

The Art of Noticing

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The Art of Noticing

by [sadhecrts](#)

Summary

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Now? Shane wonders, what is the difference here? What is new about this? Shane looks at the love of his life and all the little things he keeps in his heart about Ilya. The tunnel vision clears somewhat, and Shane thinks, oh, he needs it, like how I need it. Ilya isn't just a happy participant in Shane's inherent submissiveness; he's actively seeking it

OR

Shane somehow doesn't realise that Ilya likes Shane's submissiveness because it makes him feel important etc. He catches on, and they have very sloppy sex about it.

Notes

rose landry i am sorry. forgive me.

Shane has only been in love once, will only ever be in love once, with Ilya. He's learned over the years that his tunnel vision when it comes to experiencing life tends to skew reality. Hard lessons learned - people actually enjoy eye contact, enjoy being surprised, don't have to sit in a dark room in silence after an event. So, Shane tries not to assume what he feels is what everyone else is, because usually, it's the opposite. Then begins the bad habit of assuming he's the only person feeling the things he does.

Ilya makes Shane feel an exposed nerve. For ten years, the whisper of the man's name caused an embarrassing clench in his chest. Head always swivelling towards the mere mention of Ilya like a dog hearing a whistle. As a child, Shane had experienced hockey as his first, *Oh*. Immediately, just something that made sense to him, that consumed him whole and fit him entirely. Ilya was the second. An astounding discovery for teenage Shane Hollander. *You want something enough to risk the first thing that made sense to you*. He feels like a fucking addict half the time.

It's so desperate, so much, so overwhelming. Sex is ten million different things to Shane - a mute button, a good workout, but it's mostly just the most Ilya he can get in one concentrated dose. His skin, his sweat, his spit, his cock, him, him, Ilya. He is a vibrating jumble of want and desire when it comes to his husband. He catalogues everything he can about Ilya, greedy and possessive. Shane gets a thrill whenever he notices a new thing about his husband— got excited that weekend when he realised that Ilya has a favourite glass at his parents' house. The big beer glass with a maple leaf on it, stolen from some random bar years ago.

He also knows that Ilya is used to swallowing his feelings, hiding them in a reflexive protective manner. Beneath how disgustingly infatuated he is with Ilya, Shane also promised himself he'd never let Ilya go so unnoticed by him ever again—the thought of having almost lost Ilya due to distance, miscommunication and inattentiveness.

So, Shane pays an alarming amount of attention to Ilya. He knows him better than anyone on this planet ever has and intends to hold the title his entire life. When they're fucking, however, Shane knows he slides into a space where everything around him tends to dull in comparison to the sheer neediness that takes over him. Ilya gets his tongue in Shane's mouth, and Shane's thoughts boil down to *want, want more, need more, cock, Ilya's cock*.

On softer, lazier fucks, Shane still struggles to focus. He just loves being fucked by Ilya so much that it drives him out of his head. He knows he's an absolute slut, knows Ilya takes full advantage of that. He tries sometimes to think more when Ilya is in him. It's embarrassing that he gets fucked literally dumb every single time - after spending 12 years together.

When they do light role-play, Shane always forgets who he's supposed to be and reverts to his original form - begging, teary-eyed, Hollander, who wants to suck Ilya's cock so bad he will cry for it. He'll call Ilya whatever he wants, play along. Still, when Ilya is really fucking into Shane, using those powerful athlete's hips to press into him like he's trying to get him pregnant, well, Shane always knows whose fucking him, and Ilya is always pleased to be reminded that Shane will always cry out for *him* in the end.

Shane is just glad that Ilya likes Shane the way he is; finds it hot or whatever. When they first hooked up, Shane couldn't really understand why Ilya looked so intense when Shane did as he was told the second Ilya issued an order. Apparently, he's more eager for it than anyone Ilya has ever been with - even the girls, Ilya had teased, and then fucked Shane and referred to his hole as *his* pretty cunt the entire time. Shane had pretty much blacked out with the intensity of his orgasm that time; felt it all the way down to his toes.

Shane wonders if Ilya would like someone who fights a bit more or likes to switch things up. They're married, in love in a way that makes Shane dizzy. He knows Ilya loves sex with him and feels confident asking to try certain things, knowing Shane feels equally able to say, yes, no, maybe. Shane just knows Ilya is reactive to Shane and how needy he is for Ilya. It's less of an Ilya thing and more of a Shane thing, their dynamic. Or that's what he figured anyway. Tunnel vision.

Shane has lunch with Rose on a random Sunday. He'd left Ilya dead asleep in bed - always a late riser on weekends - with a kiss on the cheek and a glass of water by his bedside. Another new thing Shane has catalogued about his husband - he likes to have a glass of water when he wakes up, before anything else. Well. Second to having his mouth somewhere on Shane. It was a scheduled short lunch, but it went on longer than planned. Rose doesn't typically have any time to spare, so a set delay meant they were able to have a few hours extra to chat. Shane comes home feeling lighter than ever. These days, happiness is quick to find him, like everything has slotted into place at last.

He's thinking about prepping himself so he can find Ilya and surprise him by just sliding onto his cock and riding him. Ilya acts so proud when Shane fucks himself on Ilya's cock. Says ridiculous things like *thank you* and *such a talented, boy, hm?*

Shane hurries into their home (their home, his heart clenches) with the intention of quickly going to the bathroom to prep himself when Ilya steps into the corridor. His happy trail is wilder than ever, the curls darkening as they lead lower into the black boxers Ilya wears. He'd stopped doing as much landscaping when he realised Shane liked how much muskier he was with more hair.

"A quick lunch?" Ilya asks, not sharply but not lightly. Shane swallows before opening his mouth to stop himself from actually drooling and shrugs his jacket off, attempting nonchalance at being so horny at the sight of his husband, whose cock had been in him less than 24 hours ago.

"Rose ended up having more time than we thought. I rarely see her so..." Shane trailed off as Ilya entered his personal space and moved his rough palm to the back of Shane's neck, squeezing lightly.

"You have seen enough of Rose Landry, I think." Shane furrows his brow at Ilya and puts his hands on his shoulders. He kicks his shoes off and then greedily leans into Ilya as he looks at his devastatingly handsome face. Ilya is very masculine, yes, but he's so pretty up close and especially when he's so domestic. His pretty eyelashes, the curve of his top lip, the gorgeous mole. Shane, like a magnet, moves in to kiss Ilya and lets out a disappointed huff when Ilya stops him, scruffing him like a kitten. It'd be annoying if he weren't so easy for Ilya.

"Husband leaves me to see the women he used to fuck. Comes home, wants kiss. Unfair."

Shane tries to check if Ilya is teasing - as he usually is when it comes to Rose. Rose has not been an issue for Ilya in years - in fact, Shane thinks they like each other. Like what the other means to Shane. He's immensely blessed to have people who are happy when other people are good to him. He needs to kiss his husband before he cries. How the fuck did he use to stoically swallow down all these feelings?

Whatever it is Ilya feels, it's not a genuine anger; Shane doesn't think. It's something, though, and Shane feels a little apprehensive the longer he can't figure it out.

"I'm confused," Shane says honestly. Ilya is immediately softer, moves his hand to play with Shane's hair and sighs affectionately. Shane is relieved that he hasn't actually upset Ilya, but something is off, and he literally wants to kiss it better. Ilya still doesn't let him.

"...I missed you," Ilya says and runs his thumb over Shane's cheeks. Shane aches for a kiss but doesn't try again, endlessly willing to follow Ilya's whims. This kind of back and forth, the light toying, is usually a prequel to the type of hazy submissive headspace where Shane doesn't feel capable of thought beyond doing whatever Ilya asks - but the strange mood his husband is in is still bothering him.

He's thankful when Ilya doesn't stop him from pressing himself up to Ilya, chest to chest, his nose pressing into Ilya's cheek. He nuzzles in, seeking whatever he can get. If he can't kiss him, he'll just try to crawl into Ilya's skin.

"Have a good time with *Rose*, but you come home, rub yourself all over me. Bad husband."

Shane whimpers at that, helplessly turned on by anything Ilya does, but also feeling this frenzied sort of confusion outside of the arousal building up. Is this a scene? It's not a genuine comment from Ilya; his husband, despite outward appearances to the world, is an exceptionally caring and soft man. He would never fuck around with Shane like that, ever.

Ilya, the love of his life, is clearly edging them towards something, and it is unfamiliar to Shane. It strikes him suddenly that it is the same feeling as trying a new technique on the ice. Of trying to keep up in a conversation. It's the discomfort of not being sure, not being fully capable. How strange that Shane has never felt unsure or out of sorts with Ilya. Even their first time, the unfamiliarity and risk of not only a gay hookup but one with his rival, was tinged more with a thrill, a relief, a burning desire.

Shane has been so happy to be moulded by Ilya, pushed, pulled and prodded. He never really considered how easy and natural it has always felt because it has never felt otherwise. He likes it when Ilya guides him into doing what he wants: is happy to beg, to stave off an orgasm, to perform and show off for Ilya.

Now? Shane wonders, what is the difference here? What is new about this? Shane looks at the love of his life and all the little things he keeps in his heart about Ilya. The tunnel vision clears somewhat, and Shane thinks, *oh* he needs it, like how I need it. Ilya isn't just a happy participant in Shane's inherent submissiveness; he's actively seeking it. This is a silly revelation to have so deep into this relationship. Shane has quite literally seen every part of

Ilya possible. Crossed boundaries that he didn't even realise were boundaries to cross, and simply because, without Ilya, these things weren't really considerations. Ilya has always been eager to have sex with Shane and likes how Shane behaves during sex. Not realising that Ilya might *need* Shane's eagerness or seek it out seems ridiculous now, but it's always been so freely given that Shane never really noticed Ilya seeking it out specifically. Shane tests the theory.

"...Would have left her if you'd asked."

Shane would not have, and Ilya would not have asked. Rose is important to Shane, and Shane's happiness is important to Ilya. However. Something loosens in Ilya, and he grabs Shane's chin in a practised, possessive move and licks Shane's lips before he can ready himself.

Shane gasps, and Ilya shoves his tongue into Shane's mouth, sloppily kissing him as he starts to move Shane backwards into the living room. Ilya fully dominates the kiss, moving his hand into Shane's hair to puppeteer the movements of his head.

Shane clings to Ilya, trusting him blindly to guide him, allowing little grunts and whines to break through alongside the wet schlrps of their kissing. When they reach the couch, Ilya pulls away and shoves Shane down. Both of their chins are wet from the kiss, and Shane wants to launch back up and lick the spit off Ilya's face, desperate for more. The idea flies out of his head when Ilya once again grasps the back of his head and pushes Shane face-first into his crotch, his expensive boxers soft against the hardness beneath. Shane moans desperately, immediately nuzzling against Ilya's crotch - his safe space.

"My good boy, would leave famous Rose Landry, all alone, to come home and milk my cock for me? Yes?"

Shane might cry - not only from desperation - but from absolutely devastating waves of love for his husband. Underneath the heat is the plain desire in Ilya to hear that Shane loves him, places him above all else. Ilya covets Shane's desperation. Shane thinks about the times when Ilya has all but chased Shane to bed with how eager he was to sleep with him and how warm it made him feel, how safe and desired.

With Rose - though it hadn't been her fault - Shane had noticed her desire for him and felt cold and clammy, like a sudden illness passed through him. Thoughts of Ilya's half smirk, his accent, his gaze. That had been all that warmed him up enough to perform half-heartedly for Rose. Ilya must feel insane having Shane be so eager all the time, so eager to bend for him. Shane wants to give Ilya everything he wants. Decides to shoot wildly for a goal and hopes it slides in.

"Want you to keep me here, k-knock me up and just keep me here like a good husband."

It's not even that explicit, but it's just so much to actually say. He has quite literally choked on this man's cock, yet he blushes furiously. Shane knows that Ilya loves how masculine Shane is; in fact, he knows that it's the mix of seeing Shane's masculinity contrasted with some femininity that gets Ilya worked up so fast. Best of both worlds, his husband had said, showing Shane a pair of black lace panties he thought Shane would look good in.

Shane wonders if it's more how meek Shane gets in those scenarios, or if it's the pleasure at knowing Shane enjoys making Ilya happy as much as he likes getting fucked. Like right now. He looks up at him, shyly, wondering if he read his husband right.

Ilya's pupils are so dilated they almost look black. There's a red flush spreading across the rapid rise and fall of his chest. It is not very often that Ilya is lost for words - English ones, maybe, but now he isn't even switching to Russian. Shane knows he's hit the nail on the head and feels a swell of pride that pushes him further. He purposely takes Ilya's hand with his wedding band - which he wears on his days off, regardless of whether it's just to sit at home - and kisses the ring. God, they are such losers. Getting off on the fact that they love each other.

"I'll just be your silly little husband, who waits around for you to fuck me and tell me what to do."

Shane sucks on Ilya through the fabric, happy that Ilya switched to a fabric that doesn't feel as bad against Shane's tongue, so he can do exactly this. Shane is rewarded with Ilya lifting him into his arms and moving quickly to their bedroom, his husband's hot mouth sucking ferociously on his neck. It's way too high up and will be extremely visible. Typically, a no-go in their regular sex life, but Shane is caught up in the head fuck of it all and throws his neck back to let Ilya suck and bite more freely.

If he's going to be Ilya's property, he can't exactly complain about Ilya doing whatever he wants with it. Especially when it stings so good, and he knows Ilya will happily withstand the team's teasing, glee in being able to show off his husband. That is a more wholesome context than the current, though. Ilya puts Shane on their - made (Shane has trained Ilya well) - bed and hastily begins stripping him of his clothing. He leaves Shane's socks on, knowing he likes them on, kissing the soles of his feet. Shane smiles giddily in the midst of it all. He's just so happy.

"You want to be good, but go out anyway? Without asking too. You are a liar." Ilya sucks on Shane's ear, which has him squirming desperately.

He had actually asked Rose about piercings and if they'd be too annoying for Shane's sensory needs. He knows Ilya would be fucking obsessed with them and quietly has always liked the way they look, but was worried they'd make him look too gay. Ilya's tongue slips fully into his ear, and Shane moans so loud that Ilya slips his fingers into Shane's mouth, who eagerly begins to suck, eyes rolling back as he enjoys the salt of Ilya's skin and the kisses he rains down onto his chest.

"What is your poor husband to think, sweetheart? That you don't love him anymore, maybe?"

Ridiculous. So stupid and annoying.

Normally, Shane would roll his eyes and tell Ilya to shut up and get to work. Shane indulges, though, enjoying this new perspective of Ilya's role in their dynamic. He pulls Ilya's fingers from his mouth and begins kissing up his palm, to his wrist, and elbow. He sits up and kisses up Ilya's arm until he's at his husband's mouth, licking and kissing those beautiful lips. Ilya doesn't respond to the kisses, watching Shane heatedly, from half-closed lids. Shane feels his

entire body shiver with arousal. He is quite literally dripping, precome beading at the tip of his cock.

"Love you so much. More than anyone. I'll prove it, let me prove it." Shane begs, frantically kissing all over Ilya's face, hand sliding down through Ilya's happy trail, aiming to get his hand around his husband's fat cock. Ilya grabs his hand and then moves the other to grab Shane's ass, making him halt his flurry of kisses to moan against Ilya's cheek. Shane meagerly tries to take his hand back.

"Ilya! *Please!* Want to be good. I love you so much, let me show you. I love you, I love you, I *lu-uh fuck, Ilya!* " Shane works himself up to tears, and Ilya licks up Shane's face, greedily tasting the fat droplets.

He moves his other hand to Shane's other ass cheek, toying with them, pulling Shane apart cruelly so he's wide open but empty and untouched. Ilya shifts them, with Ilya sitting comfortably with a trembling, kneeling Shane over him.

"Good husband should ask permission, unlike he did this morning."

"Mm - fuh-ck. Ah. Ilya, please let me touch you - suck you? Whuh, mmf. Whatever you want." Ilya has pulled Shane in by his ass, so that Shane's throbbing cock, rubs over Ilya's hard nipples.

That little friction is devastating, especially as Ilya's fingers continue to lightly drift towards his aching hole, but never really touching.

"What if I want you to phone Rose fucking Landry and let her hear you moan very pretty for me? Say to her, *I was too much of a cock slut to be with you.* "

Horrible. Mortifying. Shane is about to make this ten times worse. He leans down to Ilya's ear.

"But, mmf, yours? You want her to hear what's yours?"

Ilya pushes Shane back and crawls on top of him. Shane happily straddles Ilya, tilting his hips up to feel Ilya's cock pressed against his ass. He doesn't realise he's smiling until Ilya is kissing his teeth and pinning Shane's hands above his head.

"Cocky. You think I would not show you off? Would be so pretty, having you blush nice and red, as I show everyone how much you cry for my cock."

"D-don't care about them. Only want you." Shane stutters.

"You make me crazy, Hollander."

"Hollander-Rozanov." Ilya's cock twitches against Shane at that, and a new rush of heat runs through Shane's body and makes him twitch against Ilya's hard body.

Shane is rewarded with Ilya kissing him roughly. Shane desperately wants to touch Ilya all over, but relaxes into his hold, pleased to be where Ilya wants him. Ilya breaks the kiss and

hurriedly kisses down Shane's body until he has to let go of his hands. In no time, Ilya buries himself between Shane's legs and pulls him apart to lick at his hole.

"You are being such a good boy for me, sweetheart. Know where you belong. So I think I will eat your pretty pussy, yes?"

Shane resists covering his face, knowing Ilya would tell him to stop it immediately. He squirms at the thought of how well Ilya has shaped him. He keeps eye contact with Ilya, desperately trying not slip into the haze of submission. Ilya is, as usual, being the one to push Shane closer and closer to the edge, but Shane has been riling him back up in equal measure. Ilya looks half dazed, different from the usual sharpness of his gaze when he's toying with Shane.

"Mm, no. Want to suck you off. Please?" Shane asks breathily. He does too. Fucking loves having Ilya in his mouth, at his throat. He licks his lips, and Ilya's eyebrows twitch as his eyes bore into Shane with even more intensity.

"What happened to whatever I want?" His voice is huskier, his accent thicker. When Ilya gets really into sex - usually when it's soft and romantic, his bleeding heart - he slips into his accent and then full-blown Russian. Shane is so pleased with himself that he wiggles a little, tempered by Ilya's tight grip on his hips.

"You're so good to me. Want to gag on you and get myself wet, so you can just fuck me stupid. Love you so much, Ilya. Want to show you that I can be your well-behaved *husband*." Ilya shuts his eyes and presses another kiss to Shane's hole and moves up Shane's body. When he realises that Ilya means to fuck his throat whilst sitting on his chest, Shane's cock all but weeps onto his stomach, adding more mess.

Working out is for the benefit of his sport, of his health. He's never been more thankful for how it allows him to bear the full weight of Ilya's weight on his chest and how rougher Ilya can be with him, knowing Shane's body is made to take it.

A pillow is placed beneath Shane's head, and Ilya dutifully grabs their lube and pours it onto Shane's fingers, making sure he finds the right angle before pressing his cock into Shane's waiting, hot mouth. Shane closes his eyes blissfully as he finally gets Ilya in his mouth and pushes a finger into himself. His groan vibrates up Ilya's body and back into Shane's chest through Ilya's movements.

Shane sticks his finger into his mouth, knuckle dragging alongside Ilya's cock, and then brings his spit-slick fingers to Ilya's tighter hole, rubbing against it gently. Ilya's hands clench on the bed frame as he grunts loudly. Shane loves this so much. Slurps on Ilya's cock noisily, tongue working on his shaft, and he continues his gentle strokes at Ilya's hole. He forgets to fuck himself, just squeezing onto his finger, until Ilya reminds him.

"I want your pussy wet enough to hear, Shane. That way, I can know when best to fuck you and get you pregnant. You won't leave the house if you're nice and heavy with my baby, hm? No, I think you would stay all day, tits getting big, hormones making you horny and needy."

Shane can't help but fuck himself harder than. Sometimes that talk is too upsetting rather than arousing. Shane feels it is cosmically unfair that he could never carry Ilya's children and gets a little sensitive about what Ilya could have with someone who could carry children. Right now, though, it's all just filth.

Ilya doesn't have to get Shane pregnant to have him fully to himself or desperate. Case in point, the way Shane lifts his head to choke himself on Ilya's cock, breathing heavily through his nose, the delightful smell of Ilya's sweat saturating his senses. Shane works himself up to three fingers, wet and sloppy. Ilya pulls out of his mouth but holds his jaw open. Shane clenches onto his own fingers desperately when Ilya spits into Shane's mouth in place of a kiss and moves so he can bend Shane's knees to his chest.

"Oh, fuuck," Shane cries when Ilya simply rubs his tip against Shane's hole. Regular marathon sex has improved Ilya's stamina beyond belief. Whereas Shane feels that he cums easier than ever before.

"Please, Ilya. Oh my god. I need you, I need you."

"Didn't need me this morning." Ilya bites Shane's ankle playfully.

"Always need you! Mmf, fuck. Used to think about you when I had to fuck her, was the only thing that kept me hard. Didn't even - didn't even look at her, I closed my eyes and thought about your cock. Your mouth. She tried to blow me once, with the TV on, and I came when one of your interviews came up, ah!"

Ilya thrusts into him in one go. It's rough immediately. Ilya isn't thinking about how best to fuck Shane; he's just using him, and Shane throws his head back desperately, moaning deliriously as his cock slaps against his stomach, the wetness that pooled making a humiliating wet noise. He grabs Ilya's shoulders and holds on. Ilya's balls are slapping against Shane so hard that he wonders if it hurts, but Ilya is lost in pleasure. He sucks on Shane's ankle, hammering into him with all his strength.

"Shane, fuck, Shane. You're mine, you're mine. My husband. Always mine. Even when you weren't, you were mine." Ilya slides a hand up Shane's chest, ignoring his poor cock.

He squeezes Shane's chest but then rests it on Shane's heart, as if to show that he means that Ilya had always been there. In Shane's heart. Shane cries in half pleasure and half overwhelmed heartache. It's true, of course. Ilya's devotion is large, loud and all-consuming, but Shane's first everything - real firsts - were all Ilya's. Devoted to the same person in truth since he was eighteen.

His thrusts slow down slightly but go deeper, as Ilya purposely pushes in deeper with every thrust. Shane moves his hands to his stomach and presses down, hoping to feel as Ilya presses up into him. It's not visible through the hard muscle of his abs, but Ilya groans as he feels some added pressure. The visual itself is maddening.

"You are too good, sweetheart. I will not last. Where do you want?"

Shane wishes he could say face - it would be so hot. Having Ilya all over him. Unfortunately, the sensory reality of that experiment had been a total failure. Ilya had tenderly cleaned him up, kissed him sweetly and apologised when he didn't have to. Insisted he liked to eat the cum back out of Shane anyway.

"Inside, please. Want you to fill me - ungh - up. Love you."

"So polite. So lovely. I have not said it back. I am such a selfish husband to my sweet boy. You know, though, yes? That I love you so much."

Shane closes his eyes as his building orgasm sears inside him and tears roll down his face. He silently pouts for a kiss, and Ilya grants it to him tenderly, in juxtaposition to his rapid thrusts. Ilya presses deep inside him and rolls him even further into his press as he comes inside. Shane licks into Ilya's open mouth as he groans. Shane pets Ilya through his orgasm. It takes a while for him to come back to Shane, leaning happily into Shane's caresses. Ilya kisses him softly, little pecks all over Shane's sweaty and tear-stained face.

"How would you like to come, moya lyubov?"

"Can I just rub on your stomach?" Shane whispers, enjoying how soft and pliant Ilya gets after orgasm.

Still remembers how Ilya used to flee the scene after sex - knows now it is because he is quick to fall into his own desire for this gentle intimacy after. Told Shane he would've asked him to stay way too early. To this day, Ilya's face when he first asked Shane to stay is vivid in his memory. He feels sated already, somehow, despite the ache in his cock. Rubbing onto his husband's abs just seems nice and warm. Ilya shifts so that Shane is pressed against his abs and helps Shane chase his orgasm against his abs.

The slide is delightful, and their position means that Ilya is all but lying on top of Shane, fully caging him in. Ilya licks one of his nipples, and Shane is toppled over into a delightful orgasm, the warm cum pressing between them. It's quiet for a while. They both catch their breaths, holding onto one another.

"I will need to send Rose Landry big flowers and maybe chocolates."

Shane opens an eye to peek at Ilya, whose hair he'd been twirling between his fingers.

"Why?"

"I get annoyed at her when I remember you have fucked her. But then you tell me that you could only do it because you thought of me? I am just too good, is shame for her."

Shane slaps Ilya's back and bites at his lip, trying to fight a smile as Ilya's deep laugh shakes their bodies together

"...I didn't realise it still bothered you."

"Ah, not really because of sex or Rose. Just that you went to someone else because this was so hard. I wake up, I miss you, you are with her. It is just a little too much like that time. I

hated it so much."

"I did too. It really was you the whole time, you know that, right?"

"Mm, yes, now. Because I fuck so good and you are obsessed with me."

"Asshole."

Ilya laughs a little more and then rolls off Shane, but pulls him with him, so they are facing each other on their sides. He kisses Shane's nose and rubs his hips. Shane holds Ilya's face gently between his palms.

"I need you to need me so bad. The best part of my day is when you ask me to do something stupid, like check that you shut the fridge properly."

Shane kisses Ilya's forehead, bursting at the seams with love. Doesn't know how he never realised this before.

"You're needed even when I have everything, Ilya. When you're not there, I feel like my arm is missing."

"Explains why you are second best at hockey."

Shane rolls his eyes and nestles into Ilya's neck, happy to hold and be held in return.

"...We really should get Rose something, right?"

"Yes, we owe her for very hot sex." Shane laughs, and Ilya does too. Shane notices a new freckle on Ilya's jaw, as if some part of Shane has transferred over to him.

Later, he adds it to the locked list on his notes app.

Things I Notice about My Husband

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