

Men and the Moon

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Men and the Moon

by [Strange_johnlock](#)

Summary

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“Want to spend lots of time with you. Annoy you. Cuddle you. Fuck you,” he nips at Shane’s shoulder at that last part. “I want to find job. Maybe work more at Irina foundation. Or do something else so I don’t get bored. Will be WAG, then, yes? So come to games but also hang out with other women. And Harris.”

Ilya presses a series of kisses to Shane’s neck, soft strands of hair tickling his face. “Make meal for hot husband, wait for him to come home. Rail him over kitchen counter. Or pick him up from practice, fuck him on hood of Lamborghini. Yellow one.”

“Anything else apart from work and sex with your sexy husband?”

Ilya considers leaving it at that, but he has also learned that keeping secrets never works.

“Kids. One, maybe two,” he says.

This is the prequel to Moon, Sun and Stars. It's basically our boys on the way to being girl dads.

Notes

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

Chapter 1

Ilya does not have patience.

Well, he's known that for a long time. Meeting Shane proved him wrong. He could never understand the weird diet choices, or the fuss Shane makes about cleanliness. He loves that Shane, folds his clothes, even in the heat of things. He can wait if Shane needs him too. He can listen to endless rants about hockey tactics or water quality or architecture. Ilya loves Shane, and he has all the patience in the world for him, so, after years of being with the love of his life, Ilya has to correct his prior statement.

Ilya does not have patience with himself.

The knee injury brings that fact out into the light.

At the hospital, it had all been about comforting Shane, promising he was alright, would be alright. "It just got twisted a bit", he'd tell Shane, as if his husband hadn't bombarded the doctors with questions and knew more than him.

He got home, let Shane spoil him a bit, make him tuna melts and chicken parmesan. His husband stayed close by, stroking his hair as they binge watched every series they seem to have missed over the years. Ilya had soaked up all the cuddles, the relaxation. It had felt a bit like their days at the cottage, just with a bit less sex – but just a bit.

And then, Shane had gone on a road trip. It should have been nothing. Ilya could hobble around just enough to get on alone for a few days. It wasn't about the physical part, but the emotional one.

He hated resting, hated being alone with his thoughts, with his depression.

It got bad.

He had made a good decision, at least, and called Galina. And then Yuna.

They had both helped, in their own way, but Ilya had still hated himself for being so useless.

Lazy.

He had thrown himself into physiotherapy, as soon as the doctors had given their permission, with all the discipline his father had always demanded of him, and then been disappointed in himself when it hadn't worked out. There had been this futile hope that somehow, if he only worked hard enough, the team doctor would change her mind about six months without hockey.

It hadn't been his fault, but he'd still blamed himself, still gotten angry at himself. Impatient as always.

Worst part of it all, he had taken it out on Shane, sometimes.

And Shane had been so patient. Had loved him through it.

Now, his husband is next to him on the sofa, typing away on his phone, draw string of his hoodie hanging from his lips as he texts. Rose, probably. Ilya doesn't pry, even though he could, from where his head is resting against Shane's shoulder. Instead, he rubs his nose and chin against the spot, greedy for closeness, as if having his husband in his arms is not enough.

There is something Ilya needs to say, something that he has been rolling around in his brain for a while, he even talked to his therapist about it already.

Now, he waits for Shane to close all apps on his phone, turn off the screen and place it on the cushion next him Ilya's leg. They are both in their boxers, didn't bother to put all of their clothes back on after their shower.

Today, Ilya had returned to practice and gotten the clearance to join the team for the playoffs. Shane had been so excited, it is probably what he just texted Rose about.

It makes it harder to say the following words out loud, and Ilya is grateful that he gets to breathe them into the crook of his husband's neck.

"I think I will retire soon," he whispers, more hearing than seeing Shane's surprised gasp, and is rudely shoved from his cozy spot as the other man turns to look at him.

"You... what?"

Shane loves hockey. He loves that they finally get to play together instead of being rivals. Together, they have shaped the centaurs from a good team to a successful one, and Ilya knows that Shane wants to harvest the fruits of their hard work. Shane would never give it up voluntarily. Not yet at least, but Ilya is so tired. Not of the people, but of the sport, of the travel, of the attention.

And maybe Ilya should have eased Shane into it more, been more patient.

Fuck.

"Not yet. Not by end of this season. Just – risk of another injury is higher, now. Don't want to retire because my body makes me. Want it to be my decision."

Dark, deep eyes, the kind you could get lost in, travel over his face as if the answer is written there. Ilya does not yet know the question, so he keeps on talking.

"Not yet, but maybe one more season after this." His fingers try to massage comfort into his love's shoulders, press it into his skin as he gently cups his face. "I love being Centaur, моя любовь. More now with you on the team. But I don't... love hockey anymore. Not enough to risk limp for rest of my life."

There is a slow nod, and then warm lips come to rest against his. For a moment, Ilya lets himself get lost in the kiss, seeking reassurance, support.

“Is not a decision I want to make without you, Shane,” he says, as they part, noses and foreheads resting against each other.

“It’s not a decision I can make for you,” Shane’s response is just as quiet, but filled with conviction.

“But one that affects you as much as me. It affects us. Our marriage. So, we decide together.”

Another shake of Shane’s head. “No. You’ve already decided, Ilya. And I love you, so I support it.” He sits up to look at Ilya now, reaching to intertwine their hands for a moment. “I don’t understand it, not really. But I want you to be happy, so I need you to do what makes you happy.”

Ilya could cry. He is so full of love and so filled with relief. This is good. Shane is taking this well.

There are more things they need to talk about, though, and Ilya braces himself to say them.

“I’m scared it will change us.” Shane is a man of routine, and this one, they have just established. Ilya is risking messing it all up.

Shane’s thumb rubs circles against his wrist as he considers his next words, and their gazes both drop down, following its movement before meeting again. “Maybe it will. Probably. No more road trips together, no daily drives to the rink. We’d be long distance again, in a way.”

Dark lashes fall against Shane’s cheeks repeatedly as he attempts to blink back tears. And God, Ilya cannot see him cry, not now, not because of him. Shane had been so happy, just hours ago.

“моя любовь,” Ilya says softly, pulling him closer and into his arm, lips resting against his forehead. There is nothing else to say, no argument to be had, because Shane is right. Trying to sugar-coat it won’t help.

“We’ve managed that before. It was our normal for so long. We can do it again. And it won’t be for long, right. I have few years of hockey in me, still, but what, maybe five at the longest. Probably less. We’d manage that. And if we still have a year, there are things both of us can do to adjust.”

The words are spoken against his chest, leaving traces of warm breath there, leaving Ilya hopeful.

“What do you imagine retired life to look like?” Shane asks, hours later. They are in the kitchen, rice bubbling on the stove, veggies sizzling in a pan. They have been cooking together for the last thirty minutes, mostly silently, in a comfortable routine. Something that they have only established after so many times of doing this together.

“Like this,” Ilya thinks. “I just want this. Quiet moments with you.”

But he doesn't say that. What he says, pressed against his husband's back, is something else just as true.

"Want to spend lots of time with you. Annoy you. Cuddle you. Fuck you," he nips at Shane's shoulder at that last part. "I want to find job. Maybe work more at Irina foundation. Or do something else so I don't get bored. Will be WAG, then, yes? So come to games but also hang out with other women. And Harris."

Ilya presses a series of kisses to Shane's neck, soft strands of hair tickling his face. "Make meal for hot husband, wait for him to come home. Rail him over kitchen counter. Or pick him up from practice, fuck him on hood of Lamborghini. Yellow one."

"In this scenario, are we still at the rink?" Shane asks, pausing his chopping for a moment. Ilya knows the smile that is now playing around his husband's lips. He gets a glimpse of it as Shane turns to kiss him softly before he turns back around.

"Anything else apart from work and sex with your sexy husband?"

"And cuddles, yes." Ilya grins.

Shane adds the pepper to the pan, stirring it a few times, before putting the lid back on. "So, anything else?"

Ilya considers leaving it at that, but he has also learned that keeping secrets never works.

"Kids. One, maybe two," he says. It is not the first time they have talked about kids, but it feels like now their lives could change in a way that makes it possible.

Shane nods, "You'd be such an amazing Dad. You are great with kids. You have so much love."

What is Ilya to do, but squeeze him tightly and leave a kiss on every spot of skin he can find, Shane's jaw, neck, throat, over and over, until he has his husband giggling.

"Too much love, too much love." Shane tries, without real effort, to pull back.

"Never too much. You need it," Ilya counters, but pulls back a bit, or else their food might burn, and that would certainly ruin the mood. He kisses Shane's ear, then opens the cupboard to start setting the table. He puts two plates next to Shane, then grabs a can of ginger ale for Shane, a coke for himself, and cutlery.

"You'd be, too. Good Dad. Responsible. Caring. Loving."

Shane's eyes follow him across the room. "That makes me sound like the boring parent." He says, taking the pan off the hob.

Ilya sets the glasses down in their usual spots, then the cutlery. "Is that what you want? Be boring parent? Have kids? You really want, not just me?" He stays at the table looking over at the other man who is plating up their dinner.

“Yes. I want to, with you,” Shane says things like this with the most casual tone, sometimes, as if they aren’t the most romantic words Ilya has ever heard. “I always thought that I’d have kids. People just do that, have a family.”

Shane brings over their food. “With the way our life is right now, I actually want children. I just thought we’d have a few more years, after we both retire.” He sits, and Ilya joins him.

“Is part of why I want to retire. My knee, yes, but also having kids. I don’t want to be old father, like my father. Was not good, for me.” They exchange a knowing look. Over the years, Ilya has opened up more and more about the people who raised him. He’d focused on his mother, mostly. On her humour, her kind smile, her clever jokes, but his father had shaped him just as much, for the good and bad of it.

“I understand,” Shane says, hand gently squeezing Ilya’s. “You wouldn’t be. Like him, I mean. I think you are very much like your mother. Funny. Beautiful. Loving.”

Hearing those words from so many years ago reflected back at him make’s Ilya’s chest tighten.

“Hmm, but being a menace, that’s all you.” He adds, releasing the tension, defusing the emotion. Ilya is grateful. He grabs his fork, and they start to eat.

Ilya is torn from his dream by a hand on his shoulder, and there is no time to slowly blink awake before Shane is starting to talk. It takes a moment for Ilya to catch up.

This is definitely not the first time he has been woken up like this. There are two possible scenarios. Shane has woken up horny and needs Ilya to take care of that immediately, or there is something bothering him that he needs to talk about, right now, seemingly incapable of waiting until morning.

The tablet in his husband’s lap tells him this is not about sex, and Ilya finds himself a bit disappointed. He blinks against the blue light but turns towards Shane at the same time.

“What is it?” His own voice sounds almost drunkenly slurry to his ears, whereas Shane’s is just as awake as it had been a few hours ago when they had slipped under the covers. He hasn’t slept then, and a part of Ilya is worried.

“I’ve been researching our options,” Shane shifts as Ilya rearranges himself, making room so Ilya can rest his head against his chest. He pulls his knees up, resting the tablet against his upper thigh so they both can see.

“What options? What are we talking about?” Ilya is still too tired to keep up.

“For having children, Ilya,” Shane says, as if it should have been clear. As if Ilya had not been dead asleep during his hours of research.

“Why do you always do this in the middle of night?” Ilya complains, then apologizes with a kiss to his love’s collar bone. He knows Shane can’t help it. This is just how his brain works,

sometimes. “Tell me about options.”

“Well, there is adoption. Fostering. Surrogacy. I made a list of the pros and cons.” Shane nods at the tablet. “We need to know as much as possible before making a decision.”

Ilya lifts his head for a moment to kiss his jaw. “Tell me,” he repeats, just as softly as before, then settles back against Shane’s chest. If he has to listen to a lot of boring facts, he might as well do it here, as close as possible to his husband’s amazing tits. Occasionally, as Shane speaks, he presses slow kisses to the soft skin, not to tease or to turn on, but to reassure that, yes, he is still listening and hasn’t dozed off. Ilya does try to listen, but there is so much to take in, so many words, that even after almost two decades of speaking the language daily, English fails him at some points in the conversation.

He is distracted, too. All his brain wants to focus on is what this means, the research, the staying awake to figure this out for them.

It means Shane is in.

Shane wants this.

Shane is making plans.

He rarely does. Shane is a person who lives day to day. He works out. He goes to practice. He plays games. He shows up to photo shoots and ad campaigns, that Yuna makes him do.

He plans the things that matter. The Irina foundation, and therefore the basis for having a relationship. The proposal. Now, this.

Ilya blinks against tears. He lifts a hand, running the tips of his fingers along Shane’s chest and down to his ribs.

Their child could sleep there as they’d curl up in bed. Ilya could watch them, feel the warm huffs of their breaths, doze off to the sight of Shane’s fingers stroking their baby’s hair.

“That’s all I have. Mom would help us, of course. She’d love it, too.” Shane grabs the tablet and puts it on the nightstand, switching on the light there instead.

“So,” Ilya rolls on top of him so he can look at him fully. He rests his chin on his hands just above his husband’s sternum. “Three options. We can... look after child for shorter time. Just days or weeks, maybe, or for years. Not sure, because it’s child that has difficult situation with family.”

Shane nods slowly. “Yes. Fostering. I doubt that I would be good at that. The child needs very strong people for that. I’d struggle with adjusting, I think. I do not do well with rapid, unexpected changes.”

“Yes. And we would both have broken heart if child leaves,” Ilya adds, humming softly as Shane starts running a hand through his curls. “Second. We adopt. Bring child into our family, baby or maybe older, who has lost home, or had to leave. Like foster, but longer. Could mean issues with adjustment, but we would help.”

Another nod from Shane. “Many children need new, safe homes.”

“Or we have a woman, pregnant with baby, that is mine or yours, it's genes, yes?” he finishes summarizing what Shane said, leaves out most of the pros and cons Shane had brought up, unsure if this decision can be made based on logic. The heart has to play a role in it.

“What do you think, how should we do it?” Shane runs his thumb along Ilya’s brow, leaving warmth and comfortable pressure. “Because I think there is no wrong or right. Not in general. But there is a right way for us to become parents.”

Ilya leaves a kiss against Shane’s chest where his heart thumps in his chest, steady, calming. Ilya considers; wanting Shane to know he is very sure about this before he gives an answer.

“Only one answer, моя любовь. We make our own baby.”

To his surprise, Shane chuckles. “We’ve been trying that for years, Ilya. Hasn’t worked so far.”

It’s a stupid, little joke but it makes a laugh burst from Ilya’s belly, the sight of which he hides against his husband’s chest.

“No, you weirdo. I mean surrogacy.” He stumbles around the last word. “We take your sperm and ask nice lady to carry baby.”

“My sperm?”

“Yes. You are best person. Need more of you in world, obvious.”

“What about my favourite person?” Shane tilts his head questioningly, but his eyes have gone soft with emotion.

“You can ask Rose Laundry to donate egg, maybe.” Ilya teases, already moving up for a kiss. Shane stops him, firm hands on his shoulders. His eyes are stern. God, Ilya loves teasing him.

“You are my favourite person, you asshole,” he insists. “And you know that.”

“I know that. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Finally, he gets his kiss, soft at first, then deepening. It is a seal to a deal they have just made. A decision about their future. One that will look different from what they have now. Ilya can barely wait for it.

“So, I can ask my mom to help us figure out the first steps. We’re meeting up to talk about my new Rolex campaign anyway. She’ll be so excited for us.” Shane is back to talking as soon as their lips part.

Ilya tugs a strand of hair behind his ear. “You want to start this now? So eager to make baby with strange woman? Not want to wait until I retire?”

Shane shoves him again, and Ilya deserved it.

“It takes time, Rozanov. We need to find a donor. A surrogate we like. We need to figure out so many things before that. Legal stuff. It takes time.”

Ilya groans. That sounds like a lot.

“Is mean. Other people can just make baby like this.” Ilya suddenly pulls Shane’s legs up and onto his shoulders. It earns him a gasp, then the smallest giggle. He bends down to kiss him, licking into his mouth until it is all swallowed up.

“Hmm, we could practice, still. Wouldn’t mind practicing, I always sleep better after.” Shane blinks up at him, but the sneaky grin proves his innocence wrong.

“If world only knew Shane Hollander was pervert,” Ilya sits up, mourning the loss of contact, to get them both out of their boxer briefs. “Maybe when I retire, I write book. Horny Hollander- secrets of hockey genius.”

He finds himself shoved onto the mattress, with a lap full of said hockey genius within seconds.

Oh, he likes where this is going.

Shane is right, of course. It takes time.

And Ilya is impatient, more impatient than he has ever been. He has no capacity for annoying people. Still, he smiles as all of them shaking hands, making small talk, because there is nothing he would not do for their child.

Their money helps. Their fame, in a way, helps too.

They meet a lot of potential surrogates. None of them meet Shane’s criteria. Then, they both, sort of, fall in love with Hila during their first ever video call.

There are setbacks, too. Their first attempt fails. There is a positive pregnancy test on the second attempt, but then, there is bleeding, and Ilya has rarely felt so helpless.

Luna stays.

The cluster of cells grows, keeps growing. And Ilya loves her so much already.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

There is the soft drum of fingers against his thigh, the rhythm erratic, stopping for a moment, then picking back up. Ilya gently covers Shane's hand with his, pulls it up to press a series of kisses to his knuckles.

It helps. Shane smiles, just a small shift, but Ilya knows what to look for, knowing every of his husband's expressions by heart.

It helps Ilya, too. Comforting Shane makes him forget about his own nervousness for a moment, even as it grips him tight, making his heart pound and his stomach twist.

"It'll be alright," A soft voice says, and Ilya turns to look at Hila. Her smile is honest, her optimism real. That's why Ilya liked her from their first meeting, since he had seen her face via video chat. She exudes warmth, gives Ilya the feeling of motherly love, even though she is just three years older than him.

They had spent a few days together in Ottawa before signing the contract. She had stayed with them, together with her husband and three sons. It had clicked. Their child, once they were old enough, would love her auntie Hila, of that Ilya was sure.

That is what Ilya focuses on, now, as they wait. Their future.

Finally, they get a glimpse of it, their future. It is blue and black, like smoke moving over the screen. Their child, not yet human shaped, Ilya thinks.

"Is like a blob." He hears himself say, and he sounds so in awe.

"Ilya," Shane nudges him, but his voice is soft from the smile that shapes it. "That is our baby."

"I know, солнышко. Bet they will be beautiful baby, but right now is blob."

The scan technician chuckles softly, as the picture on the screen moves. "A blob that measures just where we want them to. And with a strong heartbeat."

Only now does Ilya notice the soft, thudding sound that fills the room. Their child has a heartbeat.

Shane's thumb is warm against his cheek as he gently brushes away the tears that wet them. "Hey," he whispers, barely loud enough for Ilya to hear. "Are you okay?"

Ilya is not okay, but this is not the time or the place to disentangle all of them, so Ilya clings to the most prominent of them. "Okay. Happy. Look at that, our baby." He presses his lips to Shane's knuckles again; eyes fixed on their little blob.

They spend the rest of the afternoon with Hila. She shows them around the small, boring Canadian town she lives in. They have coffee – and in her and Shane’s case, tea – in a lovely café, stroll along the main street, buy baby’s first little outfit, which makes Ilya’s eyes tear up. It is so tiny, just bigger than his hand, and it has ducks on it. Maybe he’ll find one with loons, or have it made, and surprise Shane with it.

Shane’s hand is in his the entire time, which is nice, but also unusual. They are able to do this now, be open about their relationship, their marriage, but his husband is a very private person and not a big fan of attention off the ice. He does not seem to mind today. Not even with people staring. And they are staring. This town probably does not see a lot of 6-foot-tall men – hot men- holding hands, even if they weren’t famous hockey players, they’d attract attention. Shane does not even seem to notice and that is what has Ilya worried.

He does not ask. Shane would hate if they talked about this in public, so Ilya holds his hand, kisses his knuckles from time to time, does most of the talking with Hila. He does not ask once they are on their way to the airport or while they are waiting for boarding. He falls asleep on the plane, head resting against his husband’s shoulder.

Ilya blinks awake, about halfway into their two hour flight. The artificial light is a harsh contrast to the cozy position he is in. Shane must have placed his jacket over his legs and stomach to keep him warm. Here, resting against his husband, everything smells like him, and that is lovely. For a moment, he nuzzles closer, considers trying to let himself sink back into sleep until they are back in Ottawa, but a movement catches his attention.

Shane has the little romper in his lap, he's rubbing the seam between his thumb and fingers. He seems lost in thought, has not reacted to Ilya waking up. Luckily, he is the world’s leading expert in Shane Hollander. Tipping his head up, Ilya presses a kiss to his jaw.

“You wish they had it in your size?”

It earns him a small smile and a soft “Fuck you”, which is exactly what he wanted.

“You want to tell me what is going on in your brain, Любимый?”

Shane tenses for a moment, eyes searching their surroundings. Whatever he sees, it makes him decide that their little part of the plane is private enough for him to open up about what has been bothering him. He does so in a low voice, gaze fixed on the three yellow ducklings, as his finger traces the outlines of the writing below.

Duckling adorable. Ilya does love a pun.

“I ... today was a lot. Overwhelming,” Shane says, tilting his head for a moment, resting it on top of Ilya’s curls. “I’m scared, Ilya.”

“Scared? Of what?” Ilya keeps his voice low, calm. Shane needs to lean on something, now, as he opens up. As much as he wants to kiss him, his shoulder, maybe, or his jaw, to stay connected, Shane does not need distractions, now. So, Ilya holds back.

“Everything. Scared, because our little... blob seems so fragile, so tiny. I’m scared of losing them. And I’m scared of – everything else, too. Being a parent is so much responsibility, and I’m scared that my need for routines will make it difficult for me to be good at it. And I do not – it takes me time to connect with people. Sometimes I just don’t. What if I don’t connect with our child?”

Shane takes a deep breath, scrunches up the romper, then starts smoothing it out again. “I have considered all of that before but today made it all feel so real.”

For a moment, it is silent, as Ilya waits, but Shane says nothing else, so he sits up, pulls Shane against his side, hides a kiss in his hair. “I know it is a lot, Любимый. I am scared, too. About things you said. And other things.”

“Like what?” Shane lifts his head a bit to look at him, hands tucked against his chest now, romper resting just above his heart.

“I did not have good dad, so can I be good dad? Will baby be boring like my husband?” He sighs dramatically, then chuckles, when Shane shoves his arm lightly.

“Asshole.” It should not sound like an endearment, but it does, always has.

“Being serious. I am scared. But it is not only feeling. Many other feelings, too, yes?”

Shane nods, tipping his head down to nuzzle his nose against Ilya’s neck. “Yes, so many others, too.”

“Good ones?”

“Yeah. I’m so excited. Happy. I think – I think I love them already, in a way, even though they are just an idea. And a blob on a screen.”

Ilya needs to kiss him. He does it slow, deliberate, translating all the love he is feeling into the soft brush of his mouth against Shane’s. “I’m not worried, then. Is okay to be scared. Will be part of being a parent always, probably. You are brave, so you can deal with scary. Good to be happy, too. Excited. In love with our blob.” He says those words into the inches between them, forehead resting against Shane’s, his hand covering his husband’s where he is still holding their child’s first outfit.

“I’m in love with you,” Shane says, voice wobbly, and Ilya thinks that maybe, they should not have had this conversation on a plane, but in the privacy of their home. Luckily, no one around them seems to care. There will be more conversations to be had, of course, about everything Shane just brought up. For now, they are in a good spot. Shane is less tense, less caught up in his own thoughts.

“I’m in love with you, too, Shane. Let’s make deal. We tell each other about fear. We deal with it together, yes?”

Shane nods. “Together,” he says.

And he holds Ilya’s hand as they leave the airport.

Chapter End Notes

This AU won't leave me alone - not that I'm complaining :D

End Notes

I will add to this story, it might just take me a bit bc real life finally has me in its grip again.

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