

I Don't Feel Like Dancin'

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77524876) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77524876>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Post Season 1 , Fluff , Angst , Fluff and Angst , Canon Compliant , ish???? , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 5,385 Chapters: 1/1

I Don't Feel Like Dancin'

by [fungiforest](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander doesn't dance-except for when he does. This is one of the many new things Ilya Rozanov has discovered about his boyfriend since moving to Ottawa. After some prompting, Shane reveals why he often sticks to the bleachers when it comes to the dance floor.

Notes

**** WARNING **** Bullying/f-slur use/. Shane recounts an incident that happened to him in middle school-I don't get descriptive and I don't write the word out, but wanted to give proper notice.

I picture this happening sometime in their first season after Ilya moves to Canada, kept the details vague enough to be canon compliant with the show. I also don't know Hockey so probably a weekend off isn't realistic, but whatever.

I know in book canon, Shane pointedly isn't a music fan-I'm ignoring that, obviously but just wanted to point out that I know. I also gave him my music taste and my praise kink so you're welcome (though let's be so for real I think for the later he does just fine on his own).

This is my first fic in like, fifteen years and my first ever on Ao3 so please be kind! I love these two and this show and I am excited to continue to explore their dynamic. I have a few more planned including some smut, just wanted to indulge in some cuteness and romance! Thanks to my friends Juliette and Angel for reading it for me and whole my writing group for encouraging me.

Song is "I Don't Feel Like Dancin'" by the Scissor Sisters, linked here:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4H5I6y1Qvz0&themeRefresh=1>

*"But I don't feel like dancin' when the old Joanna plays
My heart could take a chance, but my two feet can't find a way
You'd think that I could muster up a little soft-shoe gentle sway
But I don't feel like dancin', no sir, no dancin' today."*

Shane lets himself move to the contradicting beat of the song. He's been too in his head lately, too tense and it showed at practice today, especially. He'd thought about going for a run when he got home, but deep down, he knew that only one thing would help. He hits the volume button on his old MP3 player.

He loved their new arrangement-and he really loved that Ilya was due to come over in an hour and they both had the day off tomorrow.

But...the pressure was building like it never had before and now, now that he has what he wants-who he wants-Shane has something to lose other than hockey. And the idea of losing it all scares him almost as much as the idea that Ilya means more than hockey. That anything means more than hockey.

The singer hits a note in falsetto and Shane remembers the reason he'd dug out his MP3 player. It'd taken him a bit to find it and he realized he hadn't done this since Ilya moved to Ottawa. As he lets himself really focus on the music, he turns it up louder and lets himself move, mouthing the words along as he does.

*"So I'll just pretend that I know which way to bend
And I'm gonna tell the whole world that you're mine
Just please understand when I see you clap your hands
If you stick around, I'm sure that I'll be fine.
I don't feel like dancing-"*

Shane smiles as he moves his hips in a circle, mimicking how Rose used to move when they'd go out. His socks help him glide across the kitchen tile. As he turns around, Ilya is standing in the kitchen doorway. Shane is so startled he almost falls over, tripping over himself to stay upright, bracing himself against the counter.

"Shit! You're early."

"I see that." Ilya's mouth quirks up at the corners, his eyes raking over Shane's bare chest, following the line of his earphone cord down to the pocket of his sweats.

Shane feels his skin flush and his face starts to burn. He quickly pulls out his earphones and hits pause, shoving them into his pocket even though that means they'll tangle together. He lets out a groan and covers his face with his hands, hiding from his boyfriend who frankly looks way too pleased to have discovered him like this.

"You're early." He says again, because he can't explain himself. Ilya, for his part, leans against the door frame and stays quiet, letting Shane's brain settle for a second. Shane presses his palms into his closed eyes until he sees stars.

"I uh-bad practice today. I had to get out of my head."

"I can probably help with that."

Shane moves his left index finger to peek at Ilya without fully looking at him. Ilya catches his eye and smiles, smiles in the way that only Shane gets to see. Shane takes a breath.

"Hi."

"Hi."

"Come here." Ilya says in Russian, one of the very helpful phrases Shane has learned. He does, crossing the kitchen and gratefully melting into Ilya's embrace, taking in the smell of his sweat and cologne and something that was all Ilya. Ilya moves one arm lower to keep Shane locked against him, and uses the other to caress his face, his palm just under Shane's chin. When their lips meet, Shane feels himself really relax for the first time all day. He deepens the kiss greedily, satisfied when Ilya's breath hitches just slightly, but then Ilya pulls away.

"So...didn't know I'm in love with dancing star."

"Alright." Shane says, pulling his face out of Ilya's grasp as he starts to walk away. "I'm going to bed forever."

"No no no no no." Ilya coos as he tightens his grip on Shane's hips, bringing his other arm down to meet it and keep him close. Shane rests his forehead on Ilya's broad shoulder, preparing for the worst, all the tension returning to him. Ilya presses feather light kisses against his neck to get Shane to stand back up, making his way up to his ear before kissing Shane once, twice, on the lips.

"I won't make fun again, I'm sorry."

"Yes you will."

"Yes I will but not about dancing. It's clearly...uh, sore spot for you?"

Shane's brows come together as he opens his eyes to meet Ilya's. They're soft, sweet, no malice. He means what he says.

"What do you mean?" Shane has to double check.

“You never dance.”

“Yes I do. I just was.”

“Helpful. No I mean, not at club. Not at party or...”

“No. God no. I try really hard not to in public.”

Ilya frowns. “Why?”

“Because then people would see me dance.”

“So? You move well. You’re fucking athlete. You’re fucking sexy athlete,” he adds, his voice pitching lower and he places a quick peck against Shane’s lips. “So why not dance? Why not tell people judging to fuck off?”

Shane shakes his head. “I...Ilya if I could tell people judging me to fuck off I think I’d have so many less problems.”

“Hmm. Probably true. Ok. So no dance at club. But, you move well. Why not dance at home...not in secret?” Ilya moves his hands on Shane’s hips, making them shimmy slightly.

Shane hums and pushes lightly at Ilya’s chest.

“Fuck off. See. Practicing.”

“Serious! Not judging. Not teasing. Promise. You looked good, baby. Happy. It’s nice to see something else do that to you.”

“Something else, huh?” Shane says, his hands work their way up Ilya’s back and come to rest around his neck. “What’s the other thing?”

“Me.” Ilya’s grin is equal parts wolfish and school boy and Shane kisses it off of him. Ilya kisses him back, hungry, and Shane starts to instinctively move toward the couch when Ilya pulls away.

“You did not answer my question. Why hide dancing at home? When I came in...it was like I was ghost or axe murderer. Not boyfriend enjoying show.”

“You watched?!”

“See what I mean? Of course I watched. Never get to see your hips move like that unless I’m the one making them do it.” There’s a slight whine in Ilya’s voice when he says this, and Shane has to admit it is a little convincing. “It was hot. Before you turned into scared baby deer I was gonna join you.”

“...you were?”

Ilya nods once, and even though he smiles at Shane, he can see a little bit of worry in his eyes. Still Ilya waits, giving Shane room to speak. “I wasn’t keeping it a secret, really. It’s

just always been something I did on my own and I-I-“ Shane sighs. “You promise you’re not gonna make fun of me?”

Ilya kisses the corner of his mouth. “Promise. Not for this. Come sit. Come.”

He lets go of Shane and walks to the couch, patting his legs expectantly as he sits down. Shane chuckles and follows him, sitting sideways across his boyfriend’s lap as Ilya wraps him in his arms.

“Better?”

“Better.”

Ilya tilts his chin up and kisses him. Shane holds on longer, licking his way into Ilya’s mouth and groaning in frustration when Ilya pulls away.

“Trying to trick.” He says, narrowing his eyes at Shane in playful suspicion. Shane grins.

“No...”

“Trying to distract me with beautiful mouth.”

“You like it.”

“I love it.” Ilya corrects, pressing his thumb lightly against Shane’s bottom lip for a moment. His fingers trace Shane’s jaw and keep tracing along Shane’s shoulder and arm. Ilya was always handsy, but he was even more on their first nights back together, and in Shane’s opinion it was one of the biggest positives of their distance. Ilya presses a kiss to Shane’s shoulder before speaking again. “I stopped because you seem like you need to talk about it, *lyubimyy*.”

It’s the combination of hearing it in Ilya’s matter of fact way of speaking and the weight of his arms around him that makes Shane realize he does. He does need to talk about it. But he can’t quite bring himself to agree.

“It’s uh, a long story.”

“I like story.”

“Ok.” Shane closes his eyes and sighs. Ilya’s arms squeeze him a bit tighter.

“My love. Hey. Look at me for moment.”

Shane does and Ilya’s gaze is so tender that it almost hurts.

“You only tell me if you want. But. I won’t make fun. I tease because-I’ve told you before-you’re really hot when you’re a little pissed at me.”

Shane laughs.

"But I never want to make you sad. Or actually hurt feelings. That's not fun."

Shane smiles at him. "I know. I want to tell you. It's-" he sighs again as he settles against Ilya's chest; this story will be easier to tell without eye contact. "In seventh grade, I went to a counselor for a few sessions after I failed gym."

"Gym? Like workout?"

"Sort of. Different sports and exercise classes."

"And you, Shane Hollander, failed?"

"Mm. It was all or nothing-so if you sat out of any of the activities at all you failed. For some reason that year, they made us uh...square dance."

"Square dance...."

Shane looks up at Ilya and laughs, watching as Ilya's need to protect Shane battles his need to be an asshole.

"Do you know what square dancing is?"

"Something boring? Like you learn math while dance?"

"No. Weirder. It's like an American thing mostly. No idea why we were doing it in the gym. Here."

He reaches for where he'd left his phone on the coffee table and types in a quick search. Ilya examines the video Shane finds as if the dancers each had personally kicked him in the balls.

"What the shit is that? Spin your partner? Not even dancing. Ritual shit."

Shane laughs again, Ilya takes his phone from him and tosses it to the other end of the couch. His glower at the square dancers has morphed into a smile when he meets Shane's eyes. He brushes Shane's hair back, his big hand following the path and gently resting on the back of Shane's neck.

"I wouldn't have wanted to do that stupid shit either."

"The teacher was surprised and kind of laid into me. I didn't ever disagree-"

"You were good boy."

Shane swallows hard at that and Ilya notices, a smirk creeping onto his face.

"Mmm. You want me to call you that again?"

"Not if you want me to finish this story." Shane tries to sound irritated, but the breathlessness in his voice steals the bite out of it. And he feels his cock twitch.

"I do. Finish story. I can have a lot of fun with that later."

Shane hums and leans into him. Ilya's thumb rubs slowly along the side of his neck, encouraging, steady.

"So yeah. They made me stand on the sidelines and watch-maybe they thought I was just being stubborn or something and I'd see everyone else do it and join. But the thought of having to go out there and everyone seeing me like that...everyone laughing at me. I froze. I couldn't..."

"I know." Ilya says. "Your panic, it attacks."

Shane chuckles. "Yeah. You're funny."

Ilya kisses the top of his head. "I know."

"I mean honestly the only times in school I wasn't on the verge of a panic attack were like hockey practice, gym and English class. So to feel that way in the gym...and then to watch everyone have fun without me. I wanted to throw up but then they would've made that a big deal too so I..."

"Froze." Ilya finishes for him. His thumb hasn't stopped moving in the same pattern. It's grounding him, it's exactly what Shane needs. Ilya always knows what he needs.

"Yeah." Shane's voice is hollow as he remembers, decades-old anxiety and shame bubbling up from somewhere in him. "So since I didn't do it, the teacher gave me detention, and I had practice after school and I didn't know what I was going to tell my parents. I wanted to cry-and I wanted to be out there with everyone, I wanted to be having fun. But I couldn't let myself do either."

They're quiet for a moment after, Shane lost in memories and Ilya right there, keeping him tethered.

"And Yuna is so insane about exercise even in stupid dancing way that she made you talk to therapist?"

The genuineness of the question makes Shane laugh, and he returns to himself, leaving the lonely seventh grader in the past.

"I mean, no. If this was only about square dancing, I think she probably would've single-handedly burned the gymnasium down. No uh, they made me talk to someone cause I...I beat the shit out of a kid."

Ilya's thumb stops moving and he shifts, sitting them both up straighter, his hand coming to the small of Shane's back. His eyes are wide and Shane can't help but smile at how shocked he looks.

"You? You beat shit out of someone? Not on ice?"

Shane nods, the shame threatening to make a second appearance, but he makes himself keep Ilya's gaze. "I'm not proud of it."

“I-wow.” Ilya’s voice lowers and Shane narrows his eyes.

“Do not be into that.”

“I’m not into it!”

Shane pointedly looks down between them and back up.

“Okay okay, might be into it. But again, for later.” Ilya swallows. “Later. Story is more important. Why’d you beat the shit out of him, was bully?”

Shane shakes his head. “No, actually. He was my best friend. I think at least-we pretty much did everything together, been on the same junior hockey teams, same friends... Evan.”

“Evan.” Ilya repeats, over-anglicizing the pronunciation, clearly unimpressed. “What did shithead Evan do?”

Shane ducks his head, telling this part of the story to Ilya’s chest.

“Well uh, the day before at practice the guys were talking about girls they liked. And they all teased me cause I didn’t like anyone...not any girls, at least.”

Ilya hums, quiet but knowing where this might be headed.

“Obviously I didn’t know I liked him...I mean I didn’t know I liked you for years and we were...”

“Fucking like wild beasts.” Ilya supplies. Shane glances up at him with a small smile, hoping he doesn’t look as sad as he probably does. Ilya shifts again, pulling Shane’s back into his chest and securing Shane against him. He wraps his arms just under Shane’s pecs, holding him with enough pressure to keep Shane steady, but not so tight he couldn’t move if he didn’t want to. Shane definitely doesn’t want to. Shane closes his eyes, leaning back into the solidness of Ilya’s chest, matching his breathing.

“Yeah. And we were fucking like wild beasts.”

He feels Ilya chuckle more than he hears him.

“But you liked him? This Evan?”

Shane nods slowly. “I honestly-yeah. I did. I haven’t thought about this in so long, but looking back...that was there. For sure. And I think...” He trails off. “Anyway it was a big thing to the team that I didn’t have a crush but Evan had told them that I just didn’t want to date ugly girls and that pissed off the guys who had girlfriends...”

“He looked out for you.” Ilya says, some emotion Shane can’t quite place in his voice.

“I thought so. After everyone else was done dancing and let out to go change, I waited for him to walk to the locker room like always. He was giving me shit for not dancing and getting detention and I was giving him shit *for* dancing. And then he uh-“

Shane is surprised when his voice breaks. He hadn't thought about this, not really, since it had happened. There were too many things happening at once, puberty and hockey and feelings he wouldn't understand for years down the line. Including the betrayal of what Evan said. The full pain travels through time and space hits where it was always meant to; and Shane feels a few tears spill over from his eyes. Ilya's grip across Shane's chest tightens.

"He asked me if I didn't want to dance because then everyone would really see that I was a great big f..."

He stops, not wanting to say it. He'd never said it again after that, but he'd heard it all time. Thrown around casually in locker rooms and on the ice, an insult meant to hurt.

And fuck, does it hurt.

Ilya nuzzles his chin onto the top of Shane's head, kissing his hair, holding him.

"And then I lost it, Ilya. I was so mad that he... I don't know if I've ever been that mad again. It scared me. I don't even really remember hitting him, just one second he was laughing at me and the next he was on the floor bleeding and people were yelling. I broke his nose and uh his cheek or something..."

Ilya says something in Russian under his breath.

"What does that mean?"

"I will fucking gut that kid.' Shane..."

"I know, I over reacted."

"My love. You did not. I'm so sorry you were hurting for so long and no one knew."

They sit together for a long time. Ilya only moves to take Shane's hand when he offers it, holding it against Shane's chest and rubbing a line across his knuckles.

When Shane's ready, he continues. "They wanted to suspend me for it. They should've, honestly. But then I wouldn't have been able to play and I had some really competitive travel team scouts coming to my next few games...my parents, his parents and the school board agreed that if I'd see someone for anger management, wrote an apology and went to detention every day for the rest of year during gym, I could stay on the team. He was too hurt to finish the season anyhow...."

"Hmm. Asshole. Doesn't deserve to play."

"I think he actually did quit after that...I switched schools the next year, new team and whatever. But I uh, had learned my lesson I guess. I didn't really make friends with anyone."

Ilya presses another kiss to his head. "So you had to go manage your anger?"

"Yeah. Like seeing a therapist. He was uh, really cool actually. Younger. Probably our age now. And he just talked to me like a person. Not Shane The Hockey Kid or Shane Who Lost

It. He told me after our first session that he didn't think I had an anger problem. I had lied and told him that Evan had called me a slur for Asian people or something."

"Hmm and I'm sure he believed 'cause you're such good liar."

Shane scoffs. "Shut up." Then he thinks about it for a second. "Oh my god. Oh holy shit. He probably knew I was gay!"

"Probably." Shane decides to ignore the hint of smugness Ilya can't keep out of his voice. Shane thinks a bit more, remembering. "Oh wow...yeah wow. That makes a lot of sense actually."

Ilya moves just enough so they can look at each other. He catches Shane's eye and Shane nods just slightly-he wants to look at him too.

"He was always telling me stuff like whatever path I pick for myself will be the right one... all journeys are good..."

Ilya's mouth twitches.

"Ah."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Shut up."

"I say nothing!"

"You're thinking about it." Shane says, smiling now as he reaches up to kiss Ilya. "Just say it."

"Did he give you Madonna poster and pride flag, also?"

"Oh my god."

They laugh, their foreheads pressed together for a moment before Shane settles back into his boyfriend. He picks up one of Ilya's hands and kisses his fingers.

"He was really nice to me. And he listened to me. Like really did-I hadn't had that really with an adult who wasn't my parents and even then...I was like what? Twelve? So no one took me seriously, but he did. Anyway, we talked at one of the last sessions about why I didn't want to square dance. And I told him I was worried I'd look stupid and I didn't know how to do it. So he, uh, gave me this."

Shane shifts to pull the old MP3 player out of his pocket. He starts to untangle the cord but then stops, looking back up at Ilya.

"A few songs were on it and he told me to put anything else I wanted on there and that it was mine if I wanted it-and he said all he wanted me to do the next time I felt overwhelmed by everything was go to my room and play some songs that I liked. And to at first just sit and listen to them until I could really focus on them. And then if I still wasn't calmer, I could try dancing to it. And I didn't have to look at myself to do it or even tell anyone that I did. He

told me about how moving can help your body calm down and that is true actually I read something-“

“Baby.” Ilya says softly into his hair, just loud enough for Shane to hear. “You don’t have to over explain. Is ok.”

Shane sighs. “Ok. I took it and thought I’d never do the dancing bit. But the guys on the team all fucking hated me after I hit Evan and it just...worked. The first time I did it, everything kind of melted off of me for a few minutes and I could breathe. So I got into the habit-in the morning before school I would catch the bus if we didn’t have a game cause my parents worked-so I’d be alone in the house and I’d blast these songs and...it helped.”

“I’m glad.” Ilya says. “Im glad you had someone who could see you like that. Did you keep going to therapy?”

“What do you think?”

“Hmm...probably that it got in the way of hockey so...”

“Hockey won. Yeah. And I wanted it to win, too. I thought I was cured. I got really into working out and running and shit after that too, and it did kind of the same thing as the dancing did. But whenever those didn’t do the trick, this always did.”

He holds up the MP3 player. “Pretty much every song I’ve liked since I was 12 is on this thing. I know I could get a new one or put it on my phone but...it’s not the same. Silly probably.”

“No.” Ilya says firmly. “Not silly.” His thumb traces across Shane’s knuckle and up his arm a few times before coming to rest at Shane’s hip again.

“Why dancing today? Playoffs?”

Shane shakes his head. “No...I mean yeah. But not just that.”

“Us?”

The pain in Ilya’s voice kills Shane, just a little, right then.

“No. Never us. Us is the...” Shane presses a kiss to Ilya’s jaw. “Us is the best thing that has happened. But...one of the rookies, his girl lives in the States but she’s in town. She came to practice and she was just...Ilya, she was so proud of him. And I hated her for it a little bit. ‘Cause she could be proud of him right there, in front of everyone. And not...hidden.”

“Hidden.” Ilya repeats softly.

“And then I started to feel like an asshole for hating her and a coward for not being ready and I got pissy with Hayden and my shoulder-“

Ilya cuts him off by pulling him back onto his lap and kisses him deeply. Shane’s knees settle on the outside of his thighs as he kisses back, a grateful sigh leaving him as the spiral in his

mind unwinds a bit. He can feel Ilya's power in this kiss, his rage against the world, the fierceness of his love. Ilya's eyes are dark when they pull away.

"You. Are not coward. Brave. Never coward. Ok?"

Shane swallows against the lump in his throat.

"Ok."

"Say."

"I'm not a coward."

Ilya kisses him.

"Say again. Mean it. Hear it."

Shane holds his gaze and nods, almost to himself.

"I'm not a coward."

"Good boy."

Shane tries to glare at him but he can't hide his smile. He playfully shoves Ilya back against the couch, and watches as his boyfriend stretches his arms over his head, lifting his knees instinctively to keep Shane secure on his lap.

"I mean it. You're so good, Shane. It kills me you think bad of yourself. You are not coward because the world is shit. You are brave for being this good when world is shit...."

Shane smiles, bringing his hands up to run them down Ilya's sides in the way he likes.

"I know you're really being supportive right now but you gotta stop calling me good or I might get hard."

"You mean harder."

"Shut up."

They kiss again and the fog in Shane lifts finally as they continue, kissing Ilya until that's all he can think about.

When Ilya pulls away, Shane moans in protest.

"I know, my love. But we both need to eat first. I'm not planning on getting out of bed much tomorrow and we'll need our strength."

"Fiiine"

Reluctantly Shane stands up and offers his hands to Ilya to pull him up too. When he stands they meet with another kiss.

“You’re annoying when you’re responsible.” Shane says against his lips.

“Hmm. I don’t think good boys should complain.”

Shane tries to shove him back onto the couch but Ilya’s ready for him, fighting back and laughing. He pushes past Shane and heads to the kitchen, and grins at him when Shane smacks his ass.

~

Shane is cutting veggies while Ilya gets the rest of the stir fry ready. He loves cooking together, both of them focused but together, occasionally touching or laughing, but mostly just quiet. Together.

“Hey.”

Shane looks up from the cutting board, surprised how serious Ilya sounds.

“Hey?”

“Can you...can you play me the song?”

Shane’s heart skips. “What song?”

Ilya hits a button on the rice cooker and comes closer to him.

“The song you were dancing to.”

Shane’s eyes must give him away because Ilya quickly puts his hands up in mock surrender. “Don’t have to! Not if it’s private. But...hmm.” He brings his hands to Shane’s hips, his touch soft.

“My very boring...no...my very *reserved* boyfriend is secretly great dancer, and I want to know what song makes him want to dance.”

“Reserved, huh?”

Ilya shrugs. “Someone said other day that you’re much more reserved during playoffs. I looked it up. And you are. Makes sense-More on your mind. I just...” Ilya sucks air in through his teeth. “I don’t think I can call you boring for a while, not after secret iPod discovery.”

“It’s not an iPod. “

“Shane.”

Shane looks up at him, waiting.

“You don’t have to show it to me. Is ok. But I won't make fun of not-iPod. Or you for liking it. Ever. Ok?”

“Ok.” Shane nods. “I want you to hear it.”

“Ok.”

“You’re not going to make fun of my music?” Shane’s eyebrows raise as he moves in closer to Ilya’s face.

“Hmm. Didn’t say that-would actually be impossible of you to ask of me, English music is...”

Shane cocks his head to the left just slightly, looking at Ilya expectantly. Ilya swears in Russian.

“Don’t look at me like that.”

“Like what?”

“Like you are little puppy.”

Shane laughs so loudly it echoes off the walls and Ilya moves to kiss him, but Shane moves out of the way, sneaking his hands into Ilya’s pockets to hold him just out of reach.

“No, no. I want to know how you feel about English music. Tell me.”

Ilya deadens his expression, but his eyes betray him, and Shane is so in love with him at that moment that he feels dizzy.

“It is...fine.”

“Fine!”

Shane crows as if he’s just been deeply insulted and Ilya breaks, laughing as he pulls Shane close and kisses him, hard. His thumb and finger rest on either side of Shane’s chin, just a little possessive. They pull out of the kiss but stay close, holding each other in the kitchen. It’s so deeply normal, something so many people do without thinking, it makes Shane ache with how happy it makes him.

“Here.” Shane gets out the MP3 and offers Ilya the left earphone, putting on the right one.

“It doesn’t have an external speaker, so we have to use these.”

“Hmm. Peak technology.” Ilya grins when Shane glares at him. “I mean fine technology. Fine.”

Shane moves to hit play but stops when he feels Ilya’s fingers on his wrist.

“Is ok if... it can stay just yours, ok? If you need it to. I would understand.”

Shane leans in for a quick kiss. Ilya was the person who knew almost every part of him Shane was afraid to show. He wanted to show him this too.

“I want to show you, Ilya.”

“Ok.”

He hits play, and Ilya’s eyes close, focusing on the music as the guitars start. Shane watches him find the beat, nod along and then smile when the track kicks on for real. Shane very slowly lets his head nod too, making the earphone cord tug. Ilya’s eyes open, and his smile grows as Shane decides to keep nodding along. They grin at each other like idiots, bobbing their heads in unison.

“Words are ‘I don’t feel like danger?’” Ilya says after the second chorus.

“Dancin’.”

“Huh?” They’re still bobbing, so Shane pauses the song. He holds the tiny MP3 screen up for Ilya to see. His face breaks into a slow grin as he looks at Shane.

“Be nice-“

“Baby. I -“ he kisses Shane with sudden intensity.

“I love you so much I don’t even know how to tell you.”

“Because of the song?” Shane says, not sure what he missed.

“No. I mean-“ Ilya kisses him again, harder, and takes longer to pull away. He holds Shane’s face in his hands and shakes his head just slightly, as if Ilya can’t believe Shane is real.

“I mean yes because of song. Because you are world famous hockey player, second best in the league-“

“Hey...”

“And so beautiful and so sexy and so *kind*. You have changed me, my life, forever. And the thing you do after a bad day full of shit that isn’t fair is to come home...” Ilya fixes Shane’s earphone for him with tenderness that should be outlawed. “...and dance to a song about how you don’t want to dance. I get it. I-It’s perfect. You’re perfect.”

Shane is kissing him before he even realizes it. Ilya smiles against him, pulling him close. The song starts up again and Shane playfully swats at Ilya’s hand as he gropes him through his pocket, but keeps kissing him while the rest of the song plays.

“I think dinner can wait.” Ilya says as it fades out. “Got any songs on there we could fuck to?”

“Don’t be gross.” Shane says, rolling his eyes but gladly allowing himself to be tugged towards the bedroom.

“Or is there one about not wanting to fuck that we could fuck to? Keep theme?”

“Shut up.”

“I’m serious!” Ilya grins over his shoulder at him and then softens, squeezing Shane’s hand.

“Thank you for telling me that. All of it. I love you...I want to show you how much. Ok?”

Shane moves beside him and kisses him.

“More than ok.”

“Great.” Ilya traces along the waistline of Shane’s sweats with one finger. He flicks his eyes over to Shane. “Come along then, good boy.”

“Oh I’m going to kill you.”

“I look forward to it.”

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