got the key, just use it

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by thethirdmuse

Summary

“Will this one do?” Ilya asks. The hand on his back shifts down to grip his hipbone.

“Huh?” Shane turns in confusion, but Ilya is already steering him towards the dance floor.

"To dance," says Ilya.

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or, five times they danced to something other than their wedding song (and one time they didn't dance at all).

Notes

I have so many gripes with Harris' song choice for Ilya and Shane's first dance (chief among them being that it's not even the correct Rihanna song for them) and then I watched @page.melt's reel about this very topic and realized I was not the only one who was displeased by the song choice. So this is inspired in part by page.melt's list -- the first song comes from their list and the title comes from that song: real love baby by father john misty.

This is so unbeta'd it's not even funny, but no beta we die like scott hunter's parents (yikes?). I have read both HR and TLG, as well as watched the show in its entirety multiple times but my memory is shit so if a detail seems wrong, it's probably because I can't keep anything straight anymore. Lastly, if my use of Russian is wrong, please feel free to tell me what the hell it is I am meant to be saying, and forgive me, I am just a silly american.

thanks so much <3

“Real Love Baby”

Somewhere in the middle of her fifth bottle of cider, Marlene Drover steals the booth from the DJ and refuses to relinquish her possession over the playlist for a grand total of four songs.

Harris is the same color of the tomato plants in the garden growing off the side of the porch by song three. Shane doesn’t know much about popular music, but he does know just enough to verify that Marlene knows how to *party*.

Ilya appears next to him at the buffet line, made out of folding tables and checkered tablecloths, and presses his mouth to the back of Shane’s neck. Shane fights back the urge to squirm at the surprise.

“Who knew Mrs. Drover would be the better DJ at this wedding,” Shane mumbles. He shuffles some of the pasta on his plate around with a fork, contemplating the taste. It smells good, but he’s never quite gotten over the thought of all the germs that buffets generate.

“I did,” says Ilya. Shane glances over his shoulder to catch the amused expression on Ilya’s face.

The grooms are rather preoccupied on the makeshift dance floor. Harris has shed some of his embarrassment to loop his arms around his new husband’s neck and sway. Troy attempts to keep up, though Shane concedes that the song currently playing wasn’t exactly made for slow dancing. The upbeat rap is cycling through another round of the chorus, which Wyatt Hayes has taken as literal instructions, his hands on his knees and “shakin ass.” Lisa is behind him, one hand on the center of his back with a riotous laugh, looking about as relaxed as Shane has ever seen her. The remaining Centaurs, at varying levels of drunkenness, are energetically bouncing around the dance floor tiles. Even a reluctant Haas bobs his head to the beat.

“Credits to her, then,” Shane says. “It’s been a great reception.”

“Yes, Troy looks very happy,” Illya agrees. He slips his hand under the back of Shane’s suit jacket, tracing a circle over his back with light fingers. “And Harris.”

Over the mic, Marlene calls out, “This one’s for the couples!” and the music shifts abruptly into a folksy rhythm.

“Will this one do?” Ilya asks. The hand on his back shifts down to grip his hipbone.

“Huh?” Shane turns in confusion, but Ilya is already steering him towards the dance floor. He grabs the plate of pasta from Shane’s hands and abandons it on one of the many tables spread through the Drover’s yard.

“To dance,” says Ilya.

“Wait, hold on.” He tries to spin out of Ilya’s grip, but his husband knows better and side-steps his escape attempt.

“Dance with me,” Ilya asks, and the thick sweetness of his voice has Shane wavering for just a moment. “Please, *moy krolik*.”

“*Rabbit*?” Shane frowns.

“Because you are being shy,” Ilya grins.

“We agreed no dancing,” Shane, well, whines. There’s no other word for it.

“No, *you* said. I did not agree.”

“You agreed! You made a noise,” Shane argues.

Ilya shakes his head. “That noise was…how do you say it? Non-committal?”

“*Ilya*,” Shane laments.

“Why are you embarrassed? This is family.” He gestures around to the team still happily occupying the dance floor. While some of their married teammates have found their respective spouses, the younger guys have formed a semicircle and begun to rock side to side like some sort of bizarre prom ritual.

Shane knows he’s right. There’s not a single person here that will stare or make snide comments about them. No one to point and laugh. Hell, most of them had been attendees at their own wedding, celebrating alongside them eagerly, but some days it’s still hard to shake the feeling. Hard to get out of his own head and remember that he’s allowed to have this all.

Ilya exaggerates a pout. From the speakers, the song pours out an impatient plea.

“Alright,” Shane concedes.

Ilya presses a grin into the side of Shane’s face and spins them into the fray.

“*Love Is an Open Door”*

The littlest Pike is by far Ilya’s favorite. By age five, Amber is the loudest, having learned from her older siblings that the best way to get attention in such a busy household was to shout for it. She’s got her mother’s dark hair, her father’s most obnoxious traits, and intense love of Disney sing-alongs.

While he and Shane aren’t exactly the go-to babysitters for the Pike’s given the distance, they are usually the most reliable during the off-season. And besides that, Ilya is happy to hang out around the kids so long as their annoying father is not present. Shane scolds him when he comments on the fact, but he’s only mostly joking.

“Thank you guys again for doing this,” Jackie says, pulling Ilya into a half-hug as they watch Shane and Hayden argue about the best packing arrangement for the luggage in the back of the Pike SUV.

“Happy to help,” Ilya replies, patting her shoulder.

“Just remember, you can say no to the TV. Hide the remotes if you have to, just be warned that Arthur is particularly good at finding them.” She leans forward to peer at the screen door and ensure that none of her progeny are listening. “Seriously, take the batteries out if nothing else works.”

Ilya laughs. “You are so serious about it.”

“So serious about what?” Shane asks as he approaches, having thrown in the towel while Hayden mutters a string of curses at a cooler.

“I’m telling him right now that it’s okay to say no to the kids.”

“He usually needs the reminder,” Shane agrees. “He’s not very good at it.”

Ilya puts a hand to his chest, affronted. “Not true! You are just boring, even with children around.”

“We’ll be alright here,” Shane says to Jackie, ignoring him. “Have a great trip.”

“Oh you bet,” says Jackie. “Our one adult vacation this year and he manages to rope me into *camping*.”

“Watch out for loons,” Ilya says with a grim expression.

Jackie snorts. From the driveway, Hayden lets out a shout of triumph and the trunk slams shut.

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The first several hours, the TV gets ignored entirely. Ruby and Jade are mostly old enough to preoccupy themselves, trading chapter books back and forth on the window seat in their room. Arthur entices Shane into playing cars and trucks with him, though it mostly looks like organizing them in careful rows along the bench seat in the dining room and seeing which one rolls the farther when they all get pushed off.

Amber catches Ilya staring at Shane and waves a frantic hand in front of his face.

“You’re pouring too much!” She cries, snatching her tea cup out of the pretend stream from the teapot Ilya had been in charge of.

“Oh, sorry.” Ilya sets the tea pot down and pretends to frantically look for a napkin. “How do we clean it?”

Amber dashes to the couch and yanks at her favorite blanket, partially stuck in the cushions. “Uncle Ilya, help me!”

“Okay, okay,” he says. He pretends to struggle with the blanket before prying it loose and toppling over from the force of it, sending Amber into a fit of giggles.

“Hurry,” she shouts, pulling the blanket towards the pretend mess of tea. Ilya fakes a stumble and crashes to the floor, weighing down the blanket. Amber tugs as best she can, but she shakes from the sheer force of her laughter.

By the time they’ve finished their “cleaning,” Amber is glancing longingly at the TV screen.

“Can we watch movies now?” She asks sweetly.

Ilya pretends to think about it. “Hmm, maybe one?”

“Two!” She barters.

“Only if they’re good ones,” Ilya replies. He scrunches his face at her. “No talking animals.”

“That’s so lame!” Amber insists.

“Lame? Who taught you this word, lame? Was it Shane?”

“I heard that,” his husband calls from the dining room.

Ilya shushes Amber gently when she starts to laugh, but he can’t fight the smile forming on his own face.

Shane and Arthur join them in the living room while Ilya queues up the movie. The twins sneak down during the intro, and their squabbling in the kitchen about popcorn can be heard even over the rhythmic singing.

Amber is up on her feet by the first musical number, bouncing along to the swelling music. For the second song, she pulls Ilya to his feet and skips in a circle around him while Arthur scoots out of range on the floor, sitting almost directly under the flatscreen.

It’s the third song that Ilya tugs at Shane’s hands for. Shane’s protests are met with Amber’s whining and a few stray pieces of popcorn when Ruby gets a little too animated in convincing him.

“It’s a love song, you *have* to dance,” Jade insists. “You two are in love!”

“Well, I can’t argue there,” says Shane, clasping his hands around the back of Ilya’s neck. Ilya and Amber high five triumphantly.

Shane never gets less stiff when they dance together, and the song is a little too upbeat for their current moves, but Ilya wouldn’t change a thing about it. He places his hands on Shane’s hips and they remain an appropriate distance away from each other, swaying with nearly a foot between them like all the middle schoolers in all the western TV shows do. He slips a pinky underneath Shane’s shirt and into the waist of his jeans, pressing into the side of his hip. A small, soft smile forms at the corner of Shane’s mouth.

When the song is done, the three girls clap for them. Shane makes to sit back down, but links his hand with Ilya’s as he goes, leaving their fingers tangled until the last second and to the full length of their reach.

“The next one isn’t for dancing,” Amber tells Ilya solemnly. “You can sit with Uncle Shane now.”

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Halfway through the third day, Ilya puts the remote batteries on the tallest shelf in the kitchen cupboard. If he has to listen to that damn snowman one more time, he’ll eat his favorite game puck.

“*Everybody Loves Somebody”*

It takes far less convincing to get Shane to dance at his parents’ anniversary party than it has at any event prior. The job is aided by a frankly ridiculous amount of champagne, which means that Ilya is mostly holding his husband upright as opposed to actually dancing with him, but he’ll take what he can get.

The Hollander’s have found their own spot on the dance floor, several feet away. They're wrapped up in each other, with serene faces, as though nothing could bother them ever again. After all their years of marriage, Ilya guesses they’ve found the secrets to it. For one, he’s pretty sure Yuna is actually the one leading the dance.

Though the party is mostly a celebration of their time together, a handful of the Centaurs are present and buzzing off their recent Cup win several weeks prior.

Hence the champagne. Hence Shane’s use of his personal day with the Cup to serve as the guest of honor at his parents’ anniversary party. Nothing less than perfectly on-theme decorations for Yuna Hollander. She had, after all, celebrated their win the most.

Shane nuzzles into the crook of his neck further and tries to speak, but it comes out muffled and damp against Ilya’s throat. He punctuates it with a snort of laughter that sends a tingle down Ilya’s spine.

“Hm?” Ilya nudges Shane with his chin. “Say it with your face outside of my neck.”

Shane groans, laughs, then leans away to gaze dopily up at Ilya.

“I said,” he drawls, “I can’t believe you let me drink so much.”

“You had three glasses of champagne, *moy pero*.”

Shane furrows his brows and squints at Ilya with one shut.

“Feather,” says Ilya. “You are lightweight.”

Shane rolls his eyes but shuffles closer, pressing his forehead to the space between Ilya’s collarbones. Ilya kisses the crown of his head.

“More than three,” Shane confesses quietly. “I snuck like two more from the waiters. It feels nice to relax. Like we’ve earned it.”

“Yes,” Ilya agrees.

What he wants more than anything is to tug the back of Shane’s shirt loose from his pants and smooth his hands over the dip in his spine, fingertips to skin. He *wants* to find a closet around the corner of this hotel reception hall and bring Shane inside, locking the door behind them. Wants to sink to his knees and take Shane into his mouth, still soft, and apply just enough pressure under the head with his tongue that Shane’s whole body tenses. He’s always so sensitive when he drinks, so pliant and open. Like the alcohol has dimmed enough of the outside stimulus that Shane can get out of his head and just *feel*.

He also wants to escort him to the car and drive him home slowly, their hands clasped together in Shane’s lap, with no music playing but deep, steady breathing as his husband sleeps in the passenger seat. Then, he wants to get him up the stairs into their house, half-carried, and to tuck him into their bed with the special soft blankets. Have water and pain meds waiting on the nightstand, and a slow kiss that tastes like sour alcohol in the morning.

He admires his own patience to do neither of these things and instead just holds onto Shane. He spins them slowly enough that the champagne in his stomach won’t slosh around and make Shane sick.

“D’you think we’ll do this someday?” Shane asks, though his voice is so quiet Ilya barely hears it at all.

“Do what?”

“An anniversary party? Invite all our friends and stuff?” Shane hums for a moment. “Celebrate being together longer than we were ever apart?”

The song is one of those sweeping, orchestra-backed pieces, all grandeur and promise. Ilya feels his heart swell in time to the music.

“Of course,” he tells Shane, then he kisses Shane on the side of the head. Precisely so on the soft part of his forehead that when translated to one word, can only be called a temple.

“I Put a Spell On You”

Shane’s pants are too tight. So tight, in fact, that his legs are starting to itch from the seams pressing into his skin. The longer he stands here, with the dulcet tones of *Monster Mash* playing from the living room, the more he thinks he’s about to explode.

It’s what he gets for letting Ilya pick their costumes, namely his pants. Which were black, and itchy, and *tight*.

Shane knows better. Ilya had ulterior motives for this pair.

Bood finds Shane in the kitchen, rooted to the spot for fear that walking would just make the material feel worse.

“Hey Hollzy, you good?”

Shane tips his head to the side to fix an unchanged glare at Bood.

Bood laughs. “You know, I was coming to find you because I couldn’t imagine what the match to Cap’s costume would be, but now I’m getting the full vision.”

“The shirt isn’t so bad,” Shane reluctantly admits. He spins around so his moth-winged back is on display. “The antennae keep falling off though.”

The headband slips forward just as he says it and he sighs.

“If it makes you feel better, Cap looks ridiculous,” Bood offers.

“That’s because he’s wearing a lampshade,” says Shane, not feeling better at all.

“And white pants,” Bood adds.

“You know, those I don’t mind,” Shane says.

Bood crinkles his nose. “Oh please, you can’t start saying stuff like that too. We hear enough from Roz.”

“I guess he’s rubbing off on me,” Shane deadpans,

“God help us,” says Bood.

“Hello, is my beautiful husband in there?” Ilya calls from around the corner.

“I’m getting out of here before he adds fuel to this fire,” says Bood. As they pass each other in the doorway, Ilya grins wolfishly.

“Are you scaring the boys now?” He asks.

“Scarring them, maybe,” Shane replies.

Ilya nods. “Very good.”

Shane reaches a hand across the kitchen, but Ilya is already stepping his grasp. He presses Shane against the countertop, adjusting his lampshade hat so that he can lean in and kiss Shane’s frown.

“Are you okay?” He asks, reaching up to smooth Shane’s hair out of his face. He’d cut it about a year ago and it was just getting back to the length where he easily tuck it his ears again.

“Fine, just uncomfortable. These pants are too tight.”

“Are they?” Ilya glances down to survey. “Hm, they look fine to me.”

Shane rolls his eyes. “I’m sure.”

“If they are so bad, you should take them off,” says Ilya.

“Not in the middle of Wyatt’s kitchen, but nice try.”

Ilya shrugs. “I made attempt.”

“Why’d you pick these costumes anyway?” Shane settles back against the counter, propping his hands up on the sides. Ilya takes it as an invitation to run his hands along Shane’s ribs.

“Are they no good? I thought it made sense,” Ilya says. He reaches up to fiddle with the antennae headband. “Because I am irresistible to you.”

Shane scoffs, but only means it by about twenty percent. “Wow.”

“You’re right.” Ilya carefully removes the headband from Shane’s head and switches their respective headwear around. “Now it is more accurate.”

“Hardly,” Shane replies.

“Gah, I am trying to make you happy,” says Ilya. “Am I not a good moth?”

“I think we’re pretty evenly matched,” Shane admits.

Ilya hums, waiting until Shane’s gaze has made a full circle around the room and come back to meet his own. “Yes, I think so.”

The playlist, which had been vacillating between creepy, haunting noises and Halloween spoof songs, shifts into a sultry tune. Nina Simone’s voice summons wolf whistles from the team still partying in the Hayes’ living room.

Shane rises from the counter and plucks the headwear off their heads before burying his hands in the curls at the back of Ilya’s.

“Dance with me?” He murmurs.

Ilya nods, fitting his hands to Shane’s hips and pulling him in tight.

They stay locked together, spinning slowly in between the island and the stove, long after the song has drifted out and been replaced with a compilation of ghostly moans.

“Better?” Ilya asks.

Shane nods.

“Okay, because I have spare pants for you. In case these were bad,” Ilya says.

Shane presses his mouth to Ilya’s shoulder and groans in relief. “Oh my god, I love you.”

“*Diamonds*” (*again)*

Fabian Salah has the unique talent to make any song sound sadder than usual — but also sexier.

At least, Shane is convinced so. He has the bizarre experience of feeling flushed and to-the-brim with energy whenever he sees Fabian perform. It's not often, but they like to make time to visit with him and Ryan. Though tonight is special, and Fabian has booked a gig in Ottawa.

Ilya teased him on the car ride over that the only reason Shane wanted to go was to see his crush.

"And of all the days." Ilya had pretended to wipe away a tear.

Shane had reached over to whack him on the arm, leading to a quip about proper passenger safety protocols and responses to annoyance while Ilya was driving, which he very promptly ignored.

Under the club lights however, the entirety of his spine pressed to Ilya's chest, he can admit that he does get a little extra fluttery seeing Fabian perform. Not a crush, per se, but certainly not immune to the man's decadent vocals.

Ilya is plastered to his back, with a hand wrapped around his hip and tucked into Shane's front pocket. It's probably the most PDA they've ever committed, and Shane is surprised at his own ability to relax into Ilya's hold. It's a stark contrast from the first time they'd ever visited a gay bar before, when they'd both been aching and desperate for each other's touch but unable to say so. Held together by tense current but unable to bend to it. He hadn't known, then, how bad things were for them both. He hadn't been ready to understand it yet.

He lets Ilya touch him freely, to make up for lost time. Ilya's mouth hovers over the side of his neck, drawing a shiver out of him.

"This next song is a cover," Fabian murmurs into the mic. "It's a special friends' request tonight, so let's wish them a happy anniversary."

Shane can't help the snort that comes out when the song starts, though it's not for a lack of skill or talent on Fabian's part.

"You let Harris choose," Ilya reminds him.

Shane whirls around indignantly. "*You* let Harris choose."

Ilya pretends to think about it for a moment. "Okay, so maybe I did. Sorry for taking decision off your plate."

"And then you insisted I couldn't dance."

"You still cannot," says Ilya.

"Unbelievable," Shane mutters.

Ilya only smiles.

They last through the second verse before Ilya's leading Shane down the hall to the bathroom with an insistent hand against the small of his back.

Ilya locks the door behind them and crowds Shane into the wall between the hand dryers.

“Dickhead,” Shane says, but he’s mouthing along the corner of Ilya’s jaw.

“Ask nicely.”

Ilya catches his mouth with his own, placing his hand on Shane’s chest to keep him in place. The long line of his finger and thumb press just below his collarbones.

“Someone’s gonna come knocking,” Shane sighs. Ilya has his hands under his shirt, rucking the material up to his armpits.

“Okay.” Ilya rolls his eyes. “Let them.”

“Fuck you, we’re not doing this here.”

“We won’t if you keep talking,” says Ilya. “You think too much.”

“Ilya.” He threads his fingers through the curls at the base of Ilya’s skull and tugs just a little.

Ilya lets himself be pulled away, but only enough to purse his lips and say, “*tch,* you are still pretending?”

“What am I pretending?”

“That this doesn’t make you hard.” Ilya reaches between them and finds Shane’s length along the zipper of his jeans. He squeezes a little and Shane hisses.

“*Fuck*.”

“See?” Ilya moves his hand away, but Shane grabs his wrist tight and moves him back.

“Fuck you,” he grits. He groans in relief as Ilya pulls his zipper down, the metal teeth releasing slowly from the lack of give.

“How should I shut your mouth?” Ilya asks the question against the pulse ratcheting in his throat. “My fingers or cock?”

He doesn’t think he needs words to respond to that one. He just sinks to knees.

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Later, after Ilya has pressed him into their mattress and fucked him until his legs started shaking, Shane remembers that they hadn’t even said goodbye before leaving the bar.

“God, we’re the fucking worst,” he says. His hand pulls lazily through the tangles in Ilya’s hair.

“Shush, Hollander. We can be a little rude sometimes. Was our anniversary anyway,” Ilya mumbles.

“We didn’t even listen to all of our song.”

Ilya reaches a finger up and presses it to his mouth. “Sleep now.”

Shane kisses the fingertip. “Yeah, alright.”

“*Can’t Help Falling In Love”*

Ilya gives up on pretending to watch TV and instead watches Shane, huddled into the other corner of the couch in his glasses, frowning at his phone as he scrolls.

It’s likely to be something hockey related, because even in the off season, Shane can never be pulled away completely. Something logistic for the next Game Changers camp, probably.

It won’t do to let him get too lost in the numbers. Ilya pushes his foot into the side of Shane’s thigh. Once, then again when Shane doesn’t react. Harder for a third time.

“Shane,” he says finally.

Shane hums in response, glancing up for a second, then back down to his screen.

“Shane,” Ilya repeats, drawing out the vowels.

“What?” Shane mumbles.

“I don’t want to be ignored.” Ilya kicks his thigh again.

Shane fixes a glare at him over the top of his glasses, which never fails to entice Ilya’s cock into joining the conversation.

“I’m not ignoring you. Did you not see that email my mom sent about this year’s camp roster?” He waves the phone in his hand around to punctuate his point.

“No,” Ilya replies, “I am not addicted to my phone, like you.”

Shane scoffs. “You are too.”

“Not!”

“You constantly have it in your hands! You’re almost worse about it at home than you are outside,” Shane says.

Ilya takes a moment to nonchalantly pat his hip and check that his phone is safely concealed in his pocket. “That is in case Anya does something cute.”

They both spare a moment to glance over at their dog, who is contentedly gnawing on a toy in her bed across the living room.

“Fine,” Shane relents, sliding his phone onto the coffee table. “Happy?”

“Almost.” Ilya grabs the remote and extends it to Shane. “Will you put the song on?”

Shane grabs the remote. “What song?”

“You know which one. The song!”

“Can I at least put on a version that Anya likes?” Shane asks.

Ilya shakes his head firmly. “No. Put on the right one.”

Shane grumbles to himself, but Ilya knows it’s mostly for show as carefully toggles the remote over the right letters. He queues up the song, quickly pausing it before it can begin to play.

“Okay, now what?”

Ilya shimmies to the end of the couch, then to his feet. “Now you dance with me.”

“What, right now?” Shane looks at him skeptically.

“Yes, *now*.” Ilya snaps his fingers a few times. “Come on, before Anya notices who is on the screen.”

Shane takes his sweet time climbing out of the corner of the couch that he’d so perfectly tucked himself into.

“Are you implying our dog recognizes Elvis’ face?”

“Yes, and she hates him,” Ilya answers.

“She does hate him,” Shane snorts.

On his feet at last, Shane points the remote to the TV and gestures at the screen with it as though asking, “*ready*?”

“Yes, play,” says Ilya.

In the early days of their marriage, Shane would have carefully set the remote down on the coffee table, perfectly parallel to the edge. After enough years and much teasing on Ilya’s part, he instead tosses the remote onto the couch with a small, smug grin, as though pleased with his own actions and unable to hide it.

Ilya reels him in close, trailing his fingers over his forearms, up his biceps and over the curve of his shoulders, until he’s cupped Shane’s face in his hands. He teases with a kiss to the side of Shane’s jaw, right next to one of his own thumbs, then one further up on his cheek.

By which time, the voice of Elvis has filled their speakers and Anya has become all too aware of what song is playing. She stands at attention in her bed and howls.

Whatever kiss might have happened is interrupted by Ilya’s laughter.

“Anya, shush,” Shane scolds, but the song plays on, and so does Anya.

Ilya tucks his smile into Shane's shoulder and wraps his arms around him to begin their dance properly. Shane wraps his own arms around Ilya with unconscious, automatic thought, like taking a breath.

They dance, not even pausing as the song closes out before it loops and starts again, weaving concentric circles into the rug as they orbit. Even Anya's howls begin to blend into the song in their own way, like a personal version that they only get to hear when they're home.

"Am I still a bad dancer?" Shane mumbles. He traces the line of Ilya's spine with reverent fingers.

"The worst," says Ilya.

And even though Shane rolls his eyes, he still leans in to press a kiss to Ilya's smile.

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