

everlasting warmth

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everlasting warmth

by [humanbehavior](#)

Summary

Shane works hard, almost *too* hard.

It feels strange for Ilya to complain about his lover working hard and being good at his job that he's constantly so busy but he can't help as he feels *bad* for Shane. But you have to understand Ilya, Shane is not great at managing his stress levels which usually ends in the man being worn out.

He's seen Shane after a hard day of work— he's quiet, his voice soft as he speaks to Ilya, his voice light and kind even throughout his sluggish movements. Ilya knows Shane isn't someone who's usually very loud, opting for a more relaxed voice but even then, it's not usual for Shane to speak so low and murmured—

like now.

Notes

hello :3 first ever heated rivalry fic.. i'm lowkey very nervous about it but i'm being very brave about it. ok some info about this fic: i generally Dgaf about the canon setting so nothing in this fic is about it as i literally could not care less about hockey. i will never learn anything about hockey nor do i want to.

also in this fic i do not imagine hudson as shane (mainly due to the fact that they didn't hire a japanese wasian person to play shane but WHATEVER) but it does not take away from the fic! there are just certain details that won't line up with hudson's appearance, it's not a major change.

anyways. i hope you all enjoy, all (kind) feedback is appreciated & i beg of you: please do NOT post this fic on tiktok. i have no desire to see my own work on that hellscape of an app. thank you.

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

Shane is a hard worker, this is something Ilya has gotten to know ever since they were young. He remembers when the two of them were younger in university— Shane's brows furrowed underneath the low yellowing light of his desk lamp, with shadows cast against his pale skin as he scribbled into a journal full of notes that Ilya could never dissect. Papers were scattered across his desk in the dorm room he and Ilya had shared then, stray loose papers somehow always making it to Ilya's side of the room despite how hard Shane tried to keep them from falling and slipping onto Ilya's side. Despite Ilya's playful whines and soft kisses he had pressed against Shane's nape, quiet begging for him to abandon his studies, Shane hadn't stopped his focus on his work one bit. It's still the same now, even as they've aged quite a bit.

Shane works hard, almost *too* hard.

It feels strange for Ilya to complain about his lover working hard and being good at his job that he's constantly so busy but he can't help as he feels *bad* for Shane. It's ridiculous, he knows. *Oh no, my gorgeous boyfriend has a great job thus giving us a great life as well!* But you have to understand Ilya, Shane is not great at managing his stress levels which usually ends in the man being worn out. He's seen Shane after a hard day of work— he's quiet, his voice soft as he speaks to Ilya, his voice light and kind even throughout his sluggish movements. Ilya knows Shane isn't someone who's usually very loud, opting for a more relaxed voice but even then, it's not usual for Shane to speak so low and murmured— like now.

Ilya glances at Shane from where he lay in bed, still in his work clothes. Shane hadn't even bothered to change out from them, laying on the blankets of their shared bed in his wrinkled button up shirt and slacks. Ilya sits on the edge of the bed, the mattress creaking softly underneath him as he scoots closer to Shane.

"Come here," Shane calls to him, lifting his head off of the pillow he was resting his head on previously. His voice is gentle and hushed as he calls Ilya to him, patting the spot right beside him. Ilya does so, resting beside him in almost the exact same clothing. Ilya's fingers are soft as they brush his long black strands that frame his face so beautifully back, tucking them behind his ear. Ilya's thumbs rest on his high cheekbones that's littered with freckles, his fingers sliding against his warm skin.

Despite the silence that filled the space between them, Ilya could read Shane so easily that it was almost funny. Ilya's eyes trained onto Shane's own brown doe eyes that stared back at him, reflecting his self within his lover.

"What happened?" Ilya's voice is quiet as he asks.

"I don't..." Shane blinks, glancing away from his gaze, "It's not a big deal."

Ilya lifts a brow and that's all it takes for Shane to spill.

"Okay," Shane groans as if Ilya had forced him to spill his guts, not give him a simple knowing look. Shane's voice is soft as he admits his own truth, "I had one of my... moments."

"One of your moments?" Ilya lifts a brow, processing Shane's simple words that held so much weight underneath them.

Shane sighs, already regretting beginning to spill his guts in front of Ilya, "No, it's um— it's dumb, actually, never mind."

Shane begins to pull away from Ilya's grasp, his dark brows furrowing as he pulls out of his hold. Ilya pulls him back, gently placing his hand on his shoulder, "Hey, hey," Ilya's eyes are so warm that Shane knows he couldn't possibly judge him for something as simple as this.

"Tell me, hm?"

Shane stares at Ilya, holding his gaze as if to test him, to see if Ilya would laugh at his vulnerability and tell him he was just joking. Instead of Ilya doing any of those ridiculous things, he waits for Shane to speak into the deafening silence.

It takes him a moment— Shane breathing into the silence, listening to the wind that blows gently outside of their apartment window, until he finally speaks. His voice hushed as he avoids Ilya's gaze, like he spoke of something to be ashamed of.

"Everything was too much," Shane admits quietly, his eyes stuck to the pattern of the blanket the two men lay on, "It just... I couldn't handle it."

Ilya is not stupid. Despite Shane's lack of words, he already knows what he means. Sometimes the world is too much for Shane. Ilya's known this for years. He remembers so vividly when Shane would come back from his classes and silent tears would roll down his freckled cheeks with no other words being said. Ilya had never mentioned it, Shane being thankful for his wordless comfort. Eventually, Shane had told him the truth behind his simple phrasing—

(Shane had sighed, picking uncomfortably at a loose thread of the couch they both sat on. He avoided Ilya's gentle gaze as he admitted his truth to him, "It's just... I feel too much.")

Ilya nodded, "I know."

Shane blinked, he knew Ilya was already familiar with his wording of his situation. It didn't help he was already struggling to put words to what he feels so often sometimes. Shane glanced up at Ilya's soft gaze, his eyes warm as he took in Shane's words.

"When there's too much to process, I need a moment to compose myself," Shane said, embarrassment hidden underneath his words. He knew it was nothing to be ashamed of, his mother had always told him and yet, the feeling always made its way creeping up his spine.

"It's never bad, I usually just need to cry or just lie down for a moment."

Ilya lifted a brow, "And when it is bad?"

"I might hit myself," Shane swallowed his shame as he shrugged, avoiding Ilya's gaze once more, "It barely happens anymore, so don't worry."

Despite his own shame that felt to be drowning him, all Ilya could say to him was: "I always worry.")

It's not any different now.

"Okay," is all Ilya says. His gaze soft at he watches Shane's round doe eyes flick up to look at his own, "Do you want to talk about it?"

Shane shakes his head, his brows furrowing for a single second as he even thinks about the possibility of throwing up every single detail from earlier in the day, reliving something that seems so brutal to him but to Ilya it may as well just be another Tuesday.

"I just really want to lie in bed with you," Shane admits softly, his voice always so soft. Ilya only nods, quietly accepting Shane's words. It doesn't take much more than Shane's simple words for Ilya to gently pull Shane's body towards his own, his body fitting perfectly into his like they were made for each other. They'll only be like this for a bit, they both know this. Shane's moments only take so long to calm down from but it doesn't erase the everlasting feeling he gets from Ilya being so gentle to him, his breath soft on his neck as they lay next to each other.

End Notes

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