

i could give you all the olive trees

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by [jinjjiri](#)

Summary

Ilya could kiss Shane's stylist and his whole glam team on the mouth for whatever they have done for Shane, but he'll stick to actually kissing Shane instead.

Or

Ilya malfunctions when faced with Shane in Armani silk shirts, a set of Bulgari, and Loubutins.

Notes

I am back yet again with another unbetaed and unproofread fic. Another fic inspired by Hudson's outfit and his general insanity during the Golden Globes. This could even be messier than my first hollanov fic because again, English is not my first OR second language and again, I wrote this whole thing in one sitting. In 9 hours. Please ignore the timeline. Nothing makes sense anymore. I'm purely going with vibes.

All inspirations and looks for this fic is linked at the end notes.

Enjoy!

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

Ilya is nervous for multiple different reasons.

He's about to show up on stage together with Shane, for the first time as friends. As partners. Well, *business* partners. But partners nonetheless. He doesn't have to act like they're archrivals and he doesn't have to put up the effort to chirp Shane for once.

This opening gala night is also something he's been looking forward to for months. Even though the main reason the foundation was made was so Ilya and Shane could be closer, he genuinely put so much effort and heart into it. It's named after his mother and the cause of the foundation is something that's very close to his heart. This foundation is his baby, his pride and joy. He'll do anything to show his more professional side so the world can know this side of him.

So many important people are also in attendance. His old Boston Bears teammates, staff, and management. The whole Montreal Voyageur crew. His new Ottawa Centaurs team. NHL boards. Even fucking Crowell is here. Ilya is used to being in the spotlight, but this? Being in the spotlight for his own massive project with the love of his life? Ilya feels faint.

Ilya feels worse because he's so far away from Shane. Like. 2-floors-down far away. He doesn't understand why he can't stay in the same room, but Shane hired personal stylists and a whole glam team for both of them and his parents. It'll be too crowded if they're in the same room. It'll raise too much suspicion as well, because why would they stay in the same room? Ilya had agreed, but now he's regretting his decision heavily.

He's dressed in a classic white shirt with black suit from YSL and black skinny tie, a brooch sponsored by Tiffany & Co. sitting on his lapel. His usual trousers are exchanged with wide-leg pants. That's the only difference from his usual suit, otherwise he's worn this look a thousand times before. His curls are brushed back, ringlets brushing his collar.

There's nothing for him to do but wait, and he wants nothing more than to go 2 floors down and knock on his boyfriend's door. He wants to see how Shane looks. He knows that Shane is wearing Armani, so he knows he'll look good even in a classic suit. He sent Ilya a mirror selfie a few minutes ago, hair done but still in a dressing robe. *'Almost done. Just need to get dressed.'* his text said.

Another half an hour passes by with Ilya nursing his glass of Russian vodka, the only one he's had today, while rehearsing his speech. He downs the rest of the vodka and pockets his cue card when there's a knock on his door.

"Mr. Rozanov? We need to go down now."

Ilya blows out a breath, straightens his jacket, and steels himself. He can do this. He's Ilya fucking Rozanov.

He's already been briefed about his walkthrough: he needs to do rounds of interviews with the gaggle of press who are here, step on the red carpet to take some pics by himself, then another one with Shane, and straight backstage to open the night.

“Okay, Mr. Rozanov, we can wait here for a sec while we wait for Mr. Hollander. He’s on the elevator down,” his liaison officer said, her hand pressing into the small earphone connected to her walkie-talkie. “Oh, there he is.”

Ilya feels like he can finally breathe with the information, but when he looks up, his breath caught in his throat and he must’ve made some inhuman noise, because his liaison officer looked at him with a strange look. Ilya couldn’t care less. His eyes are trained solely on his boyfriend as he steps out of the elevator.

For a second, Ilya is sure that he’s in a dream. Or in some kind of a Korean drama he watched in Pyeongchang during the Olympics back in 2018. Because why in the hell is Shane moving in slow motion? How the fuck is he glowing like he has LED strips attached to his back? This whole thing feels unreal. In the middle of a very crowded room that Ilya could barely move without bumping into someone else, his eyes can only look at Shane.

He’s wearing a white silk shirt with white cummerbund, barely buttoned up, white suit, and black wide-legged trousers. His long hair is pushed back, wavy strands framing his face, flowing slowly as he walks through the crowd to Ilya. His whole fucking chest is out.

Closer, Ilya can see that he’s also absolutely decked in jewelry. He’s wearing Bulgari’s Serpenti necklace and watch, earrings, and rings. Ilya feels faint for a whole different reason now. Ever since Shane hired his personal stylist, he’s been wearing outfits and jewelry that he doesn’t usually wear, and Ilya doesn’t know if it’s a good thing or a bad thing.

“Hi,” he smiles softly at Ilya as he stops a few inches in front of him. It’s probably too close, but Shane will blame it on the crowded room that leaves him no space.

Ilya wants to say hi back, but he can’t push the word out of his mouth, so he just stands there with his jaw slack, eyes locked on Shane, unblinking for probably two minutes now. Any longer and he’d get dry eye syndrome.

“Ilya?” Shane calls. “Are you okay?”

When Ilya finds his voice again, the only thing he can utter is, “Holy shit,” which, fairly, usually comes out of Shane’s mouth. He doesn’t really say it, being Russian and all. He prefers to curse in Russian. He covers his mouth and chin with his hand, awed, and once again says, “Holy fucking shit.”

“What?” He tugs on his lapels, face falling. “Do I look weird? I look weird, don’t I? This is so not my usual suit, I said that I want a classic look, but my stylist said tha—”

“You look gorgeous,” Ilya said breathlessly. “Holy fuck. You’re unreal.”

Shane promptly flushes from the tips of his ears down to his chest. Which, by the way, out in the open. Ilya takes a long breath through his nose and slowly out through his mouth. Strike two. Now all he can sense is how delicious Shane smells. He groans lowly in his throat. He wants to kiss Shane so bad. He hasn’t kissed Shane ever since he got out of bed this morning and went to his hotel room.

“You clean up nice, too,” Shane mumbles shyly. “I like this brooch on you. Is that a loon?” Shane touches the brooch softly, and Ilya must be crazy because he swears he could feel that touch straight on his skin.

“I don’t know what bird that is,” Ilya answers absentmindedly. He still hasn’t blinked. He can feel his eyes start to water.

Now that Shane is standing so close to him, Ilya realizes that the heel of his shoes must be higher than he thought, because Shane is eye level with him now. He’s usually the perfect height for Ilya to press kisses to his freckles, now Ilya needs to reach up a bit if he wants to kiss Shane’s nose.

“Mr. Rozanov, Mr. Hollander, let’s do the rounds before the red carpet,” their liaison says loudly in the midst of the chaos, bursting their little bubble.

Shane shakes his head a little bit. “Y-Yeah, let’s go,” he nods, then turns his face back to Ilya. “See you at the red carpet?”

“Don’t let them steal your heart while I’m away,” Ilya nods, tilting his body a little so Shane can walk past him. He’s wearing fucking heeled Loubutins that does wonders for his ass. They start doing their press rounds separately, but never far enough that they can’t see each other.

Over time, Ilya starts to focus on answering the journalists and posing for pictures, Shane a comfortable presence on the back of his mind.

Well, that was his mistake.

He runs his eyes through the crowd after a while, trying to find Shane, and feels all the breath in his lungs rush out in one go. Shane has taken off his suit and is slowly turning around from the camera, facing another journalist behind him. His face is slightly glistening from the sweat because the room is getting kind of warm from the amount of lights and the amount of people in the packed space.

This is probably the best Shane has ever looked. Confident and so comfortable in his skin. Decked in silk and diamonds.

As if feeling Ilya’s eyes on him, Shane looks away from the journalist in front of him and runs his eyes through the crowd, immediately finding Ilya’s. His smile turns into a grin and he winks.

He fucking *winks*.

Ilya is about to drop dead on his foundation’s gala night.

“Jesus,” he mutters under his breath, chuckling softly. His boyfriend is actually insane.

“Ilya?” the journalist in front of him calls. Ilya must’ve missed a question.

They do another round of press before they're getting ushered to the red carpet. Shane is already there, suit jacket back on, posing for the cameras. His name is getting yelled left and right, every camera trying to get his best angle. The yells double in volume when Ilya hits the red carpet.

"Shane! Shane, on your left please!"

"Hollander! Second row up! Look here!"

"Rozy! Give us a smile, please!"

"Look straight, please, Shane!"

It's very hot with all the lamps and very overwhelming with all the shouts. Even Ilya is starting to get overstimulated. He glances worriedly at Shane. Shane's never a fan of this much attention on him, even half a dozen journalists after their game stresses him out sometimes.

But Shane. Shane motherfucking Hollander. He is someone Ilya doesn't recognize tonight. His jaw drops to the floor for what feels like the hundredth time tonight when Shane's confident, playful voice cuts through the yells of photographers calling his name.

"It's hot, boys, goddamn!"

Well. There goes. Ilya's half hard in his trousers. Thank lord they're loose.

Ilya's liaison officer approaches him and ushers him closer to Ilya. "Bear with me for a few minutes, guys. Another set of pictures of the two of you, and we can cool off inside."

They stand close to each other but barely touching. Camera flashes go off left and right.

"Closer, please, guys!" Another photographer yells. They step closer, shoulder brushing.

"Closer, guys! Hand around each other or something! You're not rivals anymore!" laughter echoes through the crowd.

They share a glance for a split second. Shane nods. Ilya steps closer and put a hand around Shane's waist. He could feel Shane's breath hitch, before his whole body relaxed. This feels like Vegas 2014 where they presented that award.

"To your right, boys! Second row!"

Ilya points to the photographer, the hand on Shane's waist guiding him to the right direction. "You're amazing tonight," Ilya says through his smile.

Shane looks at him. "What are you talking about?"

Ilya looks at his boyfriend. The camera flashes are going crazy. In hindsight, that's probably not the best position to be in. They were rivals in the public eye just 2 months ago. Right now, they look so cozy against each other. Right now, Ilya could not care less. "You're

amazing,” he repeats, Russian leaving him. He doesn’t need to explain anything, he’ll show it to Shane later.

“Let’s go, guys. Thanks, everyone!” Their liaison officer shows up once again with two bottles of cold sparkling water. Shane accepts one with a grateful smile, pressing the cold bottle to his overheating neck.

“Oh my god,” he sighs. Ilya snaps his eyes back, because he’s heard that exact sigh before. Just last night. When he had Shane’s dick in his mouth.

He slows his step a little bit until Shane catches up to him. He leans close to Shane’s ear, a move that seems normal in the crowd. “You keep making that noise, and we’re not going to make it to the stage.”

“Ilya!” Shane slaps the back of his hand to Ilya’s chest, his face flushing even more. “Down, boy.”

They walk through the crowd into the ballroom, getting stopped multiple times on the way by their friends, teammates, and other important people. Ilya’s kind of baffled that this many people show up to his event. Though, to be fair, him and Shane are Boy Wonders or whatever it is people said. They’re best of the best. When combined, a lot of people wants to see them.

They get ushered into a small dressing room backstage. “You can wait here for a bit. We’re starting the event in a few minutes, the MC will open, and the stage manager will come get you when it’s your time for your speech. Just hang around, it’s probably 10 to 15 minutes until you’re called. There’s water and aircon in there, so you can cool down a bit.”

“Thank you,” Ilya says to his liaison officer. She’s a young girl, but she’s been doing an amazing job all day. Quick on her feet, has that take-no-shit attitude. Ilya likes that. He’s used to people cowering under his stare. Though Ilya can understand why – he’s a 6’3” Russian guy with a permanent scowl and a few loose teeth under his belt – he doesn’t really like it when people cower away instead of talking to him.

As soon as she closes the door behind her, Ilya pushes Shane against it and kisses him senseless. “You,” kiss, “are,” kiss, “amazing,” kiss. Ilya pushes his tongue into Shane’s mouth, tasting the lingering pops of sparkling water still in his hand. Shane moans low in his throat as Ilya tracks his kisses down Shane’s neck, tasting the salt and smelling the perfume there. “You are the death of me.”

“So you keep saying,” Shane says between his moans, his hips rutting up against Ilya. Ilya can feel how hard he is. He’s sure Shane could also feel him. He’s been half-hard all night. “Yet, I still don’t understand.”

Ilya stops his kisses for a second and presses his forehead against Shane’s. He lays another soft kiss on Shane’s freckles, not covered by concealers (thank God. Ilya had thrown a fit the last time they went to an event together and he couldn’t see Shane’s freckles under all the makeup). “You look amazing. You smell amazing. You are confident. *Ты сегодня просто звезда.*” Ilya could barely push the English words out, his brain working overtime. The only

thing running in his brain is Shane, Shane, Shane, Shane. “I have never seen you like this. Where has this Shane been?”

Shane giggles bashfully, fingers flexing on Ilya’s jacket suit. Ilya realizes that’s a stim he does when he’s happy or shy. “I was so nervous, but it feels good to have you near. I feel at ease.”

“Is better for me, too. When you are here.” Ilya kisses him softly. “You are so pretty. Prettiest.” He should probably slow down with the praises before Shane combust altogether from how red he is, but Ilya knows deep down Shane’s enjoying this. He likes praise. Likes being told he’s doing good or he looks beautiful. “So lucky to have you.”

Ilya’s heart feels full. Like it’s too big to fit under his ribcage. He feels like his heart is about to burst clean right out of his chest and straight to Shane’s chest, because honestly, he would not even blink to that. He’d give Shane everything. His heart, the breath he takes, everything, is Shane’s.

Ilya has to squint his eyes when Shane smiles, big, unguarded, and blinding. It’s like he’s staring right at the sun. There is nothing that could stop Ilya from pressing another flurry of kisses on Shane’s face. *“Ты восхитительный. Красивый. Моя маленькая звёздочка. Ты моя жизнь. Мне так повезло, что ты у меня есть. Я тебя больше всего люблю.”*

Shane catches bits and pieces of the Russian Ilya’s pressing to his skin, but he understands the last bit perfectly. “I love you, too,” he cups Ilya’s face in his hands and just looks. He does that sometimes. Just stops whatever he’s doing and looks at Ilya. He told him once that he likes knowing that Ilya is real, an arm-reach away from him. That Ilya is there for him and will always be. That’s part of his morning routine now every time they’re together. The moment he opens his eyes, he spares a few minutes just looking at Ilya. “I’m so happy I get to do this with you. I can’t believe we’re at this point of life.”

Ilya kisses him again, deep and soft. He just wants to feel Shane, hoping Shane could feel the love inside his kisses. Shane returns his kiss with the same amount of love. “Okay,” he giggles. “Okay, we need to stop or I wouldn’t be able to go on stage.”

Ilya presses one last kiss to Shane’s forehead and guides him to the only chair in the room. He fans Shane’s flushed face with his hand and gives him another bottle of cold water. “You want?” he asks Shane, lifting the cold towel from the bowl. Shane nods. Ilya presses the towel to the back of his neck.

He loves this moment. The silent moment of just taking care of Shane, making sure he’s comfortable. And selfishly, a moment for himself, taking in the beauty that is Shane Hollander. He can’t believe sometimes that out of anyone, Shane chose him. Out of all the good guys in Montreal, Shane chose Ilya Rozanov with his sailor mouth and calloused hockey hands.

No words are exchanged between them until there’s a knock on the door. Shane jumps a little bit and that’s Ilya’s cue to casually step away from him, putting a distance between them. The door opens and Ilya’s liaison officer pops her head in. “Let’s go, you need to be on standby.”

They stand side by side, Ilya's liaison officer standing just a bit behind them. "Hey," Ilya calls her. She looks up from her iPad. "You in school?"

"Uh," she stutters, uncertain. "Yes, sir. I mean. Yeah. I'm in university, sports management."

"How are you here?"

She's starting to look baffled. Probably a little bit confused by the whole situation. "I freelance on weekends. School is expensive."

Ilya nods. He pulls out his card wallet from his pocket and gives one to her. "Ilya Rozanov. If you ever looking to work in sports, I'm looking for an assistant. Send me email of your CV and references if you are interested to work."

She accepts the card with a look of disbelief on her face. "Andrea Volkova. Thank you, sir. I will— of course, I'll email you with my CV."

Ilya raises one brow. "You are Russian?"

Andrea nods. "My dad. My mom is Japanese."

"You speak Russian?" Andrea nods again. Ilya laughs exasperatedly. He doesn't hear any accent at all. "Why didn't you say?"

"You didn't ask," she shrugs. Ilya has a feeling they will be good friends.

Before Ilya could say anything, the stage manager approaches them and ushers them closer to the stage, signaling that it's their go time. Shane elbows him gently. "Heard what you did there. That was nice of you."

Ilya smiles. "I like her. Quick. Smart. Tough. Russian."

Shane snorts. "Of course."

Before Ilya can say anything else, their name is being called on stage and the stage manager signals them to walk in. Shane stands in front of the mic, and as rehearsed, he starts his speech.

"Good evening, everyone," he clears his throat. "Thank you for being here tonight – truly. Seeing this room full tells me something important already: that what we're building together matters."

The Irina Foundation was born from a very simple belief: that talent should never be limited by circumstance. Hockey gave me everything: discipline, purpose, opportunity. But not everyone starts with the same access to ice time, equipment, or people who believe in them early enough. Or even, something as simple and as easy as health. The Irina Foundation was created out of a truth many of us in sports know too well, even if we don't always say it out loud: that strength and silence are often confused for the same thing."

Shane stops and looks at Ilya. Ilya starts, “The Irina Foundation supports mental health organizations, with a focus on those affected by depression and suicide, particularly within the sports world. We fund access to counseling, education, crisis support, and long-term care for athletes, former athletes, and families who need it. As you all probably know, I lost my mother at a very young age. She was an amazing, bright, strong woman, but unfortunately, she lost her battle with depression,” Ilya’s voice cracks a little bit. Shane couldn’t stop himself from putting a reassuring hand on Ilya’s lower back. “This foundation is named after my mother. Our goal is simple, but urgent: to make sure no one feels alone in their worst moments.”

It’s still Ilya’s turn to talk, but Shane could see the glint in his eyes and how he’s swallowing hard. Shane continues for him, “Tonight isn’t just an opening, it’s a commitment. This foundation is something that is very precious for me and Rozanov. It’s very close to our hearts, and hopefully, we could build this into something bigger for everyone. To our donors: thank you. Your generosity doesn’t just fund programs or services. It gives people permission to speak, to reach out, and to stay. The impact of that cannot be overstated.”

Ilya starts again. “To the coaches, players, and professionals who volunteer their time, whether through our summer camps, outreach programs, or advocacy work, thank you for leading by example. You remind young athletes that taking care of their minds is as important as taking care of their bodies,” Ilya raises his glass to a table filled with Scott Hunter, Hayden Pike, Carter Vaughn, and JJ Boiziau. “Yes, even to you, Pike and Hunter.” Laughter rings across the room as Pike and Hunter raise their glass back to Ilya.

Shane raises his glass as well. “From the bottom of our hearts, thank you. Cheers.”

Claps thunder in the ballroom, everyone standing as Ilya and Shane leave the stage. That speech felt good. Ilya successfully relays what he feels, if not a bit too emotional, but he can forgive himself tonight. This night is not about him. It’s about their future. His and Shane’s.

They get ushered once again to their seats. They could barely stand up to mingle, people just come and crowd their table to snag a conversation with Ilya, Shane, or both of them. Shane’s back is turned to him while he’s talking to Ilya’s coach, Wiebe. It’s very loud around them, Ilya has to strain his ears when Marleau approaches him. He puts his arm on Shane’s chair, essentially caging him as he leans forward to hear Marleau better.

The night goes on like that, people coming and going to talk to the both of them, Ilya a solid fortress behind Shane, silently supporting him. Ilya’s starting to get tired, he can’t imagine how Shane feels. He’s more sensitive to crowds than Ilya is. When the crowd simmers down around their table, Ilya sneaks a hand to Shane’s nape, running it down his back slowly with a deep pressure and returns them to his side. “Doing ok?” he asks lowly as he sips on his champagne.

Shane nods. “Yeah. I have a bit of a headache, but I think my social battery is just running out. I’ll be okay after some food.” He raises one hand to the waiters and asks for a plate of dinner, or, whatever’s left, because they missed the dinner session when they got mobbed by the whole NHL community.

While Shane is (elegantly) scarfing down his dinner, Ilya entertains everyone who stops by their table. He answers for Shane every time someone directs a question to him with a polite “I can answer that for you while Hollander eats.” and a charming smile.

Shane shoots him a grateful look as another waiter picks up his empty plate. “Feeling better?” Shane nods. “Wanna do shots?” Ilya asks. Shane rolls his eyes exasperatedly.

“At least let the food settle in my stomach first,” he laughs. Now it’s Ilya’s turn to roll his eyes.

“Come on, I will get you drunk tonight.” Before Shane could say no, Ilya backtracks. “At least tipsy. A little bit. Is ok. I will watch you so you don’t do embarrassing things.”

They go to the open bar together where Pike, Boiziau, Hunter and his boyfriend, Kip, Marleau, Boodman, and Barrett are standing in a half circle, deep in a conversation. Shane raises one eyebrow as they approach the gentlemen. “What’s up?”

Boiziau, the menace that he is, snorts. “*Joli*,” he says in French. “What can I get you, *Capitaine*?”

“Uh,” Shane stumbles, unsure. He’s not one to do shots. The last time he did a tequila shot was probably during his rookie year with Scott Hunter.

“Hollander wants to take a shot,” Ilya unhelpfully relays.

Shane scowls at him. “I did not.” But Boiziau is already thrilled that his captain wants to do shots. Without confirming to anyone, he flags the bartender and orders 9 shots of tequila.

Ilya could see Shane psyching himself up, a tequila shot in one hand and a lime slice in the other. “Let’s go!” Boiziau whoops loudly. Shane cringes as the liquid burns down his throat, immediately sucking on his lime slice. Ilya hides a fond smile behind his own lime slice. Before he could say anything, Shane is corralled into an animated conversation between Pike and Boodman. Ilya naturally drifts aside, putting himself beside Barrett.

“So,” Barrett starts, pulling Ilya out of his reverie of staring at Shane as he laughs loudly, unabashed at something Hunter’s boyfriend said. “You’re real close with Hollander, huh?”

Ilya snaps his eyes to his newest teammate. “What?” he asks dumbly.

“Just,” Barrett shrugs. “Can’t help but notice. He’s different than he usually is. Well – I don’t really know how he usually is. Uptight, isn’t he? He’s very loose tonight.”

“Is the alcohol,” Ilya answers shortly. His heart is beating faster in his chest.

“Hm,” Barrett hums. “You look good together.”

Ilya is trying to find if there’s any mockery or malice under Barrett’s tone, but then he remembers a few nights ago where he (accidentally?) had a deep talk with Barrett at a gay club and Barrett (accidentally?) came out as gay to him. He had said something similar, then,

too. About his closeness with Shane. When he only finds gentle eyes and a friendly smile, Ilya chooses to take a leap of faith. “Thanks,” he says, instead of a denial.

Barrett’s brows raise in surprise, mouth open. He definitely did not expect that answer out of Ilya. “Huh,” he huffs a laugh. “So, you and him..?”

Ilya nods curtly, eyes back on Shane who now has a glass of scotch in his hand. “Keep it to yourself,” he mutters, loud enough only for Barrett to hear. Shane would probably kill him later for telling Barrett without his permission, but he hinted to Ilya a couple times before that he could tell his trusted friends if he wants to. He probably meant Svetlana, but as a fellow queer, Ilya feels like he could trust Barrett.

“Huh,” Barrett says again with an actual laugh. He shakes Ilya’s shoulder with a firm grab of his hand. “Congrats, man. I’m happy for you.”

“Well. Is been almost twelve years. So, nothing new,” Ilya answers nonchalantly.

“WHAT!” Barrett exclaims loudly, gathering attention of the seven men beside them and Harris, Centaur’s social media guy, who is on the other side of the group, in the middle of flagging the bartender. Ilya glares at him for putting attention to them. “Sorry, sorry,” he mumbles apologetically at Ilya’s glare.

Shane raises an eyebrow at him, but he redirects his attention to the group when Ilya gives him a short shake of his head. “I’m sorry, say what now, Roz? *Twelve* years?” He grabs Ilya’s shoulder and maneuvers him so they’re facing each other, their sides pressed to the bar. Ilya could see Barrett doing the math in his head. “Since— since your rookie season?”

The summer before, Ilya wants to answer, but opts with giving Barrett a curt nod. Before Barrett could open his mouth again, Ilya snaps without heat, “Shut your mouth. Is enough.”

“Jesus,” Barrett laughs, pulling Ilya into a half hug, one arm around his shoulder. “Good for you, man. Good for you. What a fucking captain. I need a drink.” He flags the bartender again and asks for two shots.

“Don’t move!” Harris yells, a camera in his hands. He quickly snaps a picture of Barrett with his arm around Ilya’s shoulder, a big smile on his face, with Ilya sporting his usual flat face. But. Eyes can’t lie. His eyes are softer than they’d ever been before.

Seeing the flash go off, the others beside them crowd into their space, pulling Shane right in front of Ilya. They’re all tipsy at this point, a messy tangle of limbs on each other’s shoulders that Ilya couldn’t tell whose arm was whose. Shane wobbles in front of him, knees bent and shoulders at a weird angle so he could be in the picture without obscuring Ilya’s face. Ilya wraps a solid arm around the front of his shoulder, encompassing him in a one-armed backhug and essentially pressing Shane into him so Shane doesn’t topple sideways. It’s not weird or suspicious, at least not any more than this group of people already is, because again, everyone’s arm is around someone else. “We want pictures, too!” Boodman yells.

Harris laughs and snaps a lot of pictures. The crowd naturally disperse back to their original position as Harris lowers his camera, and Barrett hands him the shot. “Cheers to you and

whatever the future brings you. You're one hell of a captain. One hell of a dude," Barrett raises his shot glass. Despite his stony exterior, Ilya's chest warms at Barrett's easy and open acceptance. It gives him hope that maybe the future Shane talked about is not so far after all. He raises his own glass and downs the shot, feeling another flash of camera going off.

"Enough with that, Har!" Barrett crows.

"Don't tell me what to do," Harris grumbles. Ilya looks at Barrett and sees the soft smile on his face. *Huh.*

"So," Ilya parrots back to Barrett as Harris walks away with a bottle of beer in his hand. "You're real close with Drover, huh?"

Barrett's mouth opens for a second before his whole face flushes red. "Nope," he dodges. "Hollander!"

"Wassup?" Shane slurs, sandwiched between Boiziau and Pike, his arms around both their shoulders and probably one last gulp of scotch in his hand. He's definitely more than tipsy and almost airborne on his left side because Boiziau is a fucking giant and he's standing up straight.

"*Боже*," Ilya mutters under his breath. Shane gulps the last of his scotch from his hand that's around Boiziau. He's drunk. "He's going to regret this tomorrow," Ilya nods at Shane.

"Fuck off, Rozanov!" Boiziau laughs loudly, words heavily French-accented. "Let the man have fun! This is his foundation!"

"Mine, too," he grumbles under his breath.

Hunter, the ancient being that he is, breaks up the crowd. "I'm turning in, guys. Hollander, Rozanov, congrats on your foundation. This is amazing, man. Let's talk more later, alright? I want to see how I can contribute," he says to Ilya. "Maybe when Hollander isn't shitfaced."

They leave one by one, giving Shane and Ilya congratulations and a firm clap on their backs. Ilya runs his eyes throughout the ballroom, noticing that the crowd is getting smaller and smaller, the ballroom getting bigger. It's late.

"Come on, Hollzy," Pike heaves Shane up. "Let's get you to your room. Rozanov, help me with him."

Shane is not all that drunk that he can't walk by himself, but Ilya would never turn down an offer to be close to Shane. They say their goodbyes to the people they pass on their way to the elevator. Ilya taps his access card and presses their floor number, and for some time, the elevator is quiet besides the classical music from the speakers.

"I can take it from here," Ilya says to Pike as he taps the keycard to their door. Pike nods, letting go of Shane but pushing one hand on the door to keep it open while Ilya transfers Shane to the sofa. He'll do his act with Pike for a bit and he'll transfer Shane properly to the bed later.

“Okay, I’m heading down to my room,” Ilya says awkwardly to Pike, only to meet Pike’s eyeroll and a sigh.

“Forget it. I know about you two, okay?”

“What?”

Pike sighs again. Maybe that is one of his skills for having four children. “Shane told me about you guys. I know you’ve been sleeping together since your rookie year. I know you moved to Ottawa for Shane. I know you’re dating each other. Let the act go. You’re sleeping here.”

Ilya lets out an unguarded laugh that definitely catches Pike off guard. “Well. Good night, then,” he says in between his laughs as he taps his access card on the door again.

“Don’t make it weird,” Pike grumbles. Before he fully turns away, he says one last thing to Ilya. “That’s my best friend, Rozanov. I know you’re already playing for fuck ass Ottawa, now. But if you hurt him, I’ll find a way to trade you to fucking Winnipeg.”

Ilya laughs again at the absurdity of it all. He waves a shooing hand at Pike and enters his room as Pike walks away. He’s still sporting a big smile on his face as he walks over to Shane. “What are you smiling about?” Shane asks softly, if not a bit drunkenly.

“You told Pike about us?”

Shane’s eyes turn serious at that. “Oh. Yeah. I’m sorry, I forgot to tell you first. Are you mad?”

“What? No, I am not mad. I will shout from buildings that I am Shane Hollander’s boyfriend if I could.” Shane smiles dopily at him, his head lolling to Ilya’s shoulder as he sits beside him. “Also, I told Barrett, too. Well, I did not tell him. He figured out. I confirm. Is ok?”

Shane’s quiet for a bit before he nods. “As long as you trust him.”

“Barrett understands, I think,” Ilya answers vaguely. It’s not his secret to tell. “Come on, you will be grumpy if you do not do your Korean skincare.”

“Nooooo,” Shane whines. “I won’t be grumpy. I just want to sleep.”

“Nope,” Ilya picks Shane up in his arms and carries him to the bathroom before sitting him down on the edge of the tub. “Do not fall over. I will clean.”

He pushes Shane’s hair out of his face with a headband before washing his hands and picking up Shane’s cleansing balm from the vanity. He picks up a dollop and rubs it between his fingers before applying it to Shane’s face, gently massaging it into Shane’s skin to take off the makeup. He then grabs a cotton pad and soaks it in micellar water, then wipes the residue off of Shane’s face. Slowly, he undresses Shane one by one, neatly folding the outfit and placing it on the edge of the tub beside Shane. He undresses himself before guiding Shane into the shower.

They shower together. Or, Ilya tries to wash Shane as Shane stands unmoving, his face tucked into Ilya's shoulder. Somehow, Ilya manages. "Lift your face, sweetheart. I need to wash your face." Shane dutifully lifts his face and lets Ilya mould him this way and that way, basically putty in his hands.

Another tangle of limbs later, they're both clean and smelling like Shane's Jo Malone body wash. He dries Shane as best as he can before putting on his sweatpants on Shane and wraps a towel around his waist and guides Shane to bed. Ilya puts on a pair of sweatpants on himself and grabs Shane's night time skin care. Shane lays on his back and keeps his eyes closed as Ilya sits beside him and gently rubs all of Shane's skincare into his skin, ending with a soft kiss pressed to his hairline.

He stays laying on his back as Ilya gently lifts his head and puts his arm under Shane's head before snuggling closer to Shane, his other arm wrapped tight around his shoulder and his nose buried in Shane's hair. "How do you feel?" Shane asks sleepily.

Ilya takes a deep breath. "Couldn't be happier. Thank you for giving this to me, Shane. Thank you for giving me another chance in life," Ilya's voice wobbles as he presses a multitude of kisses onto Shane's head and temple.

Shane lifts his face and pouts his lips a bit, asking for a kiss. Ilya presses a sweet and slow kiss into his mouth. "Thank you for agreeing with me, even though it sounded insane at the beginning. I'll give you a thousand of this for what you've done for me."

"This is more than enough," Ilya says, lips pressed to Shane's temple. He says for the second time tonight, this time in English, "You are my life. I am so lucky to have you," he lets the tear drop from his eyes to Shane's hairline. "I love you. More than anything."

"You're my life. I love you," Shane parrots back and lifts his face one more time. Ilya gives him what he asks for, before Shane turns to his side and tucks his face into the crook of Ilya's shoulder. He presses a kiss to Ilya's neck. "I will thank you properly tomorrow. But I want to sleep now."

Ilya laughs at that before closing his eyes, letting himself drifts off to sleep with a smile on his lips.

End Notes

All inspo and looks, in order of appearance:

[When Ilya nearly had a stroke](#)

[Shane winking at Ilya](#)

[Shane during the press junket](#)

[It's hot in here, boys! Goddamn!](#)

[Shane pressing a bottle to his neck](#)

[Round table talk and possessive Ilya](#)

[JJ-Shane-Hayden Sandwich inspo](#)

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