

Here to Love You

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Here to Love You

by [kaijuerotica](#)

Summary

Shane shrugged. "If soulmates are real, you're mine."

"Soulmate?" Ilya asked. He had a wide smile and his eyes were so painfully fond.

Notes

I posted this lil snippet on tumblr a while back and wanted to move it over here 🥰

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

"Do you believe in fate?"

It was late at night when Shane asked it, late enough that they should have gone to bed already. But they were on the couch, Ilya sprawled out with his head in Shane's lap and Shane was running his fingers through his hair and neither of them wanted to move.

Ilya hummed, considering. "Maybe. I don't know. Why, do you?"

Shane shrugged. "I dunno." He searched around, trying to find the right words and feeling like all of them were silly. "I just... If soulmates are real, then you're mine." He felt so exposed, saying it, but he knew he was safe with Ilya. He always knew that.

"Soulmate?" Ilya asked. He had a big smile on his face and his eyes were so painfully fond.

Shane smiled back, brushing a curl out of Ilya's face. "Yeah, like if I didn't play hockey-

"-impossible to imagine-

"Shut up," Shane said. "If I didn't play hockey, it feels like we still would have met."

Ilya was still smiling up at him. "If you didn't play hockey," he said, "I would still find you. I know this."

"Yeah?" Shane asked.

"Mn," Ilya hummed. "Because you would still love hockey, even if you did not play. And of course you would be my biggest fan. And I would see you in the front row at a game and go 'This is the most beautiful man in the world and I must have him.'"

Shane snorted, but he liked the picture. Ilya stopping in front of the glass to look at him, stealing glances before face-offs.

"And what if you didn't play hockey?" Shane asked.

Ilya thought for a moment. "I think...If I don't play hockey, then you become best player instead of me-

"-fuck off-

"-and I see you on tv, or maybe in the Olympics. And I go 'This is the most beautiful man in the world and I must have him.'" He grinned up at Shane as he said it. "So I pack all my things in a bag and I hike all the way to Muskoka-

"Are there no planes or boats in this world?"

"-and I knock on your door but the only words I know are 'Shane Hollander, I am here to love

you."

Shane laughed. "Okay, so in this world, a hobo shows up at the cottage and professes his love to me and I decide to give it a go?"

"Well, maybe I also know 'My name is Ilya' and 'Where's the bathroom.' Also I'm a hot hobo so it works for you."

Shane laughed again. "Okay, fine. I invite you in, clean you up, and let you have your way with me."

"Of course you do," Ilya said. He reached for Shane's hand and brought it to his lips. "We are soulmates, yes?"

Shane smiled down at him and nodded. "Yes." For whatever it meant to be soulmates, yes.

End Notes

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