

Awards and Rewards

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Awards and Rewards

by [ompalompap](#)

Summary

“Ilya,” Shane says, slurring just slightly, eyes glassy and bright. “Did you know-“ he giggles, actually giggles, shoulders shaking, “-that you are very handsome?”

“Yes, I am aware,” Ilya grins widely as he steadies Shane by the waist, fingers firm and familiar at his side.

Shane turns suddenly, interrupting a conversation between a handful of players and executives who absolutely did not ask to be included.

“Hello. This is my husband,” he announces proudly, like it’s breaking news. “He’s Russian. And annoying. And very in love with me.”

Shane Hollander wins ‘Player of the Year’ and celebrates with his husband, Ilya Rozanov. Shane drinks a little too much, but thankfully, Ilya is glued to his side.

Notes

Some time ago I wrote a fic about Ilya not being able to take care of drunk Shane because they weren’t out.

This is the redemption for that, enjoy!

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

Chapter 1

The nomination alone feels unreal.

Shane sits in the crowd with his hands folded too tightly together, knuckles pale against the dark fabric of his suit. He'd laughed when the league had told him, and then spent the entire flight here convincing himself he was just happy to be included. Happy to be acknowledged. Anything beyond that feels greedy.

Especially this year. Especially after everything. The whispers hadn't stopped when they came out. If anything, they'd sharpened. Commentators talking around it, fans pretending not to, others very loudly refusing to pretend at all. Every slump dissected like proof. Every mistake magnified.

See? Distracted. See? Different now.

And yet, numbers don't lie. Not really. With Ottawa, Shane has been electric. Faster. Smarter. More sure of himself than he's ever been on the ice. One of the best seasons of his career, even if some people refuse to say it out loud.

Ilya says it constantly.

Now he's sitting beside Shane, solid and warm and unmistakably present, knee pressed into Shane's in an anchoring way. He looks devastating in his suit, broad shoulders, sharp lines, hair combed back just enough to be dangerous, but his attention never leaves Shane.

"You're breathing like you're about to be executed," Ilya murmurs, lips barely moving.

Shane huffs. "Feels like it. God, I don't know why I'm so fucking nervous."

"Because you care," Ilya says serenely. "This is important to you."

Shane exhales slowly. “I didn’t think I’d get nominated again, especially not... after everything.”

Ilya turns to him fully, expression fierce with pride. “That’s because you’re stupid sometimes.”

Shane huffs. “Encouraging, thanks.”

“You’re the best player in the league,” Ilya says simply. “Besides me of course. They would have to be blind not to see it.”

The lights dim slightly. The presenter steps forward. The room settles. Shane’s heart starts racing anyway.

“And the nominees for the Hart Memorial Trophy for Player of the Year are...”

Names are read. Applause swells and falls in waves. Shane hears his own name and feels that same jolt of disbelief all over again. His stomach flips. He swallows hard.

Ilya squeezes his knee. Once. Twice. Then.

“And this year’s Hart Trophy for Player of the Year goes to... Shane Hollander.”

For a moment, the world goes completely silent.

Shane stares at the stage, blinking like the words might rearrange themselves into something else. His chest feels too tight, like he forgot how to breathe.

“Wait, what?” he breathes, staring up at the announcer.

Ilya is already moving. He stands so fast his chair tips back slightly, hands coming to Shane’s shoulders, grounding him with undeniable certainty. His eyes are shining, wet and unguarded.

“That’s you,” Ilya says, voice thick. “That’s my husband!”

The applause crashes in fully now, roaring and endless. Cameras flash. People turn. Shane feels like he’s underwater. Ilya pulls him into a hug, strong, unashamed, pressing his mouth briefly to Shane’s temple.

“I’m so proud of you, moya lyubov,” he whispers. “So proud.”

Shane stands on unsteady legs, heart hammering, and walks toward the stage. He’s dimly aware of how the lights hit him, how the room seems to watch. He straightens his jacket, fingers trembling as he accepts the trophy.

It’s heavier than he expects. He steps to the podium and looks out at the crowd, and then he finds Ilya. Ilya isn’t clapping politely. He’s beaming, openly crying now, one hand covering his mouth as he laughs through it, eyes never leaving Shane for a second.

Shane’s breath stutters.

“Wow,” he says into the microphone, and the room laughs softly with him. “I... I really didn’t expect this.”

Shane has been nominated for player of the year once before, along with most valuable player, both of which he lost. He wasn’t too hung up with awards, but for some reason, this one feels special. He actually feels he deserves this, after all the shit he and Ilya have been through this season.

His voice steadies as he goes on talking. He talks about Ottawa. About teammates who welcomed and trusted him. About finding his footing in a new city, a new locker room, a new chapter. He doesn't mention the backlash directly, but he doesn't have to. It hums under every word.

"And lastly," Shane says, swallowing, eyes drifting back to Ilya, "I wanted to thank my husband, Ilya. For loving me loudly. For believing in me when it wasn't easy. And for reminding me who I am. I love you."

Ilya breaks fully then. He wipes at his face, laughing helplessly, pride written into every line of him.

Shane steps back from the podium to thunderous applause, trophy clutched to his chest.

Under the lights, in his perfectly cut suit, flushed and glowing with disbelief and joy, he looks beautiful. And Ilya, watching from the crowd, has never been more in love or prouder of anything in his life.

The night loosens its grip slowly, like it's taking its time to decide what it wants to be.

At first, it's polite. Controlled. Glasses clink, hands are shaken, congratulations offered with practiced smiles. Shane keeps the trophy close, fingers still curling around it like it might disappear if he lets go. He's glowing, cheeks flushed, eyes bright, but there's still a carefulness to him, a sense that he's bracing for something to turn.

Ilya doesn't let it.

He stays close, one hand warm and possessive at the small of Shane's back, guiding him through the room like he belongs exactly where he is, which he does.

Anyone who comes up to congratulate Shane gets Ilya too; the proud smile, the firm handshake, the unmistakable presence of a husband who has nothing to apologize for.

“Player of the Year,” someone says, lifting a glass.

Shane laughs, a little breathless. “Apparently.”

The first drink disappears faster than he expects. Champagne, cold and sharp, fizzing straight to his head. Then another glass is pressed into his hand. Then a third.

Somewhere between the second and fourth congratulations from people he barely knows, Shane starts to relax. His shoulders drop. His laugh gets louder.

By the time he’s on his fifth drink, he’s leaning into Ilya openly, fingers hooking into the fabric of Ilya’s jacket like it’s the most natural thing in the world.

“Ilya,” Shane says, slurring just slightly, eyes glassy and bright. “Did you know-“ he giggles, actually giggles, shoulders shaking, “-that you are very handsome?”

“Yes, I am aware,” Ilya grins widely as he steadies Shane by the waist, fingers firm and familiar at his side.

Shane turns suddenly, interrupting a conversation between a handful of players and executives who absolutely did not ask to be included.

“Hello. This is my husband,” he announces proudly, like it’s breaking news. “He’s Russian. And annoying. And very in love with me.”

A few people laugh. Someone raises their glass.

Ilya inclines his head, unbothered. “You are drunk.”

“I am celebrating,” Shane corrects, poking Ilya’s chest for emphasis. “I won a *thing*.”

“You won *the thing*.”

“Yes!” Shane beams, eyes crinkling with unfiltered delight. “That!”

He laughs again, tipping forward until his forehead bumps lightly against Ilya’s shoulder. Ilya’s hand comes up automatically, cupping the back of Shane’s neck, thumb brushing over warm skin in a slow, grounding motion.

Watching him like this, unguarded, glowing, joy spilling out of him without restraint, fills Ilya with something tender and aching. This version of Shane is rare. Usually careful. Usually braced for impact. But tonight, he’s soft with happiness, buoyed by it.

And tonight, for once, Ilya doesn’t have to keep one eye on who’s watching. Doesn’t have to calculate angles or temper affection or weigh consequences.

He drapes an arm fully around Shane’s shoulders. Pulls him in close. Lets the world see exactly who Shane belongs to, and who belongs to him.

Shane takes full advantage, clinging happily, cheek pressed to Ilya’s chest as he laughs at something only half-formed. He leans in to murmur affectionate nonsense into Ilya’s ear, slurred praise, half-finished thoughts, quiet I love you’s like they’re secrets meant only for the two of them.

“Ilya, you are my favorite person, ever!” Shane declares solemnly and proudly, in a slurred Russian, then dissolves into giggles again.

“I should hope so,” Ilya murmurs, in English, pressing a kiss into Shane’s hair. “You are my favorite person too, Hollander.”

At some point, Shane spots Ilya’s champagne and decides it should clearly be his.

“Oh,” he says, delighted. “You have one too!”

“No,” Ilya says calmly, tightening his hold. “I think you’ve had enough.”

Shane reaches anyway, fingers brushing the stem, nearly sending both glasses tumbling. Ilya catches them just in time, setting his drink well out of reach.

Shane pouts, exaggerated and dramatic. “You are mean.”

“I am responsible,” Ilya corrects, amused.

Shane squints at him, considering this deeply, then nods once. “Okay. But you have to stay with me.”

“I am not going anywhere,” Ilya says softly.

That seems to satisfy him. Shane relaxes back into his side, arm slung loosely around Ilya’s waist, humming under his breath.

Ilya watches the room for a moment, takes in the light, the noise, the glances that linger a little longer than they used to, and then looks back down at Shane, warm and unguarded in his arms.

“Come,” he says gently, steering him away. “Before do something stupid.”

Shane laughs, stumbling just slightly as he lets himself be guided. “I think it’s too late for that,” he smiles cheerfully, and leans into Ilya like it’s the safest place in the world.

The hotel doors swing open, and the night air hits them like a soft, cool wave. The city is quieter here, away from the glittering chaos of the awards, lamps casting pools of yellow light on wet asphalt, the occasional hum of a car in the distance.

Shane squints against it, blinking rapidly as if the world is moving too fast, or maybe he is.

“Ilya,” Shane slurs, leaning slightly on his husband’s arm. “Did you see everyone? They were all... clapping. I was famous... kind of.” He giggles again, wobbling on his feet.

“You *are* famous,” Ilya says firmly, guiding Shane along the sidewalk, thumb brushing lightly over his lower back. “And you were amazing, breathtaking.”

Shane laughs breathlessly, head falling against Ilya’s shoulder. “I love that you- you’re so... proud of me,” he murmurs, voice soft and a little tired, eyes half-lidded.

Ilya smiles, brushing Shane’s hair back. “Always.”

Step by slow step, Shane begins to drag slightly, toes catching on the curb. He stumbles, then leans heavily into Ilya. “I... can’t... my legs...”

Ilya hums, amused, and bends down slightly. “Then I’ll help you,” he says. Before Shane can protest, or even fully process what’s happening, Ilya scoops him up over his shoulder.

“Ilya!” Shane shrieks, high and delighted, trophy clutched to his chest. “Put me down!”

“No.”

“You are committing a crime!”

“I am married to you. This is allowed.”

Shane laughs so hard he hiccups, pounding weakly against Ilya’s back as they walk. “This is undignified!”

“You lost dignity after the fifth champagne,” Ilya says, smiling to himself.

Shane squeals again, slapping weakly at Ilya’s back, kicking out one foot like it will help, and Ilya just chuckles, humming under his breath.

The street stretches quietly in front of them, neon signs distant and muted, the occasional window lit warmly. Shane’s laughter fades slowly into soft, breathy giggles as he begins to sag slightly against Ilya’s shoulder.

“Alright,” Ilya says finally, bending down a little and setting Shane on his feet again. Shane teeters for a moment, arms flailing comically before catching Ilya’s hands for balance.

“You’re so annoying,” Shane mutters, half-grinning, half-exasperated. “I hate you so much.”

“I love you,” Ilya corrects easily, brushing Shane’s hair back once more. “Now, come on. We’re almost there.”

Shane leans into him slightly, still giggling, still flushed from the night, and Ilya can’t help but smile. They walk slowly together down the quiet street, Shane’s hand clinging to Ilya’s arm like a lifeline, both of them laughing softly at the world, at the night, at each other.

The elevator ride up is quiet except for Shane's soft, uneven breathing. His head lolls lightly against Ilya's shoulder, eyes half-closed, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth even as he drifts between giggles and exhaustion. Ilya holds him steady, one arm firmly around his waist, the other cradling Shane's arm like he might tip over if left alone.

The moment the door to their suite opens, Shane stumbles a little, and Ilya catches him immediately. "Careful," he murmurs, guiding him inside.

Shane flops onto the couch like a ragdoll, trophy tucked awkwardly between his knees, still clinging to it like a security blanket.

"I... I'm fine," Shane says, voice small and shaky. He tries to sit up straighter, but Ilya simply shakes his head.

"No. You're not. Come here."

Shane lets himself be pulled gently but firmly to his feet again. Ilya guides him toward the bedroom, chairing him lightly, steadying him every step of the way.

"Let's get you out of these clothes," Ilya says softly, voice patient and warm. "You're too tired to care about ceremony now."

Shane giggles breathlessly, swaying just a little. "I... still... look good, though. Right?"

"You look beautiful," Ilya replies, brushing Shane's hair back from his forehead and pressing a brief kiss there. "But let's get you comfortable."

They move slowly. Ilya helps Shane out of his suit jacket and tie, gently unbuttoning his shirt while Shane slumps into his arms, laughing at himself for being so helpless.

“I can... I can handle it!” Shane protests weakly.

“You could,” Ilya murmurs, smiling down at him, “but I like taking care of you.”

Shane leans against him fully now, head resting on Ilya’s chest as he slides out of his dress shirt. “You’re... good... at this,” he says, voice soft, a little slurred, eyes already drooping. “You’re like, the best husband I’ve ever had!”

“Oh you’ve had many of those, huh?” Ilya grins, already looking forward to teasing Shane about this tomorrow.

“Mm, no, only you. You’re the only one for me,” Shane hums, eyes closed with a smile on his lips.

Ilya chuckles, brushing his hand over Shane’s back. “I know.”

He helps Shane into more comfortable clothes, soft sweatpants and a loose t-shirt, then guides him to the bed. Shane collapses onto the mattress, curling up into a loose, exhausted ball. Ilya kneels beside him, brushing hair from his forehead again, tucking the blanket around him carefully.

“Mm, I wanted to have sex tonight. Is been so long,” Shane hums. In reality it had only been a few hours, seeing as they couldn’t keep their hands off each other before the awards. Yet Ilya silently agrees.

“Tomorrow, anytime you want sweetheart. But now, just rest, you deserve it,” Ilya smiles softly.

Shane murmurs something incoherent, burying his face into the pillow. Ilya presses a kiss to the top of his head and watches him for a long moment. His husband, so strong and brilliant

on the ice, is now small and soft and completely vulnerable in his arms, and Ilya feels a fierce protective pride swelling in his chest.

He settles beside Shane, letting his warmth anchor him as Shane drifts fully into sleep, occasional little smiles or murmurs escaping in dreams. Ilya stays awake for a while longer, brushing Shane's hair back, murmuring quietly about the night, about how proud he is, about how loved Shane is.

Tonight, the world outside doesn't matter. There are no awards, no whispers, no backlash, only them, the quiet hum of the city beyond the window, and the soft, steady presence of Ilya keeping Shane safe.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“I don’t-“ Shane swallows hard. “I don’t usually drink like that.”

“I know,” Ilya murmurs. “You are very disciplined. Your body is offended.”

That almost makes Shane laugh. Almost.

Ilya turns on the shower and adjusts the water until it’s just warm enough, cooling, not shocking. Steam curls softly through the air. He helps Shane out of his sweat-soaked clothes, unhurried, careful not to pull too fast or make him dizzy. Shane sags into him the moment he’s bare, forehead dropping to Ilya’s shoulder.

“It’s okay. I’ve got you,” Ilya repeats, steady as a promise.

Shane wakes up hungover, but thankfully, his husband Ilya Rozanov is there for him.

Chapter Notes

Wrote this while having the worst hangover ever. I was supposed to make this really sweet, but I thought Shane should feel my pain lol.

Enjoy!

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

Shane wakes up already knowing something is wrong.

It isn’t the gentle, dull kind of hangover that’s cured with some water and fresh air. This is sharper. Hotter. His skin feels tight and damp at the same time, sheets twisted around his legs, his head pounding like it’s trying to split open from the inside.

He swallows and immediately regrets it.

“Oh- no,” he whispers, voice wrecked, eyes squeezing shut.

His stomach rolls, deep and sudden, a warning that doesn’t give him time to argue. Shane lurches upright, the room tilting violently, and for one brief, stupid second he thinks he might not make it.

“Ilya,” he croaks instinctively, reaching out to the empty side of the bed.

There’s no answer. That sends a flicker of panic through the nausea. Shane barely manages to get his feet under him before he’s stumbling toward the bathroom, hand scraping the wall for balance. His vision swims. His heart is racing too fast for his body.

He makes it to the toilet just in time. He drops to his knees on the cool tile, gripping the porcelain as his body convulses. It’s miserable, violent and exhausting, his stomach emptying itself anyway, his throat burning as he retches. Sweat breaks out across his back and chest, soaking into the thin hotel T-shirt.

“Ilya,” he gasps hoarsely between waves, voice cracking.

Nothing. The bathroom feels too bright. Too loud. He presses his forehead against the toilet seat, shaking, breathing shallowly through his nose as another wave hits him. Tears sting at the corners of his eyes, partly from the strain, partly from how awful he feels.

“Ilya,” he calls again, quieter now. Almost embarrassed. “Please.”

Still nothing. The realization sinks in slowly through the haze, he’s not here. Gone somewhere. Probably just stepped out, logically, but Shane’s body doesn’t care about logic right now. All it knows is that he feels awful and alone and entirely too fragile.

When the nausea eases for a moment, Shane slumps back against the side of the tub, arms wrapped around himself. He's shaking now, cold despite the sweat. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, breathing carefully, like if he inhales too deeply it'll start all over again.

"I'm never drinking again," he mutters weakly to the empty room.

The bathroom door opens quietly. "Shane?"

Ilya's voice hits him like relief straight to the chest.

Shane lets out a broken little sound before he can stop himself. "Bathroom," he manages, voice thin and wrecked.

Ilya is there immediately. He drops whatever he's holding, keys, phone, Shane doesn't see, and kneels beside him without hesitation. One hand gathers Shane's hair back gently, the other settling warm and solid between his shoulder blades.

"Oh, Shane," Ilya murmurs, instantly regretful. "My poor love."

Shane leans into him automatically, exhausted, humiliated, relieved all at once. "I'm sorry," he whispers, even though it makes no sense. "You weren't- here."

"I know," Ilya says softly, rubbing slow, steady circles into his back. "I shouldn't have left so early. I thought you would sleep longer."

Another wave hits before Shane can respond. He barely manages to turn back to the toilet, gagging helplessly. Ilya stays right there, holding his hair, murmuring quiet encouragements in Russian and English both, easy, easy, breathe, I've got you, unfazed by any of it.

When it finally passes, Shane slumps forward again, completely spent.

“I’m here now,” Ilya says quietly, forehead resting briefly against Shane’s temple. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Shane nods weakly, eyes closed, clinging to Ilya’s sleeve like an anchor as the room slowly stops spinning. Ilya waits until Shane’s breathing evens out again before moving.

“Come,” he says gently, thumb brushing along Shane’s jaw. “The floor is cold. Shower will help.”

Shane doesn’t argue. He just nods weakly, eyes glassy and unfocused, and lets Ilya help him up. His legs feel unsteady, like they belong to someone else entirely. Ilya keeps one arm firm around his waist as they move, slow and careful, every step measured.

“I don’t-“ Shane swallows hard. “I don’t usually drink like that.”

“I know,” Ilya murmurs. “You are very disciplined. Your body is offended.”

That almost makes Shane laugh. Almost.

Ilya turns on the shower and adjusts the water until it’s just warm enough, cooling, not shocking. Steam curls softly through the air. He helps Shane out of his sweat-soaked clothes, unhurried, careful not to pull too fast or make him dizzy. Shane sags into him the moment he’s bare, forehead dropping to Ilya’s shoulder.

“It’s okay. I’ve got you,” Ilya repeats, steady as a promise.

The water hits Shane’s back and he exhales shakily, tension easing just a little. Ilya stays close, one hand braced at Shane’s side, the other smoothing over his shoulders, his neck, grounding him. He works shampoo gently into Shane’s hair, rinses it carefully, shielding his eyes with his palm.

“You don’t have to-“ Shane mumbles.

“I want to,” Ilya replies simply.

He soaps Shane’s back and arms, rinses him clean of sweat and sickness and the night before, never rushing. When Shane sways, Ilya tightens his hold. When Shane’s knees threaten to give out, Ilya shifts, lets Shane lean fully against him.

“You did very well,” Ilya says softly, like he’s talking to someone fragile. “Celebrated properly. Next time, maybe less enthusiasm.”

Shane huffs weakly. “You’re never letting me forget this.”

“Never,” Ilya agrees fondly.

When they’re done, Ilya wraps Shane in a towel, rubs warmth back into him, then guides him out into the bedroom. He pulls on Shane’s softest hoodie, the one that smells faintly like Ilya already, and a pair of loose shorts.

Shane barely helps, limbs heavy, eyes already drooping.

As soon as they’re back in bed, Shane curls into Ilya without thinking, pressing his face into his chest. Ilya settles back against the pillows, arms coming around him securely, hand resting over Shane’s spine.

Shane’s breathing slows almost immediately.

“I’m sorry,” he murmurs sleepily. “For... being a mess.”

Ilya presses a kiss to the crown of his head, holding him a little tighter. “You are allowed,” he says quietly. “Especially today.”

“I’m sorry if I ruined last night,” Shane mumbles, guilt washing over him.

Ilya’s hand squeezes him. “You didn’t. I had a lot of fun, I was so proud of my husband.”

Shane hums, already half asleep, fingers clutching weakly at Ilya’s shirt. Within minutes, he’s out, warm and safe, weight heavy and trusting against Ilya’s chest.

Ilya stays awake, listening to his breathing, stroking his hair until the world feels steady again.

Shane wakes slowly this time.

Not with panic, not with nausea clawing up his throat, just a dull, distant ache behind his eyes and the faint sense that his body has been through something it would like an apology for. He blinks, takes inventory. The room isn’t spinning. His stomach stays mercifully calm.

That alone feels like a miracle.

“Ilya?” he murmurs, voice rough but steady.

The bed beside him is empty again, cool where Ilya had been. For a second, unease flickers, but then he hears movement. The soft clink of dishes. The quiet murmur of voices out in the suite.

Relief settles in his chest.

Shane pushes himself upright carefully. His limbs feel heavy, slow to respond, but manageable. He swings his legs over the side of the bed just as Ilya appears in the doorway, carrying a tray.

“Easy,” Ilya says immediately, setting it down. “You’re not fully recovered.”

“I feel... better,” Shane admits. “Like... eighty percent human.”

Ilya arches a brow. “Generous.”

He crosses the room and helps Shane stand anyway, one hand firm at his elbow, the other steady at his back. Shane leans into him without thinking, letting himself be guided to the couch by the window.

Room service has arrived, toast, eggs, fruit, juice, coffee. Familiar, comforting things. The smell alone makes Shane exhale.

Ilya settles beside him, close, one knee angled toward Shane’s, body warm and solid. He hands Shane a glass of juice first.

“Small sips,” he says.

Shane obeys. “You’re bossy.”

“I am attentive,” Ilya corrects.

They eat slowly. Shane picks at his food at first, then with more confidence as his body remembers how eating works. Ilya keeps an eye on him the entire time, refilling his glass, nudging the plate closer, brushing a thumb along Shane's wrist whenever he drifts too far inward.

Eventually, Shane leans back against the couch, sighing. "Okay," he says cautiously. "Be honest."

Ilya hums. "About what?"

"Did I," Shane asks carefully, "do anything... stupid?"

Ilya's mouth twitches.

Shane's heart sinks. "Ilya."

"Not stupid. You were just... very enthusiastic," Ilya says thoughtfully. "Very affectionate. Very loudly."

Shane closes his eyes. "Oh no."

"You declared your love for me approximately seventeen times," Ilya continues. "Told some executives that 'I'm annoying and very in love with you.'"

"I hate myself."

"I loved it, you were so proud to show me off. I was glad the feeling was mutual," Ilya smiles warmly, kissing Shane's cheek. "But not anything too stupid. I carried you home before it got too bad."

Shane groans and covers his face with both hands. “Please tell me no one saw.”

Ilya chuckles, warm and fond. “Well...”

Shane’s eyes widen. “Ilya.”

He reaches for his phone and turns the screen toward Shane. The photo fills it instantly, paparazzi flash, grainy but clear. Ilya mid-stride, laughing, Shane slung over his shoulder like he weighs nothing, trophy tucked under Ilya’s arm. Shane’s face is caught in pure, unfiltered chaos.

“Holy shit,” Shane whispers, horrified. “That is... that’s everywhere, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Ilya smirks. “People like it very much. So do I. I think I will make it my new background.”

“Oh my god,” he whispers. “That’s- why am I like that?”

Ilya laughs, full and warm, pulling Shane closer. “Because you were happy.”

“I look like a child.”

“You look gorgeous, and very loved,” Ilya corrects, pride unmistakable in his voice.

Shane groans and buries his face into Ilya’s shoulder. “I hate this.”

“I don’t,” Ilya says easily, pressing a kiss into Shane’s hair. “I am very proud to be the Player of the Year’s husband.”

Shane chuckles. He stays quiet for a moment, forehead pressed into Ilya's shoulder, the embarrassment slowly ebbing into something softer. The room is calm, the low hum of the city, the muted light through the windows, the steady warmth of Ilya beside him.

He exhales and lifts his head slightly. "Hey," he says quietly.

Ilya looks down at him at once. "Yes?"

Shane swallows, fingers curling into the fabric of Ilya's shirt like he needs the anchor. His voice is still rough, but steady. "Thank you. For... all of it."

Ilya's expression shifts, the teasing ease melting into something gentler, more serious.

"You didn't have to do that," Shane continues. "The shower. Staying with me. Going out for food. Carrying me when I couldn't even walk." He huffs a small, self-conscious laugh. "Putting up with me being a disaster."

Ilya brings a hand up to Shane's face, thumb brushing lightly under his eye. "You are not a disaster," he says softly. "You are my husband. And you needed me."

Shane nods, eyes shining just a little. "I know. And I just—" He takes a breath. "I don't ever feel like I'm too much with you."

Ilya leans in, resting his forehead against Shane's. "You're never too much," he murmurs. "Not for me."

Shane smiles, small and genuine, and presses a kiss to Ilya's cheek. "I love you."

Ilya's arms tighten around him, protective and sure. He kisses Shane's temple, then his hair. "I know," he says, voice warm with pride. "I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

Guys I'm running out of ideas for stories about Hollanov, pls tell me what you'd want to see!

End Notes

Might to a part 2 with the following day! Let me know what y'all think of this <3

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