

Love on the brain

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Love on the brain

by [Strawberrysmilees](#)

Summary

Shane's got love on the brain—and it's all Ilya Rozanov.

Three years of marriage, a Stanley Cup, a dog, and endless playful banter prove that love isn't just on the ice—it's everywhere they are.

But loving Ilya doesn't mean Shane won't ask Siri to help him roast his husband while driving home from a grocery run every so often.

[Shane thinking on his way back to Ilya after a grocery run, post TLG]

Notes

Welcome aboard, everyone—the HR psychosis train has arrived at the station! I am your captain, and we are in for a ride!

I only posted my other “oneshot” (does it count as a oneshot if it's over 10k words??? w/e, a oneshot is what I say it is; the government can't stop me) less than 24 hours ago, and yet here we are, back at it with the Hollanov fluff.

For context: *[this is text messages]*.

But without further ado, please take it away, my beautiful darling boy: Shane!

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

Love does some weird things to your brain.

Shane discovered this one cloudy afternoon as he made his way down the familiar gravel roads to the cottage, lost in musings about the thing that had been the hyperfocus of his life since he was 18 - Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya Rozanov was undeniably the love of Shane's life, and in the three years since choosing to be with him for real and the life upheaval that had followed, things had been *pretty fucking sweet*, if he didn't say so himself.

They'd moved in together, adopted a dog, gotten married, ended up on the same team, and won a Stanley Cup. When Shane looked back at the list of things he'd wanted to achieve in life—written when he was twelve and excavated from a box at his parents' house the previous summer, while he and Ilya helped with late spring cleaning—he was pleased to discover he'd already ticked off about half of it. He was well on his way to polishing off the rest by the time he retired: a thousand career goals, seven Stanley Cups, ten MVP awards, induction into the NHL Hall of Fame, being named the best player in the league.

A few of those he might have to compete with his boyf—husband for, but Shane knew that no matter the outcome, he'd be happy. As happy as he was every time he got to call Ilya his husband; both in his own head and out loud, to other people. Shane smiled to himself as he adjusted his grip on the steering wheel.

That said, living and working with Ilya meant there weren't many days they weren't together for most of the day, which might have been the biggest adjustment after being outed. At first, it had been heavenly: his beautiful, sexy husband always within arm's reach, always willing to touch and be touched in return. Shane had indulged—more than indulged—taking every opportunity to savour his husband's enraptured sounds and familiar flavours, drinking him in like a man pulled from the desert and dropped into a Swiss mountain spring.

And while the intimacy and intensity of their affection—and their lovemaking—hadn't diminished with increased access (if anything, it had sharpened), the desperate fervour of trying to wring everything they could out of stolen two-hour windows was gone. In its place was something steadier, deeper: all the time in the world, and the freedom to use it. The thought sent a bolt of arousal through him, and he shifted slightly in his seat. He would need to think of something else, if he didn't want to have to break some road rules to get home.

So he turned his thoughts to his habits and routines. His six a.m. runs in both the on- and off-season, his diet, his insistence on matching shoes and socks; structure was a fundamental part of who he was. And he and Ilya had initially struggled to find a balance between Shane's need for order and Ilya's beautiful, if unpredictable, devotion to spontaneity.

Ilya wasn't one for morning alarms unless he absolutely had to be somewhere, nor for schedules outside of meetings and obligations. Shane couldn't help but admire the way he

took advantage of every opportunity to break the mould—mostly because he knew, deep down, that he himself wasn't really that kind of person.

For a while, as Shane imagined every couple probably did at some point, they'd tried to do everything together—from waking up to going back to sleep—and it hadn't gone well. It reminded him of the years in between, when their relationship had been strictly physical off the ice and aggressively antagonistic on it, when the media had been so convinced they despised each other.

Ilya's spontaneity had started to feel like disrespect, and Shane knew his own inflexibility had come across to Ilya as disregard for his feelings. They'd had a few small spats, a few big spats, and one massive spat that had devolved into some pretty intense, heated sex (no regrets). But on the other side of it, they'd come away with better ways to communicate: Shane learning to be more flexible, Ilya learning how to exist within Shane's schedules, and the shared realisation that sometimes a little time apart was essential to building something stronger together.

Ilya really did make Shane a better person every day—simply by loving him. The thought curled his small smile into a big goofy grin.

As though his tender thoughts and longing had summoned the man himself, the dash of Shane's Range Rover lit up with a soft ping, breaking him from his reverie. He glanced over to see a notification—an incoming message from Ilya.

“Hey Siri, read message from Ilya, please.”

He always felt a little silly speaking to his phone, especially when his commands didn't work. Mercifully, this time they did, and Siri's pleasant, robotic voice filled the cabin as it dictated the message.

“Message received from Ilya.

[Ilya: Baby, are you coming home? You got Cokes?]”

Shane huffed a quiet laugh. He was sure Ilya knew he was on his way home—as he always was at this time on a Saturday afternoon, since it was Shane's weekly grocery run. Sometimes Ilya joined him, sometimes he didn't. And while Shane loved having him beside him while he selected tomatoes and cucumbers, shopping trips with Ilya took twice as long, cost twice as much, and came back with a significantly higher ratio of snacks and sweets.

So it had become one of Shane's usual solo tasks—sometimes very much-needed *me time*. Time that helped him reset, and reminded him how much he loved being with his husband, even just to do small, ordinary things.

The check-in filled Shane's chest with warmth. Even though Siri didn't come close to capturing the sexy drawl of Ilya's voice, it was easy for Shane to hear it in his head anyway. And God, did he love that sound.

“Would you like to respond?” Siri asked.

“Yes,” Shane replied.

It felt strange, having a conversation through a disembodied voice like this—but a little discomfort in exchange for getting back to Ilya sooner was a small price to pay.

“Okay. What would you like to say?” Siri prompted.

Shane enunciated carefully, wanting to get the message across without typos the first time if he could.

“reply [*Shane: yes, I did. Be home soon. I love you.*.]”

“Okay. Reply sent.” Siri spoke again, and the soft swoop of the outgoing message followed.

“Thank you, Siri,” Shane added.

He knew Ilya would absolutely make fun of him if he heard Shane thanking a virtual assistant, but he thanked Siri anyway.

Shane settled back into his seat, eyes on the road as the countryside rolled past. It wasn’t long now to the cottage—maybe another twenty minutes. Not long at all until he saw Ilya.

The car filled with another ping as Siri spoke up again.

“Message received from Ilya. Would you like me to read it?”

“Yes, please,” Shane said.

“Message received from Ilya.
[*Ilya: I love you.*.]”

Shane’s goofy grin returned with a vengeance, crinkling his cheeks until they ached, his eyes squeezing shut just a little from the force of it.

“Would you like to respond?” Siri asked again.

“Yes, please.”

“Okay. What would you like to say?”

“reply [*Shane: love you more.*.]”

The swoop of the sent message followed.

Shane smirked to himself, feeling the familiar spark of competitive fervour fizzle down to his fingertips. It was a feeling he knew well—one he usually got on the ice, especially when he was playing against Ilya. That heady, addictive buzz that came with a challenge: to be the best scorer, the best skater, the best team mate or captain, the best all-around player.

But sometimes—like right now—it was about being the best lover. The best husband.

And Shane was nothing if not competitive. Maybe to a fault. The thought made him bite back a dark chuckle as Siri's voice filled the cabin once more.

"Message from Ilya.

[Ilya: You think you are better than me?]"

Shane prompted Siri to respond.

[shane: don't have to think. i know]

Ilya's response was quick, and it sent the competitive spark roaring to a flame.

[Ilya: i will fight you.]

[Shane: You think you can take me?]

[Ilya: Fuck you, we ride at dawn!]

Shane laughed at that, which confused Siri momentarily. He bit back a curse, then prompted Siri to generate his response, a chuckle still lingering in his tone.

"reply [Shane: who is we? And where did you even learn that?]"

[Ilya: Twitter.I am one of the kids. I'm down with the lingo.]

[Shane: You wish!]

He returned his gaze to the road as the final swooping sound of his message filled the car. The gravel path bent now, rounding a familiar stand of trees that told Shane he was five minutes from home—maybe four, if he urged the car forward a little faster.

The tingles in his fingertips from his Siri-assisted textual jousting with Ilya flared with a need to touch him, to feel his soft skin beneath them, to tug on his curling golden locks and coax less-than-family-friendly noises from him.

But underneath that was another urge—to use his hands to make something that would put a smile on Ilya's face. To watch the hazel of his eyes light up and soften into the molten honey-caramel they took on whenever he was feeling something too intense for words. To feel his own eyes soften too, to send him a message that said *you are the best thing in my life, and I love you.*

So he prompted Siri to send another message, not waiting for a reply.

[Shane: chicken parmesan for dinner?]

He didn't have to wait long.

"Message received from Ilya.

[Ilya: Sounds good, babe. I love you.]

Siri's neutral voice butchered Ilya's poetry again—but Shane knew he'd said it with that tender tone that rumbled through his chest and tugged at his heartstrings, inviting him to nestle right in. That was where he belonged.

“Would you like to respond?” Siri asked.

Shane swallowed the sudden lump in his throat.

“Yes. Please send:

[shane: I love you too.]”

The final swooping sound filled the car as he rounded the last corner, the cottage coming into view. Outside, the front door opened, and Ilya and Anya emerged—both waving enthusiastically at the incoming car. Ilya with his arm. Anya with her tail.

Shane slowed down for a moment, still a little too far from the house to come to a full stop, just to take it all in. All the best things in his life were right in front of him: the place where he spent his quiet days, the person who made them lively, and their furry daughter—who would be joined by a human sibling when the time was right.

The sight seemed to take on a kind of luminescence in the afternoon sunlight, sparkling as if it might not be real. And yet, it was also the realest thing Shane had ever known. How those two truths could coexist in his mind didn't make a lot of sense.

Love really does some weird things to your brain.

Epilogue

“This recipe is perfect, Shane.” Ilya's usually smooth drawl was muffled by his voracious chewing, an entire chicken breast's worth of chicken parm speared on the end of his fork as he waved it around happily. “I'm not even mad that you made ten of them.”

“It was a family-size recipe,” Shane countered, no bite to his words as he nudged the accompanying bowl of salad toward his husband. “And eat something green, please.”

“Ugh, I will do this only because you asked me to. It's off-season, Hollander. Live a little, please, for me.” Ilya shook the chicken free from his fork and replaced it with a chunk of cucumber, which he slid onto his plate, followed by a tomato and a few leaves of lettuce. Shane nodded, satisfied, as he cut himself another piece of chicken on his own plate.

“Anyway, as I was saying—Twitter is teaching you weird stuff.” He followed the prompt with a bite of chicken, managed around the growing smile on his face. Ilya looked at him with hazel eyes sparkling with mischief.

“I love Twitter. They've made a ship name for us—Hollanov. I... I am campaigning for Rozander, but no one likes it.” He scoffed, as Shane gazed at him quizzically.

“Wait, you are campaigning? With who?” Underneath the table, he could feel Anya settling at his feet, curling into a sulking ball as the humans ate without her. He made a mental note to give her a treat after dinner.

“The fans. Our fans. They are calling us *‘the first husbands of hockey.’*” Ilya produced his phone and gestured to the unlocked screen as he began to snicker lowly. “They call Hunter *the vice president*. He is furious. Very funny.” Shane shifted into another smile.

“You need to give Scott a break—he’s a good guy,” he said, rolling his eyes. Ilya’s snickers turned into laughs as he continued scrolling, reading the comments between bites.

“He’s a million years old. And he is losing the campaign.” Shane couldn’t help but join his husband’s laughter, as childish and infectious as it was.

“Shall we post something? Really rub his face in it?” Shane asked, mock-innocently, and Ilya’s lips curled into a wicked grin.

“Come closer, Hollander. We take a selfie. I will post it with the caption: *‘Hollanov—first husbands of hockey. Awaiting arrival of our vice present,’* and tag Hunter.” Ilya switched his phone to the camera app and began adjusting the settings.

Shane scooted his chair closer to Ilya as he bit back more giggles. “He’s going to run you through the boards next season if you keep this up.”

“I’m not scared. If he does, my pretty husband will kick his ass and get sent to the box for thirty minutes for excessive ass-kicking.” Ilya spoke smugly, and Shane laughed again.

He stretched his arm out and pressed a kiss to Shane’s cheek as he took a picture with the phone in his hand. The Canadian man blinked twice, gaping a little - he had been expecting a countdown and was taken by surprise.

“Oh, you look very cute in this one. Can I post?” Ilya gestured to the screen, and any protests died on Shane’s lips as he couldn’t help but melt at what he saw: Ilya’s stunning side profile pressed to the side of his face, his lips puckered and mashed against his cheek. His curly golden strands were mixed with Shane’s at the top of the picture. The expression on his face, clearly caught by surprise, had a pink flush spreading across the bridge of his nose, and his eyes were sparkling—he wore the expression of a man undeniably in love.

And Anya, having moved from her place under the table when Shane started to shift, curled up in a peaceful ball on the couch.

“Post it,” he whispered, turning his head to capture Ilya’s lips with his own.

A loon’s howl echoed across the lake—but in that moment, the occupants of the cottage were a *little* too distracted to hear it.

End Notes

They are just so nummy, I wanna gnaw at them until I get through one of their legs.

This was inspired by a text conversation I had with my bear over Siri in the car—have you tried using that bitch to send texts while driving? It is *nowhere* near as smooth as Shane had it in this fic. I'm too nice to him, I know, but he's my precious baby, along with Ilya (and also a few other fictional boys—head over to [The View From Apartment 2D](#) for more of my insanity if you're interested), and all I want for them is a lifetime of happiness. They deserve it.

Also, sorry about the Scott drive-by at the end there. I know the straights really like him, but Ilya is canonically physically unable to be in Scott's vicinity (even virtually) without being an asshole, so I felt I needed to stay true to that. I hope you can understand, ahahaha.

Anyways, this is shaping up to be the start of a collection of me just letting my boys be cute and cuddly and smacking their heads together like coconuts, so stick around for more of that if you're interested. And come find me on Tumblr, [strawberry chan](#), for more of my insanity—I'm always happy to chat!

As always, I am but a tree, and your kudos and comments are my water and sun; they keep me alive and growing. Any you can spare for a *psychosis-undergoing* author like me is very much and well appreciated.

Love from the cottage,
strawberry chan

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