

‘I love you too’, in sheep-language

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‘I love you too’, in sheep-language

by [lime_marmalade](#)

Summary

“Wow,” Shane said, grinning like he’d just scored the winning goal in overtime. “This is... this is, uh—” he broke off to laugh. “Sorry,” he said. “It’s just really...” He waved the phone at Ilya for emphasis. “Wow.”

“Yeah.” Ilya took his phone back. ““Wow’.”

Shane laughed again. “So, me in gear, huh? That’s what gets you hard?”

Injured and resting in Shane's house in Montreal, Ilya finds himself drawn to edits of his boyfriend's best moments on ice. Hours of mindless scrolling lead to the discovery of a kink, a blowjob and an all-round great evening.

Notes

Hello~! Before you proceed, please take a minute to see what you can do for [Palestine](#) and [Sudan](#).

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

The algorithm was a wonderful, wonderful thing sometimes, Ilya thought, settling on his eleventh *Shane Hollander Breaking Ankles* compilation of the day.

It had started with one unsuspecting reel on his instagram's search page, that had a picture of Shane mid-celly. He had to see what it was all about, of course. And then, somehow, he ended up spending a good two hours scrolling through clips of Shane's best assists and goals on YouTube, ignoring the periodic reminders to get up and ice his bruises and change his bandages.

In a match against Toronto two days ago that was guaranteed to be humiliating from the start, Ilya's strategy had been to simply irritate the opponents into losing. Put them in the penalty box for as long as possible, distract them into complacency, anything to keep them off the puck for a few seconds.

It had worked, somewhat. The Centaurs hadn't lost as badly as everyone had thought they would, though he had ended up looking rather like a cartoon character that had rolled down a very thorny hill.

His knee twinged and he sighed. If he dwelt too much on the details of the match, he'd start seriously considering hiring some guys to beat at least a little skill into Dillon in a discreet alley.

He wasn't supposed to be getting stressed, though, not even with a mild concussion. Thankfully, *Shane Hollander's Top 5 Dangles* edited like an action movie might be lost forever to the depths of the internet if he didn't watch it the moment it graced his screen, so he was forced to focus entirely on ogling his boyfriend.

He was so enraptured by Shane's grace on the ice, so caught between the familiar, fierce sense of pride and mild stabs of jealousy at plays and strategies that were so smart they should've been his, that the sound of the front door opening startled him.

"Shane!" He tossed his phone aside and sat up for a kiss. Shane motioned for him to wait. He was on the phone, eyebrows furrowed as he listened.

Ilya rested his chin against the back of the sofa, eyeing him intently.

When Shane finally muted the call and stepped away from the doorway, his eyes softened.

"Hi," he said quietly, as if they could hear him despite the mute button. "Did you manage to get some rest?"

Ilya nodded quickly and pulled him in for a kiss.

"Whoa, hey—" Shane caught his shoulder to keep from toppling over, and Ilya winced. Shane pulled back at once, mouth already open to tell him off, but Ilya was faster.

"No," he protested, tugging at Shane's shirt. "Come back."

Shane sighed and leaned forward slowly, obligingly, but before he could get close enough, he pulled back again.

“Are you—?”

“Hm?” Ilya followed Shane’s gaze to his pants, and...

“Oh.”

“What were you even watching? It’s still broad daylight, man, come on.”

“No, it’s not— No, I was watching you.”

Shane huffed disbelievingly.

“Really!” Ilya reached for him. “Come back here.”

Shane laughed incredulously, eyes on Ilya’s phone behind him, as he leaned forward again.

But Ilya barely managed to cup his face before Shane straightened up once more.

“Sorry, one sec.”

Ilya groaned and flopped back onto the cushions as Shane unmuted the call and started mm-hmming importantly. When the second hand of the clock had gone past twelve twice and Shane still hadn’t stopped the “yeah”s and “I understand”s and the “that’s right”s, Ilya sat up again and tried undoing the lowest button on Shane’s shirt with his teeth.

Shane pushed him back with a palm to the face and held him at arm’s length. Ilya peered through his fingers. Shane was staring into the distance, obviously paying attention to whoever was talking at the other end.

He licked Shane’s palm wetly.

Shane yanked his hand back with a click of his tongue, and Ilya had the pleasure of watching him cringe and try to explain that away to the call.

He was so bad at lying.

And Ilya loved him so much.

He reached for him again as soon as Shane fell silent once more, shoulders tense like he was preparing to talk when expected, but Shane smacked his hand away and stepped back for good measure.

He muted the call—“Wait,” he said firmly to Ilya—then unmuted again and walked to his office.

When the lock clicked, Ilya conceded defeat and picked his phone back up.

Four very sexy *Shane Hollander Best Goals* videos later, the lock clicked again, implicit permission to enter the room.

Shane was sitting at his desk, gnawing at a pen, glasses perched on his nose, staring at the sheaf of papers in front of him.

“Hello,” Ilya said from the doorway. Sometimes, Shane really was less than amused by his antics. Those times, Ilya tended to steer clear of him till he was feeling more kindly again.

“Hey.” Shane turned in his chair with a smile. Ilya took that as an invitation to clamber onto his lap.

“Oh! Oh, not again— we’re too big for this—” Shane clutched at the edge of the table to keep the chair from tipping backwards. “You’re really in a mood today, aren’t you?” Shane eyed him in the sparkly-eyed sort of way that never, ever failed to make Ilya want to give him the moon and all the stars.

“It’s all your fault.”

“Bullshit.”

Ilya didn’t bother arguing. He just held Shane’s face—in case he suddenly decided there was something more important to do again—and kissed him.

Shane relaxed instantly, his free hand winding around Ilya to hold him close.

“Not bullshit,” he said finally, when Shane was hazy-eyed and glossy-lipped.

“Huh?”

“I am not bullshitting. I was watching hot videos of you on the internet.”

“Okay, what the fuck are you talking about?”

“Highlight reels.”

“Highlight reels did that?” Shane scoffed. “Right.”

“Really!” Ilya dug his phone out of his pocket. “Look,” he said insistently. “Look.”

Shane took the phone from him and tapped on Google. None of his tabs had English searches, but the abundance of images of retriever puppies being taught hockey tricks made Shane smile.

“Okay, look, forget it—”

“No, check YouTube.”

“What?”

“Check, check.”

The confusion tightening his jaw softened into something more pink and sheepish as he scrolled through the watch history. He gave Ilya a sidelong glance.

“Now Instagram,” Ilya said.

The search page there was filled with him too, interspersed with the occasional cooking video or dog leaping into a lake with gusto.

“Wow,” Shane said, grinning like he’d just scored the winning goal in overtime. “This is... this is, uh—” he broke off to laugh. “Sorry,” he said. “It’s just really...” He waved the phone at Ilya for emphasis. “Wow.”

“Yeah.” Ilya took his phone back. “‘Wow’.”

Shane laughed again. “So, me in gear, huh? That’s what gets you hard?”

“Mm, no. I mean, yes, obviously, but not just that.”

“Really?”

“Yes. It’s more... when you do things.”

“Anything?”

“Things you are good at.”

“Oh, I get it.” Shane caught him by the jaw and shook him lightly. “You like competence.”

Ilya responded by kissing him again. “But only when it is you.”

Shane huffed a laugh. “You’re so cute.” He pulled Ilya into a hug and kissed his shoulder where the collar of his shirt had slipped. It made heat flood Ilya’s face, made him want to curl up and hide in Shane’s arms forever. But Shane nudged him gently. “Move. I have to finish reading these, okay?”

“No. Not okay.”

“Oh?”

Ilya sat up. “Yes, you see, I have a little problem here... or, well, big problem, let’s say.”

“Yeah, no, that’s your problem, not mine.” Shane nudged him again and reached for the first page of the contract.

“Really?” Ilya slid off his lap, hands set threateningly on the waistband of his shorts. “Not your problem, huh?”

“Nope,” Shane said, smiling challengingly up at him. “Not my problem at all.”

“So you will not take responsibility for your actions?”

“What actions? Being good at my job?”

“Oh, okay. If that’s how it is.” Ilya shrugged and took a step back. “Then you go do your *boring* work and I will take care of my problem. Alone.”

Shane sat back, eyes trailing over Ilya as he ran his hand across the door, over the handle, and then over the jamb. Ilya could see the way his throat moved when he swallowed, the way his eyes widened slightly and his flush deepened when he realised Ilya wasn’t leaving.

Ilya settled himself in the very comfortable chair in the corner of the room opposite the desk.

Shane shifted in his seat and adjusted his pants.

“Do your work.” Ilya flapped a dismissive hand at him. “This is not your problem, no?”

Shane clamped his mouth shut and swallowed again, with more effort this time.

“Fuck you,” he said. “You know how long these contracts take.”

Ilya held his fist up like a mic and put on his best North American sports commentator voice. “Looks like Hollander’s in a tough spot. It’s time for a quick decision. Contract or dick, which path will he take?”

“Shut up,” Shane laughed. Then he held a hand up like he could physically stop the temptation, shut his eyes and took a deep breath, lips pursed to wipe the smile off his face. When he opened his eyes, he looked so intense that for one wild second, Ilya thought he actually would abandon his work.

But because he was prone to waking up in cold sweat two days after signing, panicking about missing something important in the contract that would somehow lead to everyone he had ever loved shaking their heads in disappointment at him and saying “how *could* you?” and never trusting him ever again, unless he read every single word on those pages twice over—and then left himself a note saying he had read everything and it was fine—Shane took another fortifying breath and turned back to his desk.

Ilya almost laughed. In truth, he loved when Shane got all serious and started explaining clauses to him. Sometimes, he even pretended not to understand some things just so he could watch Shane hold the paper up and break the sentences down for him, voice low and steady, eyes earnest behind his glasses.

But if he wasn’t doing any of that with the contract, Ilya really mostly wanted to crumple it up and throw it out of the window.

He could be mature and tactful about getting what he wanted, though. He shimmied out of his shorts. It didn’t take much exaggeration at all for him to start breathing heavily. The sight of Shane with his glasses on, nibbling on his pen as he frowned at a contract was really, really doing it for him.

God, he was pathetic. He felt giddy with it. Not for a second had he imagined, even in his wildest dreams, finding someone who made him want to grow a tail just so he could wag it

excitedly when they smiled at him.

And yet here Shane was, the best player in the NHL, sitting in front of him, tips of his ears flushed because of *him*. His chest tightened. He wanted to touch Shane so badly it hurt.

“Shane,” he called, his voice smaller and meeker than he’d expected.

Shane turned at once.

“Need you.”

Before he could blink, Shane was on him, settling carefully on his lap.

“I’m here,” he murmured, cupping the back of Ilya’s head to pull him into a kiss.

Ilya hummed into his mouth. The room was starting to blur and spin around him, so he shut his eyes and clung to Shane.

“You are such a distraction,” Shane said. His hand settled, warm and familiar, around Ilya’s throat as he kissed him again. Ilya leaned into it just enough to feel the pressure.

“You like it,” said Ilya.

“Mm, I do.” Shane kissed the corner of his eye. “Look at me.”

Ilya blinked up at him. In the soft, warm lamplight, Shane was radiant. He had a self-assured air about him, like he knew the full extent of the effect he had on Ilya. It was a relatively new look on him, and it made Ilya want to devour him each time.

He tugged at the waistband of Shane’s pants. “Off.”

“Impatient.” But Shane started to stand up anyway.

Ilya held him in place. “No, no, don’t go.”

“What? How am I supposed to—”

“Like this.” Ilya lifted him by the waist. Shane settled on his knees obligingly, brows still furrowed in confusion.

His mouth was starting to water already. He’d been aching to do this since, he realised distantly, the first video he’d seen that day.

“I thought we were—” whatever Shane had thought was lost to a gasp as Ilya licked the tip of his cock and then swallowed him whole.

“Oh, fuck, Ilya, wait—” Shane had the presence of mind to clutch the back of the chair instead of Ilya’s shoulders, but the angle sent a bolt of pain down the back of his neck anyway—he’d have to talk to coach Weibe about that, fuck, but that was a problem for tomorrow. For now, Ilya redoubled his efforts, pulling back to tongue his slit before taking

him down to his throat. Shane squirmed above him, gasping and whining helplessly. Ilya wished he could see his face—he loved the way Shane’s eyebrows furrowed and his throat moved, how his eyelashes grew heavy with overwhelmed tears—but getting two handfuls of Shane’s ass made up for it.

“Wait,” Shane gasped again. Ilya pulled off to look at him.

“Yes?”

“I thought you were going to fuck me.”

Ilya nodded slowly, pretending to consider the idea seriously. “You remember when you refused to keep lube here? Because…” He poked Shane in the chest with a finger, mimicking him, “this room is for work. No fucking here.”

Shane tipped his head back with a groan. “Fuck.”

“More like no fuck.”

Shane tapped him on the head for that. “Shut up. We can fix this.”

“If you leave right now—”

“I’m not going anywhere. Wait, don’t move.” Shane slotted one of his legs between Ilya’s. He held Ilya’s face up with a hand under his chin, as he slowly, carefully moved his knee inwards.

The full force of Shane’s earnest focus on him almost did Ilya in even before he was touched. Shane’s thigh pressed against his erection, and he pressed his face into Shane’s stomach to muffle his whimper.

“Okay?” Shane asked. Ilya nodded. He left an open-mouthed kiss on Shane’s stomach before turning back to his dick.

This time, Shane kept a hand in his hair, petting him as they got each other off. Ilya wasn’t sure if he was so delirious that he’d lost track of time, or if they were both ridiculously worked-up, but it felt like barely a minute before Shane was patting his cheek in warning. He dipped his head so Shane’s cock hit the back of his throat, and tugged Shane’s thigh closer so he could grind against him properly.

They came together.

“Fuck,” Shane gasped, collapsing into his lap. He dragged Ilya clumsily into a kiss. Their teeth collided, and Ilya groaned. His gums were still sore from the fist and the puck he’d taken to the face. Shane kissed the corner of his mouth in apology, and Ilya turned to kiss him properly again.

“That was good,” Shane sighed as he pulled back. He turned to press his face against Ilya’s shoulder, but his glasses got in the way. He clicked his tongue and flung them to the floor.

“Aw,” said Ilya.

“Shut up.”

Ilya laughed. Shane ignored him in favour of burrowing into the crook of his neck. His breath fanned against Ilya’s sweat-sticky skin in sharp bursts. Ilya held him close, one hand ruffling his hair, the other bracing his back.

“I love you,” Ilya murmured, kissing every bit of Shane he could reach. He was surrounded by him—the sound of him, the smell of him, the warmth of him. “I love you.”

It was overwhelming.

Shane cupped his cheek without lifting his head. His thumb stroked gently under Ilya’s eye. “Love you too.”

They sat in silence after that, breaths slowing together. Ilya was half-asleep when Shane stirred.

“We’re sticky,” he said.

“Two minutes, then shower,” Ilya mumbled, taking the chance to press his face into Shane’s neck.

Shane hummed languidly and let his cheek rest against the top of Ilya’s head.

“You know what time it is?”

“No.”

“Five-thirty.”

“Okay.”

Shane said nothing. Ilya reluctantly pulled himself away from his warm little nook. “So?”

“The contract is due at six.”

Ilya scoffed. “What is it, homework? Give it late.”

“I’ve never done that.”

“Start now.”

“How am I supposed to explain why it isn’t done yet?”

Ilya kissed him on the cheek. “You will tell them it got delayed because you were tired and hungry when you got home, and you had to cook. They will nod and say “okay, thank you for telling us, you are prettiest boy in the world and we are so happy to take pictures of you”, and it will not be end of the world. Understood?”

Shane laughed quietly. "They don't talk like that."

"They will to you." He squeezed Shane's cheeks with both hands. "Golden boy Shane Hollander."

Shane rolled his eyes.

"I give them contracts late all the time," Ilya said. "Everyone does."

"You really shouldn't."

"Hollander, they ask for it early because no one gives it on time. It's fine."

"Well, still..."

"No." Ilya patted his cheek. "No. You will sit here for another thirty minutes and then you will message them saying you will send contract before practice tomorrow morning."

"You're sure they'll be okay with it?"

"Yes. I have worked with them before. They don't care. Is formality, the contract. They already know you are working with them."

"I know that, but... How many years ago did you do your ad with them?"

Ilya sighed. "You are not going to be nice and quiet for thirty minutes, are you?"

Shane tried popping his knuckles with his thumb before slowly shaking his head. "Probably not."

"Okay." Ilya nudged him off his lap, pulled his pants up for him, and stood up too. "Come on. We will go shower now, and then we will sit and read that contract together. It will be done like this." He snapped his fingers. Shane smiled.

"Yeah?"

"Of course. We will finish it before dinner."

"You'll read it with me?"

"No. I will be... mortal support."

Shane pressed a hand to his mouth to stifle a laugh. "Moral."

"Hm?"

"Moral support. Not mortal."

Ilya clicked his tongue. "I can be both. Come."

Shane took his proffered hand and followed him up the stairs. Halfway up, he paused.

“Question,” he said.

“Yes?” said Ilya.

“About your, um, kink, shall we say?”

He sounded shy, but he was smiling like he knew he had the upper hand. Ilya had seen this look on him on the ice too. It never quite failed to make his knees weak.

“Yes?” he said again.

“What does it encompass?” Shane resumed climbing the stairs. Now he was in front, leading Ilya up. “I mean, list out the things I do that get you hard.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’d like to know!”

“No.”

“No?”

“No. You will be unstoppable.”

“But you like it,” Shane said, mimicking the way Ilya had said it earlier.

Ilya pushed him against the landing’s wall and pressed close. Shane’s smile grew looser. When Ilya lifted a hand, he tilted his head to press his cheek against it. It was too much.

Ilya kissed him. He could feel Shane slowly start to rest all his weight in Ilya’s arms.

“Shane,” Ilya whispered, brushing their noses together.

Shane hummed and tried to kiss him again. Ilya shook his head. “Contract.”

“Right.” Shane blinked, and some of the haziness in his eyes cleared. “Fuck. I really wish I didn’t have to do it.”

Ilya took a step back, into the bedroom. Shane followed.

“Finish it quickly, and I will tell you how you make me hard,” he said.

Shane smiled. “Even if it makes me unstoppable?”

Ilya shrugged playfully. “Is worth it if it makes you finish the contract. A good sacrifice.”

“Aww, my sweet little lamb.” Shane lifted their joined hands and kissed his fingers.

“Yes,” said Ilya, copying the gesture. He pressed his forehead against Shane’s hand after. “Yours.”

Shane made a small sound and pulled him into a hug. "I love you," he said.

The thought of having to leave in the morning, of being separated for the next three weeks, and doing this over and over again for the next decade, made Ilya want to cry. So instead, he bleated.

Shane drew back.

"'I love you too', in sheep-language," Ilya explained.

"You're so full of shit," Shane laughed.

"Why? I can be good at many things too," Ilya grinned. "Like hockey, and speaking sheep-language, and sucking your dick."

Shane shook his head, nose scrunched, but kissed Ilya slow and sweet anyway. "I'll give you two out of three of those."

"So you admit I'm better at hockey? Finally."

"Shut up."

"If you finish that contract quickly, maybe I can give you my list, and then we can watch my highlight reels and see if you get hard too, and then I will prove I am best at all three things."

"How the hell are sheep featuring in this plan of yours?"

Ilya winked. "You will find out."

Shane pretended to think. "Deal," he said finally. "But we shower separately now."

"What? Why?"

"It'll be faster, trust me." Shane stepped back, but his hands lingered on Ilya's till he was too far.

"Ooh, did my language skills turn you on, Hollander?"

"Look," Shane said, holding the bathroom door half-shut, like he expected Ilya to push his way in, "you're not the only one who likes competence, okay? Sit out there and think about why I tried talking to you at the World Juniors in the first place."

Ilya could only stare, nonplussed, as Shane blew him a kiss and locked the door.

Then, he pressed his mouth to the door and bleated again, as loudly as he could.

Over the sound of running water, he heard, "Yeah, I know. I love you too."

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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