Vasodeeelasion

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Vasodeeelasion

by vsleaqing

Summary

aka Shane has cold feet problems but not anymore this winter! because hey he now lives with Ilya

Notes

The summary probably didn't do the best job at "summarizing," but honestly that's what I think about the most writing this. LIKE these two kids can touch feet and play footsies however they want. And it warms my heart just to think about it. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

“I thought you are Canadian.”

Shane perked the side of his head towards Ilya, confused, expecting something weirder from his husband. And before he could say something back at those broad shoulders working hard at the kitchen island, he allowed himself to indulge in the moment of peace for a second. It was a soft winter afternoon in Ottawa. The Centaurs had a game last night, and after the intense post-game work out with Ilya (it got very sweaty) and a great night of rest (well into the day), they had finally decided to get out of bed and do something productive, even though Ilya had been whining that snuggling together was the most productive thing they could possibly do.

Shane had settled himself horizontally on the sofa, stretching himself as long as he could with his nape resting against the armrest. The book he’d been reading a few days ago was still upside down on the coffee table, a small tea cup beside it. It was part of the tea set his parents had given them as their wedding gift. Every piece in that set had two adorable cartoon figures drawn on it: a Shane-version Snoopy and an Ilya-version Woodstock. To Shane’s surprise, Ilya had gladly accepted the plushy little bird to represent him and adored them since. The cup still held faint tea stains from the night before – they hadn’t had time to clean it before rushing to bed. It didn’t smell or look bad at all, so Shane just decided to let it slide, for just this afternoon.

Shane slid down the sofa, grabbing the blanket at his feet and pulling it over his entire body. He picked up his book and turned himself towards the inside of the sofa, which conveniently faced the kitchen. Curling up, Shane couldn’t help but let out a little giggle. It all felt so dreamy, sharing a house, an afternoon, and the rest of his life with Ilya.

Ilya, waiting for Shane to reply to his comment and receiving only a giggle, glanced up and caught sight of those droopy eyes staring at him.

“Aw, sweetheart,” Ilya said with a smile, “I know you’re Canadian.”

“Oh no, I know that. I just, you know, I really enjoy seeing you there.”

“Where? The kitchen. I’ll become a househusband for you.” Ilya had actually given this consideration, but he realized that he’d much more enjoy being on the same team as Shane and fighting for the same goal as his ex-rival.

“No, no, please no.” Shane shuddered at the thought. He did not want Ilya to become a househusband, for god’s sake. Yes, he knows Ilya is good at taking care of people, but no, he would never ever forgive himself if he allowed his husband to retire early for them, “We still have so many years together on the rink. I think I’d prefer that. I just mean seeing you here. With me.”

Ilya’s smile widened. Of course his husband was an overly sentimental little kid inside, and he loved that. He propped his chin in his palm. “Me too.”

Flustered by those hazel eyes, Shane pulled up the blanket to cover the lower half of his face, his feet still stretching out the other end. Then he remembered what he'd meant to ask earlier before going on that mental segue.

"Oh—also. About that Canadian thing. Why ask?"

"Your nose and hands and feet are always so cold every day. I thought Canadians were better at storing heat, and you know, keeping the tips of their bodies warm."

"Vasodilation?"

"Yeah. That." Whatever that was.

"I don't know. Mom said I've been like this since I was a kid."

Ilya nodded and looked back down, "Ok, bad vasodeeelasion from baby Shane, probably from baby Yuna and baby David too."

Shane couldn't quite explain why the moment made his heart skip, so he just smiled.

"Whatever, " Ilya said, scooped up two big full mugs – each printed with the cartoon characters hugging each other – and walked over to the sofa. Shane turned his body and stretched his neck back as Ilya walked by, trying to keep this man in his view even if he looked upside down. Ilya set one mug where the book had been and sat down at the other end of the sofa, placing the second mug beside him. He found Shane's freezing feet under the blanket, dragging himself closer, wrapped them back up, and settled them on his lap, right against his stomach. And his crotch.

Shane could feel the bulge, but he really couldn't do anything about it even if he desperately wanted to. His back AND knees hurt too much from last night even if he wanted more of it.

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Truly, everyone was too hyped after last night's game. A big 4-2 win against Montreal meant a lot. In the aftermath, Hayden had drifted to Shane to talk. Ilya took a bit more time in the shower and missed most of their conversation, catching only the sight of Hayden pulling Shane into a hug – then more hugging, rubbing, patting, and tapping on Shane's back for what Ilya swore was over five minutes.

He didn't get jealous, not really. He knew Shane only had eyes for him, and he could always erase Hayden's touch by holding Shane for another twenty-four hours straight, should the opportunity arise. Besides, he knew Shane liked it when he was a bit possessive and showed a little jealousy. He liked the attention. A bit of a brat, as Ilya would put it.

Everything just occurred so naturally later that night.

The drive home had been peaceful and quiet, and despite expecting something, Shane was already ready to just fall back into their bed and doze off.

The moment he pulled into the driveway, neither of them bothered to turn off the engine properly. (Shane did just a few seconds after realizing what was going to happen, no threat of danger was in sight.) Ilya leaned across the console, one hand braced against the steering wheel, the other cupping the back of Shane's neck. Their mouths crashed together with all the leftover adrenaline of the game, teeth knocking, breaths uneven, desperate.

Shane made a sound that barely made it past the kiss.

"Someone's in a rush," he murmured breathless.

Ilya only tightened his grip, kissing him harder, slower now, like he was making a point. Shane arched into it immediately, always did when Ilya took control like this. The windows fogged. Someone's jacket slid off a shoulder and landed forgotten on the floor of the car.

They barely managed to separate long enough to stumble out.

As soon as they entered the house, keys hit the counter, and shoes were kicked off with no aim. Shane didn't even make it two steps past the door before Ilya pushed it shut with his palm, the sound sharp and final. He turned, eyes dark and shadowed in the darkness of the house, jaw tight with restrained intensity.

"Turn around," Ilya said quietly.

Shane didn't hesitate.

The wall was cool against Shane's back, a sharp contrast to the heat of Ilya's body pressing in. Ilya's hands came up on either side of Shane's head, caging him in, and his forehead bumped against Shane's, pushing himself into Shane, hungry, claiming, like he'd been holding back all day and was done pretending otherwise.

Shane kissed back just as fiercely, fingers digging into Ilya's shirt, tugging him closer like they weren't close enough. Every time Ilya pulled away even an inch, Shane chased him, needy and unashamed.

"You're impossible," Ilya muttered against his mouth.

Shane smiled into the kiss. "You love that."

Ilya groaned softly, kissing him again, slower this time, deeper, the kind of kiss that promised there was nowhere else they needed to be tonight.

The house around them stayed quiet, lights still off, the world reduced to warmth, pressure, and the familiar pull of each other.

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Shane was going to tell Ilya that he's a bit too exhausted for anything right now, and to ask him to put that mug on the coffee table because what if it spills. But Ilya looked at him and shook his head, "I know, not right now."

And now Shane can't even ask Ilya to put away the mug. Not when his husband had brought him hot chrysanthemum tea so carefully AND is being so considerate.

"But yes later," Ilya said, tossing something he'd found wedged in the corner of the sofa towards Shane. He lifted an eyebrow, casual but unmistakably assertive.

Shane couldn't stop himself from smiling, even as he made a valiant effort to force the corners of his mouth back down.

Ilya noticed Shane's internal struggle, and as the self-appointed ambassador of mischief, he felt obligated to intervene. He rubbed Shane's feet briskly against his thighs, patted them, and tickled the soles. When he was done abusing Shane's feet, Shane's smile had already been wide open. Goal achieved, Ilya gently placed Shane's feet back down on his thighs, patted them once more, and picked up his mug for a sip.

Shane wiggled his toes. Warmth traveled from his throat to his chest to his feet. This is his first winter with Ilya, and he couldn't have asked for more. Neither of them spoke, but everything was said. He flipped himself around, resting his head on Ilya's thighs. He looked up to his husband's eyes and pulled down Ilya's hand to give his ring finger a kiss, right where their wedding ring rests, lingering and then turned so his back faced Ilya, and resumed reading.

Perfect. Ilya's heart was so full. He pressed a few kisses to Shane's ear and picked up his phone to work on the day's New York Times crossword. Yuna recommended these to him months ago, and he'd since been keeping track since then.

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Unfortunately, Shane does have cold feet issues. It's not even just his feet – it's cold feet, cold fingers, and a cold nose tip. This really shouldn't be the case since he is, one, Canadian, and two, a hockey player. As the dutiful kid he was when he was young, he always changed into his furry slippers and tucked his hands into his pockets during winter when Yuna told him to. So at the end of the day, Shane swears it must be because he continued to wear his first pair of hockey skates when they were fully unwearable anymore, and since then the ice had permanently altered the structure of his feet.

Whatever the reason, Shane hates being shocked by cold objects out of nowhere. Honestly, he just doesn't like being touched unexpectedly at all. It's scary. He prefers being in control of both the temperature and timing of everything.

He always worried that Ilya wouldn't like the feeling of being touched by cold fingers either, even though he'd assume Russians are probably used to something different. Still, he'd always tap his feet, rinse his hands in warm water, rub his nose a few times until it inevitably turns red, before finally rolling into bed with Ilya.

Tonight was no different. Shane stared into bathroom mirror, rubbing the corner of his eye with the second knuckle of his middle finger to ease the lingering tension and sensation of Ilya's continuous puckering, giving himself an excuse to admire their wedding band once

again. It was of a very simple design, with their first names engraved in the inner side of the band, close to their skin, close to their veins.

Shane quickly clenched his fist a few more times before heading back into the bedroom. Ilya's already been in bed, propped up against the headboard, fidgeting with Shane's glasses in one hand and texting someone with the other.

"Who're you texting?"

"David," Ilya said, turning the phone to show him a picture. "He bought a new puzzle. Said I can go puzzle whenever I want."

"You really are becoming my parents' favorite son, aren't you?" Shane said dryly.

"Yes," Ilya replies, setting everything aside and opening his arms, "and you're always my favorite."

Shane smiled and scoots under the comforter to join him. As always, Ilya takes Shane's hands pressed a few kisses on his fingertips, and asked, "But seriously, why your hands so cold?"

Shane rolled his eyes, trying to pull his hands away, "I told you, I don't know."

"Is ok," Ilya held Shane's hands tighter, and leaned in to bop Shane's nose. And pulled away quickly just to come back in for a kiss and lick his nose.

"Ilya!" Shane blushed immediately.

"What! You have cold nose. I keep you warm."

End Notes

this show has literally forever altered my brain chemistry. My life will never be the same anymore (tears tears and more happy tears). Anyways, I'm so overjoyed by 1. this amazing show, and 2. Hudson and Connor succeeding in their career and it makes me even happier just to think about this!!

ALSO, please let me know what you think about the segue in the middle (the part from the night before the events in the story...)! this is something new to me, so any feedback would be really great!

Anyways, hope you liked it. I'd really appreciate any comments <3

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