline scary man fall apart just from his mouth alone. He loved the thickness that filled his throat as it slid down as far as possible. It was one of Shane’s favorite things to do in the bedroom. He always tried to do it at least once whenever they had sex. Honestly, he did it more for his pleasure than for Ilya’s.

Without waiting any longer, Shane took Ilya into his throat, wrapping his hands around the thick, muscular thighs built from years of hockey. Shane started by slowly inching his way down, savoring the feeling of the thick member on his tongue.

Ilya let out a deep grumble. “Shit.” He reached for Shane’s hair, not doing anything but intertwining his fingers in the thick, coarse strands.

“Mmm,” Shane hummed around the member, knowing how stimulating it was for the other. He started to pick up his pace, pushing himself down further, wanting to feel the slide go deeper. He moaned this time out of pleasure rather than trying to stimulate the other, even though it had the same effect.

“Shane,” Ilya stuttered out, fingers gripping his hair harder.

Shane began to let his hands wander up his husband’s hard body as he continued his fast-paced bobbing, making sure to go as far as his relaxed throat would let him. Eventually, his hands found their marks—one hand inched toward Ilya’s chest, tweaking the Russian’s nipple, and the other found Ilya’s hand in his hair and grasped it, squeezing his fingers harder.

“ *Ty prekrasen, moy malen'kiy zayka, ty takoy krasivyy dlya menya,* ” Ilya groaned, eyelids halfway closed with a blissed-out look. Shane kept his eyes on the other’s face, unaware of how his wide doe eyes and dirty mouth were affecting him. The red flush—whether from the steam of the shower or how fast he was sucking Ilya’s cock—had crept up from his chest to his face, causing the freckles on Shane’s face to stand out even more.

Looking into the eyes of his lover, who was on his knees just for him, Ilya felt the sharp flash of heat begin to pull in his stomach.

“*Moya lyubov*’, I am going to cum,” he whimpered. This just fueled Shane to go even faster, pushing his head all the way down the long, thick member, burying his face into the dark curly hair.

“Shit, I can’t,” he gasped out.

“Where do you want it, baby?” Ilya whispered, bringing the hand not laced in his lover’s hair to brush over his freckles. “Where does my little slut want it?” He knew the name-calling would send Shane over the edge, and he was right. Instead of keeping his eyes trained on Ilya like they had been this whole time, Shane’s eyes rolled into the back of his head, and he let out a sweet whimper.

“Do you want it here?” Ilya brushed his thumb over the flushed face, “Or maybe my sweet little slut wants it down his throat, swallowing every part of me until he is full.” His response was another filthy little moan.

“I think I know what you want, baby.” He pushed Shane down, guiding him by his hair. “Take your pleasure, baby, it’s all yours. No one else.” The whimpering brunette allowed the hand he had intertwined with Ilya’s to slip down to his own member, jerking himself faster, matching the same pace as his bobbing throat.

“Always yours, Shane. Forever, baby,” Ilya kept whispering, hoping Shane was taking his words seriously. “I die without this slutty little throat wrapped around me. I can’t even think of what I would do. Take what’s yours, shlyukha.” He let out his last groan as he shoved Shane all the way down, holding him there, letting everything spill down the throat of the gagging man. Shane released at the same time as the first shot coated his throat, and he felt blissed out again.

Soft sobs of pleasure wracked his body. His throat contracted on the invading member, still pulsing and releasing everything it had down his throat.

“Good boy,” Ilya eased his softening member out of the warm embrace. “Such a beautiful and good for me.” Ilya pulled the other up slowly, noting his husband’s far-off look. He again took his time taking care of his husband, slowly rinsing him off again, letting Shane rest his head on his neck as he ran water down his back.

Eventually, Ilya coaxed Shane out of the shower, wrapping him in his towel. He guided Shane back to the bedroom, taking his time dressing the other.

Shane would usually protest, claiming he could do this all himself, that he was a grown man. But there were rare moments, just like this one, where Shane would reach such a level of euphoria that he would allow Ilya to do whatever he needed to do. He trusted him so much—he knew that Ilya knew what he needed, knew how to touch him and move him. He would never doubt Ilya’s ability to know everything to keep Shane safe and content.

“Lie back, baby,” the blonde commanded softly, pushing Shane down onto his back, his head falling onto the pillows. Ilya quickly threw on sweats—the first pair he could find—not even bothering to dry his hair with the towel, something Shane would usually get mad at him for. Ilya was just focused on getting into bed with his husband and pulling him to his chest, where his body fit perfectly.

Once they were situated, Shane’s body was pressed tight to the other man’s chest, and Ilya had his arms wrapped tightly around him. One hand wrapped around his waist and lay on his hip; the other was wrapped under his body, reaching up to rest on his shoulder. Shane was squashed so tightly to the other that he was sure there was no room between them—not even paper could be placed there. Ilya’s face was pressed into his shoulder, peppering soft kisses, not hard enough to get either of them started again. They were just sweet, gentle caresses.

“*Moya lyubov*’,” peck.

“*Moy muzh,*” peck.

“*Moya dusha*,” peck.

“Tickles,” Shane whispered, squirming a little. Ilya just hummed and continued his work.

“Nikogda ne ostavlyay menya.” Shane melted, hearing his husband demand that he never leave him in Russian.

“Ilya,” Shane sighed, knowing he was going to have to address his own concerns. He could feel how concerned the other man had been the whole night, and with the wine having left his system a while ago, he knew he needed to talk with him.

“Shh,” Ilya hushed him, trying to soothe the stiffness he could feel entering his husband’s body again.

“No, Ilya, I need—” He gulped, turning his body so he could face his husband, still wrapped in his arms. His brown eyes were shining with insecurity but held the stare of the blue eyes. “I need to get it off my chest.”

Ilya sensed how serious this was for Shane, so he did the best he could to be supportive. He tightened his arms, pulling him close again, letting his body heat seep in. He brought a hand to the other’s hair, letting his fingers play with it the way Shane liked.

“I’m sorry,” Shane whispered. Ilya quickly shook his head, ready to tell him he did nothing wrong, but the other quickly placed his hand on Ilya’s chest.

“This past week has been hard for me,” he gulped.

“I’ve been lost in my own brain—terrified, terrified that you would see how different I was from those who surround you. Whether it’s fans or strangers, I will never be able to be as open with affection as you are, and that—” He took a deep breath. “That kills me, to think that I won’t be able to handle affection the way you deserve. To be able to show you off to everyone the way you deserve. I see the way you are with the team, how much you love going out and celebrating, how you glow when surrounded by others, and I can’t help but feel self-conscious. To know that being around all those people would overstimulate me and cause me to spiral. To know that I probably will never be able to celebrate with everyone the way you do. All I could think about when I saw pictures or posts was how you deserved some woman who would have never made you second-guess her love, who—” Shane turned his eyes down as tears gathered. “Who deserves everything you give her.”

Ilya listened intently, bringing Shane’s hands to his lips.

“All I can keep thinking about is how I’ll never deserve you, and one day you’ll realize it. One day you’ll get tired of how different I am, and you’ll get so fed up with me.” Shane was actively sobbing now. He didn’t realize he had closed his eyes until Ilya hooked his thumb under his chin, tilting his head back and forcing eye contact as tears streamed down his face and his body shook. Ilya’s eyes held a sad look, and it caused Shane’s heart to squeeze.

“Baby,” Ilya started, taking a quick second to kiss the tear tracks down his cheek. “I am so sorry.”

Shane quickly shook his head. “No!” he protested, but Ilya quickly pecked his lips.

“I am sorry. I am sorry that I ever made you feel like your differences were a problem. I love everything about you. I love that you don’t like being around people—it gives me excuse to leave early. I love coming home to my husband, tucked into our bed. I would wait thousands of lives to be with you. I want you now. I want you tomorrow. I want you just the way you are for eternity, in this life and every one after. You are perfect, Shane Hollander. No need to change. No need to have ridiculous thought of me leaving, because it will never happen,” Ilya stated firmly, his accent thick now. “You are mine forever, and I will kill anyone who tries to take you away. You belong to me. You are mine.” He kissed his forehead, hoping every emotion would settle into the other’s body. “I love that only I can read you. Makes me feel very smart, very proud. I would be jealous if others could understand you the way I could.”

“But you shouldn’t have to ask to touch me,” Shane said, grasping at straws. Ilya waved him off.

“I do not mind. I want you comfortable, and only I can make your body relax the way I did earlier, yes? Consent is very sexy. I want you to enjoy as much as I do,” Ilya trailed his hands over Shane’s back, massaging gently. “You are private, and that is okay.” Ilya kissed his forehead. “Okay?”

“Okay,” Shane responded, tucking his face back into Ilya’s neck and wrapping his arms around the buff body.

“You will tell me when upset again? Yes? So I can make you happy again?” Ilya squeezed him to his chest. “Yes?”

“Yes, I will tell you.”

“I love you. You are *moya dusha*—my soul, my husband, my love for life.” Shane melted into the warm chest at the words his husband whispered into his ear, luring him into deep sleep.

“I love you too,” he whispered before finally letting his nerves leave his body, letting everything melt away as he curled into the chest of his strong husband, knowing his presence alone soothed every thought that had plagued his mind all week. Now all he could think about was how glad he was that Ilya had shaken his hand that day, glad that Ilya was his *always and forever.*

Chapter End Notes

Ugh, I love this couple more than ANYTHING.

End Notes

I hope that the representation of Shane's Autism is represented well, I know we don't really address it in the books, or the show as much, and I felt like it's really important to see some of how it can affect people especally with anxiety as a factor. I know how hard it is to understand people emotionally, and how hard it is to connect with others due to autism, and how others perceive people with it, even the high-functioning.

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