

A quiet way of caring

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A quiet way of caring

by Anonymous

Summary

He seemed to have that mindset for a lot of things. And it was becoming increasingly problematic for Ilya, though he'd never admit it. He would prance around the lawn behind a push mower, foam earplugs jammed in his ear canal, and look perfectly content as the grass bag filled up. He would come into the house and wrap Ilya in his arms and his clothes would smell like fresh grass clippings and it would be so sweet that Ilya would have to kiss him and suck his dick right wherever Shane found him.

Or, Five times Ilya has a domestic kink, and one time he... has a domestic kink, but in the opposite direction.

Notes

My three-day hiatus took longer than expected. But we're back baby.

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

(One)

“Take off your shirt!”

“What?”

“Take off your shirt!”

“I—Ilya, I can’t,” Shane sighs and releases the lawnmower clutch so the engine dies, pulling out his foam earplugs. “What?”

“Take off your shirt.”

Ilya is lying out on the deck, phone face down in his lap, enthralled with the view before him. And there is only one thing that could make it better.

“I’m not taking my shirt off to mow the lawn, Ilya.”

“Please.” Ilya bats his eyes stupidly and smiles with his teeth.

“No.”

Ilya scoffs and throws himself back on the lounge. “You want to break up, don’t you. I knew it.”

“Shut up,” Shane says, amusement clear in his voice. “Why do you want me to take it off, anyway?”

“Well you see, when two people love each other very much—”

“Ilya.”

The summer sun is warm on Ilya’s skin, bare chest out and on full display as he watches Shane mow the lawn. He’s taken to doing it often, this summer, no matter how many times Ilya has told him he is rich enough to hire someone to do this for him.

“I just don’t see the point,” Shane had said, *“I have two legs. Two hands. Working feet. And it’s not like I have anything else going on.”*

He seemed to have that mindset for a lot of things. And it was becoming increasingly problematic for Ilya, though he’d never admit it. He would prance around the lawn behind a *push* mower, foam earplugs jammed in his ear canal, and look perfectly content as the grass bag filled up. He would come into the house and wrap Ilya in his arms and his clothes would smell like fresh grass clippings and it would be so sweet that Ilya would have to kiss him and suck his dick right wherever Shane found him.

“I don’t see why you won’t do it. Do you not love me? Is that why? It’s okay,” Ilya sighs dramatically and throws his feet over to sit against the ground, pushing up to stand, “I will go pack. I move to boring country for you and you can’t even—”

The shirt hits him in the back like clockwork and Ilya fights back a beam as he looks over his shoulder to a scowling, blushing Shane. “Sit down, you fucking asshole.”

“If you say so.”

He watches content, holding Shane’s shirt and smelling it when he turns to pass the mower the other direction. Summer sweat and grass hangs in the fabric. His arms flex and unflex as he turns the mower around, and he’s blushing and looking at Ilya every couple of seconds.

It’s bliss. Truly. And Shane is so willing to hire stylists and decorators, but mundane tasks like this he refuses to outsource and it’s so fucking boring. So boring and it’s of great interest to Ilya’s dick, but he lets it sit untouched, happy to watch. To just take it in. He wants this burned in his memory, something sweet to ruminate on in Ottawa while Shane is away in Montreal.

Thinking about a someday, somehow, where there is a white picket fence and a dog and Shane mowing their lawn while he’s greying at the temples. Where his tailored obsessive athlete’s body has changed with age and Ilya watches from the porch and demands he expose his perfect softened belly. When the neighbors stop by on their walks so Shane stops the mower and waves, leaning heavily against the handle and making small talk in that kind obligatory Canadian way of his. And Ilya will walk down and shake their hands or say hello and they will know that Ilya belongs to Shane.

He can’t help it as his dick hardens, but Shane is only halfway done so Ilya just leans back and uses Shane’s shirt as a pillow. He has sunglasses on, and white-tinged green, now, but they *were* white-sneakers and he looks like every dad in every ad Ilya has ever seen on TV. Just hotter. Way hotter.

So when Shane lets the throttle snap back away from the handle and the engine dies down again, Ilya sticks his pinkies in his mouth and lets out a piercing cat-calling whistle. Shane turns to him so fast, flushed down to his chest, and tries to turn his smile into a scowl. “So hot,” Ilya calls, “like grumpy grandpa.”

“You think grandpa’s are hot?” Shane smirks at him while removing the earplugs again, and Ilya shakes his head.

“If you were grandpa, yes. Not like Scott Hunter. That is way too old. 100,000 years old, practically dust.”

Shane shakes his head and jogs up towards the deck, pocketing the earplugs, coming to sit at Ilya’s side. He faces him and steals his water, though Ilya didn’t try hard to defend it. “What if I was 100,000 years old. Would you make an exception?”

“Mm, maybe.”

“*Maybe?!*”

“Mm, yes, I would sweep you up—because you are dust by then—and put you in the nicest dustpan.”

Shane sets his water down and leans back, arms propping him up so his lean stomach is on a nice display. “Wouldn’t you be dust by then, too?”

“No, I am much younger than you. This is almost inappropriate, really. Taking away my virtue.”

“I’m one month older, Ilya.”

“See, just as I said. Ancient.”

“And if anyone’s virtue was taken, it *wasn’t* yours.”

He tugs Shane forward with a pinch on his chin and kisses him once, leaving him desperately wanting for more as Shane pulls away and stands.

“Shane,” he tugs him back, and Shane turns. “Listen.”

“I’m listening.”

“Go finish the lawn. I am going to touch myself while you do it, because you are very hot. And if you finish fast enough, I will fuck you.”

“Oh,” Shane’s eyes widen and dart down to Ilya’s crotch. “*Oh.*”

“Okay?”

Shane gulps and looks back at the lawn, before nodding, “Go slow, I’m only half done.”

“We’ll see. You are just so hot, I cannot help myself.”

“What the fuck,” Shane mutters and starts trailing back to the mower before turning on his heel. “I can fucking skip the lawn, Ilya—”

“No.” His hands are already ducking below his waistband and he arches a brow at Shane. “Hurry up.”

Shane groans and turns, ripping the cord to the mower to start it and Ilya can see the outline of Shane’s hard dick the next time he turns, sending beautiful moon eyes at Ilya. It works for him. Really well.

(Two)

“I can change that,” Shane says, crouching and poking under Ilya’s Ottawa apartment’s sink. “It’s just a loose fitting. I can go get the stuff and fix it.”

“I can just call a plumber, Shane, it isn’t that hard.”

“First, I can fix it. Second, what are the odds that this plumber knows Shane Hollander *of Ottawa*.”

So Ilya relents and lets Shane drive away to a hardware store or something equally boring while he listens to his kitchen sink drip into a plastic bucket. He’s not happy about it, but Shane seems so sure.

He returns with little tubes and filmy white tape and Ilya just shakes his head when Shane tries to show him. “Where did you learn this?”

“Oh, my mom mostly. She always did the handy work at the house and I always had to help.”

“Do you need me for, uh, anything?”

“Yeah,” Shane smiles brightly, tearing open the package with the tape. “Do you have a flashlight?”

Ilya digs around in his office for a flashlight and only finds a very small one that belongs on a keychain, but beggars cannot be choosers, and besides, they could’ve just hired a plumber. So he goes back to the kitchen and stops in his tracks in the doorway.

Shane has the doors open, all the cleaning supplies out on the kitchen floor, and he’s half laying inside it. His shoulders rest solidly against the wood of the cabinets and his knees are propped up to relieve the pressure on his back.

Ilya should... he should offer him a pillow, or something, or...

He should probably fuck him, actually.

“You got that flashlight?”

“Uh,” Ilya can’t remember. Flashlight. “Oh, yes,” it’s in his hand.

Shane ducks out and looks at him expectantly. “If you want to come just shine it where I need it, this will be real fast.”

Ilya feels frozen and too big as he crouches down. He likes Shane like this. So much. Ilya hadn’t learned this kind of stuff. At all. And Shane is just so *Shane*.

“Where?” he asks as he ducks in the second door.

“Did you get the smallest possible flashlight on purpose or just to fuck with me?” Shane laughs and fiddles with one of the pipes but Ilya can’t look away from his face, set in concentration and amusement.

Yes, he looks very good under Ilya's sink. "Um, no. It is the only one I have."

"Of course. I'll get you a real flashlight the next time I come, okay?"

Shane's going to get him a flashlight? That's so—what's next, he's filing Ilya's taxes for him? Oh, that's not a good image either. That's not—

"Can you stop shaking the light, please?"

"Yes, sorry."

"No, Ilya, the front of the pipe—"

Ilya is very bad at holding the flashlight and Shane's scolding is making him hazy, but it's Shane's fault, anyway. His shirt is riding up his stomach as he moves his arms, and he does truly think that hiring a plumber would have been easier. For his sanity, if nothing else.

"I think I got it."

He's scolded Ilya so many times over the light that he's lost track, and Ilya wants him to do it again. So authoritative and irritated while doing silly house chores that they could've paid someone to take care off—

Ilya bites his lip and sighs, but he clicks the flashlight off before Shane can see his expression well. "Ilya, why did you turn that off, turn it back on, I'm almost done."

"Okay."

Shane's face is scrunched up with a single minded focus and Ilya gets that. Shane's belly button is out, and Ilya wants to pull his pants away.

"Got it," Shane finally says, and Ilya drops the light without shutting it off. "What, Ilya—"

He crawls around, kneels hurting on the hard tile, and situates himself between Shane's legs. Shane is scrambling a bit to sit up, but he pushes him back gently, mindful of the counter corner digging into his back, and then tugs his pants down in a single harsh motion.

Shane isn't even hard, the bastard, as if this is just a mundane plumbing project for him and not concerted psychological torture designed to fuck with Ilya. It doesn't matter. Ilya is very hot and Shane will catch up, so he takes Shane into his mouth and sucks.

"Oh, fuck, Ilya, what," he pants, and his hands are wet and covered in white paste so he braces against the walls of the cabinet instead of grabbing onto Ilya's hair.

He likes starting like this, too. With Shane soft in his mouth so he can feel the blood rushing under the surface as it races to catch up. He can take so much into his mouth so easily and lick at it as it grows harder and harder. Shane likes it just as much.

“Ilya,” he says over and over, and soon he’s hard enough that Ilya can choke himself on it.

He pulls off for a second, licking up the whole length, following the veins like a track. “So good for me, Shane, yes?” Shane throws his head back and moans, so fucking easy. “So good at fixing my sink. Such a good boyfriend for me.”

“Fuck.” Shane’s head hangs back and he doesn’t seem to make any effort to pick it back up, so Ilya sucks him down again. “Fuck, yeah, I’ll fix your sink anytime.”

Ilya moans and wraps his hand around the base to squeeze and jerk.

“I can probably—*fuck*—I can recaulk your shower, it needs it—”

Ilya’s eyes roll back in his head.

(Three)

It isn’t an argument, though David and Ilya have been sitting on the front steps tossing rocks into the gravel driveway for upwards of ten minutes.

“Do they always do this?”

David shrugs and hands Ilya a small pebble from the collection at his side. “Usually Shane has driven himself, it hasn’t really been a problem.”

“They both like, uh, control. Yes?”

David laughs and points at a large white quartz along the edge of the drive, and Ilya nods in acknowledgement. “That’s an understatement, I think.” He says it so fondly, and Ilya understands that. It is warmth blooming in his chest, after all, rather than anything that could be mistaken for irritation. David’s rock lands a few inches from the quartz and Ilya claps politely.

“That isn’t the point,” Shane’s voice carries from inside. They aren’t yelling. They aren’t even speaking aggressively. It’s just a tone, and Ilya shares a look with David. “I’m just saying that it needs an oil change, so why not just take mine?”

“We aren’t going far, Shane.”

Ilya points at the same quartz and David hands him a pebble.

They end up in Shane’s car for the short drive to the movie theater. Shane and Yuna speaking in the front seats with Shane behind the wheel and Ilya and David in the back, content just to listen. He likes the peace. How simple it is with them.

He likes how Shane snakes his hand back between the seat and the door and wiggles his fingers until Ilya takes them. He likes how David smiles when he sees it.

“You can let other people drive,” Yuna says under her breath, and Shane rolls his eyes so Ilya can see in the rearview mirror.

“Okay, Mom.”

And Ilya wears sunglasses and a hat into the theater like a fool, but even that cannot dampen his mood.

He realizes on the way back, though, that in the summers when they spend time in a place where sharing cars becomes more commonplace, that Shane always drives. It’s never an argument, as Ilya is more than happy to sit in the passenger seat and watch Shane’s hands grip the steering wheel. Watch how he checks his mirrors two times each and checks over his shoulder instead of just using the mirrors while passing other cars. He likes playing music on his phone that makes Shane sigh. He likes looking out the window and holding Shane’s hand and shutting his brain off to the world.

There was once on the drive from his house in Ottawa where Shane picked him up to go to the cottage where Ilya had fallen asleep and woke up with Shane’s hand gently massaging his inner thigh without thinking about it. One hand on the wheel. One hand on Ilya. It’s formulaic.

And Ilya likes that.

He likes being taken care of.

Yuna tosses Shane the keys to her car when they get back, and Ilya is dizzy on popcorn that Shane refused to eat, and frozen iced drinks, still sipping on his refilled cup.

And Ilya follows Shane curiously when he sighs without a word and heads out to the garage. He’s rummaging around a metal cabinet in the corner and pulls out jugs of oil.

“What is with this family and doing things that other people do professionally?”

Shane looks up at him with a smile. “I’ve got two hands.”

“Yes,” Ilya slurps his drink again, and takes a seat on the step from the house into the garage so he can watch. “Very talented hands.”

Shane’s eyes flare and look behind Ilya for a second before he shakes his head and unlocks the car.

It's very terrible, Ilya decides. Shane cannot change anymore oil. He sits there for so long, watching Shane wiggle his way below the undercarriage, dragging pans that Ilya doesn't understand nor does he care to learn about, and when he is finally done, he's got a smear of oil on his face.

Yes, it's very terrible.

"We have to go."

"Why, what's up?" Shane asks, and rubs his cheek and more oil transfers. This time he wrinkles his nose and looks at his hands. "Shit."

"Shane, we have to go. Go wash your hands, I will go tell your parents."

"Ilya."

So Ilya steps up to him and plants a kiss on his dirty face, and when Shane opens his mouth against it, Ilya licks into it. "You look like mechanic. Greasy. We should get you a jumpsuit."

"And?" Shane whispers back, eyes trained on Ilya's lips and blown out, but before Ilya can say anything he continues. "And then you could fuck me in it," his shoulders twist a bit and his breathing deepens. He steps closer into Ilya space and balls up the fabric over his sternum to pull him closer. "You could—I could be a mechanic and change the oil on my car and you could, you could be the customer and, oh, you—you could fuck me over it. The open hood, and—"

"We're leaving."

If Yuna looks at his chest and the greasy hand print tangled in it and takes the keys back with a shake of her head and a pat to his shoulder. And if Shane's hands are vaguely stained where they hold the wheel and Ilya's thigh. And if he drags Shane by his collar into the garage after getting the lube and demanding he open the hood—

"Ilya, it's too hot right now, we just drove it."

Then Ilya has a reason to pop the hood of his favorite car, parked next to Shane's.

He hikes Shane up onto it, sitting on the engine in a way that is surely bad for it but unlike Shane, Ilya will pay people to fix things for him. "You're so hot, Hollander, it's fucking terrible."

"Makes you lose your mind, huh?" Shane taunts, but it's breathy and whining as Ilya kisses against his neck. "You want your boyfriend to take care of you, huh?"

It does something to Ilya's brain. Shuts it off or sends it into overdrive, he doesn't really know, but, *yes*. He does want that.

"You want me to—to change your flat tires? And fix your sink? Is that what you want?"

He's going to cum in his fucking pants, so he yanks Shane off the car and spins him around. "Okay?"

"Yeah, Ilya," he says, and helps as Ilya tugs the waistband of his pants down.

He's not very gentle, but Shane doesn't care. He leans over and braces against the dirty engine and his hands are *filthy*. He should have taken more time—he loves opening Shane up slowly and teasing him until he's begging—but Shane is demanding he speed up. Hurry up. Just fuck him already.

"You aren't ready yet—"

"Yes the fuck I am, come on Ilya, fuck me."

"Okay, okay."

He's too tight and he grunts below Ilya in what he suspects is a mix of pain and anticipation, so Ilya goes slow, pausing and ignoring Shane when he tells him to hurry up. It's fire around him, tight heat that hugs and clenches around him and he can't fucking think.

Shane is still clutching at random pieces in the car, and Ilya thrusts into him experimentally. He's enthralled when Shane gasps and leans over further, face coming to rest on the back of one of his hands. *Oh, he's going to be so fucking filthy.*

(Four)

Jane: I'm outside.

Ilya beams at his phone, and looks up at his lovely teammate who he loves very much. They are very drunk. It's possible he is, too.

He's in a club somewhere in Ottawa—he doesn't know, he didn't drive—and he's been dancing so much his legs are aching. The music is pounding and the many feet shake the floor beneath him.

"One more shot," Hazy shouts, and Ilya throws his hands up in agreement. It's been so long since he clubbed. He's missed it. He likes being social like this, especially with his teammates and friends. The scene is different from Boston, but it's so *great*. He likes dancing and drinking and sending Shane horny texts and photos from bar bathrooms that make him blush and complain.

"One more shot," Ilya shouts back, "but my Jane is outside to pick me up, so then I have to leave."

"Who the fuck is Jane, man?"

“Mm,” Ilya sighs, and accepts the shot glass. “My Jane,” he says unhelpfully, and throws the shot back with a smile.

“Whatever man, you got a ride out of here, that’s all that matters cause you’re fucked up.”

Yes. The walls are spinning, and My Jane is waiting for me. My Jane is waiting for me at I am in front of a club to take me home and take care of me. My Jane.

He stumbles out of the front and lays eyes on Shane’s terribly boring car parked along the street and makes his way over to it, yanking open the passenger door clumsily. Shane reaches out immediately and helps steady him as he drops in, and accepts the sloppy alcohol kiss that Ilya plants on him before pushing him away gently and ordering him to buckle up. He’s scanning the street, probably looking to see if anyone saw, but Ilya is too happy to worry about it. Too drunk and happy.

His Jane. His knight in shining armor. Come save him from the club and take him home to take care of him. He’ll probably get Ilya changed. Put a clean shirt on him and kiss him and tell him it’s okay that he’s this drunk. As long as he had fun.

The season is over and Shane will stay with him for a few days before they go to the cottage.

“Hey,” Shane says, and squeezes Ilya’s inner thigh. “Did you have fun?”

He’s so pretty. So Ilya tells him so and watches Shane blush and shake his head.

“You’re very drunk.”

“Yes. But you’re still very pretty. Drunk or not. And you pick me up and take me home.”

“Of course I will, Ilya. Whenever I can.”

He pulls Shane’s hand from his leg and lifts it so he can kiss his palm. “Thank you, moya lyubov. For taking good care of me.”

Shane cups his chin, eyes still on the road, and caresses his thumb along Ilya’s jaw. “I’ll always take care of you. You know that, right?”

“Yes. And it makes me very, mm, warm. Happy.”

He’s right. Shane ushers him into his bedroom and undresses him, pushing him into the shower with perfectly warm water where he takes a washcloth and cleans Ilya’s useless drunken body for him. It isn’t necessary. Nothing is stopping him from sleeping like this or allowing Ilya to fumble his way through a shower, and Ilya could tell him this. But he likes Shane like this so much.

There is no shame in it. Not anymore, and not when Ilya is this drunk on alcohol and love. For Shane. Ilya could do this sober any day.

But Shane is so willing to care in the gentlest most vulnerable ways when Ilya is drunk. He kisses Ilya as he drags the soapy cloth over Ilya's ass, carefully ducking in between. His armpits. Down onto his knees to wipe at his feet. None of it matters to Shane. He just takes such good care of Ilya that he could cry from it.

And get hard.

Both.

Both are happening.

Fuck.

"Ilya," Shane smiles at him and wipes his eyes, wet from more than the shower. "What is it?"

But he can't voice it. He doesn't have the words to describe how safe he feels like this, in Shane's hands, where nothing can go wrong so long as Shane has him. So long as he belongs to him.

"My dick is very lonely. And you are very pretty. It makes it hurt," he taps his chest, "right here."

Shane kisses him again and shuts the water off. "I don't want it to hurt. It should feel good."

"It does. So good it hurts, yes."

"Come on," Shane takes his hand and leads him out of the shower, "let's go to bed."

"Will you suck my dick first, please, I've been waiting all night for you to take care of me."

"Yeah, Ilya, go sit on the bed, okay? I'll be right there."

He does as he is told and drops the towel to the floor by the bed. And Shane comes in a few moments later with water and fizzy pain tablets that dissolve in it because Ilya hates pills.

"For your hangover."

"I am—"

"Russians get hangover's, too."

Ilya rolls his eyes. "Fine."

Shane sets it on the night stand for him and leaves it, so Ilya can tuck tail and have it in the morning. He kisses Ilya, so sweetly, and Ilya's head spins. "Spread your legs, Ilya," Shane mutters into his mouth. "I need room, yeah?"

Oh, yes. Ilya opens so Shane can lean closer, knees pressing against the inside of Ilya's thighs, before releasing his lips and sinking down.

"This what you want?" Shane looks up at him and plants a kiss on his stomach. "You want me to take care of you?"

"Yes. Yes, that is what I want."

Shane smiles up at him and Ilya is so terribly, unearned, happy.

(Five)

Shane does so many of the little things when they're at the cottage. Laundry, grocery shopping, and so much outside. The mowing. Random projects he finds that require him to walk tools back and forth on the deck with a sense of purpose that never seems to lead anywhere.

And Ilya does, too, but it's different. Usually it's him cooking and Shane sits on the bar watching.

Otherwise, though, it's Ilya trailing after Shane. Asking to help. Being told no. To go relax. To sit on the deck and watch—Ilya does like watching, so often this direction works well enough, but he also doesn't like to feel useless.

So one day while Shane is out buying things and Ilya waits like a dog at the door, he decides to clean the bathroom. It's nothing Shane hadn't done in the last week, but Ilya digs around for his brushes and soaps and scrubs the sink and the toilet and stands back to admire his work. It isn't so hard, really.

But when Shane gets home, it's like he knows. After he puts the groceries away, he sniffs the air like a bloodhound and tracks it to the bathroom, opening the door and standing in the threshold for too long.

"Ilya," he calls, and Ilya trails after him. "Did you clean the bathroom while I was out?"

"Yes?"

"You don't—I don't want you to do that, I can take care of it."

"Shane," he tries, "you don't let me do anything while I am here. And I don't want to feel like," *a guest. I want this to be home, and at home you do chores. Let me do chores with you.*

Shane must see it on his face, whatever shameful little thing he's trying to hide, because he places both his hands on Ilya's chest and pushes him back. He pushes and pushes until Ilya is against the counter and then with a little help, Shane shuffles Ilya up onto it. It's a reverse of the positions they normally find themselves in, but Ilya finds he likes the closeness and

vulnerability of having Shane between his legs while he looks down at him. While Shane runs his hands along Ilya's thighs and leans in close to kiss his chest.

He would be happy to sit on the counter like this for very long stretches of time.

"I like doing things for you, Ilya."

"Yes, but—"

"There is no but, I don't think. I want you to relax and have a nice time and let me take care of you."

"*Shane.*" He tips Shane's head up to make eye contact.

"What is it?"

"Why don't you want me to help? With chores and cleaning?"

Shane looks off to the side, considering, and shrugs. "I don't know, I guess—I guess—I don't know. Is that something you really want?"

Ilya nods and twists up his face. "I do not have to, if you don't want to, but yes."

Shane studies him, scrutinizing and confused. "This is important to you."

"Yes."

"Okay," he says while nodding and looking around. "Okay, maybe you can do laundry—"

"No."

"Ilya."

"You do the laundry very good. Maybe I sweep and scrub bathrooms and dishes."

"Hopefully not in that order."

"I'll do it in whatever order I want, they're my chores."

Shane smiles and looks away, dropping another kiss to Ilya's clothed chest. "You don't have *chores* here, Ilya."

"Do you have them?"

He scrunches up his face and shrugs, "I mean, I guess so, like the maintenance stuff and—"

"Then I will have them, too."

Shane struggles a bit, but it makes the whole bit more exciting. When he sees Shane doing silly chores, he can step up and ask how he can help, and on the tip of Shane's tongue is so obviously the dismissive, 'I've got it,' but he holds it in.

"I just like doing things for you, okay?" Shane says while Ilya plucks his own hair from the shower drain. "Is that so wrong?"

"No, moya lyubov, I love it very much. I love you and that you take care of me. I am the perfect house wife, yes?"

Shane blinks at him, a mix of horror and heat lighting up his face, and he shakes his head. "I'm not trying to make you feel like—not that there's a problem with, but—"

"Relax Shane," he laughs while washing his hands in the sink. He tugs Shane to him, hands still wet so they stick to his shirt and make his nose wrinkle. "I like being your wife, though you aren't a very, uh, progress?"

"Progressive," Shane says, irritation dripping in his voice.

"Yes, you are not a very progressive husband to keep your wife stuck in the house like this."

"No one is keeping you here."

"You are mistaken," he says, and rubs his hands into Shane's lower back, "I am a kept woman. I have to keep my husband very happy so he takes care of me."

"You're irritating."

"But you love me."

He likes to think of them being married in his spare time. And he's sure they will get those questions that every couple of two men gets. And while he would like to be two husbands, if they are forced to choose to please the masses, he would be very happy to be Shane Hollander's wife.

Ilya Rozanov, let the record show, has a very attentive and kind boyfriend who doesn't make fun of him for the way he shouts his name when he finds a rat-cat under the porch while trying to retrieve his phone that had fallen through.

"Ilya!?"

Ilya is twenty-five feet and counting from the deck and Shane comes running out of the door. He skids to a stop and looks around.

"I-um, there is a, uh, ugly rat-cat under there. And so is my phone."

"A rat-cat?"

Ilya makes a vague gesture to his nose to indicate the snout, and he knows he's seen it on the nature channel now that he's put space between them but he cannot think of the name. He winces when Shane hops down the steps and crouches down, bending his head down to see under the deck. And then he starts laughing.

"Ilya, this is an opossum. Yeah, they're ugly, but it's harmless, I promise."

Opossum. Yes. That is right. But then Shane has it dangling by the scruff of its neck and holds it out vaguely towards Ilya.

"See? It was just looking for a place to sleep."

"Put that down, what the fuck Hollander, don't come anywhere near me with that."

Shane bites back a smile and walks off to the woods, and before the opossum's feet ever touch the ground, Ilya snatches his phone and ascends the porch. Fucked up country with it's fucked up animals.

Shane is stifling a laugh when he comes inside and washes his hands, and Ilya can only purse his lips and scowl. "It's okay, Ilya," he laughs. "You didn't have stuff like that in Moscow, right? Or Boston."

"Right. Both are big cities without *opossums*."

Shane shuffles up to him and crowds him against the counter, and Ilya is terribly grateful for him. No matter how dumb. God, what weird shit Shane must have gotten into before the NHL scooped him out of the fucking Ottawa mud. Replaced twigs with hockey sticks and said to stop playing with roly-polies, probably.

"Thank you." He looks away blushing when Shane bites his lip to hide a laugh.

"Anytime, *Rozanov*."

And it's not his fault. Most things aren't as they are solidly on Shane's shoulders. This one surely. Because he has a boyfriend that grew up playing with mud and sticks—and Shane's never told him that, he's just assuming given what just happened—and it's very sweet. He can kill all the spiders in their house someday when they live together. He can do all the chores Ilya doesn't want to. He can—he can paint the outside of their house, shirtless preferably. And he can, fuck, relay the tile flooring if he wants to. Or replace the... light switches.

Ilya has a very narrow idea of what maintaining a house looks like, but he's sure Shane would look so good doing it.

"You deserve a reward, yes?"

Shane doesn't look surprised and Ilya would be annoyed if he weren't so horny for him at this moment. "I think so, yeah."

"Out there, I think," Ilya points at the porch, "where you saved me."

“Saved you?” Shane’s mouth twists around the word, desperately hiding a smile, but it’s okay. “Yeah, okay.”

(+1)

The snow is coming down in fat relentless flakes, sticking to every surface and coating it in a new blanket of white. And Shane has been blinking at him long and slow for hours while he hunches over a puzzle David got him for Christmas, the man himself at his side helping sort. It’s 1000 pieces and it has so very little color variation.

David keeps sighing and holding pieces up to the light and asking Ilya what pile he thinks it should go in. And Ilya is tired, too, but he’s so thrilled. It’s the best Christmas he’s had ever. Yuna made him tea cakes and the peanut clusters he likes so much. And Shane had spent half the day wrapped around him on the couch as they watched cheesy Christmas movies, so comfortable loving Ilya in front of his parents.

He would be content. If this is how he is to be cared for, he would be so very content.

But it’s the after that really gets to him. Chokes him up right in the throat and makes him so content and happy that he tears up.

It’s Shane, leaning heavily into Ilya’s side and Yuna offering to let them stay the night. “If you’re too tired to drive, Shane, your bedroom is always made up.”

“No mom, it’s okay,” Shane says, and his eyes keep dropping closed and Ilya has an arm around his waist to hold him up. “Ilya can drive me.”

Yuna’s eyebrows twitch and her mouth quirks before she schools it. “Okay. Let us know when you get home please, Ilya.”

“Yes, I will text.”

“Thank you.”

It’s the after, when Yuna has kissed his forehead and David has hugged him. It’s the after when Shane tumbles himself into the passenger seat and buckles himself up. It’s the after, when Shane snores softly and allows Ilya to drive his boring car in a white out blizzard without a wayward comment or clutched hand on the door, that Ilya really just... *gets it*.

He loves doing things for Shane. Little things. Plating his food and setting it in front of him. He likes fluffing Shane’s pillows while he brushes his teeth so he gets that pleased smile on his face before crawling into bed. He likes helping Shane take off his coat so he can hang it for him.

And he likes this.

It's quite possibly the first time he's ever driven Shane somewhere. His bright colored sports cars are too conspicuous for any sneaking to occur and Shane is like his mother. In control. Behind the wheel. One hand steering, one hand on Ilya's thigh.

He thinks for most of the drive, trying to remember one other instance. And it's never felt pointed, like he didn't trust Ilya—maybe it is that, Ilya does like to speed, but it never *felt* that way. It always just felt like this.

Ilya, who likes to look out the window and play his music and tell Shane about whatever stupid game he's playing on his phone. Ilya, who is blissfully happy to sit in the passenger seat and stare at Shane's arms while he holds the wheel and revels in the hand on his leg. Ilya, who would be content to go wherever Shane told him, do whatever Shane asked of him, be whoever he had to be to make Shane happy. And yet somehow, it's just this.

It's such a quiet thing. Such a quiet way of caring.

Shane, who doesn't like his mother to drive, sleeps softly at Ilya's side in some of the worst weather of the year.

Trust is such a fragile thing, and he worries after it like sugar glass. He thinks he always will. But god, Shane trusts him so much like this. In all ways. Tangled up in bed and asking for things Ilya isn't sure he knows how to give but believing that he'll do it anyway. That Ilya will care for him right back.

His eyes are wet and his dick is hard and it's the most confused he's felt about an urge in a long while.

Such a quiet way, yes, but it burns through Ilya's entire body.

God, he's so in love.

So in love that even this aches.

When they reach the house, he pulls up as close to the front door as he can, and opens Shane's door.

"Come on, moya lyubov, we're home."

Shane cracks his eyes open and frowns. "Ugh. Just let me sleep here."

"No," he laughs. "You will be very upset in the morning if I do that."

"I won't. I promise."

"Up, come on."

Shane leans heavily against Ilya again, and once they make it into the front door and shed their wet shoes, he wraps his arms around Ilya's shoulder and presses his forehead to the side of Ilya's face. He trails his fingers into Ilya's hair and begins to sway, back and forth.

"I'm so fucking tired," he mumbles, but he makes no move to let go, so Ilya hugs him back. It's almost a dance.

Ilya aches with it. So badly.

It's Ilya that cannot keep his hands off of Shane that night. It's nothing out of the ordinary, but he does feel bad with how close Shane had been to sleeping standing up. But it's like a switch flips once Ilya starts kissing him too heavily and he wakes right up.

"Let me take care of you," Ilya says, and Shane moans and nods, laying back into his fluffed pillows and looking up at Ilya with his beautiful brown eyes.

"You okay, Ilya?"

"Yes." He kisses Shane's chest gently. "Very in love, my Shane. Very in love."

You sleep in my car. You hold my life in your hands and let me hold yours. You take care of me like breathing. Very in love, indeed. Hopelessly. Endlessly.

"Oh. I love you, too."

Ilya smiles into his kisses over Shane's chest, so unbearably happy. "Let me take care of you, too."

Shane cannot know what's been going through his head, but he sighs and runs his fingers through Ilya's hair. "You do, Ilya. You always do. I feel so safe with you. Always."

The sex is slow. Agonizing. But Ilya has to touch every inch of Shane and Shane is pliable and sleepy, smiling up at him and allowing himself to be maneuvered every which way. Ilya kisses down his spine, his ribs, down his legs and massages his calves. And Shane lets his legs fall open so Ilya can touch him with lube slicked fingers, so gentle.

He rubs and rubs, not prodding at all. Just allowing himself to feel every inch of Shane. Every wrinkle of his hole, warm and inviting, and Shane just looks up at him with a blissful smile. He kisses down his arms and back up again. Shane's neck, his ears, his nose, his eyelids.

Every part of him Ilya has to know, has to remember and keep. He's so beautiful and Ilya is so happy.

End Notes

This was inspired heavily by a comment from ganseyyii (A_frayed_knot) in which they suggested Ilya passenger princess Rozanov getting the rush he gets from doming Shane when he gets to drive him (I heavily paraphrased). Not sure if this scratched the itch for you, it turned out a lot sweeter and emotionally driven than smut heavy, so I'm sorry about that, but thank you for the suggestion!

But also, this was self-care after the Jizz Jar™ fic. If anyone was disappointed by the lack of smut in this one, I posted some more heinous shit one story back, chapter 2.

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