

Lovers

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Lovers

by [Asimplewriterlivingasimplelife2](#)

Summary

Shane keeps telling himself that today should have been a good day. There's just one thing, one single moment, his brain won't stop thinking about.

Notes

I'm back!!!

First fic in this area but I have deeply succumbed to the Heated Rivalry brainrot. I hope to continue writing some more stuff for this fandom, I have a lot of ideas! :)

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

Shane keeps telling himself that today should have been a good day. He came out to his parents, not in the way he had wanted to, but he did it. They accepted him, his relationship and he even got to call Ilya his boyfriend now.

The drive back to the cottage with Ilya had been pretty emotional, a lot of happy tears and smiles to go along with them. It was the structure of a good day, maybe even a great day, but there was just one thing in Shane's head that was ruining that for him.

Lovers.

It was a moment, Ilya had said they were lovers in front of his parents and Shane said that was gross. He obviously meant the word, it was old and he really didn't want his parents thinking about them having sex. He just really didn't know if Ilya understood him, Shane had this itching fear that Ilya had thought he was referring to their relationship. Sure he had said boyfriends first, but Shane's brain didn't want to let go of the idea of him still being upset.

Most people would brush something like this off, say it's not a big deal, but this was a pretty big deal for Shane.

His brain had been doing this since he was a kid. He was eight years old, worrying about every mistake he made on the ice. A lot of the times he'd cry about it, just like he'd cry if the world was too much, and his mom would give him a big hug. She never made him feel like it was wrong to do that, she just told him to try a little harder next time. Shane never talked about the additional anxiety that came with wondering if she was mad at him or if his teammates hated him.

Every bit of his heart said that Ilya wasn't mad at him. They smiled and cried together, they were even having very passionate sex right now. Shane felt the waves of pleasure, he moaned and he kissed his boyfriend with every thrust.

"Fuck-"

Shane would have been enjoying himself more if there wasn't a rapid growing ball of anxiety in the center of his chest.

"Shane?"

Today's been a great day.

Ilya looked worried. Shane didn't realize he was holding his breath until his chest ached and he let out a shaky exhale. Ilya pulled out and Shane ungracefully got out of bed. He stumbled to the bathroom, still very much naked, and he really hoped Ilya wasn't too upset about this.

Lovers.

He was unable to hold back a small sob. He roughly pressed his shaking palms against his eyes, hating himself for ruining the moment. It was really nice but his brain would not shut up about something so minimal-

"Shane."

He heard Ilya's voice and didn't know how long he had been standing there.

Shane uncovered his face and opened his eyes. He saw Ilya in the mirror standing behind him, a pair of sweats riding low on his waist. He kept a small space between them, his eyes were worried.

"Did I hurt you?" Ilya asked gently.

Shane shook his head and Ilya nodded, the relief evident on his face. He took that as permission to gently turn him around to face each other.

"It's not about the sex," Shane's voice cracked and he forgot that he was still crying. "It was really nice."

Ilya gave him a sad smile as he gently took his face in his hands, thumbs rubbing away at the tears.

"I know. It's okay, we are good."

He took one of Shane's hand and put it on his chest, right above his heart. One thumb continued to stroke his cheek as Shane fixated on their hands rose and fell. Minutes passed before Shane felt the pain in his chest ease up.

They took a few more breaths together before Ilya asked, "Better?"

Shane nodded as he sniffed quietly. There was a quiet that settled over them, not uncomfortable, but surely enough to make Shane aware of himself.

"I should probably get pants..." Shane mumbled sheepishly.

Ilya held him there with a smile, "I like you naked, it's very good for me."

It was hard not to smile. Ilya gently eased him closer and Shane hugged him. Ilya held him tightly, in that kind of way that always made Shane safe. A way that no one else had hugged him before. Ilya didn't make him talk, they just rested in the silence before Shane felt him kiss his head.

"We go lay down," Ilya said softly after a moment, giving him a squeeze. "And then you will be honest with me."

Shane nodded and Ilya took his hand, leading him back to bed. As they got back under the warm blankets, Shane did see that Ilya was going to keep his pants on.

"This feels really unfair." Shane quietly complained.

"You had panic attack," Ilya teased him as he pulled him closer, "I am trying to make you feel better."

"It would make me feel better if you got naked too."

Shane didn't care about how blunt he was and it got Ilya to grin. Shane couldn't help the heat in his cheeks as he mumbled, "I like being close to you."

It was obviously really vulnerable and Ilya didn't tease him about it. Instead he didn't keep him waiting; he tugged his sweats off and tossed them across the room.

"Happy?"

Ilya brought him close again and Shane let out a content hum, feeling the warmth of his skin. He rested his head on his chest, their legs tangling together as he felt Ilya stroking fingers through his hair. His eyes fluttered and he almost fell asleep, *almost*, but he knows that Ilya was waiting to hear about the reasoning for what happened.

"Are you mad?"

"About panic attack?"

Ilya sounded worried again. Shane looked up at him and Ilya's eyes looked a little pained too.

"No," Ilya said, a hand reaching out to stroke Shane's cheek. "I was very scared that I hurt you. Not mad."

Shane leaned into the touch, pressing a gentle kiss to his hand. "I'm sorry I scared you. I didn't want to do that, it just kind of got bad fast."

Ilya softly smiled and shifted forward enough to kiss him. He held his face more a moment, his eyes still questioning. "I don't understand. When did I look mad?"

There was another awkward silence as Shane finally brought it up, "It's about earlier."

Ilya's brows furrowed and Shane looked at him awkwardly.

"I thought you were mad about the whole lovers thing."

There was silence, Ilya looked like he was trying to remember it. He looked at Shane confused, "Lovers thing?"

"When you said we were lovers in front of my parents and I was like oh that's gross?"

Shane felt a bad feeling in his stomach again. Anxiety had a way of making things seem worse than they actually were and right now he was dealing with the aftermath. Ilya wasn't mad and Shane just felt really stupid for bringing it up.

"This is what upset you?" Ilya asked.

Shane nodded slowly, his eyes drifting to anywhere but Ilya's eyes. "Yeah."

He winced at his voice cracking and he suddenly felt an overwhelming wave of embarrassment.

"Sweetheart."

Shane reminded himself to exhale.

Sweetheart.

Shane's never been called a pet name before but it felt nice when it came from Ilya. Really nice.

"Sweetheart?" Shane asked shakily.

"Yes," Ilya said warmly. "Too much?"

"No." Shane mumbled.

Ilya gently held his face, "Can you look at me please?"

Shane was scared to do it, he didn't know how to tell Ilya that was a lot to ask of him right now. He still tried though, his eyes watering as he did his best to meet Ilya's eyes. He was looking at him fondly.

"It's stupid, I get it." Shane weakly tried to argue.

"It's not if it upset you."

Somehow that was permission for Shane to rationalize the rest of the anxiety to him, "I didn't want you to take it the wrong way. I meant the word, not us. I love you, I love us, so much."

Shane had a hard time reading people, but the look in Ilya's eyes was very clearly radiating love. He gave Shane another gentle kiss before holding him close to his chest, laying with him in a moment of calm silence.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu,*" Ilya pressed a kiss to his head. "I understood what you meant. Lovers was just easy English word to think of in moment. We love each other, so we are lovers."

Shane looked up at him and Ilya grinned. He couldn't help the smile on his own face, "That makes sense."

"So we use it?"

"No," Shane scrunched his nose in disgust. "I love you but can we just stick with boyfriends?"

Ilya pondered the thought and Shane could not help laughing, "Asshole, you seriously have to think about it?"

"Is not bad..."

"Ilya-"

"Okay, okay," Ilya grinned and gave him another peck on the lips, "Boyfriends is good too."

With the anxiety finally gone, Shane finally allowed himself to once again relax. He felt the warmth of Ilya's skin against his. He enjoyed the soft kisses and the touches across each others bodies. It allowed him to feel something that words honestly couldn't describe. It was a feeling he couldn't get anywhere else or from anyone else. It didn't even compare to winning a cup.

He never wanted to let it go ever again.

Shane lost track of how long they were laying in bed naked cuddling, but he didn't really care. Time wasn't really that important when there wasn't anything to worry about in the bubble of love.

If he could ask for anything in the world, without the consequence of their careers, he'd want to make this week with Ilya last forever.

End Notes

Thank you!

(Anxiety projection and understanding with Shane, I just get him like that)

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