

I Love You in the Morning

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I Love You in the Morning

by [dazedilemma](#)

Summary

It's the morning after Shane and Ilya confessed their love to one another. The cottage is calm, warm and slow in the morning, and they both feel lighter. This is their forever now. They have every intent to steep in it, soak in doing even the smallest tasks together.

or

Shane and Ilya are disgustingly in love and at complete ease. It's a full morning in the bubble they have spent years earning.

There was a stillness in the cottage in the morning after Shane and Ilya said 'I love you' for the first time. It was impossible for the sun to miss any part of the house. It was lit entirely in the early morning light, the sun not fully risen. It painted every surface a warm orange and melted the blue sheets of Shane and Ilya's bed into a deep brown color as the two slept. Ilya had fallen asleep on Shane's chest, having slotted himself between Shane's legs and pressing his chest to Shane's stomach. Shane's hand was tangled in Ilya's curls, having fallen asleep while playing with them, and breaths escaped his lips as he slept deeply.

Ilya stirred first, as he had fallen asleep first, and he quickly took in the state they were in. The sun had woken him. He still wasn't acclimated to the natural lighting that the cottage provided. His eyes blinked open and he felt his heart race as he woke up. It wasn't unusual for him to wake with a wave of anxiety, usually from a nightmare he had no recollection of by the time he opened his eyes. The only evidence was his pounding heart and uneven breath. He felt the thin layer of sweat on his back and pulled his outstretched hand toward his body, it closing onto Shane's bare waist instead of his own and he took a deep breath.

Right. He's here. Shane's here. Ilya relaxed his shoulder, he hadn't even noticed how tense they were. He licked his lips and he could feel how dry his throat was. They must have sweat throughout the night. Shane was a large heater, which Ilya still needed to get used to. He wanted to get to it. To be able to complain about Shane being too warm. But for now, he knew to relish in it. The privilege to sleep so close to Shane, to be so close he could taste his sweat when he breathed him in. Ilya lifted his head and Shane's hand slid from Ilya's hair to the nape of his neck as Shane took in a deep breath.

Ilya smiled, he couldn't help it. Shane, he discovered, always woke up by opening one eye at a time. As if he were trying to catch the sunlight off guard. Shane's right eye slowly opened as his left squeezed shut. Ilya pressed his lips together, trying to hide his smile which he assumed was shit-eatingly wide. But he couldn't as Shane's cheeks warmed to a blush and his left eye opened. They locked eyes, Shane's still a bit droopy from sleep.

"Good morning." Shane managed, his voice was gravel and a bit rough, he definitely wasn't used to talking so soon after waking up.

"Morning." Ilya whispered back, leaning up to kiss Shane.

"Ah, we haven't brushed our teeth." Shane lifted his hand between their mouths.

"Yes, but I love you and you love me. So we kiss with dirty mouths." Ilya kissed Shane's hand.

"Ilya." Shane warned.

"Shane." Ilya lifted his eyebrows.

"Please." Shane lifted his back.

“Fine.” Ilya sighed, dropping his head to Shane’s chest and peppering kisses onto his chest instead. “Let’s brush our teeth.”

Shane let out a little noise and Ilya smiled against his skin, wanting more than anything to just stay in bed all day and kiss their confessions into each other’s mouths until it felt normal and stale because they had spent so many goddamn years stopping themselves from saying it. From feeling it. But he knew that Shane wouldn’t allow that, that he would want to freshen up, be as clean as they could be before they tasted each other again, and that is why he loved Shane. Ilya planted a hand on either side of Shane and pushed himself up, leaning back onto his heels to admire Shane as he was laid out on his back.

“You look pretty.” Ilya caught his bottom lip between his teeth in a teasing grin.

“Shut up.” Shane sat up, swinging his leg around Ilya and standing up rather gracefully for someone who had just woken up.

“Hm, never.” Ilya tilted his head, though Shane’s back was to him, and crawled off the bed.

Shane turned toward Ilya and offered his hand once they were both standing, Ilya’s heart could burst at how casual and normal it felt to slip his hand into Shane’s and intertwine their fingers so they could walk into the bathroom together. Ilya walked half a pace behind Shane so he could admire the slight curve of Shane’s back as they walked. Shane’s back was absent of any flaw, not a scar or freckle in sight, just a perfect plain of warm, rich skin. Ilya wanted to kiss every inch of it. The bathroom wasn’t far, maybe even too close to their bed for Ilya’s liking, so Shane was already letting go of Ilya’s hand. Ilya pouted slightly and caught Shane’s gaze in the mirror. Shane smiled and rolled his eyes and Ilya smiled back.

“Do my toothbrush?” Ilya asked cutely and Shane scrunched his nose. “Please?”

“You have hands.” Shane shot a half-assed glare in the mirror, but immediately softened when Ilya wrapped an arm around him and pressed his fingertips against his plush belly.

“Yes, but they are busy.” Ilya kissed Shane’s shoulder, knowing he had won whatever this little chirp was, and turned to hug Shane’s side fully, planting more kisses onto his shoulder and arm.

Shane only hummed happily, pulling Ilya’s toothbrush from its holder, where he had insisted Ilya to put it only three days before, wet it, squeezed toothpaste on, then wet it again before he held it up to Ilya. Ilya planted a wet kiss on his shoulder then turned, opening his mouth for Shane. Shane huffed and nudged Ilya’s chest with his elbow. Take it. Ilya just jutted out his chin and opened his mouth a bit wider. Shane rolled his eyes and pushed it into Ilya’s mouth. Ilya quickly caught it with his left hand and began to scrub, resting his head on Shane’s shoulder as Shane prepared his own toothbrush. Shane’s eyes were down, but Ilya lazily brushed his teeth as he waited for Shane’s eyes to shoot up to the mirror to analyze his own face. Shane did exactly that, but his eyes shifted to Ilya’s gaze immediately. The analytical look in his eyes softened to nothing but a swirling pool of a rich hot chocolate and Ilya smiled around his toothbrush.

Shane brushed his teeth thoroughly, scrubbing hard and fast but still took longer than Ilya. Ilya had brushed until he felt his gums getting irritated but Shane hadn't finished so he just ran the bristles over his tongue. Not making a show of it, just not knowing what else to do. Shane was too focused to even notice and that made Ilya want to laugh. But he didn't, he just waited until Shane leaned down to spit and rinse his mouth, then followed. Shane stepped away from the sink while Ilya wiped his mouth clean with his hand and Ilya missed his warmth already. He quickly patted his mouth dry with a towel then turned toward where Shane had gone, leaning his hip against the sink and crossing his arms over his chest.

Shane moved over slightly to his bag of toiletries and pulled out a small bottle of facewash, a toner, and moisturizer. The only reason why Ilya knew what they were was because Shane had done his routine their first night at the cottage, and Ilya was too elated to be there that he didn't want to leave Shane to do it alone. Shane looked at him and cleared his throat politely. Ilya glanced down at the sink, realizing that he was blocking it and he took a step back, then turned so he could push himself to sit on the counter instead. Shane gave a little nod and moved in front of the sink. Ilya scanned his face, sure it was a bit puffy from sleep, but he was poreless. He had no idea why Shane felt the need to do all of these things. He was perfect.

But Ilya knew not to complain, he was happy to watch Shane. He clasped his hands together and leaned against the wall, his head turned toward Shane who was now leaning over the sink and splashing water onto his face. Shane's eyes were shut and he blindly found his face wash and pressed a pumpful of it onto his palm. He lathered it between his hands and then began to massage it into his skin, straightening slightly and opening his eyes to watch himself in the mirror. Such a simple action was mesmerizing Ilya. Shane was breathtaking in so many ways, on the ice, in bed, when he was completely relaxed but this was something more.

Shane's eyes were entirely focused but absent of any stress or unnecessary thoughts. His gaze wasn't tense or fighting distraction, as it so often looked to be when he was playing. He was simply just at ease, wanting to make sure he got every part of his face and that it was given a proper scrub before he leaned down and rinsed his face. It always took him a few extra swipes of water, just to make sure all of the soap was gone. Ilya reached down to run his fingers through Shane's bedhead. Shane uncurred from the sink and Ilya's hand lifted with his head. Shane reached for the towel Ilya had used and patted his face dry.

"Do you want to wash your face too?" Shane asked softly. "While we're here."

"No, I am okay." Ilya shrugged, "I am lazy."

Shane hesitated slightly as he reached for his toner after drying his hands. He then licked his lips, shaking out the product into his fingers then began to spread it onto his face. Shane then opened his little pot of lotion and applied a generous amount with quick precision while he chewed on the inside of his cheek. Ilya could tell he was building the courage to say something. Since coming to the cottage, Shane was slowly gaining confidence in just speaking his mind, this slight recession made Ilya a bit nervous. Shane patted the excess product into his neck then looked back at Ilya. Ilya blinked at him and opened his mouth to speak before Shane sucked in a breath and stopped him.

"I can do it." Shane blurted out.

“You are doing it.” Ilya pulled his lips to the side.

“No, I mean,” Shane took a breath, the tips of his ears turning red, “I can wash your face and put the products on you.”

Ilya took a moment to process the words, watching Shane’s face scrunch into what was soon to be a cringe. “Okay.”

“Really?” Shane breathed out, smiling shyly.

“Yes.” Ilya laughed a little, “Should I be scared?”

“What? No, no. I’m just surprised.” Shane laughed breathily, Ilya could see the excitement bubbling in him.

“Okay.” Ilya couldn’t help his smile growing, “What do I do?”

“Uhm, just come off the counter. I just need you to rinse your face first then I’ll do the rest.” Shane was already turning on the water for Ilya.

“Okay.” Ilya blinked at him, sliding off the counter and turning to rinse his face twice before he shut off the water and turned.

Shane pressed his lips together and squinted. Ilya had gotten the curls that often fell over his forehead completely wet. Shane seemed to be solving that problem in his mind.

“What?” Ilya’s eyes widened.

“You need a headband.” Shane nodded and turned toward his bag.

“What is headband?” Ilya asked, swiping some of the water that was dripping from his chin.

“It’s something you wear that holds your hair back.” Shane mumbled as he rummaged through his bag, but he quickly stopped and pulled out a blue headband and held it up.

“I am not wearing that.” Ilya crossed his arms over his chest, leaning on the counter.

“Why? It’s not just for girls.” Shane scoffed, “I thought you were a feminist.”

“It is Metro’s colors.” Ilya pulled a disgusted face. “Do you have yellow or black? For Raiders.”

“Ilya, you can’t be serious.” Shane’s hand dropped and he jutted out his chin.

“I am serious!” Ilya lifted his shoulder, but a smile was cracking.

“Oh my god.” Shane rolled his eyes, “You are so annoying.”

“Mm, you like it.” Ilya teases, leaning forward and letting Shane push his hair back and place the headband.

“Unfortunately I do.” Shane teased back, tugging Ilya’s earlobe before he grabbed his face wash.

Ilya watched him and once Shane was lathering the soap between his hands, Ilya shut his eyes. Ilya’s nose was quickly filled by the scent of green tea and then he felt Shane’s fingers on his cheeks, slowly and carefully spreading the face wash. Ilya opened his eyes and Shane jumped a little, his cheeks turning pink at the sudden eye contact. Ilya smiled when Shane tilted his chin down and cleared his throat.

“If you like this, maybe we can do a sheet mask or something.” Shane started, “you can rinse your face.”

“Sheet mask?” Ilya asked softly, turning on the water and quickly splashing his face.

“Yea, it’s like paper but soft and it has stuff that helps your skin. You sit with it on your face for like twenty minutes and then you take it off.” Shane looked at Ilya, handing him a towel.

“Will it make me pretty like you?” Ilya took the towel and patted his face like he had seen Shane do.

Shane’s eyebrows pinched together, clearly not knowing how to respond but then he took in a breath, “Well, depending on which one you use. It can help with acne scars, discoloration, or moisturising...kinda anything. I brought moisturizing ones.”

Ilya opened his mouth slightly, not understanding one of the key words that Shane had said so he just blinked at him. Shane had looked away to look for the sheet masks.

“Uhm, discolo-what?” Ilya asked and Shane turned toward him. “What is that?”

“Oh, diss-cul-uh-ray-shun.” Shane said it slowly. “It’s when your skin is two colors, usually your normal color and red. The mask helps get rid of the red.”

“Discoloration.” Ilya repeated, then nodded at the explanation from Shane. “Okay. Do I have that?”

Shane narrowed his eyes to analyze Ilya’s face. He leaned in slightly and Ilya’s stomach fluttered, his hand instinctively pressed to his stomach and Shane glanced down quickly then back up. Ilya was suddenly aware that, though they had both brushed their teeth, they hadn’t kissed yet. And that Shane just leaning in gave him butterflies. Shane smiled and poked Ilya’s stomach, just above his hand, making Ilya look down at Shane’s poke then back up. Shane’s smile was growing and Ilya groaned softly. Ilya very rarely gave him any ammo for teasing, but when he did, Shane was relentless.

“Did I give you butterflies?” Shane grinned, grabbing his toner casually as if he weren’t embarrassing Ilya. “Do you want a kiss?”

“Shut up.” Ilya gritted his teeth, holding the sink with his left hand and holding his elbow with his right.

“You will get a kiss after we’re done. As a reward.” Shane nodded, applying the toner on Ilya’s face, “For being such a good boy.”

Ilya tried to stop his jaw from dropping, but Shane had stunned him. It had come out so casually, almost innocent. But judging by Shane’s ears turning bright red, how hard he slammed his toner into his bag and how he reached for his moisturizer without looking at Ilya, Shane knew that his words were a lot more suggestive than intended. The playing field was now level, which meant Ilya was back to having the upper hand. Ilya snorted slightly and reached for Shane, his fingers grazing Shane’s waist and Shane turned toward him, moisture on two fingers.

“You are cute.” Ilya stated, taking hold of Shane’s waist once Shane was in range of him again. “So cute, I want to bite you.”

“Stop. That’s so cheesy.” Shane scrunched his nose, applying the moisturizer and trying to ignore Ilya’s gaze that was oozing with adoration.

“Mm, let me bite you.” Ilya tugged Shane forward and Shane dropped his hands, resting them on Ilya’s chest.

“No,” Shane smiled, “That’s weird.”

“Ugh, c’mon. Live a little Hollander.” Ilya’s voice lifted an octave.

“Don’t call me that.” Shane shot him a look.

“What? Hollander? It’s your name, yes?” Ilya lifted his brows.

“Yea but...” Shane looked away, “I am more than just ‘Hollander’ to you, aren’t I?”

“Should I call you something else? Baby, honey, pooboo?” Ilya lifted his shoulders at each offered name.

“Pooboo is not a pet name.” Shane laughed through his nose.

“It can be. Pooboo is cute.” Ilya didn’t entirely believe it himself but he knew it would annoy Shane if he tried to commit to it.

“Do not call me pooboo.” Shane pinched Ilya’s chest.

“Let me bite you or I will call you pooboo until we die.” Ilya threw out the empty threat.

“You are an ass.” Shane gritted his teeth to stop himself from smiling, but Ilya saw right through him.

“That is not answer.” Ilya opened his mouth, leaning toward Shane’s neck.

“You’re so annoying.” Shane pressed his hand against Ilya’s chest to stop him, Ilya had almost made it.

Ilya sighed and kissed his neck instead, Shane's hand sliding up his chest and around his neck. Shane kissed his throat, then dragged his tongue along Ilya's collarbone, which sent a shiver down his spine. Ilya felt Shane's breath at the stretch of skin when his shoulder met his neck then a sudden sharpness as Shane's teeth closed down on the bit of flesh. Ilya jumped slightly and sucked in a breath, reflexively squeezing Shane's waist. Shane looked up at him and Ilya's eyes were wide, more out of shock than anything. But he did feel his thinly veiled dick tighten slightly against his underwear.

"Holy shit Shane." Ilya breathed out, looking into the mirror to see if he had left a mark.

"Wow, that only shut you up for a second." Shane looked down at where he had bitten and smiled, his fingers scratching Ilya's nape gently. "It looks good."

Ilya glanced at Shane through the mirror and nearly melted. Ilya's adam's apple bobbed as he laughed at Shane's expression, utterly and shamelessly proud of himself. This was an expression that Ilya so rarely saw out of the rink, as if it were reserved for winning the cup and discovering that Ilya likes it when Shane bites him. Ilya wanted to kiss the smug look off his face. Shane didn't expect the sudden tug and lost his footing, his chest colliding into Ilya's. His smugness was gone and was replaced with shock. Ilya smiled and pressed his lips to Shane's.

Shane responded, as he always did, by opening his mouth when Ilya dragged his tongue across his bottom lip. Ilya smiled, making the kiss a bit tighter but Shane was smiling back. Ilya took his chance, using his hold on Shane to turn them and tried to pin Shane's hips to the counter. Shane lifted himself before Ilya managed it, and instead slid onto the counter. Ilya pulled away and his eyes narrowed at Shane. All these years, Shane had come to know him in everything he did, and Ilya loved him for it. But now, when all he wanted to do was kiss Shane and feel him get hard against his leg, he groaned in frustration. Shane pulled away, just to add salt to the wound apparently, and laughed softly.

"Fuck you." Ilya managed.

"I love you." Shane grinned and pulled Ilya back in, kissing him hard.

Ilya reciprocated, because of course he did. Even when Shane Hollander was the the biggest little shit in the entire fucking world. Ilya slid his hands down to Shane's hips and tugged at his waistband. Shane pulled away to focus on his balance, lifting his hips and Ilya pulling off his underwear with desperate quickness. Ilya immediately dropped to his knees. He kissed Shane's inner thighs with his tongue teasing every other kiss before kissing at the crease where Shane's thigh met his pelvis. Ilya drank in the sound of Shane's soft moan as he continued to drag his tongue along the crease, Shane's leg naturally moving away to allow Ilya more space to kiss and lick.

Ilya smirked, he was back in control. Shane's chest was rising and falling quickly as he let out soft moans at each nip Ilya gave him. His eyes were screwed shut and his head pressed against the mirror. The mirror they had just innocently eyed each other in while they brushed their teeth. Shane whined, Ilya was just close enough to his dick that he was satiated but he was slowly moving away and Shane wanted so badly for Ilya to relieve him. Shane's hands

shot to Ilya's head as Ilya gently bit at Shane's protruding hipbone. Biting. A discovery made too late.

"Jesus Christ Ilya," Shane nearly whined as he curled toward Ilya's head. "Please."

"Hmm, anything for my pooboo." Ilya breathed along Shane's shaft, making Shane squirm.

"F-fuck you. That is not sticking." Shane moaned between nearly every word as Ilya brushed his lips at the base of his dick.

"Too late." Ilya almost sang, his tongue swirling just beside Shane's balls.

"You are such an ass." Shane laughed breathily.

"Hm," Ilya tilted his head, his eyes glued to how rigid Shane's dick was. "You seem to like it. Not just a little, but a lot."

Shane opened his eyes, having every intention to glare at Ilya. But upon opening them, all I could focus on was the hungry look in Ilya's eyes. He couldn't tear them away. Ilya was nearly drooling, at the very least, repeatedly running his tongue over his lips as he watched Shane's dick twitch. The twitch had been for Ilya but he hadn't noticed. Ilya let out a soft noise and Shane leaned his head back again. Ilya kissed Shane's slit which sent electricity to each nerve ending in Shane's body. Ilya lapped up the pre-cum that immediately bloomed and then wrapped his lips around Shane's head. Shane gasped, his thighs lifting slightly at the stimulation. Ilya hummed, swirling his tongue quickly, before taking nearly half of Shane's length into his mouth in one bob of his head.

"Oh, holy shit." Shane moaned loudly.

Ilya could tell that he wasn't going to last very long. Shane's voice had a certain tone to it when he was close, His voice always lifted, his words slurred and Ilya knew that he could only handle so much teasing before he was ready to reach his climax even without truly being touched. It had been a fun trick, but Ilya honed his skill after so many years, on how to get Shane just teetering on the edge before he rescinded any contact. The frustrated groan and tug at his hair was always rewarding. Shane's back arched and Ilya swallowed at the sight, knowing what it meant. Shane jolted and he moaned out, unloading into Ilya's mouth without a single thought.

Ilya smirked, letting his load coat his tongue as he pulled off of Shane's dick then swallowed. Shane's body relaxed against the mirror and Ilya smiled up at him, knowing his eyes wouldn't be met as Shane needed to focus on catching his breath. Ilya kissed Shane where he had bitten him on his hip then stood. He checked his face in the mirror, licking his lips as a precaution, his eyes on Shane. Shane's chest was calming, but his mouth was still agape and his eyes shut. Ilya leaned over and kissed his bicep, then nipped at it.

"Mm." Shane's head rolled toward Ilya in an attempt to respond but still he just panted.

"Are you okay?" Ilya raised his brows. "Did you die?"

“I think you sucked my soul out from my dick.” Shane’s lips pulled slack just enough for him to flash a toothy smile.

“Is that a bad thing?” Ilya tilted his head, wondering if Shane would want him to brush his teeth.

“No.” Shane’s left eye opened, peeking at Ilya who was tapping his toothbrush absentmindedly. “It’s good. Very good.”

Ilya hummed and looked at Shane, giving him a smile. “Okay.”

“Mm, give me another second. Then I’ll be ready.” Shane drew in a slow breath as he blinked slowly at Ilya.

“Hm. for what?” Ilya’s hand stopped and he pinched his brows together.

“For me to...” Shane wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Oh no, that was just as much for me as it was for you.” Ilya dipped his chin toward his chest and shook his head. “I’m hungry.”

“What?” Shane slid off the counter and turned toward Ilya, “So you don’t want me to suck your dick. You, Ilya Rozanov?”

“Yes!” Ilya waved Shane away as he moved closer, “I want breakfast.”

Shane caught his hand and stepped into Ilya’s space, releasing Ilya’s hand immediately and reaching to hold onto his waist. Ilya relaxed against his hold and dropped his head to the side.

“Are you sure?” Shane asked gently, “I feel like it would be really quick.”

Ilya lifted his head and shoved Shane’s shoulder but Shane stood firm. “I am sure. Surprise me later. I like surprises.”

Shane smiled, his gaze softening and he nodded. “Okay. A surprise later.”

“Mm,” Ilya’s lips pulled into a pout and Shane responded by pecking him on the lips. “It’ll keep the love alive.”

“You’re an idiot.” Shane shook his head and pulled Ilya toward the shower.

“What? I love you!” Ilya lifted his shoulders up to his ears.

“Let’s shower and then we’ll eat.” Shane ignored him, still not used to Ilya’s declaration.

“And then surprise.” Ilya pushed down his own underwear while Shane turned on the water.

“That defeats the purpose of a surprise Ilya.” Shane laughed a bit, testing the water.

“Okay.” Ilya sighed out playfully, “Whatever.”

“Wow, I can tell you’re hungry.” Shane glanced over his shoulder then stepped into the shower.

“How?” Ilya followed him into the shower and pulled Shane’s hip to get him to look at him.

“You’re being a brat.” Shane rested his hands on Ilya’s chest, the water wetting them both.

“A brat?” Ilya’s eyebrows lifted and Shane snorted.

“Yea, a brat.” Shane laughed softly, letting Ilya hold his hips while he turned the upper part of his body to pump some body wash onto his hand.

“Then I will not talk. So Shane Hollander doesn’t think I am a brat.” Ilya enunciated the ‘t’ and watched Shane lather the soap between his two hands.

“Well, it’s up to you,” Shane’s eyes were on Ilya’s torso, “But I think it’s cute.”

“Cute?” Ilya scrunched his face up but then smiled when Shane began to wash his shoulders for him.

“Yes.” Shane tilted his head, his eyes flicking up to look at Ilya. “You’re cute.”

Ilya looked down at Shane, he had fallen for those eyes. Wide, doe-like, alarmingly innocent looking. Ilya swallowed hard, tightening his hold on Shane’s hips as he tried to compose himself and fight off the tightening feeling in his throat. He glanced away, knowing that if he looked at Shane for too long he would be a puddle of emotions. Shane tipped his head toward Ilya’s gaze and Ilya had no choice but to look at him. He drew in a breath, at a loss for words, not even capable of a quick quip back.

“I love you.” Ilya swallowed hard, then switched to Russian, “How is it possible to love just one person so much?”

Shane’s eyebrows twitched in confusion but then he saw the slight shine to Ilya’s eyes and his lips dropped open, not knowing the words but understanding Ilya enough to know.

“I love you.” Shane recited sloppily in Russian, as Ilya had taught him.

Ilya’s face spread to a somber smile, the isolating feeling of Shane not understanding him in his mother tongue almost overpowering the nudging of Shane’s trying. He leaned forward and pressed a long kiss to Shane’s forehead, as his mother so often did when he was young, then lifted Shane’s chin to plant a kiss onto his lips. He sniffled and nuzzled his nose against Shane’s cheek.

“You are the love of my life.” Ilya whispered in Russian, his eyes shut, “My heart and soul, outside of my body and I am so scared of how fragile you are.”

Shane’s eyes shut at Ilya’s slow Russian. His voice was so much lower when he spoke it, as if he was entirely relaxed. The slowness felt like intentional, that he was processing all of what he was saying and that maybe, if he spoke slow enough, Shane would miraculously

understand. Shane's chest panged with guilt. He had known Ilya for nearly ten years and he didn't know anything but "papa" and "I love you". He should've been studying.

"Ilya," Shane whispered back. "I'm sorry. I'll study Russian."

"Please." Ilya replied in English. "It's hard but you are smart."

"What did you say?" Shane lifted his head, causing Ilya to do the same.

"Uhm..." Ilya pulled his lips to the side as he thought the best way to translate. "I don't know in English."

"Maybe we can look it up later." Shane bit the inside of his cheek.

"It was good." Ilya blurted out, "It was 'I love you' but prettier. I have never said it in English."

Shane pulled his lips tight, a sudden wave of jealousy washing over him, "But you have in Russian?"

"No," Ilya licked his lips, latching onto the chance to lighten things, "But I have heard it."

"From who?" Shane was leaning away from Ilya.

"Just one woman." Ilya pulled him closer.

"Svetlana." Shane answered his own question that he hadn't even asked.

Ilya exhaled from his nose and smiled, "No, Shane. My mother."

"Oh," Shane dropped his head away and let the water hit his face, his anxiety melting away.

"I love you." Ilya kissed Shane's newly exposed throat and nuzzled his face into Shane's neck.

Shane inhaled at the tickle of Ilya's nose in his neck and Ilya smiled, kissing his skin that was warm from the shower. Shane nudged Ilya with his shoulder and reached into his still relatively dry hair and tugged his head back. Ilya's eyes were slightly lidded and his expression looked almost angry if Shane didn't know him better. None of his muscles were taut in expression, he was completely at ease. He just wanted to know he was truly okay. Shane kissed him warmly then pulled away enough to wash his own body clean. Shane stepped away to wash his body from the waist down and Ilya tried to chase him.

"Stop." Shane swatted Ilya's curious hand away. "We'll never eat if you help."

"Hm, fine." Ilya clasped his hands together behind his back and leaned his shoulders against the glass of the shower.

Shane had leaned down to wash his legs and he glanced up at Ilya, and he almost disregarded his own words at the sight of Ilya's sculpted, entirely nude body on display. Not to mention Ilya maintained his relaxed expression except his lips curled microscopically up as he

admired Shane doing such a menial task. Shane sucked his teeth when he saw that Ilya jutted his hips out further, taunting him.

“I’m convinced you are a psychopath.” Shane straightened, because he was ready to give Ilya his ‘surprise’ right then.

“Hm, maybe. I will look up that word later and tell you.” Ilya shrugged casually and leaned past Shane to get some body wash.

Shane watched Ilya quickly scrub his own legs and ran his hands over his hips one too many times while locking eyes with Shane. Shane narrowed his eyes and shook his head just once, letting Ilya know that the water would not run hot for as much time as they’d want to take. Ilya lifted his shoulder in a half-assed shrug and stepped toward Shane, forcing him to press his back against the cool tiles to avoid contact. Ilya then turned toward the shower head and used his hands to make sure all of the soap was off his body then glanced at Shane, who wanted to dig his nails into Ilya’s back for being so fucking perfect so close to him. Ilya turned off the water with a smile on his lips and turned to Shane, kissing him softly then leaning down to kiss his neck just once before fully turning away and stepping out of the shower.

Shane took in a shaky breath and waited until Ilya had dried himself with a towel and wrapped said towel around his waist to step out of the shower as well. He took his time getting himself dry, listening to the rustling of Ilya finding himself clothes. It was likely the Russian would opt for just a pair of sweats but then he shuffled into the doorway as Shane finished securing his towel around his waist.

Shane’s eyes caught Ilya’s reflection in the mirror and smiled widely before he could stop himself. He didn’t need to when he was here. Ilya was wearing Shane’s clothes head to toe and he looked good. Ilya was always a bit bigger than Shane. His shoulders, chest and arms were thicker and how they bulged in the sleeves of Shane’s shirt further proved it to be true. He also had stolen a pair of training shorts, shorts that Shane had full intention of wearing that day, that were looser around Ilya’s thighs than they would be on Shane.

Shane had forgotten about the huge smile plastered on his face as he scanned Ilya’s body, just admiring the definition of his muscles and how good his clothes looked when they were filled out by his boyfriend. Ilya scoffed softly and stepped forward, Shane could see a pink tinge to his cheeks.

“You are drooling.” Ilya tapped Shane’s chin with his nose and quickly kissed him. “Let’s go. Papa’s hungry.”

Shane kisses back, because he always did then stole a second kiss. He contained himself and opted to take Ilya’s hand. Ilya turned to walk them both out of the bathroom but Shane stayed where he was and tugged Ilya’s hand. Ilya turned his head but not his body and knitted his eyebrows together, ‘what?’.

“Let me borrow your clothes.” Shane answered the silent question.

“Sure, okay.” Ilya shrugged, tugging Shane into the bedroom. “You are weird.”

Ilya released Shane's hand once they passed the threshold and pushed him to sit on the bed. Shane sat with a soft exhale then leaned back onto his hands. Ilya went to the drawer that Shane had cleared out for him and rustled through the neat pile of clothes that Shane had taken upon himself to fold. Ilya's eyes landed on his Boston Raiders t-shirt and he smirked. He found a pair of his own training shorts and then turned, unfolding the shirt and holding it up for Shane, a shit-eating grin on his face.

Shane scoffed and dropped his head back, his eyes closing naturally, "Of course, I should've known."

"You will wear it, yes?" Ilya was seconds away from his wet dream coming true.

"Yes," Shane sighed, but he was smiling with one eye open and peeking at Ilya's smile, "I'll wear it."

"Okay," Ilya was trying to play cool, tossing the two items onto Shane's lap then quickly covered his eyes and turned his back to Shane. "Surprise!"

Shane laughed, completely unfiltered at Ilya's playful ways. He stood up and suddenly felt shy about his nudity though Ilya wasn't looking and quickly stepped into the shorts. They were tight, almost uncomfortably so and he laughed softly. He then shrugged on the t-shirt and it was comfortably loose and smelled so much of Ilya's natural scent. It was soft in a well loved kind of way but it was still in perfect shape.

Shane licked his lips and frowned, not sure how to get Ilya's attention in an affectionate way. He lifted his hand to tap his shoulder but that felt weirdly impersonal so he dropped his hand back down. He thought of hugging Ilya from behind but Ilya always did that. He shook his head, he was overthinking it. He just stepped closer and slid his hands up Ilya's shirt and pressed his palms to his back then slid them to Ilya's stomach. Ilya leaned into the touch and hummed when Shane kissed his nape and gently dragged his nails over his skin.

"Ready?" Ilya muttered, losing his voice at Shane's slow trail of kisses.

"Mhm." Shane hummed and nudged Ilya's jaw, kissing his cheek when he turned his face.

Ilya smiled and turned enough to kiss Shane softly, still kissing him as he turned his body to face Shane. Shane pulled away from their deep kiss and held his biceps, pressing two quick kisses to Ilya's lips before stepping away just once. Ilya's eyes dragged from Shane's soft smile down to his shirt and shorts on Shane's body. Ilya drew in a long breath, trying to contain his smile and desire but his cheeks were blooming pink and he reached for Shane's waist.

Shane laughed softly and stepped toward him again, squeezing Ilya's arms and kissing the corner of his agape mouth, "That sexy huh?"

Ilya swallowed hard, forcing his lips closed then nodded, "I'm going to fuck you in that shirt."

"Oh my god!" Shane choked out a laugh.

“You look unbelievable.” Ilya breathed out. “I love you and I love you in my shirt.”

“I love you too.” Shane giggled, resting his forehead on Ilya’s chin. “But your shorts are too small.”

“So take them off. Makes it easier.” Ilya found his bearings again and squeezed Shane’s waist while kissing his forehead.

“I’m not going to walk around like Winnie the Pooh!” Shane scoffed.

“Winnie the what?” Ilya jutted his chin out to tuck Shane against him and Shane’s head under it.

“Winnie the Pooh. He’s a little bear who walks around in only a red shirt and eats honey.” Shane explained, his arms wrapping around Ilya and his cheek resting against Ilya’s cross necklace.

“Okay. What is pooh?” Ilya frowned, naturally rocking them side to side.

“Uhm...it’s just a word for Winnie.” Shane frowned at the answer, though it was true. “Sometimes he says ‘oh pooh’ to say he’s upset.”

“Oh pooh...” Ilya stifled a laugh. “It’s cute. Like pooboo. I want to call you pooh.”

“Ilya, please don’t.” Shane cringed.

“Okay, okay.” Ilya kissed his temple. “I won’t, my pooh.”

Shane rolled his eyes and pinched Ilya’s side, causing him to flinch and loosen his hold on Shane. Shane took the chance to slip away and immediately pivoted to bolt out of the bedroom and to the kitchen. Ilya was on his heels in no time at all, but Shane still had the headstart so even when he slipped slightly down the small set of steps that separated the bedroom from the living room, he got to the kitchen first. He laughed, slightly breathless as he leaned against the counter and Ilya barreled after him a second later.

Ilya took in a deep breath and placed his hands on his own hips, trying to hide his breathlessness which only made Shane laugh even more. Ilya pinched his eyes shut to shoot a glare at Shane but Shane just grinned stupidly back and pushed off the counter. He shuffled to the fridge and began taking things out for breakfast. He took out eggs, some turkey bacon, some plant based sausages then various fruits for a smoothie.

He could feel Ilya’s wandering eyes but he paid him no mind as he set everything down next to the stove and went into the oven to find the necessary pans for breakfast. Ilya stood behind Shane for a bit, taking the opportunity to admire him. The shorts really were too small but the shirt fit him almost perfectly. As Shane cracked a couple eggs into a pan and prepared another pan for the bacon and sausage, Ilya had a great view of his well earned back muscles.

Shane glanced back at him and smiled, Ilya’s eyes were ocean blue and waves of admiration encircled his dark pupils as his eyes scanned Shane, not even noticing Shane turning toward him.

“Baby, can you cut up the fruit for me?” Shane’s smile widened when Ilya’s eyes blinked up to his.

“Yes, okay.” Ilya was pretending to have not been staring.

Shane turned the burners lower as he saw Ilya’s uncertain steps toward the island, unsure of where anything was or where to chop the fruit. So Shane slid a cutting board from the rack that had an array of sizes and set it to his right. He found a small fruit knife in the drawer and set it on the board. He then found a fruit strainer and held it out to Ilya.

“Here, use this to wash the fruit.” Shane paused, pulling the towel off the handle of the oven where it hung and folded it next to the sink. “Please just cut the tops of the strawberries, the blue and blackberries are fine. The banana doesn’t need to be washed but maybe cut it in three parts. And the spinach can just be thrown in after it’s rinsed.”

Ilya blinked, his eyes bouncing between Shane’s words and his pointing. Shane stopped talking and just waited, allowing Ilya to process all that had been said. Ilya then nodded, translating it in his mind then moved toward the sink. Shane stopped him just to kiss him then let him go. Ilya returned the kiss and got to work. He washed all the fruit and spinach then set the strainer of the towel. He brought all of it to the counter, and began cutting up the fruit.

Shane had already the eggs but was watching the bacon and sausage cook, checking in on Ilya every so often. Shane then leaned over and pulled his blender toward Ilya. Ilya looked at Shane and quickly pecked his lips. Shane smiled appreciatively and then turned off the stove. He placed some napkins onto a plate then plated up the proteins. Ilya tilted his head and opted to cut the larger strawberries in half then added them to the blender.

Once the blender was filled with all the fruits and spinach and Ilya was at the sink washing the board, knife and strainer, Shane went to the fridge. He pulled out a bottle of orange juice and a pitcher of water (presumably from his well) and held them up to Ilya.

“Orange juice or water for the smoothie?” Shane asked softly.

“Juice.” Ilya nodded, “So I don’t taste spinach.”

“Juice it is.” Shane smiled and set the water down on the counter and poured the juice into the blender before returning the bottle to the fridge. “Oh, baby, can you put bread in the toaster? Just enough for you.”

Ilya nodded and moved to the other side of the stove where the bread box was. He opened it and slotted two slices of bread into the toaster and set the timer before he pushed the lever and turned around. He put his back to the toaster and leaned against the counter, crossing his arms over his chest while he watched Shane open a cabinet to take out plates and cups.

“I like baby.” Ilya says gently, “By the way.”

Shane nearly dropped the dishes and quickly set them down, “What?”

“You called me baby, twice.” Ilya flashed two fingers then returned his hand to his elbow, “I like it.”

“I did?” Shane laughed shyly, clearing the other side of the island and set up the plates and cup.

“Yes. You did.” Ilya pressed his lips together and tilted his head.

“Oh,” Shane cleared his throat, “Well, I didn’t mean to. But if you like it.”

“I do.” Ilya dropped his arms and frowned.

Shane looked at him, worry spreading on his face, “Are you sure? You look strangely serious.”

“Yes I am sure.” Ilya then rested his hands on his hips dramatically, “I am thinking of what I should call you.”

“Not pooboo.” Shane stood firmly, two glasses in his hands. “Please.”

“No, not pooboo. That was a joke.” Ilya waved his arm and paced slightly, the ticking of the toaster filling the silence, “baby sounds stupid when I say it.”

“It does not.” Shane scoffed, in enough ease to move back toward their empty plates and set down the glasses.

“Mm.” Ilya pulled his lips to the side and bounced his head back and forth, “Yes, but I don’t sound pretty, like you.”

“Ilya...” Shane laughed softly, truly stunned at how stressed assigning a pet name was making Ilya.

“Yes, моя любовь?” Ilya tried, the gentle coo of Russian rolling off his tongue.

Shane’s cheeks immediately warmed and he flinched slightly when the toaster dinged and the toast popped out. Ilya smiled and nodded.

“моя любовь,” Ilya repeated slowly, allowing Shane to feel it in his own mouth, “it means... my love, probably the best way to say in English.”

“I like it.” Shane confessed, pushing the plates of eggs and proteins to sit in front of their plates.

“Okay, I will use it.” Ilya nodded, moving to his plate and setting down his toast.

Shane nodded, “Okay.”

Ilya could tell he was holding back a smile. He moved past Shane to get to the fridge, his fingertips grazing the small of his back before he moved away to reach for the butter. Shane’s body shuttered as he turned on the blender and took a deep breath. Ilya searched two drawers

before he found the cutlery and extracted a butter knife. He set them down on the counter and went to hug Shane from behind. Shane leaned into him, turning off the blender but not moving to grab the glasses needed. He just leaned his head back on Ilya's shoulder and looked up at him.

"I love you." Shane whispered. "I want to stay like this forever."

Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's lips and smiled, "I love you too."

Shane's eyes looked up into Ilya and Ilya felt his stomach churn. Shane was also so good at reading him. Ilya swallowed hard and kissed him again. He was tired of holding his true thoughts back. They weren't anything to tuck away anymore. He was free to tell Shane how he felt, his wants and needs.

"I want that too." Ilya chose honesty, as he so often disallowed himself to do. "I am sad we have to wait."

Shane nodded, his hands wrapping around Ilya's forearms and squeezing, "I'm sorry."

Ilya shook his head, nuzzling his nose against Shane's cheek, "Don't. It's not your fault."

"Right." Shane said curtly and lifted his head to look at the blender. "It just feels like that right now."

"We both love hockey. And we love each other." Ilya frowned as he chose his words. "We don't have to quit hockey or each other. I want you and hockey."

"Me too." Shane poured the smoothies out, Ilya releasing him and taking the blender and going to rinse it in the sink. "But, let's promise we'll tell each other if we don't feel good about waiting if that happens."

"Promise." Ilya nodded, drying his hands with a towel and looked at Shane. "You promise?"

Shane pressed his lips together and swallowed dryly. Ilya folded the towel and tilted his head, setting it down as he kept his eyes on Shane. Shane adjusted his weight between his two feet and wrung his fingers out in front of him. Ilya's eyes scanned him and he straightened to head toward Shane but Shane then shook his hands out and let them hang at his sides.

"I promise." Shane managed, nodding with certainty.

"Good." Ilya nodded, going to Shane and cupping his face to kiss him. "I love you, моя ЛЮБОВЬ."

"I love you." Shane mumbled back and kissed him again. "Let's eat."

Ilya nodded and allowed Shane to pull him to the stools that lined the island. They each carried a glass of their smoothie and sat down. Shane served them both each a half of the eggs and gave himself two slices of bacon and one sausage then served the rest to Ilya. Ilya watched him, his hand resting on Shane's thigh and his thumb mindlessly running across his skin. Shane glanced at him and set down the last plate before he took a bite of bacon.

“Hm?” Shane asked, polite enough not to speak with his mouth full.

Ilya shook his head, smiling softly and squeezing his thigh once before turning to his food.

“No. Nothing.” He

Shane laughed softly and shook his head, watching Ilya take a massive bite. “Idiot.”

“Hmm.” Ilya shrugged and took another bite.

“What should we do today?” Shane asked.

“Whatever we want.” Ilya took another bite.

“Okay.” Shane nodded, smiling toward his food.

“Okay.” Ilya replied, admiring Shane’s profile as he smiled.

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