

Shane Hollander's aggression problem

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Shane Hollander's aggression problem

by [connorsseurs](#), [justbeingzsozso](#)

Summary

Ilya's face has got a little rosy tint to it, where the sun burned him. He complained about it to Shane, and demanded healing kisses which he got without complaint. There is some drool coming out of his mouth, landing on Shane's shirt, who is sure he would find it nasty if he didn't have this man's dick in his mouth on the regular. Ilya periodically lets out little noises, some hums and snorts, that amuses Shane greatly.

God, he never wants to get up from this moment.

He keeps on looking at his boyfriend, who is smiling in his sleep, making his cheeks go round, and Shane gets this unexplainable, sudden urge:

I need to bite him.

Or,

5 times Shane got cuteness aggression watching Ilya, and one time he got it for someone else

Notes

Hi guys! May and I decided to team up and write a fanfiction together :) We're both so proud of how this turned out, and we hope you guys will like it just as much as we do.

As always, kudos and comments are very much appreciated.

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

July, 2017 – The Cottage

They had just gotten together when Shane first experienced the feeling.

It was a clear and sunny day in the middle of July. Ilya has been at Shane's cottage for a week now, and Shane's heart stings a little when he remembers: half of their time is already up.

He wants to ask Ilya to stay longer. Two weeks is a longer time than what they've gotten all year together combined, but it's still not enough. An eternity wouldn't be enough. Shane wants to ask Ilya to stay longer but he is terrified of Ilya saying no. Getting him here was already a miracle, him staying 2 weeks is downright unbelievable. Shane can't get greedy now. He knows Ilya likes to spend time with him, and he also knows now that Ilya loves him. But, he is aware that Ilya has other things to do during summer and Shane can't hog all his time.

Still, it would be nice to get a couple more weeks of this. Maybe a lifetime more.

Right now, "this" is laying on the couch, napping. Ilya is settled on top of Shane's chest, his face buried in Shane's neck, softly snoring away, while Shane is playing with his curls, careful to not wake his boyfriend.

Ilya's face has got a little rosy tint to it, where the sun burned him. He complained about it to Shane, and demanded healing kisses which he got without complaint. There is some drool coming out of his mouth, landing on Shane's shirt, who is sure he would find it nasty if he didn't have the man's cock in his mouth on the regular. Ilya periodically lets out little noises, some hums and snorts, that amuses Shane greatly.

God, he never wants to get up from this moment.

He keeps on looking at his boyfriend, who is smiling in his sleep, making his cheeks go round, and Shane gets this unexplainable, sudden urge:

I need to bite him.

Shane furrows his eyebrows, confused on where this thought even came from, and bites his bottom lip, to not act on said urge.

He is not unfamiliar with biting Ilya, but it's usually during the steamiest times, when Shane is trying to stay quiet while Ilya is taking him apart. This situation, however, brings nothing sexual out of him. He only feels pure love and adoration as he looks at his boyfriend, and the persistent thought to bite him.

A little nibble wouldn't hurt, right?

Shane brings his lips to Ilya's cheek, first just giving him a light peck, hoping his boyfriend is sleeping soundly enough not to wake up. Then, he does it. He bites the apple of Ilya's cheek with his front teeth, just a nip, and quickly soothes the area with kisses.

Ilya doesn't wake up at the attack, still dead to the world around him and Shane lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

The cheek he bit is now a shade darker than it was before, and Shane's urge to bite Ilya strengthens all over, making him want to swallow Ilya whole and make a place for him under his ribs.

As he was moving around, Ilya tilted his head the other way in his sleep. Shane, now feeling braver than ever, took the opportunity presented in front of him, and bit the other cheek too, pressing kisses there right after, staring at the darkening color in fascination.

Ilya stirred a little this time, and Shane froze in his place, praying to nobody specific that Ilya stays asleep. It took a couple seconds, but Ilya only burrowed closer, head turned towards his neck now, face hidden from Shane's assault, and went back to sleep.

Shane, now unable to bite any more part of his boyfriend's face, started playing with Ilya's curls again with one hand, while his other hand was drawing shapes and letters on his back.

“My baby,” Shane whispered softly, pushing his face into Ilya's hair, inhaling his scent and locking it away in the folder he keeps right at the center of his heart, titled ‘favorite.’

“Are you smelling me? Weirdo.” Shane heard a mumble coming from his neck and he lifted his head, so Ilya can move his.

Ilya, face slightly mushed from the position he was laying in, looked at Shane with sleep glazed eyes for a moment, then smiled at him.

“You're obsessed with me,” He teased, dragging out the syllables.

All Shane could do was roll his eyes and chuckle at his boyfriend.

He is right, Shane is obsessed.

May, 2019 – An Event

The best part of the whole secretly-friends-all-along thing was that they finally got to attend events without having to pretend to hate each other, especially with the existence of the Irina Foundation.

They were both currently at a fundraiser for the mentioned initiative, and they'd both been positively *basking* in the ecstasy of hanging off of each other's arms the entire night. They didn't need to put up the air of hate-fueled competitiveness, didn't need to stay apart, didn't need to entertain separate people, because everyone wanted to speak to them both. It was their night after all.

Another benefit of this shared existence, though, was something that Shane didn't realize until they were a few hours into the night — Ilya was *good* at this. He was so good at leading the conversations, charming people into agreeing with him and it was a burden taken off of Shane's shoulder.

He generally made it through these things on his own, but it was a grueling experience — all the unspoken words, the empty conversations. But being with Ilya made it easier, *so much* more bearable and he was positively awed at how painful his expectations had been and how well it was going in comparison.

Which is why, he had spent basically the entire time at this event desperately trying to keep his heart inside his chest every time he looked at his boyfriend. He definitely failed at keeping the heart eyes away, but he totally wasn't finding increasingly creative ways to whisper *I love you's* in his ear.

It certainly didn't help that Ilya looked devilishly handsome.

He was dressed up in a black dress shirt, with matching pants, and a black coat on the top. The top two buttons of his shirt were undone, which really pulled the whole look together.

Right now, he was in one of those rare moments where he was alone, speaking to someone whose name he probably would've remembered if he wasn't so distracted.

The man was in the middle of a conversation about The Irina Foundation's future donation plans when he asked about Ilya.

At his mention, Shane turned around to look for him, bracing himself to control his usual reaction to Ilya, but when he spotted him, Shane's breath caught for a whole different reason.

Ilya wasn't speaking to any guests, he was talking to David, and very animatedly so. In the moment that Shane caught them, David must have made a joke because Ilya immediately burst out laughing.

For a second, Shane felt like his brain had been fried, because none of his thoughts were forming properly and he was definitely staring. He might even have been slack jawed.

Because Ilya looked inexplicably adorable with his face scrunched up, dusted with the slightest blush, eyes so bright that Shane could see them sparkling from across the room, and a smile so beautiful he felt as if he was falling in love with his own boyfriend for the first time.

Suddenly a thought crossed his mind that told him that he felt blessed to have been close enough to hear Ilya's laugh.

It was a thought so absurd that it broke through his stupor. *Get it together, you've seen him laugh a million times.*

But in that moment, logic was a million miles away from him. He was way too in love, and he'd already spent hours trying to hide it. He needed to kiss Ilya, and he needed to do it *now*.

"I'm sorry, excuse me." He said to the man who he couldn't be bothered to pay any attention to now, and walked away before he could even utter a response.

In a second, he had barged into Ilya and David's conversation, his body pressed against Ilya's.

"Sorry dad, need to speak to Ilya for a second."

Ilya shot him a confused glance, but didn't resist being pulled along to wherever Shane was taking him.

Shane was glad that the hotel they had booked had so many side rooms, because he promptly dragged the both of them inside one at random, and locked the door.

Ilya only had enough time to raise his eyebrows before Shane was pressing him against the door, his mouth meeting Ilya's in a heated kiss. One of Shane's hands was curled around Ilya's hair gently, almost like he was petting him, the other on his shoulder to keep him pinned.

He was surprised to find that there was nothing lustful about the kiss, in fact, after a moment, Shane pulled away to press multiple sweet kisses to his lips in quick succession, murmuring an "*I love you*" after every one.

"Shane, what– Are you okay?"

Shane pressed his forehead to Ilya's, his breath unsteady from the adrenaline. His hand had found its way to Ilya's cheek now, holding his face softly.

"Yes, yeah, I'm fine. Just," He paused to press his face as much closer to Ilya's as he could. "You're too fucking cute."

Ilya stilled for a second, his eyebrows drawing together in confusion. Shane, who had pulled back to look at him, groaned loudly at Ilya's expression.

“See, you’re doing it again. You want me to fucking die.”

“I’m not even doing anything!” He spluttered indignantly, but the blush on his cheeks had darkened considerably. He huffed, breaking eye contact first, and stared at Shane’s coat instead.

“Yes you are. God, Ilya, you're too adorable for me to handle. I feel like I'm gonna die if I don't smush you up.” His thumb brushed lightly along his cheek, his eyes drinking in every detail of Ilya’s face, memorizing the flushed look.

“How would you even– That doesn't make any sense, Hollander” He was too flustered to be speaking correctly, and that only made him look more bashful.

Shane didn't reply to that, instead pressing close again to pepper kisses to every centimeter of Ilya’s skin he could reach, both of his hands wrapped around the other's biceps.

Ilya’s face was positively burning now, and he was too dignified to admit that a sound suspiciously like a squeak had left his mouth.

He could physically feel Shane take in a deep, long breath, before he pulled away and attempted to pull himself together.

Fleetingly, he thought the torture of being doted on was over, before Shane pressed another short, terribly loving kiss to his mouth, heightening the daze that had settled over his body.

Shane gave himself just a few seconds to hold Ilya’s face in both of his hands and mush it together before he stepped back again.

“Okay. Okay. We can go back, I'm going to control it now. But just until we can leave.” He said, his hands going to Ilya’s hair, attempting to fix it. “You've been terrible tonight.”

“What, like my presence?” He smirked lightly, but his heart wasn't in it.

“Yes. You're not going to like what I'm going to do to you when we get home.” He said lightly, petting his head before stepping back, as if that wasn't an insane thing to say. As if it didn't have Ilya's mind going to all sorts of places.

He wanted to speak, to make a stupid comment, something, anything, but his heart was racing too fast to be properly pumping blood to his brain, and the capability to form sentences was completely out of his grasp.

He just stared at Shane dumbly until he was led back out of the room, back to the hall.

If he was slightly out of it for the rest of the night, well, everyone was just going to have to put up with it.

July, 2021 - The Wedding

After years of obstacles, the day is finally here. Shane and Ilya's wedding day.

To be honest, it's nothing extra. No big statues or a dance floor. It's not in a beautiful church or on a beach. The closest to Shane and Ilya gathered in their backyard, standing close to each other –because chairs were also forgotten– and Shane wouldn't have it any other way.

Lately their relationship, that has been kept as the most precious secret, was shouted out for everyone to know. They have been under the eyes of the media, the league, sponsors and fans in a way they have never been before. It was tiring and scary and not something either of them wanted.

So this, having a gathering and celebrating a new chapter of their love with their friends and family is something that Shane appreciates more than anything.

It's after the ceremony, everyone speaking either in duos or little groups, but none of them are closed off. There is food and drinks laid out on the table, and there are some games the kids can play, although they see a lot more joy in hanging off of Ilya, it seems like.

Ruby and Amber each hold one of Ilya's arms hostage, while Susie is taking a piggyback ride, Arthur chasing them, trying to catch up.

Seeing Ilya with children always warms Shane's hearts like nothing else, It's a view he could never get tired of. Ilya is just so kind and good with kids, so understanding. Every kid he has ever met loves him. He is a natural with them. Shane can't wait 'till the day they have their own kids, so he could have this everyday.

Stuck in his daydreaming, Shane didn't notice the alarmingly fast pile of children running his way. The same pile that was on Ilya a moment ago.

“Oh wow. Careful.” Shane chuckles and tries to steady himself as the kids barrel into him.

“Uncle Shane we got you!” Ruby shouts and the kids screaming excitedly, each grabbing onto Shane, keeping him in place.

“Got me? Did you guys capture me?” Shane gasped playfully and the kids giggled and nodded their heads furiously.

“Yes! Uncle Ilya told us to take you hostage!” Arthur exclaimed, jumping in excitement.

“That was supposed to be a secret!” Amber exclaimed.

“Sorry.” Arthur apologized to his sister and burrowed closer to Shane.

“It's okay.” Shane stroked Arthur's head to comfort him, then started looking around for Ilya, to see if he could plan a revenge attack against him.

When he finally found him though, Shane's breath hitched, and his mouth slightly opened in surprise.

Ilya was standing at the other side of the yard with the Boodrams, tux jacket forgotten in the heat. In his arms lay baby Milo, sleeping soundly even with the loud noises surrounding him. Ilya is looking down at the baby with a smile, gently rocking him while Cassie Boodram is talking to him about something. Ilya occasionally nods to show he is listening to Cassie, but most of his attention is on the baby in his arms.

Shane has never been more in love with his husband.

Shane turned to the kids hanging off of him and smiled at them.

“Why don't you guys capture uncle JJ?” He asked mischievously, and the kids quickly ran off, searching for JJ somewhere in the small crowd. With that, Shane took his opportunity to join his husband's conversation.

Walking up to the small group that now included the Boodrams, Lisa and Ilya, Shane could hear the conversation was about the new season the Centaurs are going to take on after the summer break. While the team doesn't know this, Shane has officially signed for the Centaurs and is gonna play for them starting next season. They planned to announce this a couple days after the wedding, just so they don't get too overwhelmed with news.

“... we are getting that Cup. Mark my words.” Bood finished his speech as Shane stood beside Ilya, resting a hand on his husband's lower back. Ilya looked up at the sensation, and smiled widely at his husband, pressing a peck to his lips, which Shane accepted happily.

“Winning the cup, you say?” Shane raised an eyebrow at Bood, who laughed in answer.

“Yes. I'm sure of it. We have the best players in the league, our chemistry on ice is excellent. Like our only threat is you, I guess. If we would have you on our team we would be set for life.” Bood said confidently

“I guess, I can't argue with that.” Shane chuckled then turned to Ilya who gave Milo back to Cassie during the conversation, so he can side hug Shane.

“How are you, husband?” Ilya asked Shane, who let out a dramatic sigh at the question.

“I was fine, but then a dozen little kids took me hostage on my own wedding day. Do you know anything about that?” Shane asked Ilya with a raised eyebrow who faked surprise at the question.

“What? That can't be. I never heard of something like this happening. And you got freed?” Ilya asked him, amused.

“Yes. Interestingly, one of the captors told me it was you who ordered the attack.” Shane tried to hold back his smile.

“No, no. They are liars. The captors who I hired would not have let you go.” Ilya grinned at Shane, and in answer Shane tickled Ilya's side.

“Well, I better find Wyatt. I saw him disappear with Evan and the rookies a while ago, and I don't want anything to explode.” Lisa said to them, Bood and Cassie also went with her to put Milo down for a nap.

“It's just you and me now, husband.” Ilya looked at Shane, putting on an overexaggerated sexy voice as a joke.

In answer, Shane just pulled Ilya down, so his forehead was in level with Shane's lips, and pressed multiple quick kisses there, then let him go.

“What was that for?” Ilya asked Shane, confused but clearly satisfied.

“Nothing. I just really, really love you. I'm glad we got to this day, you know.” Shane answered, hugging Ilya tightly to him.

“Yes, I get it. I'm also glad.” Ilya hugged Shane back, the two of them slightly rocking back and forth in their place.

“Ilya?”

“Hmm?”

“You look really cute with kids.” Shane admitted, voice quieter than before. Lifting his head slightly, he kissed Ilya's cheek.

“Yeah?” Ilya asked back, slightly breathless.

“Yeah. I can't wait to have kids with you.” Shane confirmed, placing his head on Ilya's shoulder.

“Ugh, Hollander. You can't say things like that with so many guests around. I can't take you to the bedroom anytime soon.” Ilya complained, looking up towards the sky, but his grip on Shane tightened.

“It's Hollander-Rozanov now.” Shane corrected him.

“Shut up.”

October, 2022 – Practice

The next time it happens, they are at practice. It's the beginning of Shane's second season with the Centaurs, and by now it feels like he has always played for this team.

After spending a whole season together, going on roadies, winning and losing, even getting deep into the playoffs, Shane can confidently say he has experienced most things you can expect when playing with a new team.

One of these new things, that's happening right now, is going through a slump.

The Centaurs were familiar with losing games after games. Not even 2 years ago, it was more common than them winning. Still, after becoming stronger and better together and getting The Shane Hollander on their team, they had this false belief that they would win almost every game going forward.

Shane knew it's not that easy. That a good game isn't just about the players. He knew they are still going to lose games, sometimes more than one in a row, even if they have Ilya and Shane on the same team now.

Still, 6 games in a row without a win makes Shane worry too.

It's a collective slump they are going through, and each loss just pushes their confidence further down.

Ilya, sweet, thoughtful Ilya has been spending more and more time with the rookies. It has been affecting them more, since they never experienced something like this, especially not on this team. Ilya keeps reminding everyone where the Centaurs started, that this is not their first rough season starter, and that they will get through this.

Shane is curious to see how long this will last.

They are on the ice, practicing shooting accuracy. It's an optional practice, but lately even optional practices feel like mandatory, at least till they make it to a winning game.

Ilya is standing on the side, watching everyone's technique with hawk-like eyes, brows furrowing, sometimes writing something down, that he most likely will share with the coach later today at the meeting.

Shane knows Ilya is more stressed about this than he would usually be. He wants to prove everyone they can win the Stanley Cup this season, and no matter what speech he gives, what he changes at practice, it just doesn't seem to help.

Biting his bottom lip, Shane sees Ilya write another thing down as soon as Shane shoots his shot. Ilya lets out an exasperated huff, and tilts his head to the side as he often does when he is deep in his thoughts.

He is so endearing.

Shane skates up to him, and stops half a meter in front of his husband, who now looks up at him and raises a questioning brow at him.

“What?” Ilya asks him, after he has been standing there for a while without saying anything.

“Nothing, just...” Shane shakes his head and lets out a big sigh, grabs Ilya's face, squeezes his cheeks together, not as hard that it would hurt, but hard enough that Ilya's lips pucker up and Shane lays the wettest, loudest smooch he has ever given on them. He rests his lips there for a second, then giving them a parting peck he finally lifts his head and releases Ilya's face.

Ilya looks at him dazed, and a bit confused, but Shane just shakes his head and takes the notepad out of Ilya's hands to look it over.

“Alright captain. Let's see what we're working with.” Shane says, assessing the notes.

Ilya doesn't say anything, just rests his head on Shane's shoulder, and lets his husband work his magic.

June, 2022 – Some Bar

Team celebrations had become way more tolerable since he'd joined the Centaurs, than it was ever before. Now, he had supportive teammates and his husband by him, so he could be caught at a bar often.

Tonight was one of those nights, and considering they'd just won the Stanley Cup, things were getting out of hand rapidly.

A glaring sign being that Ilya Rozanov, of all people, was tipsy.

From the moment the alcohol had taken effect, he'd been stuck to Shane's side like a magnet was pulling their bodies together. It would've been an understatement to say he was being affectionate. And even though Shane was definitely the more sober one between them, he wasn't faring better.

Largely because a drunk, clumsy, expressionate Ilya was the most terribly endearing sight he'd ever witnessed.

He was stumbling more than a baby deer, mostly into Shane's arm, so that one might just be a trick. He had also giggled more times in the past hour than Shane has probably heard the entire time they've known each other.

Now, Shane was engrossed in a conversation with a very drunk Wyatt, in one of the rare moments where Ilya had left his side to go get himself another drink.

They were sitting in one of the empty booths, talking about something Shane couldn't even understand, with how many times the guy was stumbling over his words.

Only a little while later, Ilya walked over to them and wordlessly plopped down on top of Shane's lap. Immediately, Shane wrapped one arm around his waist, holding him tighter against his chest, dropping a kiss into his hair.

Shane returned to the conversation, giving it his earnest attention even without the comprehension, but Ilya was definitely not done with him.

He put the glass down on the table in front of them, and buried his face in Shane's neck, leaving a trail of wet kisses. His lips travelled up the column of Shane's neck, reaching his ear, which he promptly sucked into his mouth.

Somewhere between the conversation, Troy had joined the table as well, and steered the topic into something actually constructive, so Shane was a little preoccupied. When he felt Ilya biting down on his ear, his breath hitched slightly, his arms tightening around him. But he didn't move, letting Ilya get up to his mischief. The night was loosening him up too.

To their credit, Wyatt and Troy mentioned nothing about the 6ft Russian man curled in his lap like he was a puppy, for which Shane was thankful.

It must've been a good amount of time before Shane realized that he couldn't feel Ilya doing anything anymore, other than just sitting, and neither had he spoken.

When he turned to look at him, his breath caught in his throat, choking him. Their eyes met, because Ilya had been *looking at him*, just *staring*, with the widest smile ever. The entire universe was sparkling in his eyes, the club lights twinkling off of the love filling them. He looked positively *enthralled* by Shane.

With his expression completely open, his cheeks pink with a sweet blush, Ilya looked like a little baby goat, and that thought hit Shane right in the chest. The conversation, the club, the entire rest of the world was so distant, it was like nothing other than Ilya existed for him.

When he saw Shane looking, his eyes crinkled even more, his countenance turning sickly sweet, gazing at him like he was his entire cosmos.

One of Ilya's hands was resting on the small of his back, and suddenly, all their contact points felt atomic sized compared to how close he needed Ilya to be. He needed Ilya to melt into his body till they were no longer two separate people.

He reached out with his free hand to hold Ilya's face gently, bending down to press a kiss square on Ilya's lips that were still stretched in a beautiful smile. He didn't stop peppering kisses all over his face until Ilya let out a short chuckle, pushing Shane away.

"I thought you weren't one for so much PDA, *moya lyubov*" Ilya said, his hand still resting on Shane's chest.

"Shut up, Ilya, I can't even look at you." Shane groaned, letting go of Ilya's face to cover his own, his eyes shutting close. He took a deep breath, and spoke again, "I might seriously bite you right now."

"What did I ever do to make you think I wouldn't want that?" Ilya smirked, clearly oblivious to what a different direction Shane's inner turmoil was taking.

He knew Ilya meant it in a sensual way, but at that moment, Shane thought he really needed Ilya's nose in his mouth or he was going to die.

So he did just that.

He leaned closer again, softly wrapping his lips around the tip of Ilya's nose.

Ilya's smirk dropped abruptly, his entire face burning hot and turning pink. Shane let go for a second, going back in with his teeth this time, not before he saw that even his nose had taken on a slight pink tint.

Satisfied for the moment, Shane let go and sat back, his hand going to Ilya's hair this time, running his fingers through the curls.

“You are a cannibal now?” Ilya said, desperately trying to regain some sort of control over the situation.

Shane just huffed fondly, shaking his head, pressing another kiss to his forehead.

“I love you.” he murmured into his skin, resting his lips there for a second, breathing him in.

“I love you too.” Ilya said, closing his eyes and breathing deeply, willing the almost permanent blush on his face to go away.

April, 2021 – Ilya's House

Even after Ilya's move to Ottawa, the 2 hours between them felt like a chasm was pulling them apart to two ends of the world. Because of that, they would take any and every time pocket they could find to drive to the other's place, and spend it with them. In a way, they were desperate for whatever they could get, since there was so little of it.

And those are the circumstances under which Shane finds himself in Ilya's house without Ilya being there. He had a game that would be over in the next hour or so, after which they both had two free days, which they were obviously going to spend together. Since Shane's game happened to end earlier, he ended up being the one driving over.

The only problem was, Anya was there.

Ilya had only just acquired her a few weeks ago, and Shane hadn't spent much time with her, so he felt it would take some time for him to warm up to her. Shane likes dogs just fine, he would pet them when he was at someone's place who had a dog, but he never thought he himself would get one, especially with a job as demanding as theirs. And Anya was great, she really was. She is well trained, kind and playful, but Shane didn't have the opportunity to spend one-on-one time with her before today, so he is freaking out a bit.

But it's okay, he can take care of a dog for a couple of hours, right?

Settling in, Shane did what he usually does when he is at Ilya's. Unpacking his essentials from his bag, getting himself something to drink, looking in the fridge if they have food, or if he has to cook. All the normal stuff, just now with a dog following him around.

"Careful, girl." Shane warned Anya, as she was playfully bumping into him, while he was making his way down the stairs, to the living room.

There, he finally sat down on Ilya's oversized couch, the same one he had in Boston, and took the remote from the coffee table to turn the TV on.

As soon as he leaned back though, Anya jumped up, settling down at Shane's side, her head coming to a rest in Shane's lap.

"Wow, Anya! Are you even allowed up here?" Shane asked her, but as soon as the words left his mouth he knew it was a dumb question. *There is no way Ilya would say no to her.*

Shane let out a loud sigh, and went back to watching the TV, which just showed Ilya scoring a beautiful goal. Out of excitement, Shane yelled out a "Let's go" but the abruptness of it scared Anya, and she sat up, looking around in confusion.

"Sorry Anya, nothing happened, just your papa scoring." Shane soothed Anya with scratches behind her ears, blushing when he realised he called Ilya Anya's "papa". It's inevitable. They will become crazy dog parents.

Anya settled back down, her head once again in Shane's lap. Shane continued scratching her for the rest of the game, noticing that it also made him surprisingly calm and relaxed. Once the game was over and the post game interviews also went down, Shane turned the TV off, deciding to heat up some leftovers for Ilya when he gets home.

But when he looked down at the dog resting in his lap, he found Anya looking back at him with her big brown eyes. Shane was enamored instantly. Filled with the urge he so often gets when he is with Ilya, Shane knows he will love this dog forever.

"God, you do take after your papa, don't you?" Shane laughed softly, taking Anya's face in his hands, and kissing her forehead softly, carefully running his hand through her hair as she looked up at Shane, mouth panting and tail wagging.

That makes the decision for him. He is not going to be moving anywhere. Ilya spends a lot of time in the locker room, ten more minutes cuddling with Anya won't hurt.

Maybe fifteen, Shane is counting on Ilya getting into traffic on his way home anyways.

End Notes

You can find us on twitter!

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