

Have I told you lately I'm grateful you're mine?

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by [justbeingzsozso](#)

Summary

The sun was shining through the cottage window, painting the room in a golden light. Shane, ever the early riser, has been already up for an hour or so, watching Ilya's every feature transform in the changing light. The faint amount of freckles that dot Ilya's face –not the same kind Shane has, but still visible for those who are close enough–, his long, naturally curly eyelashes, his slightly parted lips and twitching nose are all things Shane could never get enough of.

or

Shane and Ilya spend a lazy day together durring their stay at the cottage.

Notes

Hi guys! I have been working on this for a good while but I've been so angst pilled I just couldn't finish it 😭 BUT IT'S FINALLY DONE YAY!

Don't expect ANY plot, this is pure tooth-rotting fluff :)

Title: Nothing - Bruno Major

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

The sun was shining through the cottage window, painting the room in a golden light. Shane, ever the early riser, has been already up for an hour or so, watching Ilya's every feature transform in the changing light. The faint amount of freckles that dot Ilya's face –not the same kind Shane has, but still visible for those who are close enough–, his long, naturally curly eyelashes, his slightly parted lips and twitching nose are all things Shane could never get enough of.

He remembers the early days, when looking was forbidden between them, speaking even more so. When he would still steal some glances, as Ilya was screwing his eyes shut in pleasure, or with exhaustion after said pleasure had passed. Every single time, all Shane wanted was more time. More time looking at the perfect face that by now he gets to call his. More time touching, without excuse and not just because he 'accidentally' grabbed his face while trying to locate the locks of curls that sat atop Ilya's head, framing his head perfectly, giving him an otherworldly look. Especially in the morning sun.

And now, he gets to do that.

He gets to look and touch and take. And when Ilya asks him what's up, he can answer 'Just admiring my baby', without fearing for the reaction. Because they are together now, open with their feelings, open with their hearts, cottage rules making them the most honest people enclosed between these walls. And instead of fear glistening in Ilya's eyes, searching for every way out after receiving any kind of affection, he just lets out a satisfied hum, his cheeks adorned with beautiful red and smile a mile wide, and he lets Shane look as long as he pleases, because in return, Shane will let Ilya look too.

Right now though, Ilya was sleeping soundly, a little drool escaping the corner of his mouth. The drool should make it gross, but Shane can't help the urge to press a soft kiss on those lips. Ilya sighs immediately in his sleep and Shane is filled with adoration for this man.

It has been a little more than two weeks since Ilya arrived at the cottage.

It was scary at first, the closeness, no way to escape, actually talking about their feelings. But after a few days they got so used to each other's presence, it's like they've always been together for more time than the allowed late night hours. And they're boyfriends now.

Hearing that word from Ilya's mouth the first time, right in front of Shane's parents, has been a revelation. Going home from the cottage he grew up at, to the one he secretly calls his and Ilya's, Shane felt giddy and excited, and of course a little anxious. But Ilya has soothed said anxiousness in no time, with that sea green eyes of his that scream 'I love you' nonstop.

Ilya was supposed to stay for only two weeks, that was the plan. But by the end of week two, Shane felt grief come over him when he thought about their time together ending. That until one night Ilya, cuddled up in Shane's arms, murmured "I can stay for longer, if you'll have me", into Shane's neck. Shane of course started nodding in agreement, and after forcing out a wet "yes" he kissed Ilya all over.

This morning marks day 17 of their stay, with an undecided end date.

Shane is constantly faced with the fact that loving Ilya is easy. Yes, the hiding, the secrets and the distance is all hard –both logistically and mentally–, but loving Ilya comes easy as breathing.

"Shane." Ilya murmured into his pillow, but it got muffled by the fabric so it sounded like a half hearted moan.

"Morning baby." Shane greeted him, voice quiet and a hand cradling Ilya's face. Ilya slowly opened his eyes while smiling at the endearment, and lazily threw an arm over Shane's waist to pull him impossibly closer.

Ilya getting his way, their faces now rested barely an inch away from each other. Ilya playfully puckered up his lips, demanding a kiss, and while Shane is strictly against kissing before brushing their teeth, he still gave Ilya a peck, to which Ilya responded with a satisfied hum.

"Morning, Shane," Ilya said, now more awake, and dropped his head on Shane's chest, kissing him right above his heart. "Plans for today?" he asked, not lifting his head.

They usually didn't really have full plans on what to do, but sometimes Shane will remember something he wanted to try with Ilya, or something from his childhood that he thinks Ilya

would enjoy, and then they would spend the day doing exactly that.

“No, I would just like to cuddle today.” Shane admitted, red tinting his cheek, and a big sappy smile taking over his face, seeing Ilya’s dramatic expression as a reaction to this sentence.

“Shane Hollander having not only a lazy morning, but a lazy day? Someone call ESPN!” He shouted, imitating a phone call with his hand. Beside him, Shane just laughed, slapping Ilya’s hand down halfheartedly.

“You’re such an asshole.” Shane said, still giggling and not really meaning it.

“Me?” Ilya pointed at himself, eyebrows lifted. “No that can’t be, you must be mistaking me for another hot, Russian, hockey player.” Ilya explained, mock seriousness in his play.

“You must be right.” Shane let out a dramatic sigh. “I must be thinking of the other Russian I was expecting here. Sadly, I had to cancel his visit since you’re staying longer, but I can’t disappoint the fans, you know. The fan being you, of course.” Shane explained, and bit back a smile as he was watching Ilya, waiting for his reaction.

Ilya’s eyes were gleaming with playful joy and he smiled at Shane before answering.

“Ahh, I understand. I’m sorry to be such an inconvenience, I guess I’ll be leaving so the other Russians can also have you. I don’t want to take any opportunity from my brothers.” Ilya said, acting all remorse, and made a move to try to get out of bed, but Shane dragged him back by his waist and kissed his cheek.

“Noooo” Shane whined as he wrapped himself around Ilya like a koala. “I already agreed to a lazy day, don’t make me get out of bed.” He said, face smushed into Ilya’s.

Ilya closed his eyes and focused on the feeling of Shane literally surrounding him from all sides. He has been secretly dreaming about moments like these for years. Before All Stars and before the tuna melt incident. It used to scare him, the intense want that he feels

constantly, day and night, for Shane. Now that he gets to experience it, he relishes every second of it.

Eventually, they do have to get out of the bed to take a quick shower and eat something for breakfast, but still, they don't separate even for a second. They wash each other off, massaging the other's head lazily, receiving satisfied hums in response. For breakfast, they each have a smoothie bowl, Shane convincing Ilya to try it.

"What do you wanna do now?" Shane asked Ilya, turning towards him after putting the bowls in the dishwasher.

At first, Ilya said nothing, just closed the barely-there space between them, and draped himself over Shane's back, then after a couple minutes of just standing there, slightly swaying back and forth, he spoke.

"Let's watch something." He suggested, grabbing Shane's hand and leading him towards the couch. 'Watching something' usually meant turning on the TV as a background noise while they cuddle and talk. As it turns out, they don't really know simple things about each other, like favorite color, favorite movie and such, so these past couple of days were spent with more talking than they thought they would, and honestly, more talking than they've had since they've known each other combined.

"What was your favorite thing to do as a child?" Shane asked after a stretch of silence, while he was twirling a curl around his fingers.

"I don't know," Ilya admitted. "I liked everything I did with my mom." he smiled.

"Everything?" Share asked, "Even like, chores and stuff?"

"Yes, even those. She would make a competition out of it. The first one done with their part was the winner."

"So you were competitive even back then. Your mom too." Shane noted.

"Had to get it somewhere," Ilya joked. "I think my favorite part was hockey," Ilya said, answering the original question. "It was the only thing my father liked watching me do. And my mama, God she was gorgeous on ice. She used to be a figure skater in her teens, so she taught me a lot of things before I went to real hockey training. But even after I had my team, mama and I would get up early every sunday to go skate at the closest open rink, it was our thing."

"I bet it was fun." Shane murmured into Ilya's curls, soft smile on his face.

"The most fun. After she died, I didn't step on ice for weeks. I thought I would never touch it again. But mama wouldn't want me to stop, so I continued and now, it brought me you." Ilya kissed Shane's chest "I know it sounds crazy, but I like to think mama sent you for me, my angel." Ilya whispered and Shane let out a wounded sound.

"Oh baby." Shane hugged him impossibly closer as he kissed his forehead and nose.

They stayed like that for a while, every now and then exchanging words, but no full fledged conversation occurred after, they just enjoyed the comfortable silence that came with being with someone you love.

The afternoon came fast, and with that Shane's growing urge for a shower. He debated internally if he should abandon his comfortable spot on the couch, with his boyfriend on top of him for a refreshing shower, or endure the sweat coating his body, just for some extra time like this.

Unfortunately the shower did win the battle, and after some sweet talk he managed to force Ilya off of him and into a standing position, and after taking his boyfriend's hand in his. They took their way to the bathroom.

In there, their routine was well established now. Ilya got their towels from the dryer, while Shane adjusted the water temperature to what he preferred. This became the usual after on one of their first days here Ilya was trusted with the temperature and he turned it so cold Shane refused to get inside and showered separately. Ilya never wants to make that mistake again.

"I need to get a dryer in Boston. I love how warm these are." Ilya said, stepping in the bathroom, carrying their towels.

"You don't have a dryer?" Shane asked him, shocked.

"No. Never really saw the purpose when you can just hang them. But after staying here I don't think I can go without it anymore." Ilya explained, stepping into the shower, Shane following him.

In the stall, the water was hot enough for the glass panels to fog up, which gave Ilya the opportunity to draw smile faces and other, less appropriate stuff, which Shane shook his head at, but didn't stop him. They soaked themselves, leaning into each other, sharing lazy kisses. Eventually they did start washing their bodies and hair, or at least Shane did. Ilya was mostly just distracted staring at his boyfriend.

"Turn." Shane instructed Ilya after he saw him not really doing anything.

"Wow. So I can't even admire my beautiful boyfriend now." Ilya complained, but turned regardless.

“Not because you're staring.” Shane rolled his eyes. “I'm washing your hair.” He informed Ilya, who stilled.

“You're washing my hair?”

“Yes.” Shane nodded, even though Ilya can't see him right now. “Boyfriend duty.” He explained as he squirted a bit of Ilya's curly hair shampoo into his hand and started massaging his hair carefully but thoroughly.

Ilya melted almost immediately at the sensation, letting out a satisfied groan as Shane worked. Shane himself found this procedure surprisingly calming and soothing, getting lost in the process of it all.

“Ughh, I love having a boyfriend.” Ilya borderline moaned as Shane finished massaging in the shampoo.

“Now turn back, baby.” Shane instructed, adjusting the showerhead and covering Ilya's eyes with one hand, while his other made sure to get every last bit of shampoo out of his hair. When he deemed his job done, they got out of the shower and dried each other with the fresh towels.

Back in their bedroom, they only threw on a boxer each, the hot summer heat not making it necessary to dress more modest.

“Living room or bed?” Ilya asked Shane about their next location, as he was putting their towels away.

While it was technically early for bed, Shane knew which one he wanted.

“Bed.” he said, climbing in and lifting the blanket so Ilya could get in too, who waited no time joining Shane and cuddling up to him.

“We did nothing today and still, I'm so tired. How is this possible?” Shane complained after a particularly big yawn.

“That’s it. We're becoming lazy.” Ilya answered.

“No way. We're the best, we can't become lazy.” Shane scoffed.

“You're right. Then the opposite. We're tired because we're the best.” Ilya said and Shane nodded in agreement.

“Ilya?” Shane spoke after a couple seconds of silence.

“Yes sweetheart?” He mumbled back.

“Are you hard?” Shane giggled as he grazed Ilya's rock hard cock.

“You called us the best, how can I not be hard Shane?” Ilya groaned, bucking up into Shane's hand.

Shane didn't say anything to that, just rolled on top of his boyfriend and kissed him passionately, silencing him for the next few minutes.

End Notes

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated, you can find me on twitter here: [zoeshrrants](#)

If you would like a part two with smut, please say so in the comments :)

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