so hot it’s hurting my feelings

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so hot it’s hurting my feelings

by justhockey

Summary

> “We are in hell, surely,” Ilya complains, sweat beading at his temples as he flops down on the couch beside Shane. “Why is it so hot? Is this what we get for having gay sex?”
>
> Shane fixes him with an unamused stare. “Because it’s barely 10am, and it’s already 34 degrees outside. Oh, and the AC is broken.”
>
> “I am going to kill myself.”

Notes

> Title from *So Hot You’re Hurting My Feelings* by Caroline Polachek.

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane is the type of tired that makes his head feel like cotton wool and his teeth feel fuzzy even though he's brushed them twice already. It cloaks his body like a weighted blanket - like *Ilya.*

It's a good tired, though. A *worth it* kind of tired.

After an off-season vacation in Amsterdam with the love of his life, the sluggish exhaustion of jet lag - mixed with a lack of training for two weeks - just makes Shane feel grateful. It feels good to be lazy sometimes, good to do nothing with Ilya except enjoy the life they've fought to live together.

They arrived home in the middle of night and crashed instantly. Shane would probably still be fast asleep, still enjoying the bliss of the past fortnight, if it wasn't for how goddamn *hot* it is.

Shane had woken in a pool of his own - and Ilya's - sweat, skin sticky and overheated, and altogether overstimulating. When he'd realised the AC was broken, he called the company. When he learned they couldn't come out to fix it until tomorrow, he'd almost fallen to his knees in tears.

Ottawa during a heatwave, with no air con and a hot, clingy husband, is enough to drive any man insane.

It's still early, but it's already too hot, the heat permeating through the brick and the sunlight shining through the (very inconvenient) wall of east-facing windows. Shane wishes they'd stayed in Amsterdam. Or changed their flights and headed to Barcelona, or Prague, or London, like Ilya had suggested. Anything would have been preferable to the day he knows he's got ahead of him.

It's the cloying, suffocating kind of heat, that settles heavy on your lungs and makes your bones feel too dense inside your body. The kind of weather Shane honestly wouldn't mind if they were at the cottage by the nice, cool lake, or if the goddamn AC hadn't decided to give out on them.

They've got a single desk fan they usually keep in the office only for the hottest of days, but as it oscillates it just circulates hot air around the living room instead of doing much to cool it down.

Shane already feels grumpy, and the day has barely begun.

By the time he hears the shuffle of Ilya's feet coming down the stairs, he's positively miserable.

He doesn't turn his head - that requires too much movement - but when Ilya slinks into Shane's line of sight he's dressed only in a pair of Calvin Klein's, and there's a bead of sweat running in the divot between his abs.

He's looking too fucking good, and it pisses Shane off.

“Did you smother me in my sleep?” Ilya mumbles through a yawn.

Shane huffs. He doesn’t have the energy for his husband’s nonsense today - he barely even has the energy to *breathe* in this heat.

“What?”

“We are in hell, surely,” Ilya complains, sweat beading at his temples as he flops down on the couch beside Shane. “Why is it so hot? Is this what we get for having gay sex?”

Shane fixes him with an unamused stare. “Because it’s barely 10am, and it’s already 34 degrees outside. Oh, and the AC is broken.”

“I am going to kill myself.”

“*Ilya,*” Shane chastises.

Ilya knows he’s not allowed to make those kinds of jokes but, honestly, if any situation were to warrant it, it would be this one.

So much of Shane’s life and his comfort is ruled by sensory needs; his laces have to be tied with equal tightness, his clothes tags can’t tickle his neck, he can’t bear the seam of his socks against his toes or the silk pillowcases that Ilya ended up throwing out. Even in the divine, post-sex haze that he always slips into with Ilya, they both know Shane has maybe fifteen minutes before the feel of sweat and cum and saliva starts to drive him insane and he needs to shower.

So. Shane gets bitchy when it’s hot, and Ilya gets dramatic.

The closest they’ve ever come to divorce was the summer they went to Costa Rica and their hotel room had no AC.

“Have you called the people to come fix it?”

“No, Ilya. I’ve been sitting here sweating for the past hour, and that didn’t once cross my mind.”

Shane hears the words coming out of his mouth, but can’t seem to stop them. As soon as he’s finished he grimaces, slowly rolling his head sideways to look apologetically at his husband. However, before Shane can open his mouth to say sorry, he notices how Ilya’s pupils are blown wide and he’s grinning wolfishly.

Shane points a finger at him. “No. It’s too hot for you to look at me like that.”

“But you’re so sexy when you’re a bitch,” Ilya remarks, wiggling his eyebrows up and down.

Shane can’t help but snort out a halfhearted laugh. “Fuck you.”

“Well, if you insist…”

“Do *not* touch me, Ilya, I swear to god.”

Shane is like Bood’s slow-braised BBQ ribs, the way he feels like he is melting off his own bones.

He can’t possibly be held responsible for his actions if Ilya touches him right now.

The thing is, Shane always wants Ilya to touch him. They spent so many years unsure of what was allowed between the two of them, and then a couple more years on top of that having to be impossibly careful about the way they interacted, looked at, touched each other.

Now, they both have a hard time keeping their hands to themselves.

When Shane first joined the Centaurs, they really did try. They had multiple conversations about remaining professional, maintaining boundaries, being coworkers instead of husbands in their place of work. They didn’t want to shove their marriage in anyone’s face or push their luck, and they certainly didn’t want to make anyone uncomfortable.

It had lasted *maybe* two days, before they - okay, *fine,* it was Shane who caved first - kissed on the ice when they combined for a beauty of a goal during practice.

The Centaurs had absolutely given them shit about it, but, like, in a loveable and very supportive way.

Now they hold hands as they walk in for games, and the photos always get posted to the Centaurs’ socials. They fall asleep on each other’s shoulders on the plane between cities and states and countries. Shane kisses Ilya’s forehead, and Ilya kisses Shane’s nose, before they step on the ice for every single game. And sometimes at team events, or foundation fundraisers, or award shows, Ilya will hook his finger through Shane’s belt loop and follow him around like a dog.

But Shane *will* file for divorce if Ilya shifts so much as a millimetre closer to him right now.

He would peel his *own* skin off right now if he could - the thought of Ilya’s touching him in this moment makes Shane want to pluck his eyeballs out.

“At least Anya will be nice and cool,” Ilya sighs wistfully.

“I already text Harris. He says we can leave her with them until we get it fixed.” They’ve already had her for the two weeks they were on vacation, anyway.

Ilya hums. “Good. Maybe they will have to keep her forever if we die of heatstroke.”

And honestly…Ilya’s dramatics feel fitting, for once. It really does feel as if they’re suffocating inside Satan’s ass crack. Shane’s convinced he can quite literally *feel* the temperature climbing, even with the windows covered and the fan on.

Fucking Elon Musk, and stupid AI data centers, and goddamn global warming. They can all go fuck themselves.

Shane tilts his head back to the side to look at Ilya, who - while sweaty and flushed and frowny - still manages to look absolutely gorgeous. It's not fair, really. Shane knows his cheeks are splotchy and red, and his hair is sticking up in every direction, yet when Ilya turns his own head to look at him, he smiles like Shane is the most beautiful thing he's ever seen. Still. Even after all these years.

Shane wants - well. He wants Ilya to kiss him, then maybe carry him back upstairs and fuck Shane until he cries.

Or, he *wants* to want that. He'd want that in literally any other scenario except for this one, where it's approximately seven million degrees and counting, and what Shane *actually* wants is for his husband to move another three feet away from him so he can't feel Ilya's body heat emanating off him, raising Shane's own core temperature by about four degrees.

"Your cheeks are so pink," Ilya says.

His hand slowly raises, his pointer finger extended like he's about to poke the flush beneath Shane's freckles. Before his mind even processes what he's doing, Shane snaps his teeth like he's about to bite and Ilya whips his hand backwards with a look of shock on his face.

"No touching," Shane warns.

Ilya laughs as much as is possible in this heat, without inducing some kind of febrile convulsion.

"You are insane," Ilya says fondly. Then, "I'm going outside to cool off."

"Ilya, it's hotter outside than in here."

"No," Ilya insists, waving his hand dismissively. "That's not possible."

Shane sighs. "Well at least put sunscreen on, then."

"I will stay in the shade, sweetheart."

"Ilya."

"Shane."

"Fine," Shane relents, too hot and sticky and short tempered to push any further. Plus, Ilya won't last long enough outside to do any damage. "Don't come complaining to me when you burn."

But they both know Ilya won't have to go complaining to Shane, because if he burns then Shane simply can't help himself - he makes sure Ilya drinks lots of water, and rubs aloe into his tender skin while kissing his moles, and Shane babies Ilya until he feels better.

It's only happened a few times over the years - Shane is absolutely diligent in making sure Ilya takes care of his skin - but they still have a routine for it by now.

Shane kind of loves it.

Not that Ilya is notoriously terrible at topping up his sunscreen, but that they have loved each other long enough to have routines like that.

About sunscreen, and making tea in the evening, and how to care for each other when they're sick or sad, and who does the laundry, or empties the garbage. They have routines for therapy days, and for driving to the rink, and for cooking breakfast and lunch and dinner.

Shane loves being boring, and predictable, and settled. Loves being the safest home Ilya has ever known.

His eyes have been closed for maybe four minutes when he hears the back door slide open, and Ilya shuffling back inside. Shane doesn't open his eyes, but he does smile knowingly. He'd warned Ilya - told him it was even worse outside than inside - and he knew he wouldn't last long out there. Their garden is a total sun trap, with the sunlight hitting it from the moment it rises until almost two in the afternoon.

"It is even hotter outside," Ilya whines.

He collapses back down on the couch again, carefully not touching Shane, but close enough that he could if he shifted slightly.

"Wow, if only someone could have warned you about that."

"Shane Hollander, you are mean when you are overstimulated."

Shane lifts his left shoulder in a slight shrug. It's not like this is new information; Ilya has known it basically since day one, and he still chose to marry Shane anyway.

"You should be used to it by now," Shane says. "And it's Hollander-*Rozanov*, thank you very much."

He hears Ilya breathe deeply, feels the couch dip slightly as Ilya wriggles.

"Don't," Shane warns.

"But-"

"Ilya, for the love of god…"

"I didn't even do anything!" Ilya argues.

"You're about to. I can sense it."

Everyone always says they're weird about each other, and it's not like they can really deny it. Shane could be in the middle of a crowded room and still sense Ilya the second he enters it. Or Ilya can arrive home and find Shane instantly, no matter where in the house he is. It's like they're each other's true north - like there's some kind of magnetic pull always drawing them together.

Shane could swear the very air shifts to make space for Ilya.

“Shane…”

“Baby,” Shane sighs. “I love you so much. More than anything in the world. I’d die for you, I’d kill for you, et cetera, et cetera. But if you touch me right now, I’m killing us both.”

“But I *miss* you,” Ilya pouts.

Shane doesn’t have the energy to open his eyes and look, but he knows it anyway - knows that Ilya’s bottom lip is sticking out in a way that would usually make Shane want to suck on it.

They’ve just spent two weeks in a European city together, where basically nobody knew them. They held hands as they went sightseeing, they kissed in public as they took selfies in front of landmarks, they danced dirty-style together at a nightclub, all things they can - and sometimes *do* - do at home in Ottawa, only without the attention they get here at home.

That sense of freedom somehow made their clinginess even worse. Made it impossible to keep their hands to themselves because they knew that no one was watching, or judging, or photographing them.

Shane doesn’t think they went more than fifteen minutes without touching for the entire vacation. And yet, an hour of physical distance between them and Ilya is already whining about it.

Shane loves him so much he feels like he is going to burst.

“We are less than two feet away from each other,” Shane points out.

“Do you not love me anymore? Is that it?”

“It’s twelve million degrees right now, Ilya. If you touch my skin, I’m liable to peel it off.”

“You could just say you hate me,” Ilya huffs, with all the drama of one of Rose’s actor friends.

“Oh my *god.*”

Shane can’t resist. Ilya is a big baby, but he’s *Shane’s* big baby. So he pushes his hand along the couch until they’re close enough to touch, then he hooks his pinky with Ilya’s.

“That’s all you’re getting.”

Ilya hums in contentment, and when Shane works up the energy to peel a single eyelid open, he sees the happy little smile stretched across Ilya’s face.

Shane can’t help himself - he shuffles across the space between them, until their shoulders bump together, and he presses a kiss to Ilya’s sweat-damp forehead.

“Love you,” Shane whispers, and watches as Ilya’s smile widens.

Ilya brings their hands, still joined by their pinkies, up to his face and kisses Shane’s knuckles. “Love you back.”

There’s nothing in the world Shane wouldn’t do to see that smile. He’d do anything, give everything, to keep his husband happy and smiling so sweetly. Even hold his hand when it’s so uncomfortably, disgustingly hot. Anything at all.

It’s a little bit surreal, loving someone as much as much as Shane loves Ilya. It’s like his heart isn’t his own anymore - like his happiness doesn’t just belong to him. They’re so tangled up, so tied together, that Shane can’t remember what it felt like before he loved Ilya. He can’t remember who he used to be. All he knows is that his life gets better every single day with Ilya in it.

He doesn’t ever want to go back to the before.

Shane kisses Ilya’s sweaty temple, and whispers, “My baby.”

Ilya just nods in agreement.

“We don’t have any groceries.”

Ilya groans, low and guttural. “Shane, please. Do not talk to me about grocery shopping in this heat.”

“The store will have aircon,” Shane points out.

“….I’ll drive.”

End Notes

inspired by the brutal european heatwave last week that almost killed me. i met a version of myself i hadn’t known existed (derogatory)😔

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