Routine

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Routine

by oshtape

Summary

Shane has many routines. He has never hidden the fact that he treats his body like a temple; he's often seen sipping a green vitamin drink or practicing yoga. But his skin care routine is Ilya's favorite. Ilya finds it fascinating when his husband puts on a headband and applies countless creams. One day, inspired, Ilya decides to buy more headbands as a gift for Shane, and a new ritual is born: their couple's skin care routine.

"You've turned me into a bore, Shane Hollander-Rozanov," he joked.
"You love being boring, Ilya Hollander-Rozanov," Shane countered.
"Wrong, I love you. Ya nye magú jêty bes tyebyá.” Ilya said quietly in Russian. As if it were something only Shane could hear.
Ilya had few certainties in life, but this was one of them. He wouldn't live without Shane. After all, Shane is your heart, and you can't live without one.
“Ya nye magú jêty bes tyebyá.”, with a heavy accent, Shane repeated what Ilya had said. Word for word engraved in his heart.

Notes

OMG!!!! I'm finally posting this fanfic. I wrote this on Tuesday, and since then, I've reread it so many times...
First of all, I want to say that English is not my native language. I did my best to proofread and get everything right, but I probably made a lot of mistakes, so I would be very grateful if you could let me know. But please be kind, or I'll cry like a baby.
It takes place a few years after The Long Game. I don't know anything about hockey; my country doesn't consume hockey (my knowledge comes from gifs of cute players on Tumblr, that's all), so that's not the focus here.
It's a very silly fanfic, just because I wanted to get this idea out of my head. I put several words and phrases in Russian, relying completely on a website I found, but I'm not at all sure if it's correct. If it's wrong, please let me know and I'll correct it. The translations will be in the endnotes. Last warning: they are very out of character. I tried my best to keep them in character, but it's the first time I've written with a canon couple lol.
I hope you enjoy reading it! Sorry for this long speech, but it was necessary.

Again, English is not my native language.

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane Hollander has an extremely rigid routine in many areas of life. He never allows himself to skip a day. He has his hockey rituals for game days. Then there's his daily diet: green juice, balanced meals, and the right vitamins to keep his body in perfect harmony.

But what Ilya finds amazing about Shane's routine is his skincare routine.

Every night before bed, Shane puts a cloth that has a cute rabbit on his head — he says it's to keep his hair dry — and washes his face, applying expensive facial soap, followed by even more expensive skin creams.

Ilya likes this routine.

He likes to put the toilet seat down, sit, and watch his husband apply the creams with intense concentration. His heart skips a beat when Shane wrinkles his freckled nose in total focus— the same look he gets on the ice when making his trademark precise pass.

He likes it when Shane sticks the tip of his tongue out and bites it, carefully applying the cream in the right spots.

Ilya likes it when he grabs a small handheld fan, a tiny thing that practically disappears in his hands, and closes his eyes while the wind blows on his face; according to Shane, it helps the cream dry more easily. Ilya didn't quite understand the concept, but he had seen the protagonist use one in a Korean drama once.

However, Ilya's favorite part of this routine is when Shane puts that piece of fabric on his head. He loves how the fluffy bunny in a headband makes Shane look cute; Ilya feels like squeezing him and never letting go. The problem is that Ilya has no idea what it's called.

So when Shane began his nightly routine that night, Ilya followed him as usual, ready to find out what the name was.

"What's the name of this thing you use?" Ilya asked once, sitting on the bathroom lid, to watch his husband. "The one you always wear on your head, and... I don't know the English word for this... that's it here, in your head," he pointed to the headband on Shane's head, which this time had a huge pink bow.

"This?" Shane pointed to the headband, and Ilya nodded in confirmation, "It's a headband. My mom had some spare ones and gave them to me; they're very useful," he said, running his fingertips over the fluffy fabric.

That conversation had taken place last week, and Ilya never forgot the name; just in case, he even wrote it down in his notes. An idea came to him that same night, but the lack of time between training and games prevented him from carrying it out.

Therefore, during the training break, Ilya walked resolutely to the locker room to get his cell phone. He greeted Haas and Hayes, who were chatting there, but didn't waste time trying to understand what they were talking about; they were speaking too fast, and Ilya had a more important mission. Then, he opened his locker, took his cell phone from his backpack, and

quickly unlocked it. He still considered the password he created, 8124, the height of creativity.

He is a very passionate man and has never denied the allegations.

Ilya didn't waste any time because he had to get back to training. He quickly opened his browser and typed "headband" into the search bar. He cursed in Russian when the options that appeared weren't the ones Shane usually wore. He bit his lip while thinking about how he was going to find what he was looking for, only then remembering that Shane always wore them during his skincare routine. He added that information to the search bar and waited for the results to reload.

And when the new results appeared, this time correct, Ilya smiled slightly at the various options. He continued scrolling through the Google page until he saw a suggestion for a store specializing in skincare and makeup, clicked on it, and saw that the address was in the city center, the same route he always takes when going to the Centaurs' training center.

He saved the address in his GPS and memorized the store's name, just in case, then quickly put his cell phone away when he noticed that Shane was walking towards him. He hadn't even noticed that Haas and Hayes had stopped shouting.

"You'll never be the best player in the league if you keep skipping practice like that," Shane joked as he handed the water bottle to Ilya.

Shane knows that Ilya has a terrible habit of drinking water. That scene is very common during training, with Shane handing the bottle to Ilya and supervising him to drink it all, only leaving when there's nothing left.

"I'm already the best player in the league. I'm so good that I'm your captain, Hollander," Ilya retorted, with that smirk he knows Shane hates.

It was inevitable; he immediately rolled his eyes at his husband and huffed.

"Let's see how long that lasts. Or I need to remind you who has the highest percentage of goals scored per game and the fewest fights per game." And in an act of rebellion, Shane stuck his tongue at his husband.

"You know what they say about those who stick out their tongues, right?" Ilya returned the empty bottle and stood.

Shane made a confused expression. Ilya stopped next to his husband and muttered so that only he could hear.

"Whoever sticks their tongue out asks for a kiss, my *krolik*." Ilya left a loud kiss on his husband's cheek and left laughing when he noticed his shocked expression.

He loved to embarrass Shane. Especially when they were in front of their teammates.

The rest of the training season went smoothly. Ilya was taking a shower in the locker room while thinking about the excuse he would give Shane. Luckily, they had come to training in different cars that day, since his husband had a photoshoot in the morning. He didn't even see when Shane left that day, because since they only had training in the afternoon, Ilya took the opportunity to sleep in, and his husband always avoided waking him.

In the end, he didn't even need to think of an excuse, which was great, because he hated lying to his husband, even if it was something as harmless as that. All thanks to Luca Haas.

"Hey, captain, one second," Luca approached him as he grabbed his backpack from the locker.

Shane was already waiting for him, so he approached to see what the younger man wanted.

"Yes, Haas?"

"Today, I was having trouble with my backhand, so... I was wondering if you could give me some advice?" Luca rubbed the back of his neck as he asked, probably dying of embarrassment.

"See, Shane? He was having a hard time and came to ask for help from the best player in the league. That's me, not you," Ilya threw his arm over the younger man's shoulders as he smiled at his husband. "Tell him, Haas, who's the best," he squeezed his shoulder encouragingly.

"Actually..." Luca began, but only sighed; he knew the captain was just teasing his husband.

"Be helpful, and it will help Luca."

Shane is bland and rarely falls for Ilya's teasing.

"Boring," showing maturity, Ilya stuck his tongue out at him, just like Shane had earlier.

"Bye, Haas, see you tomorrow," Shane smiled at the other player, "Bye, I'll see you at home," and contrary to expectations, Shane gave Rozanov a quick kiss on the cheek.

Both Ilya and Luca stared at the other player, startled. It wasn't typical of Shane Hollander to show such affection in public. Especially since, when he joined the Centaurs, he made it clear to Ilya that they were to be extremely professional and that there should be no public displays of affection.

"You saw it, right, Haas? He was the one who kissed me, not the other way around!" Ilya was half-desperate, still in disbelief. "Listen, rookie," he said, wrapping his hands around Haas's shoulders and shaking him lightly.

Ilya's cheeks were red and her eyes wide. All because of a simple kiss on the cheek.

"Yes?" Haas was still incredulous.

"It's very important to me that you tell everyone about this. You are living proof that Shane Hollander has stopped being boring and has shown his love for me in public. I mean, it's

almost like he's shouted an ‘I love you’ holding a... What's it called? That flower thing, very romantic gesture.” Ilya always forgets the words in English when he gets angry or very excited, like he did at that moment.

"A bouquet?" Haas asked, confused.

"Yes! I knew you would understand me. Did you understand? Tell everyone!” Ilya asked again, this time he even looked at Wyatt, who was watching everything from a secure distance.

Luca just shook his head. His captain was going crazy, and Haas was terrified by it.

"Great! Now let's train.” He tapped the younger one a little too hard, still smiling excitedly. "Oh my God, I'll never let him forget this," Ilya heated excitedly onto the rink. Wyatt and Haas did not understand the sentence, since the captain spoke the last part in Russian.

"What just happened here?" Wyatt's voice startled Luca, who jumped slightly in fright.

"I don't know, but for our captain, was that the greatest declaration of love Shane could have made?" Luca's tone was heavy with doubts, as he was still trying to understand what had just happened there.

"HURRY UP, HAAS!" Ilya shouted so loudly that it could be heard from the locker room. Luca and Wyatt were startled.

"I should have waited to ask for help later. Maybe never," Luca grumbled.

"You know their preliminaries always start here," Wyatt reminded him. It was basically a consensus among the players that they should avoid holding either of them after training as much as possible. Even the coach was aware of it.

Ilya reappeared in the locker room, hands on his hips, watching Haas and Wyatt talk.

"Luca, you're taking the time I could be at home, with Shane, m…”

"I'm coming, ready, captain. You don't have to complete that sentence," Luca Haas interrupted Ilya quickly, his eyes wide at what he imagined would be a sentence that would put traumatic images in his head.

Wyatt just laughed at both of them.

"Cooking for Shane. Today is my cooking day, rookie," Ilya feigned shock, "Get your head out of the gutter. These children today are the worst. Imagine what Scott, that old man, doesn't go through with his rookies? I suffer, and I am new," Ilya shook his head in a mock tone of disbelief.

Luca just wanted to understand how Scott Hunter ended up in the conversation. But that's Ilya Rozanov, you'll never really understand him.

When Ilya parked the car in front of the store, his phone rang. It was as if Shane had guessed.

"Are you missing me?" was the first thing Ilya said when he answered the call.

"In your dreams."

Ilya was certain Shane had rolled his eyes when he said that.

"My dreams involve the two of us, naked. Always." Ilya lowered his voice, left his accent in evidence, and he knew Shane secretly loved.

"Ilya..." it sounded more like a purr.

"You started it, my love.

"That's not what I called. Are you coming?" Shane asked, changing the subject.

"Thirty minutes," he said.

Ilya rested his hand on the steering wheel and leaned his chin against it.

"I'll send you a list. Stop by the market and buy it, please." Shane used that tone of voice that he knew Ilya would never deny anything.

"Okay. But if it's those weird vegetables, I'll turn around," Ilya warned. He was joking; he would never stop buying those veggies from Shane's disgusting vitamins.

He knows how his husband loves this, despite that terrible taste.

"I don't know how your exams never come back abnormal; your eating habits are terrible," Shane grumbled.

"Amen."

"If you have any questions, call me. Kisses," Shane said goodbye.

"Don't miss me too much, I'll be home soon. Kisses."

When the call ended, Ilya grabbed his wallet and got out of the car. He activated the alarm and walked to the small shop. He hoped he hadn't scared anyone during the minutes he spent in the car, with no sign whether he would get out or not.

It is a small but very organized store. Full of shelves brimming with beauty products. From makeup to the creams and lotions Shane uses. For a moment, Ilya didn't know what to do, his mind blank. It must have been explicit in his expression, since soon a short woman with short hair approached him, smiling.

"Good afternoon, sir. Welcome," she greeted him, "How can I help you?"

If she recognized Ilya, she didn't show it. For which he is grateful.

"I'm looking for those, what was the name again?" Ilya murmured the last part in Russian, while he was trying to remember the name Shane had said when he asked, as something with head in the name "Headband! That's right! I want those headbands, for when you wash your face, put on makeup," Ilya gestured to explain, his hands pointed to his head and then rubbing his face to simulate cleaning it.

"Oh, yes! Come with me. Several arrived last week," the woman led him to the back of the store.

And there they were, hanging on a white wall. In various colors and styles. Ilya smiled broadly as he watched.

"Here," she handed him a small basket.

Ilya carefully examined the options on display. There were so many options! They would all look beautiful in his Shane. He took one with a cute duck, one with a jaguar print, one with a cow, one with strawberries, and one with a frog. Then he saw one with giant ears and an even bigger bow, so he had to take that one too.

Ilya smiled proudly at the basket, excited about his choices. He knew Shane would love it. When he looked at the wall, Ilya saw a bear headband. So pretty. It reminded him of his childhood watching cartoons, it reminded him of his mother, his home. A time when his mother's laughter was his favorite sound in the whole world, it still is, even if he no longer remembers her.

Without much thought, he delicately picked up the ribbon and placed it in the basket, along with the others.

Ilya was strangely emotional. It was all the fault of a headband.

"We also have facial cleansing masks, which help remove blackheads. They're excellent," the woman's voice pulled him from his thoughts.

Ilya stared at her and blinked a few times; her sentence hadn't made the slightest sense to him. Even though he has been living in America for years, it is important to note that this is less time than Scott has been alive; Ilya still had difficulties with the language in certain contexts. For example, at that moment, he was struggling because he needed a specific word he wasn't exposed to on a daily basis.

"Sorry. Can you repeat, please?" He asked, embarrassed.

"Wait a second," the woman asked, and before Ilya could answer, she turned around and went to one of the shelves.

Ilya watched as she picked up some packages of different shapes and colors, then walked up to him with a determined expression.

She stopped next to him and pulled her cell phone from her pocket. At the same instant, Ilya took a step back, already imagining that she wanted a picture. Which was not the case. He

watched as she opened Google Translate and quickly typed a sequence of words. Ilya blinked in surprise when she turned the phone screen and almost pressed it against his face. He took a step back and focused on the small device to see what she was showing him.

The Russian was a little off, but given the overall context, Ilya was able to understand the main message she wanted to convey. She explained about face masks and how good they were for cleansing the skin. Ilya couldn't help but feel emotional; it was probably the first time someone hadn't let the language barrier get in the way and had found a way to explain things to him.

Yes, he is famous, but that does not exempt him from suffering xenophobia for being Russian and for not understanding English at first. So, seeing that a stranger didn't let the language barrier get in the way and made an effort to make him understand, touched him. Even without knowing exactly what these masks are for, Ilya decides to buy.

He would buy anything she offered him.

"Alright, I'll take it," Ilya replied, receiving a smile in return.

"Your husband will like it," she assured us, before walking away.

It was only at that instant that Ilya realized that she knew exactly who he was.

Ilya couldn't help but smile as he walked to the cashier to pay for the small purchase, and couldn't wait to see Shane's expression when he handed it over. But before that, Ilya still had to go to the supermarket.

"Honey, I'm home."

That was the first thing Ilya said when he got home. Soon, Anya came running up to him, her tail wagging excitedly.

"Who is daddy's baby? Who is it?" Ilya made a childish voice as he rubbed Anya's belly with his free hand. "Did you miss Daddy, honey? I missed you, too," he continued in an extremely sweet voice.

Shane was leaning against the door frame, one hand holding a can of *ginger ale,* and the other had his cell phone pointed at Ilya, always with a loving smile on his face. That is, perhaps, Shane Hollander's greatest vice. Recording all the moments when Ilya allows himself to be truly happy, whether playing with Anya or lying on the pier of the cottage while sunbathing and fighting with the birds. He keeps all those videos in a special folder and watches them almost every week.

After a defeat, his favorites are the videos that Ilya records when Shane is doing something considered "boring". Like reading, cooking healthy food, or doing yoga. Ilya's deep laugh and affectionate Russian terms always help him recover on tough days. It shows how it was all worth it in the end.

"Your father only keeps recording, but he doesn't come to greet me. That's why you're my favorite," Ilya's voice is filled with that playful tone that Shane loves.

"I hope being dramatic isn't contagious, my *Katyonak*," Shane ventured at the Russian, which earned him a smile from Ilya.

He knew that, besides the freckles, listening to Shane speak Russian was Ilya Rozanov's weak point. It was no wonder that he spent the last few years taking online Russian classes.

"Come here, my *Krassávyets,*" Ilya sat down on the floor next to Anya and put the bags aside. Waiting for his husband to come to him.

"This is new, I don't know what it means," Shane commented, finishing drinking the *ginger ale* as he walked towards his husband.

"Handsome, just like me," Ilya translated, taking Shane's hand and giving it a slight tug, indicating that he wanted Shane to sit on his lap.

Realizing that she wouldn't get any more affection, Anya moved away from them and returned to her own bed. Shane had already taken her for a walk, so she wouldn't pay much attention to either of them for the rest of the night. Not when she knows that the two are already at home.

Shane left the empty can on the coffee table and sat on his beloved's lap, wrapping his arms around his neck. He ran his hand through Ilya's scalp and pulled his face closer, pressing their lips together in a slow kiss. It was a calm, sweet kiss. Full of sighs. Shane loved spending long periods of time just kissing Ilya, whether mapping the roof of his mouth or the constellations of moles scattered across his body.

Every part of the body was full of stories, of its own universe, and Shane loved uncovering each one.

The kiss ended only when they ran out of breath. Ilya rested his forehead against Shane's and took a deep breath, his eyes closed.

"You've turned me into a bore, Shane Hollander-Rozanov," he joked.

"You love being boring, Ilya Hollander-Rozanov," Shane countered.

"Wrong, *I* love you. *Ya nye magú jêty bes tyebyá."* Ilya said quietly in Russian. As if it were something only Shane could hear.

Ilya had few certainties in life, but this was one of them. He wouldn't live without Shane. After all, Shane is your heart, and you can't live without one.

"*Ya nye magú jêty bes tyebyá.",* with a heavy accent, Shane repeated what Ilya had said. Word for word engraved in his heart.

They continued in that position for a while longer, not long, since Ilya's butt and back soon began to ache from the position. The hard floor and almost 100 kilos on top of him didn't

help at all.

"Shane, I'm starting to look just like Scott Hunter. That can't happen, it can't," Ilya complained with a huge pout on his lips as he accepted the Canadian's hand to help him to his feet.

"What do you mean?" He asked, confused.

"I'm getting old. My knee just popped as I stood up. Just like Scott Hunter's," Ilya grumbled, his eyes wide, unable to believe his body had betrayed him like that.

"You can always take more vitamins and do yoga with me," Shane suggested, picking up the shopping bags that had been left on the floor. "What's this?" he pointed to the black bag; the logo was upside down, so he didn't know what it was.

"You'll bury my old, decomposed body before I do any of these things," Ilya replied, picking up the black bag. "This is a surprise. I'll show you later," he promised.

"Is that some kind of sex toy? Ilya, you know you're famous. What if this ends up on the internet? Let me see what it is," Shane eagerly reached for the bag, but Ilya was faster and used his height to his advantage when he raised his arm above his head.

"Shane, you only look like a *saint*. You are arguing with me, and you still want to see what it is? You pervert!" Ilya laughed while Shane's cheeks turned red, "But don't worry, it's no sex toy, you rascal." he wouldn't let his husband forget about it for long.

His expression of disappointment was priceless, which made Ilya laugh even harder. He loved being the only one who had access to that face of the famous Shane Hollander, the Canadian sweetheart.

"Not yet, relax. It'll be next time. I guarantee it," Ilya said, smiling.

"You're not crazy," Shane feigned disinterest, but the glint in his eyes betrayed everything. Just as he wanted to. When Ilya grinned, all cocky, He realized he was straying from the topic of conversation. "You have a reputation, Ilya. You can't blame me for being worried," *and curious*, but Shane didn't say that part aloud.

"It's all Ilya's fault. The best hockey player in the NHL only suffers in this house," Ilya could be very dramatic when he wanted to; it was a gift.

"Go take a shower, Mr. best hockey player. In the meantime, I'll finish our dinner," Shane warned, as he walked to the kitchen.

Ilya still had a huge smile on his face, even minutes later, while he was bathing.

Dinner went smoothly. Ilya and Shane talked about numerous subjects while they ate. Apparently, Hayden was thinking of moving, wanting a house closer to his thousands of

children’s school, and Yuna and David are planning to leave on a second honeymoon. This made Ilya jealous, and now he wants a second honeymoon too.

They also talked about their teammates’ statistics and how it’s going to be hell playing against Montreal next week, especially since the game will be in their city.

Shane started washing the dishes while Ilya put them away. It is their routine, and Ilya would *die* before admitting he adores.

"I was thinking about our trip after the season," Shane said, handing the plate to Ilya to dry.

"The season has just started, and you're already thinking about it?" Ilya chuckled, putting the dish in the right cupboard.

"We had a five-year plan mapped out. What is the problem of organizing a trip that’s only going to happen at the end of the season?” Shane asked while rinsing the glass.

"You are right. Where would the trip be to? Ilya asked.

Shane let the glass slip through his fingers as he listened to the other man speak. *You are right.*

"Be careful. Did you break the glass? Did you cut yourself?” Ilya asked, worried, as he turned off the water and pulled his husband's wet hands away.

The glass was intact, and there were no cuts on his hand.

"What am I?" Shane asked, shocked.

"What?"

"Did you say *I'm right*? Did the great Ilya Rozanov-Hollander admit that his husband is *right*?” Shane now had a huge smile on his lips. "I believe it's going to rain. Hayden will never believe you said that," a loud laugh escaped the Canadian's lips.

He was euphoric. And Ilya had a grimace on his face; he hadn't even realized he'd made such a blunder until Shane started teasing him.

"I take back what I said, you're wrong. In fact, you're an idiot," Ilya let go of Shane's hands and crossed his arms.

"I need to tell Hayden," Shane commented to himself.

"Another idiot, I'm surrounded by them lately," Ilya commented, but Shane didn't even retort, just looking at his husband made the Canadian start laughing.

Shane managed to finish washing the dishes without breaking a single one, which was quite an achievement considering he wasn't paying much attention to the task. Ilya put everything away, still pouting.

"You still haven't told me where you're planning our trip," Ilya returned to the subject; no one could blame him for being curious.

"I was thinking that we could go to a warm country, with lots of beautiful beaches and plenty of coconut water," Shane said, with a dreamy look.

He could already picture Ilya smiling, lying on the beach sand, and getting a tan.

"You don't need an excuse to see me in my swim trunks, baby," Ilya smiled confidently, blinking those beautiful blue eyes at Shane. "Just ask me, and I'll take my clothes off right now, no need for a beach or anything like that," he blew a kiss.

Shane rolled his eyes.

"I deserve an award for marrying the owner of the biggest ego in the world," Shane sighed, walking to the kitchen door, where Ilya was waiting for him.

"Owner of the biggest dick, too. We can't forget that," Ilya pointed out.

"You're dying to sleep on the couch, aren't you?" Shane grumbled, giving his husband a light nudge on the shoulders.

Ilya is the complete package: handsome, rich, with an irritating personality, and very good in bed. And Shane would never trade any of that.

“I liked that beach idea, let's research the options later. I really like the beaches in Spain and Greece, and I've seen many photos of Brazilian beaches.”

"They're great options indeed," Shane agreed.

They continued talking about which countries they could travel to at the end of the season while locking up the entire house. Then, they went upstairs hand in hand to their room. It was ridiculously domestic; Ilya never imagined he would long for moments like this, but there he was.

Shane walked to their closet to change into something more comfortable for sleeping, while Ilya just took off the t-shirt he was wearing on the armchair and was left in just his sweatpants. Ilya walked to the bathroom and was brushing his teeth when Shane joined him and proceeded to do the same thing.

While brushing his teeth, Shane began to gather the products he would use in his skincare routine that night. He varied the products every night, and how Shane had everything memorized was beyond Ilya's comprehension.

"Why do you use all this stuff?" Ilya asked between rinses.

"It has several functions. Like anti-aging. The main thing is not to have pores, I hate pores," Shane commented as he put away his toothbrush.

Ilya leaned his hip against the marble sink and watched Shane open the drawer and take a headband. Only then did Ilya remember what he had bought for him earlier.

"Wait a minute. Don’t start yet.”

Ilya walked to the closet and grabbed the black bag. When he returned to the bathroom, he noticed Shane was leaning against the sink, waiting for him.

"Here. For you.”

Ilya was embarrassed. It was funny how small gestures, like that one, made him feel awkward. Especially him.

Shane opened the bag, unsure of what to expect. His eyes widened as he pulled at the soft fabric, and a soft sigh escaped his lips as he realized what it was.

"Ilya!" Shane murmurs.

"It's unfair how cute you look with that," Ilya shrugged, taking all the weight off the gesture. Acting like it's no big deal.

"There are many," Shane still couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"It's good to have a lot of options," Ilya replied, "Of headbands," he quickly amended, "Remember that we are monogamous. Very much. Fucking” the last part was said with a grimace.

For a second, he was jealous of a person who doesn't even exist. Shane just ignored him.

Shane shook the bear one and received an embarrassed look in return. When he took all the strips out of the bag, Shane saw that there were some packages at the bottom, took the first one, and saw that it was a cucumber face mask. The other four were also masks, but of different types. The Canadian soon had an idea.

"Come here," he called to him.

Ilya approached, confused.

Shane took the bear headband and placed it delicately on his husband's head, taking care that the curls were not on his forehead, but rather tightly attached. Ilya understood what the other wanted, so he took the frog band and put it on Shane's head, laughing softly when he finished.

“Let's start by washing our faces. First, let's wet your skin,” Shane explained. He turned on the tap, cupped his hands to fill them with water, and then wet his face. “Your turn,” he encouraged.

Ilya imitated him.

"Now let's put the anti-oiliness soap on our face," he continued, took the white bottle and squeezed the valve once in Ilya's hand and once in his own "Rub your hands well, and then we'll apply it to our face, without rudeness, always massaging calmly," Shane explained him, rubbing the product on his own face while massaging it.

"You like it when I'm rude with you," Ilya said, his voice laden with malice as he began to do what Shane asked.

The Canadian just ignored him. Then he let out a sigh when he saw that Ilya was anything but calm.

"There's no need to rip the skin off like that. Take it easy. Gently". Shane pleaded, holding his husband's wrists. "Close your eyes," he ordered.

As if he were Ratatouille, Shane used Ilya's own hands to scrub the Russian's face, gently massaging in circles and on the T-zone, spreading the soap evenly.

"Now let's wash our faces and rinse off the soap. Be careful not to get it in your eye," Shane warned.

For the next few seconds, Shane and Ilya washed their faces in silence, careful not to get soap in their eyes. When they were done, Shane grabbed the mini fan and pulled Ilya to his side, turned it on, and spent the next few seconds drying their faces.

When he finished, he picked up the jar of cucumber face mask and a clean spatula.

"Lower the lid and sit down," Shane asked, pointing to the vase. Ilya did as he said, "Now, close your eyes," he asked again.

Shane touched Ilya's chin with two fingers and lifted it into the air. With the help of the spatula, he placed some of the mask's contents into a small container, and using the tips of his middle and index fingers, Shane began to spread the mask across Ilya's face.

It started at the nose, continuing along the entire T-zone, taking care with the eyebrows and around the eyes, descending along the well-sculpted cheeks with that charming mole, proceeding to the defined jawline, sharp as a knife, and ascending around the mouth, in the mustache area, being careful not to go too far to the lips.

Even with his face covered in a green face mask, Ilya Rozanov is the most handsome man Shane has ever seen.

"All done," Shane smiled.

Ilya opened his eyes and blinked slowly, trying to focus his vision. He stood up and waved his hand toward her husband.

"What?" Shane asked, confused.

"My turn," he explained.

Shane didn't say anything, nor did he need to. From the bright look in his eyes and the huge smile on his beloved's well-defined lips, Ilya knew how much he was enjoying that moment. The Canadian put more product in the little jar and handed it to the Russian, then took his place and sat on the vase lid.

"You understand how I did it, right?" Shane asked, his eyes already closed.

"Yes, relax and don't worry."

Ilya spent the next few minutes delicately running his fingertips across Shane's face. He took the time to memorize every curve. It was like touching cotton; it was so soft. When he ran his fingers over the freckles he loved so much, it was with deep reverence. He ran his thumb across his cheeks, as if he were caressing them on any given afternoon.

The peace of mind Ilya achieved in that instant was ridiculous. Nothing that was happening in the world mattered. It didn't matter that more than half of hockey fans and players hated them. There, in the safety of the bathroom, they were just Ilya and Shane, a normal couple with a boring routine.

A couple who overcame adversity together are at the peak of their careers, and do skincare together.

"Okay," Ilya's voice came out hoarser than intended, all because of the small realization he had just experienced.

"I need to see this," Shane joked, standing up and walking over to the mirror to observe his husband's work.

Applying a face mask isn't difficult; it's not rocket science, but even so, Ilya showed a surprising skill for someone who had never done it before. Shane smiled proudly.

"Perfect, love," he smiled affectionately.

Ilya stopped behind his husband to observe Shane's green face through the mirror, then focused on his own reflected face. A bubbling sensation began inside his body, and when he realized, he was laughing. They were ridiculous. Too funny. And Ilya loved that. He loved being able to have that.

"Let's take a picture. This one deserves to go to Instagram," Ilya said as he went to his room to get his phone.

They don't post many photos together in the feed, as they prefer to keep their relationship out of focus as much as possible, but it wasn't always the case that they succeeded. Not when journalists made a point of always bringing up the subject in every post-game interview, or when fans of rival teams tried to chant homophobic songs during matches in an attempt to shake the mentality of the entire team. It never worked, and they could always sue them. As time went by, the singing decreased.

But Ilya likes to post about their marriage, even if it's not often. It's his right to do that, and anyone who doesn't like it can just *unfollow* him; it's not like he needs external validation, not when you're Ilya Rozanov, one of the best hockey players in the NHL.

"Here," Ilya handed the phone to Shane.

The Canadian was confused, but soon understood what he wanted with that. Ilya stopped behind Shane and wrapped his arms around his stomach, rested his chin on his shoulder, and glued their heads together. It was an incredible sight. Ilya has a breathtaking smile, especially when his blue eyes shone like they did at that moment. Shane opened the photo app and positioned the camera, left his hand with the ring on Ilya's, and smiled, taking a series of photos.

It was a sequence with Ilya at various times: smiling, eyes closed, tongue out, staring at him sideways. One of the two with their noses glued together was a little blurred, but Shane loved it all the same.

"They look great," Shane murmured, this time he who had his head against Ilya's shoulder as he showed him the photos taken.

Ilya put his lips on the top of Shane's head. The Canadian closed his eyes with a loving smile on his lips, took the opportunity, and took another blind photograph, which would be just for him.

"Shall we wash our faces?" Ilya asked, but he had no idea how long they had to keep the mask on their faces.

"Let's go. Remember that you don't need to rub. Be delicate."

They spent the next few minutes in silence, the only sound being the water running. Shane and Ilya finished washing almost at the same time. After drying their faces, the Canadian took a face cream and gently passed it over Ilya's face, then repeated the same process on his own face.

When each occupied their respective side of the bed, Shane put on his prescription glasses and proceeded to check all the photos they had taken.

"What do you think of this one?" He turned his phone over so Ilya could see.

It was the first photo they took. Shane and Ilya had a smile on their lips and their hands together; their wedding rings drew a lot of attention. It was perfect.

"Great, even with this green thing, I'm still sexy. Incredible. How do you feel being marriage with a perfect man like me?" Ilya had a cocky smile on his lips.

Shane preferred to ignore what he had said. Ilya pulled the man to lie his head on his chest.

"Which caption?"

"Hmm..." Ilya pretended to think and then smiled, "The sexiest couple in the NHL. And better players, too."

"I don't know why I ask you, you don't take anything seriously," Shane grumbled. He would never put that caption up, and Ilya knew it; that's why he laughed at Shane's reaction.

He ignored the suggestion and instead added a short phrase and a series of emojis.

Couple's skincare night 🫧💆‍♂️🦭💙

"Let me see, your taste in clothes is terrible, and in captions, too," Ilya said with a mischievous grin. He reached out to grab his phone.

"There's nothing wrong with my clothes. Or my captions!" Shane was offended; he was sure his clothes were nice, and his caption was good.

"Honey, you once wore a white t-shirt with a blue zip-up shirt and a black jacket. All together. With Rose. That was a fashion crime." Ilya wasn't kidding; Shane had a pretty bad sense of style.

Things were better then, but ten years ago? Only God can help.

"That was years ago! It's not fair, Ilya!" Shane pinched his back, pouting slightly.

"Baby," Ilya called him.

Shane didn't look at him.

"My *ovtsa,* you dress better than Hayden and Scott Hunter. That's great."

Shane huffed, throwing the phone at his chest and pulling away from his husband's warm body.

"You're practically going to fall asleep on the couch, Ilya Rozanov. Please be quiet."

Ilya's laughter softened Shane's angry expression. A little.

"Come here, *Crave* is losing that gift of yours for acting," Ilya pulled him back into his arms.

"Here," Shane handed Ilya back his cell phone.

Ilya kept one arm around Shane while with his other hand, he swiped across the phone screen; a few seconds later, he turned the device so Shane could see. He didn't change anything in the sentence, only added two emojis.

"Why did you put the pregnant man emoji? And why that green science emoji? I don't even know the right name for it." Shane was horrified by the sequence of emojis his husband had added to the photo and snatched the phone from his hand so he could delete them.

"It's to match our green faces, it matches, it really does," Ilya smiled excitedly.

“And the other emoji?”

"I may not be able to get you pregnant, but that doesn't mean we won't try later," Ilya shrugged, as if it were the most normal thing. As if the two of them weren't public figures.

Shane's face was red as he deleted the two emojis from the caption.

"You don't let me do anything I want," Ilya muttered softly, but Shane ignored him.

“And yet you're still in the gossip pages.”

Shane ignored Ilya's laughter and posted the photo with the original caption. Then, he turned off the internet and returned the phone to its owner, preferring not to post and not look at what other people would comment. It took time, a lot of therapy, but little by little, he is managing to let go of other people's opinions, not allowing them to affect him.

"What time is it?" Ilya asked.

He was looking for a series for them to watch; it was one of their many routines.

"Nine o'clock," Shane replied.

Shane pulled the duvet almost to his chin and threw one of his legs over his husband's, and put his arm around his stomach. After adjusting himself on the bed, Shane buried his face in Ilya's chest.

"That’s a lie. Shane, I'm sure it must be past midnight already; it's not possible. How did the great Ilya Rozanov end up like this? Lying sleepy, on a Friday night, and it's not even ten o'clock?

Ilya’s eyes were falsely wide. He liked the drama and exaggerating everything, especially when Shane rolled his eyes in that cute way. Those damn freckles. But it was ironic how the infamous Ilya Rozanov, owner of one of the worst reputations in the NHL, currently spent his nights cuddling with his husband. Using a teddy bear headband and a green face mask. *Boring. Boring. Boring*. Just like Shane.

Ilya has never been happier, never felt so loved and cherished as he does now, sharing life with Shane Hollander.

“Ya lyúblyu tyebyá.” Ilya said, observing Shane's face, which was crumpled from the position he was in.

He felt a kiss being placed on his chest, and Shane's hand, which was on his belly, gave a slight squeeze on his side. Then, he rested his chin on Ilya's chest and smiled.

“Ya lyúblyu tyebyá,” Shane said to his husband.

They stared at each other in silence for a few seconds, and if he could, Shane would have drowned in the blue of Ilya's eyes and not cried out for rescue. He would have lived there forever.

Ilya gently ran the back of his hand across his husband's cheek, always with a loving smile on his lips. Then Shane had an idea.

"I have a strawberry face mask, very fragrant," Shane commented as if he didn't want anything.

Ilya smiled, already knowing what he meant by that.

"And, coincidentally, I bought a strawberry headband."

Another routine was born in their house after that night. Almost every night, Ilya and Shane put on their headbands and apply some kind of face masks. They took countless photos and kept them all. Each time they created a new routine, Shane felt even more connected to Ilya. As if they were one.

Shane might have had a thousand different routines, but Ilya loved them all, no matter how boring they were. Because they made Shane happy, and Ilya would never hate something that made his beloved happy.

Ilya will never confirm it, but putting on a headband and spending hours doing skincare with Shane is something he loves to do.

He holds Shane in his arms and, with a loving expression, watches him laugh as an old comedy series plays on television. Ilya is sure that his mother is proud of him. And of the little family he is building with Shane.

End Notes

again, i'm not sure about the translations:
krolik - rabbit
Katyónak - kitty
Krassávyets - handsome
ovtsá - sheep
Ya nye magú jêty bes tyebyá - I can't live without you
Ya lyúblyu tyebyá. - i love you

if you wanna read this in portuguese is here spirit and here wattpad
I hope you enjoyed it, comments are welcome. Thank you for reading, kisses <3

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