

Three

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Three

by [SpaceWaffleHouse](#)

Summary

“Is she sleeping?”

“Yeah, she’s out like a light.” He places a kiss to the back of Ilya’s neck. “She’s a good baby.”

A contented hum leaves Ilya, then he turns around, scooping Shane into his arms. “And you’re a good dad.”

“I still can’t believe that’s real.” Shane brushes his fingers over Ilya’s cheek, as if grounding himself to reality. “I can’t believe she’s ours.”

Though it’s dark, he can see Ilya’s smile. “Lily Rozanov-Hollander.” He presses a kiss to Shane’s nose. “Has nice ring to it.”

Five years after their marriage, Ilya and Shane decide to expand their family.

Chapter 1

They wake to her crying in the middle of the night. Shane groans, rolling over in the bed to look at the baby monitor, and sure enough, he's not just dreaming, the damned thing is lit up in red and their newborn's cry is loud and clear through the speaker.

By their feet, Anya barks at the sound, awakening Ilya, who sits up bolt right beside Shane. "The baby—"

"I'll get it," Shane says, reaching over to pat his husband's arm. "Go back to sleep, Ilya."

Humming contentedly, Ilya rolls back over, and pulls the sheets above his shoulders. Shane, meanwhile, rises to his feet, Anya's paws padding away behind him as she follows him into the baby's nursery, just down the hall from their room. They brought home the two-day old just six hours ago, arriving home rather late in the evening due to the drive from the Toronto hospital she'd been born at.

Shane still can't believe she's theirs, that the adoption went through and now he and Ilya are officially parents. Nobody knows but their inner circle, no press, no media outlets, no one. For at least the next few weeks, she's their little secret, for as long as they can keep it. They'll probably tell people once hockey season starts and Shane goes back to work, but until then, he and Ilya are content with keeping her existence private.

The world already knows about their marriage, thanks to Hayden's accidental slip up five years ago. They deserve to do one thing on their own time, just one.

Arriving in the baby's room, Shane coos at her, shushing his daughter as he lifts her into his arms, pressing little kisses to the top of her head. She's so small, just over six pounds, and she's the most precious thing he's ever laid eyes on. "Shhh, Lily, I'm here." He brings her away from the crib, sniffing to see if the problem is a diaper change.

Nothing smells foul, so Shane brings the crying newborn out of the nursery, and makes his way into the kitchen. Anya follows him here, too, likely hoping for some form of a treat. His firstborn will have to wait, the new baby needs food first.

With one hand, he retrieves the formula—thankfully already prepared in a bottle— from the fridge, places it on the counter, and then reaches into the cupboard to retrieve the bottle warmer. "One more minute, sweetheart," he whispers, wrapping Lily's blankets more securely around her. "Just hold tight."

Once the bottle is warmed, Shane feels it to make sure it's not too hot, then sends up a quick prayer as he brings the bottle to the baby's mouth. They'd fed and changed her earlier before going to bed, but he's still nervous as he watches her latch onto the fake nipple. Thankfully, she's been an easy, if slightly fussy baby so far.

Anya sits at his feet as he watches the baby feed, head tilted as if to ask him what's going on. Shane sits down at the kitchen table, allowing the dog to come sniff what's happening, to

familiarize herself with the scent of the new addition to the family.

When Anya had met Lily earlier that day, she licked her left cheek over and over again, short tail wagging like she was excited. It seemed as good a sign as any to Shane that they were going to get along, that Anya would be a good older sister. He hopes that as the baby grows, she'll bond with their dog, that they'll be the best of friends, and Lily's childhood will be filled with wonderful memories of Anya.

Already, gray hairs are starting to form on the dog's muzzle, though, making him wonder how much Lily will remember her as she gets older. He hopes she'll remember her, that they'll get that much time together.

Anya gives Lily a kiss now, but it lands on her blankets, making Shane chuckle as she pulls back. "You like your sister, Anya?"

The dog rests her head on Shane's knee, and as Lily finishes feeding, he sets the bottle down, and ruffles Anya's ears. "You're still our girl," he assures her, then he rises to his feet, placing the bottle in the sink for them to deal with later. "Come on, let's go back to bed."

Lily's fussing has ceased, and as he looks down, he realizes she's fallen back asleep, eyes shut and mouth closed. She looks so peaceful, it's hard to believe that just moments earlier she was crying. *Oh*, Shane already loves her so much.

He brings her back to the nursery, setting her down gingerly in her crib before placing a kiss to her forehead, then he turns to Anya, sitting patiently behind him. "You, too, back to bed." Then together, he and Anya head back to the bedroom, Shane crawling into bed while the dog jumps to their feet.

Shifting across the bed, Shane wraps an arm around Ilya's waist, pulling him in close as his husband sighs. "Is she sleeping?"

"Yeah, she's out like a light." He places a kiss to the back of Ilya's neck. "She's a good baby."

A contented hum leaves Ilya, then he turns around, scooping Shane into his arms. "And you're a good dad."

"I still can't believe that's real." Shane brushes his fingers over Ilya's cheek, as if grounding himself to reality. "I can't believe she's ours."

Though it's dark, he can see Ilya's smile. "Lily Rozanov-Hollander." He presses a kiss to Shane's nose. "Has nice ring to it."

Shane laughs breathlessly. "Say it again."

"Lily Rozanov-Hollander."

"Oh my god," Shane breathes, kissing his husband as the joy jolts him back awake. At the foot of the bed, Anya boofs, but they ignore her, their lips parting and coming together in the darkness. It's a stressful time, this new parenthood, but he couldn't be happier.

This is everything they've ever wanted—a house, a dog, a family together.

As they pull away, Shane rests his forehead against Ilya's, thumbs wiping away tears from his husband's cheeks. "I love you," he whispers. "I can't wait to raise this baby together."

"What if we fuck it up?" Ilya asks quietly. "I don't want to hurt her."

"We won't be perfect." Shane brushes a hand over Ilya's back, rubbing up and down as he curls a leg around his husband's thigh. "But we wouldn't do this if we didn't think we could. Okay?"

"Okay," Ilya replies, then he kisses Shane's forehead. "I love you, too."

Shane nuzzles into his husband's neck, fingers combing through the curls of his hair, and he sighs. This could go so wrong in so many ways, but for now, he's perfectly content to believe it'll be great—his mom told Shane that having him was one of the greatest treasures of her life. Surely Lily will be much the same. "Go back to sleep, she could wake up at any minute."

"Mmm..." Ilya's arms flex around him, and Shane lets himself start to drift off, his eyes falling shut as the warmth of his husband's embrace soothes him to sleep.

Then the baby monitor roars to life with fresh cries from their newborn, and both of them groan. Shane pats Ilya's back. "Your turn, sweetheart."

Another groan leaves Ilya, then he nods, kissing Shane's forehead. "Keep bed warm for me." Then he's gone, Shane curling into the warmth he leaves behind as he falls back asleep, listening to the sounds of Ilya soothing their daughter as he drifts off.

*

A couple of weeks later, Shane's parents come to visit. Shane wanted to get the house ready for them, but he's been too exhausted to clean properly, too worn out from night after night of waking up every two hours maximum to tend to Lily.

She's very cute when she's sleeping, and she looks at Shane with these big, curious eyes that let him know this'll be worth it, but god, he's so fucking tired.

"Hello?" His mother calls out while Shane's asleep on the couch, the baby perched on his chest. *Shit*, he hadn't even meant to fall asleep. "Oh, Shane."

"Wha...?" Shane lifts his head, then he sits up, holding Lily against his chest as she snoozes on, oblivious to the disruption. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry."

Yuna just smiles at him, arms reaching out for her son and granddaughter as she sits down on the couch beside him. "Shhh, I was a mess at this stage, too," she assures him, rocking Shane back and forth. "And I was post-partum, so take your pain and double it."

A shudder runs through him at the thought, but he's grateful to his mom, not only for what she went through for him, but for being here for him now. "Where's dad? I thought you both were coming."

“He’s getting our things out of the car, he’ll be in soon,” his mother assures him, rubbing a hand up and down his arm, then she coos at Lily. “Oh, she’s precious. Can I hold her?”

Nodding, Shane hands the baby over to his mother, yawning as he stretches on the couch. “I should go get Ilya, I think he said he was gonna shower.” He looks at the time on his phone, realizing at least forty-five minutes had passed since then. “I need to check on him, actually. Can you watch the baby for a few minutes?”

“I’d love to,” Yuna replies, then the door opens, David Hollander entering a moment later, and she holds Lily up like the proud grandmother she is. “David, look!”

Shane smiles as he leaves the living room to the sound of his father cooing over the new baby. “I’ll be right back,” he promises. “Hi dad!”

“Hi, Shane,” his father replies, then as Shane disappears down the hall to their bedroom, a confused, “Bye, Shane,” follows.

The sound of the shower precedes his arrival into the bedroom, and if it weren’t for the well feeding the cottage, Shane would be mourning their water bill this month. He finds Ilya sitting on the corner seat in their shower, leaning against the wall, and fully unconscious.

“Oh, Ilya,” he whispers, turning off the shower, then he shakes his husband awake.

Ilya comes to life with a flurry of Russian curses that send Shane into hysterical laughter. He places his hand on his husband’s face, and presses a series of kisses to his lips. “Hey, sleepy head, wake up, my parents are here.”

“Shit,” Ilya mutters, yawning as he rises to his feet, letting Shane hand him a towel. “Oh, fuck...”

“Hey, I fell asleep on the couch, too.” Shane grabs a second towel, rubbing it into Ilya’s hair. His husband gives a soft, gentle moan, leaning into Shane’s touch as he dries him off. “Come on, let’s get you dressed. I don’t think my parents would appreciate you being naked.”

*

Ten minutes later, they emerge from the bedroom fully dressed, and wearing clothes that have questionable stains on the front. Shane’s pretty sure he has spit up on his, and Ilya probably has similar stains on his shoulder, but they’re dressed.

Plus, it’s not like his parents wouldn’t understand.

“Okay, we’re decent,” Shane announces as they head back into the living room, where his mother and father are cooing over the baby and taking numerous pictures.

Right now, David is the one holding Lily, the newborn sound asleep in his arms because of course she is. She’ll sleep for anyone but Ilya and Shane. At least, that’s Shane’s current theory. She’s only ever been around Shane, Ilya, Yuna, and David. He’d FaceTimed Rose last week while Ilya had been out getting groceries, and Lily had slept through that, but other than those three people, no one even knows about Lily.

Well, Hayden knows. Most of the Centaurs know if they checked the groupchat. He'd posted a picture of Lily's hand wrapped around his finger and most, if not all of the team, had responded with support.

Maybe if he could get them up to the cottage, she'd sleep more.

"Sorry about that," Shane says to his parents, moving to sit next to David and Yuna on the couch. "Someone fell asleep in the shower."

Beside him, Ilya's cheeks flush. "Sorry."

"Don't be," David assures them as Ilya comes to sit on their other side, wagging a finger at his daughter. "When Shane was little, I fell asleep standing up in the kitchen."

"I fell asleep before I got out of the car. All I did was get groceries," Yuna replies, then she taps her husband. "Give me the baby. It's my turn."

Reluctantly, David hands the baby back to his wife, Shane smiling even as his eyes continue to fight off sleep. "You know, we can watch her for a little bit if you two want to get some real sleep," he tells them, running a thumb along the newborn's cheek. "I don't mind."

"No, dad, we promised we'd spend time together," Shane protests, remembering all of Yuna's plans she'd made, all the food sitting in their fridge for dinner later. They're supposed to eat together in just over an hour, they can't go to sleep now.

"Nonsense." Yuna shakes her head. "You both look like you're about to collapse. Go to bed. We can eat dinner a little later when you've had time to rest."

"Are you sure?" Ilya asks, though judging by the bags under his eyes—bags Shane surely mirrors—he's going to accept that offer no matter what. "We can stay awake a little longer."

"Ilya, it takes a village to raise a baby." Shane's father rests a hand on his shoulder. "Please. Go sleep."

Shane looks at Ilya, his husband also fighting off sleep as their eyes meet. "I would like sleep," Ilya says, yawning as he rubs his eyes, then he stands, reaching for Shane's hand. "How about you?"

"Don't threaten me with a good time." Shane takes that hand, allowing Ilya to pull him to his feet, and together, they make their way into the bedroom.

There's barely even time for Shane to pull Ilya into a cuddle when they collapse onto the mattress together. He thinks he slings an arm lazily over Ilya's waist, but that's the last conscious thought he registers before he, too, is knocked out cold.

*

The next person to meet little Lily is Hayden. He and Jackie come over when she's a month old, just weeks before the season is due to start up again, and Shane melts at the sight of her in his best friend's arms.

“So, you’ve finally joined the club,” Hayden says, holding out a finger for Lily to grab, and smiling when she takes it.

“She’s precious,” Jackie adds, running the back of her fingers over Lily’s cheek. “I’m so happy for you guys.”

Shane beams as they sit by the fire, the flames crackling before them. They’d eaten dinner an hour ago using Shane’s old burger recipe—he didn’t even need to halve it this time—and now they sit beneath the night sky, watching the sparks rise into the stars.

Beside him, Ilya stares at Hayden, like he’s afraid a man with four children will somehow drop or harm their baby, but he’s never quite warmed to Shane’s former teammate. Maybe the fact that he’s stayed on the Metros after all this time doesn’t help, but it’s not like Ottawa has room for any more superstars. “She kind of looks like Shane, doesn’t she?” Ilya asks, pointing to the freckles spattered across her face. “Pretty freckles.”

Cheeks flushing, Shane looks away, swatting at his husband as he kisses his cheek. “Stop, we’re in public.”

“We have four kids, we’re not exactly prudes,” Jackie points out, then she taps Hayden. “Here, give me the baby. It’s been too long.”

Shane laughs. “You’re not thinking about having another one, are you?”

“Oh god no, Hayden got a vasectomy ages ago. We’re done having babies,” she assures him, then she places a kiss to Lily’s forehead. “That doesn’t mean I can’t miss holding one.”

“Everyone tells us this stage goes by too fast.” Ilya wraps an arm around Shane’s shoulders, pulling him close as the fire crackles in the silence that follows. “Does it?”

Hayden nods. “Kinda, yeah,” he says, his voice going soft, then he grins. “But then they start walking and talking and getting their own personality, and it’s really something. That part’s fun, too.”

“Ruby was a handful, that’s for sure.” Jackie places a hand on Shane’s knee. “But don’t worry, it’s no worse than the ‘waking up every two hours and crying all the time’ stage.”

Shane groans, head falling back against Ilya’s arm. “Don’t remind me, I think she’s finally starting to settle, but I swear to god I haven’t slept right in months.”

“We’ve only had her for four weeks, Shane,” Ilya whispers, and Shane hums, unable to believe that all this has happened in barely a month.

“I wonder when it’ll start to feel like we’ve hit fast forward.”

“When she starts talking,” Hayden promises, then he shrugs. “But it definitely felt longer when we had more than one back to back, and especially when the twins happened.”

Jackie nods. “The twins felt like forever, but a good forever. Plus, you’ve got a great partner.” She tucks the baby in one arm, placing a hand on Ilya’s shoulder. “I can’t wait for you to join

us in the WAG seats. You're gonna have so much fun."

"Even if I am not a Metro WAG?"

"We'll give you shit, but it'll be great," she assures him. "Plus we all help babysit when the boys are away, so you'll never be alone. Here, Hayden, take the baby." Once the baby is in Hayden's arms, Jackie pulls out her phone, opening the contacts app before handing it to Ilya. "Give me your number, I'm adding you to the groupchat tonight."

"I don't really do groupchats."

"Trust me, you'll want in on this one. If you ever need an emergency babysitter, these girls have you covered." She pumps a fist as Ilya takes the phone, typing in his information before handing it back. "There's two groupchats, one for babysitting and emergencies, and one for fun and girls' nights. I don't have to add you to the girls' night one if you don't want to, but we are a good time. Plus I know a lot of the girls would love to grill you about hockey."

One of Shane's hands buries itself in Ilya's hair, drawing his husband's attention. "I'd support you," he says, fingers rubbing gently into Ilya's scalp. "If you want to have some hobbies as a stay at home dad. The WAG group might be good for you."

Ilya smiles, then squeezes Shane's hand. "Maybe," he says, then he presses a brief kiss to Shane's cheek. "I'll consider when summer is over. Too busy now."

"True, right now, we're so tired we haven't even had sex since we brought her home," Shane admits. "I'm not sure when we will."

"Another reason you'll need a babysitter network," Hayden teases, rocking Lily gently in his arms. "Me and Jackie have totally asked for help just so we could get laid."

"Oh my god, I'm not hiring a babysitter just so I can fuck," Shane grumbles, but deep down, it doesn't sound like a bad idea. When was the last time he and Ilya even had sex? A month ago? Two? He's not even sure he has the energy to get it up right now, too exhausted between feedings and diaper changing to even try.

Jackie puts her hands up. "There's nothing wrong with needing help, even if it's for something stupid. We're a community now, Shane, we'll be here for you no matter what."

"Thanks, Jackie," Shane replies, then the conversation shifts to hockey and the impending season he'll be playing for the first time without Ilya by his side. But he files the sex talk away for later, hoping he'll never have to summon his friends for help, but knowing he probably will.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I know originally I planned for this to be three chapters, but I think I'm ending it here for now and I may just add to this occasionally as plot bunnies for Hollanov + baby arise. We'll see. Much love. 

Sex is, as predicted, impossible with a newborn. They keep trying, and Shane's poor dick is harder than it's ever been nearly twenty-four-seven, but every time he and Ilya try to fuck, they're interrupted by the baby crying.

They've only managed small quickies, like now, where they just put the baby down for a nap. Shane runs back to the bedroom as soon as she's fallen asleep, relieved to see Ilya already there and naked like he wants him. "Take off your pants," Ilya tells him, and Shane freezes. "Hurry."

"Right, shit, sorry." Shane pulls down his pants, not bothering with his shirt or his socks, cause god only knows if he'll have time to take them off anyway, and he crawls onto the bed with Ilya.

His husband is quick to kiss him, a hand fisting in Shane's hair as he pulls him in closer. Without hesitating, Shane reaches for Ilya's cock, straddling him as his husband moans beneath him. "Oh god, Shane..."

"I haven't even done anything," Shane protests, then he kisses Ilya, hand moving over his cock slowly at first, then he moves a bit faster. "Come on, get me off, I need to come."

Ilya laughs, but doesn't protest, taking Shane's cock in his own hand. He strokes it quickly, passionately, like it's his last night on earth. Sure, they've got plenty of life left, but likely only minutes before the baby wakes up and needs them again.

Lily is six weeks old, but already, she's quite the handful.

Spitting in his palm, Ilya bats Shane's hand away, taking both of their cocks in his hand, and stroking them together. Shane moans into the touch, rolling his hips into Ilya's hand as his husband works quickly to get them both off. His thumb rolls over Shane's slit, then his own, both of them whimpering as Shane buries his face in Ilya's neck.

"Oh god," Shane whimpers, wrapping his arms around Ilya's shoulders. "I wish you were in me right now."

"*Fuck, Shane,*" Ilya breathes, stroking them both a little faster. "I don't want to come yet."

“You should, we have a time limit.” Which is the least sexy reminder he could give right now, but it’s the truth. He tries to think of the raunchiest possible thing to bring himself to the edge. Ilya, Ilya’s moles, Ilya moaning, Ilya pumping inside him, or even just his smile.

It works, Shane gets right up to the edge, kissing Ilya as he teeters over the line. He comes with a muffled cry, his husband swallowing his moans as he joins him over the cliff, both of them coming apart.

As they come down from their high, Shane hears the baby monitor come to life, little whimpers echoing through the speaker. Groaning softly, he reaches for the tissues at their bedside, and wipes himself and Ilya down before those whimpers can become full blown wails. “I’ll get it.”

“You got it last time, I’ll get it.”

“Fine, but after that I’m calling Jackie. I want tomorrow off.” Shane takes Ilya’s face in his hands, palms caressing his cheeks as he places a short, sweet kiss there. “And I want you to spend the day fucking me, and don’t you dare stop.”

*

Jackie and Hayden arrive at one the next day to retrieve Lily from her parents. It’s weird, handing her off to someone else, even if it’s just for a few hours so they can be a couple, but hopefully it’ll be worth it.

Shane holds Ilya’s hand as they drive away, resting his head on his husband’s shoulder, and he sighs. He’s already missing her—it’s been a few minutes, and he misses his daughter badly. “I kind of want her back.”

“Soon,” Ilya replies, kissing Shane’s forehead as he turns to face him, wrapping an arm around his waist. “Okay? We get her back soon.”

Nodding, Shane presses his forehead against Ilya’s. “What would I do without you?”

One of Ilya’s hands caresses his cheek, then he kisses him softly, slowly, like he can take his time. Over the past few weeks, it’s been easy to forget themselves as Shane and Ilya, as people, over the Shane and Ilya who are now parents. Neither of them would trade it for the world, of course, but sometimes, Shane knows he needs to breathe.

That’s what Jackie’s support network is for, he supposes. Those moments where they just want to feel human again.

It’s been ages since he kissed Ilya like this, like there’s no rush, just passion, just love. And god, he loves him so much.

As they pull apart, Ilya takes one of Shane’s hands in his, swaying them together as he leads them back into the cottage. They won’t be going anywhere today, they’re just having a day to themselves. Just one day where they’re not interrupted by anything if they don’t want to be, and then it’ll be right back to their normal lives.

Ilya guides them to their living room couch, pulling Shane down onto it with him before wrapping him up in his arms. A soft moan leaves Shane as he rests his head on his husband's chest, listening to the sound of his heart beating. "It's so quiet." Shane wraps an arm around Ilya's waist. "Too quiet."

"Way too quiet," Ilya agrees, a hand winding its way into Shane's hair. "I don't like it."

"Do you want to call Jackie and tell her to turn around?"

"No, I want a few hours with you." Ilya kisses the top of his head. "Just us."

Turning around in his arms, Shane presses Ilya against the base of the couch, kissing him slowly. It's almost lazy, the way they kiss, and Shane knows at some point later, they'll probably fuck, but right now, it feels like they've got all the time in the world, like they could just kiss the whole time and it would be worth it. He loves kissing Ilya, considers it his favorite activity.

It's Ilya whose hands wander first, one of them slipping around to cup Shane's ass. He squeezes the muscle there, earning a low moan against his lips as Shane tilts his head back. "Oh, god..." Shane moans, already, he can feel himself getting hard, blood rushing south, and Shane sighs. "We should move."

"I don't wanna."

"We don't have any lube here." Shane laughs as he pulls back. "And I want you to fuck me."

"Later, just kiss me."

Shane shakes his head. "You're looking for a little more than kissing, sir."

A low rumble sounds from deep in Ilya's chest at that, and he flips them over, pressing Shane into the couch as he starts kissing his neck. "Maybe I am, but we," kiss, "have," kiss, "time."

Leaning in, Shane kisses him on the mouth, once, then twice, then they just lay there like that for a while, making out like teenagers. By the time Ilya finally agrees to move, he's rock hard and absolutely *needs* to come, but it's so, so worth it.

He lets Ilya guide him up the stairs to the bedroom, both of them giggling like it's the funniest thing ever, and he pins Shane against the doorframe. It's hard against his back, almost painful, but he's smiling so big, he doesn't care. Five years into marriage, nearly fifteen into this relationship, and he's still so fucking in love with Ilya Rozanov.

Five years, and every kiss feels as good as the first.

"Take me to bed," Shane whispers, and Ilya nods, lifting him into his arms. He wraps his legs around his husband's waist, letting himself be carried to the bed.

Ilya sets him down so gently, a hand resting beneath his head as he settles between Shane's legs. One of his hands reaches for the waistband of his joggers, fingers dipping beneath it as he begins to gently stroke his cock. "Fuck, Ilya..."

Neither of them says a word as the Russian strokes him, resting his forehead against Shane's. It's quiet, peaceful, and he knows it won't last forever, can't last forever, but he doesn't want it to. They made the right decision, adopting Lily, becoming parents like they've wanted to for years. They've said goodbye to their old lives, but they'd promised when they started this, not to lose sight of themselves as a couple, not to let this keep them from being themselves.

Eventually, Ilya begins to pull Shane's pants down, both of them laughing as he kicks the offending fabric away. Ilya sits back on his knees, tearing his shirt over his head before chucking it off in the same direction as Shane's joggers. "Come on, sweetheart, take off your pants, too," Shane says, tugging on the waistband of Ilya's jeans.

Together, they strip off their remaining clothing, throwing it to the floor. Ilya reaches for the lube on their bedside table, taking his time putting some on his fingers before pressing one into Shane's hole. His back arches, his body reacting after not having been touched there in so long. "Take it easy, Hollander," Ilya breathes. "We have all day."

"I need you so bad." Shane whimpers into the touch, craving Ilya in a way he's never craved him before. They've gone longer without sex, had droughts of months before they realized they were in love, but now, being married? This is the longest they've gone without it beyond a few quickies.

"I know, baby, I know," Ilya whispers, then he pressed another finger into Shane. "But we are not rookies anymore and this isn't a secret. I'm going to make love to you slowly, like I have all the time in the world, because I do."

A shiver runs down Shane's spine, but he nods, watching eagerly as Ilya's fingers disappear in and out of him. After a couple of minutes, his fingers having stretched him thoroughly, Ilya crawls between his legs, lining himself up with Shane's hole before pressing in.

Both of them moan at the initial contact, a million memories of past encounters flying through Shane's mind. It's been a minute, but it almost feels like no time has passed at all since they last did this, Shane's body knows Ilya's like it knows his own. "Oh, fuck, Ilya."

"Shane..." Ilya begins to move inside him, kissing his jaw, his neck, as he breathes in the scent of him. "Oh, fuck..."

Kisses find their way into Ilya's hair, Shane's lips pressing against the curls as his hands find their way into them as well. He pulls Ilya back, kissing him properly as he thrusts in deep, reaching where Shane needs him most. "Just like that," he whispers against his lips. "God, yes..."

Ilya laughs as he kisses him again, his lips soft, the familiar curve of them a comfort that takes away Shane's thoughts of the outside world completely. Right now, it's just the two of them, the way it's always been, the way it can't be again, but he's okay with that. Their marriage is just bigger now, their love expanded. Not bad, just different.

As Ilya's hips find their rhythm, Shane feels himself growing close already. He's always come fast, but these weeks without having Ilya's cock has made him eager. There's all this

pent up energy inside him just seeking release, and it doesn't take long for Ilya to take him right up to the edge.

One of Shane's hands reaches between them, stroking his cock in tandem with Ilya's thrusts. "Go faster, I'm so close."

Instead, Ilya slows his pace to a snail's crawl, causing Shane to moan as he draws out his thrusts. "I'm taking my time, remember?"

"F-fuck you," Shane spits. "I need to come so fucking bad."

"Not yet." Ilya kisses him, Shane's mind dizzy from the lack of oxygen. Stars flood his vision as his husband's tongue swipes along his lower lip, mapping him out like he's done a thousand times.

Another moan leaves Shane as Ilya thrusts inside him again, one of his heels digging into his husband's ass as he forces him to move just a bit faster. That extra friction feels so fucking good, but it isn't enough to get him off. They fuck like that for a while, slow and sweet, like they had when they'd first been in love. Kind of like their wedding night.

Eventually, Ilya stops kissing him, pulling back to focus on speeding up his thrusts, and he comes inside Shane with a cry, Shane following him over the edge shortly thereafter. They lie there in the aftermath, Ilya's softening cock still inside him as he kisses him gently, like Shane is fragile and he's afraid to break him.

Shane deepens the kiss, tasting the sweat and salt of tears neither of them had realized they were shedding as his hands fall to Ilya's cheeks. "I love you," he tells him, because Ilya can't hear it enough, and Shane never tires of saying it.

"I love you, too," Ilya replies, kissing him again as they melt into their mattress, the afternoon rolling lazily away as they just lie there in each other's arms.

Later, they'll get their daughter back, and their real lives will resume, but this was nice. Shane can't deny he loves what they just did, but he misses her more now that it's over, wants to spend more time with her and Ilya together before the season starts up again. And it will start up again soon, in just three weeks, he'll be playing hockey again while Ilya watches from the sidelines with the other WAGs.

This is their life now. Baby. Hockey. Sometimes sex. "It's a good life, right?" he asks Ilya, running his fingers through his hair. "What we have."

Ilya nods. "It's perfect." He kisses Shane's cheek. "We should go get her soon."

"I thought Hayden and Jackie were dropping her off?"

"Oh yeah... well, we don't have to wait for them."

"You want to go get her now?"

Ilya shrugs. "Yeah, kinda. I miss her."

“Me too,” Shane says, then he’s shucking the bedsheets aside, the two of them hurrying to get dressed before running out the door to Shane’s Jeep, and heading to Hayden’s to pick up their daughter.

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