

**by this time tomorrow**

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# by this time tomorrow

by [static\\_radio](#)

## Summary

This time yesterday, he'd already gone for his morning run, showered and had breakfast. Honestly, he should get up soon. He should go for his run. Just because it's the off-season doesn't mean he should forego exercising completely. But the idea of going for a run while Ilya is asleep in his bed, makes something in Shane's chest twinge. Ilya, asleep and comfortable and safe, should not wake up in an empty bed. Not after the night they had, vulnerable and aching.

## Notes

(un)fortunately, shane is so incredibly me and has an incessant need for control and the "this time yesterday" premise of the fic is something i do irl. let's not think about that too much

for reg, bc who else could this possibly be for <3 endlessly grateful we get to talk hollanov 24/7, you always understand me

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

Sunlight spills through the window as Shane lets his eyes drag over Ilya's face, slow and sweet. He looks golden in the early morning, necklace glinting where it catches the light.

Shane doesn't get to have this, normally. Mornings with Ilya. Even seeing him in the daylight feels like a luxury. A delicacy, something to be savored. He's glad they left the blinds open that first day. He's glad they kept them open every other day this week, and sometimes even during the night, when the moon pools silver on the bedroom floor.

Shane is working on letting the light in. It doesn't seem as scary with Ilya around.

He drags his hand up from where it has been resting on the sheets, the 600 thread count ones that Ilya made fun of him for, and gently grasps the cross pendant on Ilya's chest between his fingers.

Weirdly, he assumed the metal would be cold, but it is warm to the touch.

A glance at the clock tells Shane it's already past 11 A.M.

This time yesterday, he'd already gone for his morning run, showered and had breakfast. Honestly, he should get up soon. He should go for his run. Just because it's the off-season doesn't mean he should forego exercising completely. But the idea of going for a run while Ilya is asleep in his bed, makes something in Shane's chest twinge. Ilya, asleep and comfortable and safe, should not wake up in an empty bed. Not after the night they had, vulnerable and aching.

Besides, there will be plenty of opportunities for Shane to get his cardio in these next few days.

He gently straightens the necklace before letting his hand wander along Ilya's chest, tracing moles and marks, his own private constellation. There are no bruises on Ilya's skin that Shane has not put there, which is a rare treat in and of itself. No bruises from being checked into the boards, no red lines from armor being strapped on too tight. Every bruise and blemish is a Shane Hollander original. Satisfaction sits low in his gut.

Eventually, Ilya's eyes flutter, and then he's blinking them open slowly. His gaze is soft with sleep and adoration. For a moment it takes Shane's breath away, to so obviously be the subject of someone's adoration.

"What is the time?" Ilya asks, voice thick with sleep. Shane suppresses a shudder at the crushed velvet sound of it.

"A little after 11," Shane says.

Ilya eyes him suspiciously before checking for himself. He rolls over until his entire body is covering Shane's and manages to pin Shane's wrists to the bed. It is easily accomplished, considering Shane's complete lack of resistance.

“Shane Hollander is still in bed at 11 in the morning? Is the world ending? Have you been bodysnatched?”

“How do you even know what bodysnatching is?” Shane manages through a laugh, neck straining as he tries to avoid being kissed on the lips. He may be in love with Ilya, but he draws the line at kissing with morning breath.

“The Boston Bears movie night,” Ilya says, having given up on getting a kiss and instead nuzzling Shane’s neck. “We watched *The Thing* for Halloween.”

“You guys have movie nights?”

Shane can’t quite tell if Ilya is serious or not. A few years or even months ago he would have told you with full certainty that Ilya was fucking with him. Now, though, he knows how soft Ilya can be. How much he craves softness in return.

So as absolutely ridiculous as the mental image of the Bears, all vicious and violent on the ice, sitting down together to watch an eighties horror classic is, it doesn’t seem entirely impossible.

“Yes, we take turns hosting. Is not mandatory, but if you miss three in a row, the whole team has to do bag skates. Is very good for morale.”

“Oh my god, you run that team like the navy.”

“Which is why we are the best team in the league.”

“You wish. What *I* wish is that you’d stop making out with my neck.” Nevertheless, Shane gasps as Ilya licks a stripe all the way up to his ear. Traitorous body that has been conditioned to respond positively whenever Ilya’s around.

“Well, I would rather make out with your face, but *someone* is being precious princess about morning breath.” Ilya leans back to make eye contact. “I don’t know if you know this, Hollander, but we have kissed after I have had your dick in my mouth. I don’t think morning breath is worst thing to ever happen to you.”

Shane almost tosses out, *No, you’re the worst thing that ever happened to me*, but before he can, Ilya pecks him on the cheek and rolls off him.

Shane barely manages to swallow his words of protest at the loss as he watches how his boyfriend — how Ilya makes his way to the bathroom. He reappears a moment later with a toothbrush in his mouth and Shane’s toothbrush held in his hand.

“Here,” he mumbles around a mouthful of foam.

Shane pushes himself upright in the bed, accepting his toothbrush from Ilya with a slightly bewildered look on his face. They sit there in silence for two minutes while they brush their teeth. An act so deeply domestic that Shane’s chest aches.

Ilya steps back into the bathroom to rinse and spit before coming out again to grab Shane's toothbrush and hand him a cup of water to do the same.

"I can walk, you know," Shane says when Ilya retrieves the cup from him and takes it into the bathroom.

"I know," Ilya calls out over a faint clatter that Shane wills himself to ignore, before making his way back into the room. "I want to keep you in bed in case you get tempted to go do some insane workout in the insane gym you have installed here."

Ilya stands in front of the bed, tall and broad and almost naked. Shane drinks in the sight. Lets himself look like he's wanted to countless times, but never allowed himself.

"Yeah? You want to have your way with me?" Shane asks, barely able to get the words out when Ilya drops himself down directly onto Shane. They both laugh at the *oof* that bursts out of him.

They're not laughing when Ilya leans in close and then closer. For a moment, Shane swears he can see flecks of gold in Ilya's eyes, but then his eyes flutter shut and Shane is getting kissed so softly, it makes his toes curl.

He has both hands cradling Ilya's face, a gentle scratch on his palms because Ilya hasn't shaved. Shane relishes in the sensation before letting his hands wander.

He doesn't think he could ever get tired of kissing Ilya. The way his mouth has become familiar doesn't make kissing *less* exciting, but only makes Shane want to do it more. He wants to catalog every last sound he can drag out of Ilya. Wants to know what makes him sigh and pant and moan.

The kiss goes from gentle to heated in a matter of moments, Shane licking into Ilya's mouth to chase away the minty-fresh flavor of the toothpaste until all he can taste is Ilya.

They never got the chance to tease and touch just for the sake of it. Or to be playful. To have sweet and unhurried sex, not wondering if they can properly get their fill in such a short amount of time. Shane never could. He always left wanting more. More kisses, more sex, more *Ilya*.

So Shane doesn't complain when Ilya takes his time opening Shane up, even though he reasonably doesn't need it. Doesn't complain when Ilya stops mid-thrust to wonder aloud if they'll be having breakfast or lunch after this, considering the fact that late morning is already spilling into afternoon. Doesn't complain when Ilya bites at the hinge of Shane's jaw, as if that's a perfectly sane place to be biting someone.

Does complain, briefly, when Ilya attempts to suck a hickey into Shane's jaw, but Ilya is quickly distracted when Shane bears down, his priorities back in order with startling clarity.

Keeps looking at Ilya until the pleasure is so blinding, he has no choice but to close his eyes.

And after, when they're breathless and sated, they lie together in a mess of limbs.

Shane's thigh is tucked between Ilya's and Ilya's got a hand in Shane's hair and Shane's fingers are back on the necklace and Ilya's nose is pressed against Shane's cheek.

"I like this," Ilya murmurs. "Waking up with you and seeing your messy hair. Even Perfect Shane Hollander has bed head."

There's a dirty joke hiding in there somewhere, but Shane doesn't bother to point it out. He only burrows closer.

"I like knowing now that you go to bed with your socks on like a freak but you always somehow wake up without them, taking them off in the night like a ninja," Ilya continues.

"A sock ninja," Shane intones dryly. But Ilya isn't incorrect. Shane's socks are currently lost somewhere in the sheets, as they always are in the morning.

"Yes, exactly. And I like that you use your pointy elbows to get away from me when you're overheating in your sleep." But when Shane moves to do exactly that, digging an elbow in the soft space beneath Ilya's ribs, Ilya whines, "Noooo, Hollander, I want to hold you."

"Fuck you, my elbows aren't that pointy," Shane huffs, put out.

"Agree to disagree."

But Shane does agree. It *is* nice to lie here together like this. To know things about each other they didn't know a week ago.

Shane resists the urge to look at the alarm clock on his bedside table. He doesn't need to know what time it is. The two of them have plenty of it, for once. Still, he can't help but try to figure out how much time has passed. An hour, maybe two, since Ilya woke up, putting them firmly in afternoon territory.

This time yesterday, Shane and Ilya were probably on the couch playing games.

(Shane supposes they've been playing games for a long time, in different ways.)

This time yesterday, he was probably on the phone with Hayden, letting his hook-up of a decade, who he's been in love with for years, blow him.

This time yesterday, he was in love with Ilya. The thought makes him smile. It's been a constant for a while now, but he's never let himself think it fully.

"Why are you smiling?" Ilya asks, jostling Shane a little. "I also want to smile. Tell me."

"Just thinking... This time yesterday, I was on the phone with Hayden."

"Thinking about Hayden Pike is making you smile when you're in bed with me. Is there something you need to tell me? Perhaps that you are leaving me for Montreal's fifteenth best player?"

“Shut up. It’s this thing I do, I’m not sure why. Maybe I find it comforting? I like to figure out what I was doing 24 hours ago. It’s silly.”

“Not silly.” Ilya’s voice is firm. “If it comforts you, it’s not silly.”

And Shane knows Ilya means it. For all his teasing, he is also endlessly sincere.

“Sometimes it's just to make sure I'm sticking to my schedule, like... I don't know, a control thing? And sometimes it's just cool to see how quickly things can change. This time yesterday I hadn't been drafted. This time yesterday I wasn't the captain of the team. This time yesterday I didn't know you loved me. That sort of thing.”

Ilya’s hand falters where it had still been carding through Shane’s hair. “What do you mean?”

“Well, you told me at, like, four in the morning that you love me. This time yesterday, we were on the couch playing games and I didn’t know yet.”

“Didn’t you? Couldn’t you feel it, even if I hadn’t said it to your face yet?”

Something about Ilya’s phrasing snatches at Shane’s attention, but he’s too busy parsing through his own thoughts to examine it more before it melts away.

“I... I don’t know. I think I could have if I hadn’t been so preoccupied with keeping my own mouth shut.”

The words had been stuck in Shane’s throat for a while before he actually said them last night, in the sanctuary of their room. He’d learned to swallow around them, learned to ignore the *I love you*-shaped sentence. Still, he’d been worried to let them slip accidentally. Quiet moments where he’d held them on his tongue, between his teeth, just to savor the taste of them.

“I knew you loved me before you told me,” Ilya mutters, almost petulantly.

“Oh my god, Rozanov, why are you trying to win at falling in love? Not everything is a competition. Wait. What?” Shane shifts, extricating himself from Ilya's hold slightly so he can crane his head up. “*When* did you know? *How* did you know?”

Although maybe Shane shouldn’t be surprised. He’s not always been the most perceptive guy, even (or maybe especially) when it comes to his own feelings. He imagines he must have worn his heart on his sleeve and his love on his face. There’s also the distant memory of being so hopped up on painkillers that his usual filter was essentially a sieve.

“Shane...” Ilya’s voice is so soft and Shane suddenly needs to be closer. Needs to be *inside* Ilya. Not like *that*, but like in his veins, just to get to the very essence of him. “You invited me to your cottage. You let me into your home.”

“You’ve been to my home plenty of times, in Montreal.” Shane feels defensive, suddenly.

“No, that place is your house. This place is your home.”

“Oh.” Shane swallows, the sound clicking in his throat. “That makes sense, I guess.”

And it does. There are few places that make Shane feel more like himself than the cottage does. He's himself on the ice, reduced to speed and instinct in a way he can never quite put into words. He's himself when he's with his parents, more so than ever now that he's not hiding anything from them. He's himself at the cottage, where he can hear the water and the trees and the loons.

And he's probably most himself with Ilya. Or he will be, once this thing between them has had time to bloom fully.

Shane used to hate the way Ilya seemed to be able to perceive him more keenly than anyone else. It made him feel flayed open and vulnerable. Now, he looks forward to being known to his core.

“I guess,” Ilya mocks, but he does it so lovingly that Shane can't even pretend to be annoyed.

“When did *you* know you loved me?” Shane asks.

“Maybe after tuna melt fiasco? No, it's okay,” he mutters when Shane starts tensing up, pressing a kiss to the top of his head for good measure. “We're okay now. Yes?”

Ilya squeezes him when Shane doesn't reply right away, a quiet need for confirmation that Shane is still here. Still his.

“Yeah.” He clears his throat, voice coming out hoarse. “Yes.”

“I did not expect to be so... devastated when you left. I think, for me, that's when I knew.” Ilya's voice sounds a little far away. Like he's back in his living room in Boston. Like he's unable to reach Shane through the haze of his panic. Shane kisses whatever part of Ilya he can reach, which just so happens to be the side of his peck. “How about you?”

“I don't know. I think it kind of was always there.”

“Liar. You did *not* love me in Saskatchewan in 2008.” Somehow Ilya manages to imbue the word *Saskatchewan* with both fondness and contempt.

“Well, no, but it's like... I feel like I wanted to be you, in the beginning. You were always beating me and you were always better and I was *so* jealous. But also, I wanted you so badly. I wanted to be you and I wanted you and then I just wanted to be *with* you, but I don't think I could tell you where one thing ended and the next thing started.”

"Oh my god, Hollander, why are you trying to win at falling in love? Not everything is a competition."

Shane rolls his eyes, but still asks, "Isn't it? With us?"

“Maybe a little.”

They don't speak for a moment, happy to soak in the togetherness. And maybe the silence is its own kind of devotion. There is no need to fill the void with chatter out of fear that someone will leave as soon as there is nothing left to talk about.

Shane feels sated and safe and loved, the summer sun painting everything golden. He thinks he could fall asleep again, until Ilya speaks.

"How about we look forward from now on. Instead of back. We have bright futures ahead, no?"

"Do we? Tell me about them." Shane feels weird referring to their futures as separate entities. Separate events. They'll have only one, won't they? Together.

"Shane Hollander, second best player in the league, loses Stanley Cup to Ilya Rozanov, best *and* sexiest player of his generation."

"Wow," Shane says as flatly as possible, despite the smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Yes, I know. Very impressive." Shane doesn't need to see Ilya to know there's a self-satisfied smirk on his face.

"You know, this doesn't look like a particularly bright future for me. What, I'm your trophy husband?" Shane freezes when the words leave his lips. "I mean—"

"I know what you mean, Hollander."

"You do?"

"Of course. I know you." Shane's heart thuds heavily. "Is just a turn of phrase, okay? Although I like the idea... Trophy husband, trophy room, both very full all the time."

"Oh, fuck you," Shane says, but he's blushing and Ilya is laughing and maybe the future doesn't have to be so scary it's filled with moments like this one.

"So we look ahead, yes? By this time tomorrow, we'll have gone skinny dipping in the lake."

"So that's absolutely not happening," Shane says, but then again, he also thought *this* would never happen. Lying in bed with Ilya, light filtering into the room, as they talk about the future they both so desperately want. "By this time tomorrow, we'll have had breakfast."

Ilya huffs a laugh. "No."

"No?"

"No. Is boring. Pick a new one."

"It's sensible! And realistic! This is *my* thing—" Shane says, indignant.

"Don't care. Pick something else."

Ilya squeezes his waist, and whatever fight Shane had in him evaporates.

"By this time tomorrow, you will still love me." Shane shifts a little, just enough to be better able to look Ilya in the eye, to make sure he knows he means it. "And I will still love you."

## End Notes

timeline is more closely aligned with the show but honestly this conversation could be happening whenever! the concept of the bears doing team movie nights was borrowed from ted lasso & the trophy room reference was a happy accident (girl who hasn't read TLG yet but knows™)

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