

the only thing that keeps the cold out

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by [starshineandhappythoughts](#)

Summary

When Shane woke up warm, comfortable, and wrapped in Ilya's arms, it wasn't much different from how he'd fallen asleep - fucked out, exhausted, and holding on to Ilya. Awake or asleep, they simply gravitated towards each other. It had been months now, and Shane still relished in every night that he got to fall asleep beside his husband and wake up curled into him.

Notes

Title is from Taehyung's [Christmas Tree](#). His voice is just so lovely.

I live in the part of Canada where it doesn't typically get that cold. But when I googled Ottawa's average temperature in December it was -2/-9C (28.4/15.8F for those curious) and I hate when it gets under 6C/42.8F sooo that's too cold for me.

I watched HR as it was airing, haven't read the books yet (March, it's my plan), but have picked up enough of the plot from fanfiction. They refuse to let me go. I'm literally trying to write my BTS WIP, but noooo, Hollanov needs to take over my entire life. Rude. Lol.

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

When Shane woke up warm, comfortable, and wrapped in Ilya's arms, it wasn't much different from how he'd fallen asleep - fucked out, exhausted, and holding on to Ilya. They'd never been able to settle who was clingier. Especially in their sleep. Regardless of how many fans asked or how many cute Q&As Harris made them do, Shane didn't think they'd ever get an answer. Awake or asleep, they simply gravitated towards each other. It was a rare night when they didn't fall asleep on top of each other, and rarer still when Shane didn't wake up with Ilya pressed as close as possible. It had been months now, and Shane still relished in every night that he got to fall asleep beside his husband and wake up curled into him.

After all their years of not being able to do this, it was something he didn't take for granted.

Ilya's face, rough with stubble, nuzzled into Shane's neck. Even in his sleep, he was always so affectionate. Shane just shifted, turning in Ilya's arms to look down at the blond head of curls in front of him. He let his hand drift up to comb through Ilya's hair and enjoyed the comfort that brought. Ilya had changed the products he used for his curls - a suggestion from Wyatt's wife - and while it had taken a bit for Shane to get familiar with the change in scent, he'd immediately enjoyed how much softer Ilya's hair was.

He ran his fingers through Ilya's hair, a soft, repetitive motion that was more habit than conscious thought, and Ilya's arm tightened around him as his breathing shifted. It was subtle enough that it could have gone unnoticed, but Shane had intentional practice listening to every clue Ilya gave him. To him, it was clear signs his husband was on the brink of waking up.

His husband. He kissed the crown of Ilya's head as the stunned joy coursed through him again. Every time the words settled into his heart, into his body, it was with a shock of awe that he wanted to tell the whole world about. Now that he could, no matter how professional Shane tried to be *his husband* slipped into most conversations about Ilya. He wanted every person they came across to know that Ilya Rozanov was his. And he was Ilya's.

"Mmm, *moy lyubimyy*, coffee," Ilya murmured, as he placed tender kisses on Shane's bare shoulder.

"Not yet," Shane said as he burrowed into Ilya's warmth.

The coffee was probably ready. Shane always made sure to prep it the night before when he brushed his teeth, and then he trusted the auto timer to do its job in the morning. Ilya had forgotten to put coffee grounds in it once - had been too distracted trying to get his hands in Shane's pants - and that was the last time he'd been left in charge of coffee.

Coffee would be good, and probably some breakfast, but Ilya was warm, and Shane didn't want to deal with the cold air for long enough to get out of bed. It had been -10C in Ottawa for the last two weeks, and while that wasn't normally an issue for Shane, they'd just spent most of that on an away stretch in the hotter USA states. Everything in their house seemed to have a permanent chill attached to it that hadn't faded yet.

Ilya's bag was still half packed by their closet from when they'd stumbled in yesterday and he'd been frantically searching for one of his Ottawa sweaters that he hadn't put in his carry on. They'd landed from Tampa Bay early evening after winning 5-3 on their afternoon game. Ilya and Shane with two goals a piece, and both of them on the assist with Bood's. It had been a good way to wrap up before Christmas break. The team had been lively with excitement from the win and the upcoming break. They'd all split up in good spirits ready to enjoy their time off.

Once they'd disbursed from the team, they'd immediately picked up Anya from the doggy daycare that Ilya had very carefully and painstakingly researched and vetted. When they had home stretches, they had a dog walker company that came and took her out multiple times a day. But neither Ilya or Shane wanted her alone when they were gone for lengthy away trips.

Anya would be the driving force to get them out of bed today. They didn't have the company come in on any of their days off, and she'd need to be walked and fed soon. Taking care of her was the only responsibility Shane wanted to think about for the next three days.

This break was just going to be them, Shane's parents, and Svetlana. She was in town for the holidays so that she could spend some time with Ilya rather than going back to Russia. Shane's parents had embraced her the moment she'd shown up for the surprise birthday party they'd thrown Ilya this year. They'd seen someone who unrepentantly loved their son in law - and who loved hockey - and made her part of the family.

Shane had enjoyed having Ilya's friends and team over to celebrate him. He'd enjoyed getting to know the people who would be his team in the future. Though, he swore he heard his mom and Svetlana planning to start a hockey podcast together. He had no doubt it would do serious numbers if they did.

He was looking forward to his three days of peace before life became real again. Before they were back on the ice, spending all their time in gyms and rinks and locker rooms between flights and bus schedules. Hockey had been the driving force of his life for the entirety of it. Shane didn't think he'd ever know how to let that go completely, but he was learning, slowly, how to make other things a priority as well - like rest.

He had some time to practice, though, and he fully intended to. Well, that and keep his gorgeous husband as naked as possible for as long as possible. Shane was up for that challenge. Not that it ever *was* a challenge. All Shane had to do was look at Ilya for slightly too long as his husband was stripping them both of their clothes.

"Five more minutes," Shane said as he slid his hand down Ilya's naked back to caress his ass. Ilya bragged that it was the best ass in the league, and this was one that Shane absolutely agreed with him on.

"Twenty," Ilya countered with a light kiss. Shane nuzzled into his neck and hummed thoughtfully.

"Deal, but you need to get the coffee."

Ilya laughed, low and fond, as he flipped Shane onto his back and settled between his thighs exactly where he belonged. The sheets tangled below their bare skin, and Shane kicked them away as he wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist to pull him closer. It was warm, familiar, and the spark of heat that was still there after all these years, that Shane had never been able to deny, was hot and sharp and desperate for more of Ilya. Ilya's hand cradled Shane's jaw, moving his face slightly into a deeper kiss. His thumb caressed Shane's cheek, and Shane's breath caught before Ilya moved to in for another kiss. It wasn't hurried, it didn't have to be anymore, and Shane still relished in *that* the same way he did in waking up beside Ilya every morning. The slow and lingering kisses just highlighted that they had all the time in the world, and everything else could wait until they were ready move on. Ilya kissed him like that - unhurried and thorough - as Shane's hands slid up Ilya's back, and traced the muscles he found there before clutching at his shoulders.

"Coffee later," Ilya said against his lips. His voice was thick with sleep, and thicker still with lust. Shane kissed him in agreement and tipped his hips up against Ilya's again. Ilya rocked down into Shane, a gentle roll that stole the remaining air from his lungs. Ilya's hand moved with lazy confidence around their hard lengths. Shane grinned into the next kiss as heat burned through him. Ilya pressed a kiss along Shane's jaw, down his throat, mouth trailing heat along with it, and Shane gasped, breathless.

Their bodies moved easily, fitting together the way they always had, their voices a tangle of soft endearments in two languages between desperate kisses. Ilya's free hand tangled into Shane's, stretched out over his head, tying them together further. When things slowed between them, when Ilya's hand slowed and their hips stopped pressing in a desperate need for friction, they were left breathless and sweaty. Ilya kissed his mouth, his cheeks, and let their foreheads rest together.

A few heartbeats later, the room filled with a quiet string of affectionate Russian as Ilya slid out of the bed. He heard the tap run in their en-suite, imagined Ilya washing his hands and cleaning himself off. He walked back into their bedroom still talking about his beautiful, lovely, perfect husband that made Shane smile even as he blushed. He tossed the damp cloth to Shane, having already cleaned himself off, and left the room with another kiss to Shane's mouth.

Shane watched him leave, still naked, and grinned at the red marks he could see all over Ilya's back from last night.

They'd be chirped endlessly if they hadn't faded by the time they were back in the locker room, but Shane found he didn't care. He took pleasure in the feeling, in knowing he didn't have to hide his love for Ilya from anyone. That people could look at Ilya and see Shane's claim on his husband.

There were people, both those that they knew and those that they didn't, in and out of the NHL, that were wildly in support of Shane and Ilya being in love. Or claiming that love for the world to see. Shane knew what it had been like for both of them when Scott had kissed Kip on ice in 2017. He could only imagine how many more people have been impacted by Shane and Ilya themselves. He'd seen DMs and fan letters from people who had felt seen and not alone when Ilya and Shane had become public knowledge. He'd avoided them for a long

while, managing the chaos in his life, and what those changes meant for him and Ilya, first and foremost. His mom had given them a box of letters later on, when things had quieted, when Shane was secured with Ottawa, with Ilya. They'd both cried.

Ilya stumbled back into their bedroom, passed Shane the coffee mugs, and slid back under the duvet into Shane's space. He took one of the mugs back, sipped slowly, and Shane used that moment to take him in. His hair was still wild from Shane's fingers, his eyes half mast and watching Shane with interest, while taking careful mouthfuls from his coffee mug. He looked relaxed, happy, peaceful. He was so beautiful it hurt.

The mugs made him smile, instinctive and quick as he took them in. It was two large black coffee mugs with the Ottawa Centaurs logo on one side. The other had a large gold Hollanov across it, and just under that was their numbers on either side of a red heart. It was all done in the Centaur's team colours. The Centaurs had released the mugs as part of their pride merchandise collection. They had a whole line of items with Hollanov splashed across it that his mom had thought was a fantastic idea. Shane still thought it was ridiculous, but they were Ilya's favourite mugs, and Shane couldn't fault him for finding joy in them.

His mom gleefully informed them both that they'd sold out four separate times in the three months since they were released. Apparently most of the Hollanov line had sold out multiple times. The marketing team was delighted. Ilya had purchased every single item and hung them for display in their trophy room.

The coffee was perfect. Of course it was. Ilya had spent far too long learning everything he could about Shane's preferences over the years.

"I love you," Shane said, sipping from his coffee mug again. He watched Ilya, the pleasure that crossed his face, automatic and adoring as he dropped a kiss onto Shane's forehead.

"*Moy lyubimyy, Moy zhizn.*" The Russian endearments slid between them, familiar enough that Shane didn't need a moment to translate them.

"*Moy lyubimyy,*" Shane replied. His accent was still atrocious, but it made Ilya smile every time Shane tried, and making Ilya smile was the most serious life goal Shane had ever taken on.

End Notes

Moy lyubimyy, Moy zhizn - my love, my life

This is from google translate. If it's not correct, please let me know and I'll adjust it.

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