

You are my sunshine

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You are my sunshine

by [Kaizenel](#)

Summary

"Have you compared yourself?" His eyes were locked on his phone, and his voice could not hide his insecurity.

"Compared myself?, to what exactly?" Shane's eyes were still fixed on the TV. Good. He didn't need him scanning his facial expressions.

"To anyone. When playing hockey Hollander. Have you compared yourself to anyone?"

"Oh. Umm..." His face did a ninety degree turn and was now looking at him "Yeah, I guess. Why'd you ask?"

"To who?" This was so stupid. He didn't even know why he had asked it in the first place and was now regretting opening his stupid mouth. The need to have someone else to be jealous over was non existant, so why had he asked?

"Well..."

"To who Hollander?"

On single beat and then

"To you Ilya. Obviously" Shane's eyes met his for a split of a second and then he got up and made his way to the kitchen "More coffee?"

Or: Ilya has only ever compared himself to Shane and now wonders if his husband has done the same. Surely it can't lead to anything too bad right?

Notes

Hiiii!!!!

IM BACK BABY.

How's it been ladies and gentlemen? hope its been swell.

I know I know, you've missed me desperately, but worry not my loves, I'm back!.

Just a few clarifications:

English is most definitely not my first language, and tho I speak it extremely well if there is any mistakes do not tell me, i dont give a flying fuck!.

This might turn into some sort of one shot series?. To be honest I dont really know, I just got some inspiration to write this and have been doing it for the last couple of days.

I might revisit some of the old Wolfstar fics, so if you know me from those (tho i dont think so) do pay attention because some chapters might be on the way

(i dont promise anything tho)

Shane and Ilya are my babies and i love them so fucking much. So it was the natural course of life that I would write something about them.

Aaaaanyways. Hope you enjoy this!., see you on the end notes!.

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

Ilya felt himself drifting away from consciousness. The couch was too comfortable, the temperature too warm, Shane's weight on his chest felt nice, the movie they were watching in the background was dumb enough and his coffee was exactly as sweet as he liked it

Of course his brain had to fuck it up.

There was this nagging question that had been bothering him since practice.

He had heard Troy and Wyatt talking about it and suddenly his brain hadn't been able to turn it off.

It was a current recurrence of his, to be in an objectively perfect and serene moment and having his brain turn it into an episode of "Spin the Wheel", except all the possibilities in the wheel were overthinking, dwelling on past mistakes and daydreaming with bad thoughts.

So naturally, when he had overheard the conversation his brain had pocketed it for a new addition on the wheel.

"I think that Crosby has always been that bar for me" Troy said, looking back at Wyatt.

"Really? Sidney? I thought that Hunter was... the one you were like, obsessed with, your impossible love or something" The goalie's teasingness reached the other players ears, making them chuckle.

"No like, he totally is" He stopped, his brain catching up to the words Wyatt was saying "Wait, not like, my impossible love or something, I mean I do love him, but like a normal fan amount, you know I only love Harris and I would never-" He had started babbling and Wyatt was laughing so hard that Ilya and some others had turned around to see what was going on. "You are an asshole." Troy was as red as a tomato, hiding himself away by looking at the floor and fastly untying his skates not looking up, but he couldn't help but grin at his stupid teammate, not that Wyatt would know, he was not going to face him. "ANYWAY, I've never compared myself to him, I'm good, but not that good"

Troy was sitting on the floor, previously looking up to Wyatt, who was sitting in his stall also untying his skates.

"Hunter is old. You are better. You score goals. He scores old guys." Ilya's interest had been spiked with the whole teasing banter and had started making his way towards his friends. "What are you talking about?"

"Who have we compared ourselves throughout our careers" Wyatt's face was still flushed from laughing so hard and he looked like a cozy snowman disguised as a tiger. Troy on the other hand was bright red as a tomato.

"You are overselling me" Troy cleared his throat trying to remain forever humble, but his face was deeply blushed, and Ilya thought that he still looked like one of those supermodels you could find in magazines, red cheeks and all.

“And you, friend, are underestimating yourself. You are a good wing.” He patted Barret's shoulder that was at perfect length for his arm not to have to stretch giving his sitting arrangement. “Who cares about old Hunter.”

“You really have a bone to pick with the man don't you?” Wyatt was now standing putting his gear away in the stall's shelf

“You would love to know” Ilya threw him a big wide smile and started to face away to go back to his place in the locker room.

“Wait, what about you Rozy?” Troy now stood as well. Even without his skates he was almost Ilya's height, maybe two or three inches shorter, but still high enough to look at his captain's eyes at their level.

“What about me?” He stared up and down in confusion

“Who, if there's anyone, have you compared yourself to throughout your career?” The younger man's eyes were looking with eagerness at him, as if he had the answer to ruling the world instead of just who was the one to be his talent measurement.

Wyatt also turned to face him and suddenly Ilya felt like he was a zoo pet under a microscope.

He noticed that both of them were waiting for an answer. So he thought about it.

It wasn't that hard of a response honestly. There was only one person in his life who he truly ever compared himself to when it came to hockey.

Him and Shane had been placed by the league in the position of rivals since their rookie season. They had been set to go toe to toe by those who wanted hockey to be a spectacle; and they hadn't been wrong if he was being completely honest. They were both two of the best (if not THE best) players hockey had ever seen, so it wasn't crazy for Ilya that the only person he had ever compared himself to was now walking out of the showers wearing his ring around his finger.

“What are you boys talking about?” When Shane's dripping wet hair and body came into view, and his waist was only covered by a very low looking towel, Ilya's train of thought completely disappeared.

Hey, they were both very good at not getting boners just from eyeing each other in the locker room. They were honestly and maybe even surprisingly professionals even when it came to being half naked together in the same room. But sometimes, on times like this, his brain turned to mush and he would just stare.

He might've been a little bit more obvious than intended because the jokes didn't take long in making themselves present.

“Rozy's basically drooling right fucking now so I don't think hes talking about much”

“Shut up Hayes”

“Awww you are blushing”

“How many fucking times? Russians we do not do this, we don't blush. We do not do that.”

“Tell that to your cheeks. They are redder than the admiral's jersey” Troy was giggling like a toddler.

“I'm going to go find your boyfriend Barret. And I tell him about you wanting a pussy” Everyone around Ilya started choking on laughter.

“Oh my god” Wyatt was cackling harder than anyone.

“It's cat Ilya. You meant to say cat.” Shane's hand was pinching the bridge of his nose, but when he looked up his eyes were filled with amusement

“Barret knows what I meant” He tried to install in his eyes as much annoyance and anger as he could muster, which being completely honest, it wasn't much. “Let's go Hollander. I want to see Anya”

“I still have to change”

“Ah. Right. Do that” And as Shane started to trail back to his stall Ilya followed.

“Alone?” His husband said when he saw him trailing after him.

“Nothing I haven't seen before” His sheepishly smirk did not serve him any help this time, because Shane was now pushing him away at the expense of everyone's laughter.

God, he loved this team.

“Don't stalk your husband Rozy, leave him be” Bood was now also coming out of the showers. “Don't make us start spray washing you with cold water”

“This stupid team won't let a man be happy” He pouted like a little kid as he jokingly shuffled his way back to his stall as everyone threw towels at him. “You know your problem? You are all jealous. Jealous of me and my very hot husband”

Laughter could even be heard from outside the locker room, which Ilya could attest to since he was half jokingly kicked out by his teammates and friends. He had to leave anyway.

And as he waited for his husband to change and go home together, his thoughts couldn't help but go back to the question Troy had asked him. But not about who he had compared himself to, he knew that already, but rather if his husband's answer was the same.

Being in therapy had helped him a lot. There were more insecurities and issues going around in his head than he originally thought he had. Galina always said that it was all part of the process, admitting insecurities, acknowledging the problem and working on possible solutions, and he was now in a position where he just went with the flow and let her do her job.

Turns out he discovered a new one. Good job Ilya, he told himself, noticing insecurities without psychological help, that's a new one!.

Apparently, not being the player his husband would compare himself to was something that bothered him and unnerved him in more ways than he had thought.

After a few more moments of waiting for him Ilya saw Shane come out of the facility grabbing his bag with one hand over his shoulder and reading something in his phone with the other. And at the sight of him, hair still wet, joggers loose and his eyes looking out for Ilya, every doubt or insecurity disappeared. At least for a while.

The car ride home was quiet, but that wasn't an oddity after practice, when they were both too tired to talk. Shane's hand was holding his, tracing slow circles around the palm of his hand and humming to whatever song was playing on the radio, low enough not to bother but high enough to notice there was music.

These were Ilya's favourite moments. The quiet peaceful drives home, where he knew he could hold onto Shane as freely as he wanted without being bothered by anybody else. That anticipation, not the sexual kind, although that was also good, but the one where he knew he was coming to the place where he could be as clingy and annoyingly sweet as he wanted, was the best anticipation in the world. Fuck edging, he could feel his nervous system vibrating from the thought of cuddling with Shane on the couch.

God, love had made him so soft.

After a couple of minutes, Anya was barking at them for finally coming back. They both settled on making some coffee, and watching whatever action film was trending. Ilya was about saying yes to anything that involved Shane and couch.

Once they were settled, he wasn't paying much attention, but he was still hooked enough to understand what was going on. His main focus was on his husband's head resting on his chest, and how soft his hair was under his fingers.

"Keep that going and I'll be falling asleep in no time" His voice was low, a grumble that would usually drive him insane, but was now just like a lullaby.

"Maybe that's my idea. Making you sleep" He kissed the top of his head and kept stroking his hair with as much care and tenderness as his hands allowed him "I love you"

"Mhh, love you too" And that was the last he heard from Shane for almost an hour, besides the little breaths he would let out in his soft dazed sleep.

He felt so at peace that nothing could bother him.

But wandering mind, well, that one he couldn't help from spinning around and thinking about that stupid dumbass question. Why did he now have the need to know who Shane had compared himself to?.

So at some point after the film was done, and the credit scene was rolling, when Shane had woken up to the sound of the end score and was stroking lazily and sweetly Ilya's thigh, he did it.

He asked.

"Have you compared yourself?" His eyes were locked on the screen, and his voice could not hide his insecurity as much as he had wanted.

"Compared myself?, to what exactly?" Shane's eyes were still fixed on the TV. Good. He didn't need him scanning his facial expressions.

"To anyone. When playing hockey, Hollander. Have you compared yourself to anyone?"

"Oh. Umm..." He turned his face as best as he could to face Ilya without moving much of his body. "Yeah, I guess. Why'd you ask?"

"To who?" This was so stupid. He didn't even know why he had asked it in the first place and was now regretting opening his stupid mouth. The need to have someone else to be jealous over was non-existent, so why had he asked?

He didn't need his husband, the literal love of his life, telling him he had compared himself to other better players. Not that there were any, but still, Shane had hit his head enough times to make him think someone else was better than Ilya.

Great, now he was annoyed with somebody whose name he hadn't even heard yet.

"Well..."

"To who Hollander?"

On single beat and then

"To you Ilya. Obviously" Shane's eyes met his for a split of a second and then he got up, leaving his warm and cozy place on the couch and making his way to the kitchen "More coffee?"

Ilya's heart skipped a beat and he got up to go after him.

"Wow wow wow, do not run like scared little child Hollander" He followed his husband like a dog following his owner all the way to the kitchen, where Shane was setting the kettle on the stove

"What? Are you kidding me? Why would I be scared dumbass" Ilya's heart was suddenly back to beating in a normal rhythm so he completely ignored the insult.

"Because obviously you know I'm better" He was now lazily smirking and hugging Shane from the back

“Get off me, god you are such a dick” But he couldn't manage to hide the smile forming on his face. Not from Ilya.

“No it is okay. It's completely normal for you to feel not superior.” Shane was trying to squirm away from his embrace which only made Ilya hug him tighter.

“I hate you so much”

“No you don't. Do not lie to me. Lie is bad.” Shane's attempts at distancing himself from his husband had proven futile and he had now resigned to let himself be held by Ilya, who had started leaving a trail of kisses down the other one's neck “Now, be good boy and tell me how much better you find me”

“Asshole” He rested his head against Ilya's shoulder to give him more freedom of roaming down his neck “I don't think you are better. I've just compared myself to you from time to time” Slowly he turned his head to face Ilya and stare at his lips “Can you honestly tell me you've never compared yourself to me?”

“I never say that. Don't put your Canadian words in my mouth” They were now both smiling like dumb idiots “But yes. I have compared myself to you.”

“Now, be good boy and tell me how much better you find me” Shane's mocking russian accent when speaking english was getting better, but still the jestering never got old.

“Ah so who's asshole now?” They both laughed and Ilya spun Shane around to properly kiss him against the counter.

A couple of minutes went by without any of them uttering a word. But Shane's curiosity must've won his internal debate of whether to keep on making out with his hot husband or ask him more about the topic, because suddenly he pulled away from Ilya.

“Wait, now I really do wanna know when have you ever done some sort of comparison between us”

“Ugh Hollander you are no fun. Gimme another kiss” He followed after his lips to be rejected by Shane.

“Seriously, why did I agree to marry you?”

“You asked. I say yes. We changed rings. Now you stuck with me. Easy as that” He knew the smile on his face was one of pride and he went back to try and kiss Shane, who once again moved away from him.

“Yeah well you asked me about who had I compared myself to first so now don't be changing the subject”

They were both holding onto each other resting against the kitchen counter.

The cold December weather was getting more and more noticeable through the windows as snow started to fall.

And Ilya's heart couldn't ask for more. So, it was no wonder he gave in easily.

“Rookie year. Of course” The answer didn't seem to surprise Shane, especially because Ilya was sure his was going to be the same, so he just kept going “After that there wasn't much to compare. You were better.” He let it hang on the air so Shane could gloat. For a second. “But then I won Stanley cup. You didn't. So I was better. No comparing there either.”

He was gently shoved by Shane to which he grabbed him harder. “Asshole”

“I stop trying to beat you after that. I focused on winning. You can see how that go.” He grumbled and received a peck on the cheek as comfort “But I guess that I'm always comparing us”

That seemed to get a reaction from Shane.

“Really?” He locked his eyes onto his and gave him a weary look.

“Yup”

“Why? We play for the same team now” His face made Ilya want to laugh. And then kiss the heck out of him.

“Does not mean I don't try to beat you” He rumbled, low and seductively, and dived again for his neck.

Knowing that Shane would only compare to him made Ilya feel giddy and powerful. His lips made all the way up to his mouth, slowly, reverently, as if Shane was a god worth praying to, and he couldn't help but kiss him breathlessly. Of course there was no one else. It was always them two, since the beginning. It gave him a surge of possessiveness which made him grab his husband by his thighs and lift him up to the counter.

Shane's mouth made a noise worth building a shrine to and Ilya felt like he was the master of the universe. There was not a single care in this world that could take him down from the high he felt whenever Shane would let him worship him like this.

He positioned himself between his thighs, one hand on his waist, the other above his knee, spreading him further.

It had been a long time since he felt himself go this feral with him. Usually they took their time, they didn't have to run or rush anywhere anymore. The fear of getting caught had been lifted from their shoulders and all they cared about was taking as much time as they wanted with each other.

But there was something about knowing that no one else could ever be at their level.

Well. It was mind-boggling to say the least.

He must've been a little bit too excited because when he pulled back to grab some air all he could focus on was Shane's swollen lips.

“Nikto drugoy ne dostoin sravnit'sya so mnoy, krome tebya.” His breath was shallow and he felt like he was floating on air.

“My brain is not clear enough to understand that right now” Shane's hands were slightly tugging at his hair, which was driving him a little insane “Tell me?”

“It means..” He kissed his neck. “That I would never..” Another one, this time under his ear “Ever..” He gave a gentle bite to Shane's jaw and then kissed it, before whispering against his ear “Dare compare myself to anyone but you” Ilya locked eyes with Shane and he saw how much that meant for him.

Apparently he wasn't the only one with that insecurity.

“You could, you know?, There are plenty good hockey players out there” His voice stuttered at the end and he looked down to Ilya's lips “Just because we were rivals doesn't mean you can only compare yourself to me”

Ilya gently grabbed him by his chin and forced him to look up. God his eyes were so pretty. And those freckles.... Focus Ilya, he thought to himself.

“No one compares to us. It's only you and me.” He gave Shane a soft kiss and pulled back again “It's always been you and me”

Shane's eyes shined with something close to tears, but he quickly bated his eyelids to stop them from falling.

“God, what came over you today?” He huffed softly, something close to a laugh and went back to admiring his husband's face “Ya tebya bezumno, bezumno lyublyu” And Ilya could've simply and fairly died.

“Your accent is getting good. Not like mine of course.”

“Of course, because no one is as good as you” Shane laughed

“Dah.” They both giggled like little kids and Ilya's heart felt like it was going to explode from happiness. “You never answered tho.”

“Answer what Ilya?” Shane seriously needed to stop caressing his hair, it was so distracting. Ilya made a mental note to tell him that. Later.

“When have you compared to me?”

“Ah. Yeah. That.. umm” His cheeks blushed and he looked away from Ilya's eyes “You know... everytimeweplayedtogethersincerookieyearivebeencomparingmyselftoyoubecauseithinkyou umightbebetter” He rambled.

“Hollander you are now giving me panick attack” Ilya laughed “Breath. Go again.”

Shane let out a heavy sigh and ducked his head “I guess I've always compared myself to you. Since our rookie season of course, but unlike you I don't think I've ever stopped.” He was unable to look into Ilya's eyes “I just.. I don't know.. I think I've only ever seen you as the one I could level up with and I've always tried to beat you or at least give you a good fight.” Slowly he lifted his head and stared at his lips. Well that was something. “And I also think that the fact that you've never made it easy was a bonus”

Ilya laughed at that. His cheeks were hurting from all the smiling.

He tried to speak but he was just too focused on Shane's eyes, Shane's lips, Shane's nose, Shane's freckles. Anywhere he looked all he could see was Shane.

“Well? Say something”

“What's the word.. um.. when you want to say the same thing someone say, but repeating it?” Shane's eyes crinkled and he felt like he could see the wheels on his brain turn.

“Same?”

“No Hollander. That I know. It is different. It is with D?”

“Ahh, Dito?”

“Yes. Dito” Ilya smiled “Dito to all you say” Shane laughed and threw his head back, and Ilya's heart skipped several beats.

“That's not fair, you can't just copy all I say and just repeat it back to me” His eyes were shining, but this time with something more like devotion.

“Why not? I agree with you Hollander. I am better” Shane snorted out a laugh and shoved him away. Ilya smiled widely and pressed back to him “Stop doing that. You are glued to me now”

“You are such an asshole” Shane leaned for a kiss and this time it was Ilya who pulled away.

“Yes but you love me being an asshole”

Shane rolled his eyes and Ilya went straight for his lips.

The kiss was sloppy. Too much teeth, very little tongue, but neither of them could stop smiling through it. And who could blame them?.

“And I especially love this asshole” Ilya's hands went straight to Shane's ass which made his husband laugh and half groan at his touch alone.

“Dick”

“Yeah, it's right here. You want it?” And Shane couldn't stop himself from laughing. The moment alone felt so light and so full of happiness, that neither of them could stop giggling.

There were times in the past, even when they were already together, that even these simple quiet moments were tainted by the fear and panic of getting discovered. Of people finding out. The fear of what would happen to their careers or what would people say.

Ilya had long ago discovered that living in that fear was worse than facing it.

It took time, and some adjusting. Some scares here and there, and an almost crashing plane for them to figure out that they were tired of hiding and running away.

And this is where that had landed them.

Together, on the same team, on their very steady way to their third playoffs, with good prospects for a second Stanley cup and enjoying their time together. Without having to wait for the summer to come for them to spend more than a couple of days together.

You could very well say that Ilya was nothing but happy.

His face must've said so because Shane was looking at him with so much love and devotion that it made his heart swell. He lifted his hand to his cheek and Shane kissed the base of his palm. He was so pretty.

"I love you so fucking much Shane" He pulled him into a kiss, but this time he tried to pour every ounce of love and desire he felt for his man. He had tried this before, but it was something he was yet to accomplish, because his love for Shane was so big and so grand that he never felt he could truly explain it to him.

So he just kissed him, and caressed him, and loved him the way he knew best.

His hands had nowhere else to roam, he was trying to grab as much Shane as he could, and he was succeeding at it. He felt his waist be embraced by strong thighs and pulled closer into his husband's chest, and he loved every second of it.

His mouth must've had a brain of its own because it started once again moving down to his neck, this time taking its sweet time with one particular spot he knew it drove Shane insane.

"Ilya" He said in nothing but a whisper, tugging at Ilya's hair. "Please"

He could bet three of his most expensive cars that Shane felt the way he smiled into his neck by the way he sighed. Ilya was also losing his mind bit by bit, which was what probably made him turn the stove off, grab Shane by his thighs, pull him up from the counter and start making his way onto whatever flat and comfortable surface he could see.

Thankfully, the couch was very close, so he let Shane fall back against the leather cushions and crawl on top of him.

"You are so pretty. All this." Ilya pulled back a bit and admired his very lustful, very disheveled looking husband. "All mine." He said, kissing his way down to his chest, pulling his shirt up so he could feel his hot skin against his palm. "Shirt off. Now"

“You are so bossy” But Shane still sat up to rip his shirt away as fast as possible, which incited him to do the same with Ilya's; and who was he but a very doting husband, ready to oblige to every whim and need of Shane's.

Once their shirts were out of the way, he had to take a second to admire the man laying in front of him. God he would never get tired of this sight.

So many years, so many encounters, and yet every time Shane Hollander laid chest bare naked in front of him, Ilya had to take a second to just look, to allow his brain to short circuit. He was so beautiful, the most beautiful man he would ever see. And he was all..

“Mine. You are all mine.” And he dived straight for his nipples, because it drove Shane insane, and after so many years Ilya knew how to make the man squirm and beg and feel good, and he fucking loved it.

His hands slid all the way down to the hem of Shane's trousers, toying with the zipper, waiting for him to make the soft moans he made whenever he was getting flustered. His mouth and lips kept licking and biting his chest, going from one nipple to the other and savoring every little noise that came from Shane's lips.

“God Ilya.. yes that's.. God please” He was sure that Shane didn't know what he was saying please for but he was still happy to oblige.

He lifted his extended hand up to Shane's mouth and waited for him. He was still focusing on his chest when he felt the hot humid tongue of his husband's mouth lick his palm hastily, and without wanting to drag this any longer he unbuttoned Shane's pants and slid his now wet hand down to his dick, making him moan sweet nothings.

God that was his favourite music.

Shane's breath grew hollowed and Ilya could now feel how uncomfortable he was with his pants on. But this wasn't about that, this wasn't about him, this was about Shane and making him feel on cloud nine, and Ilya perfectly knew how to do that.

He started trailing soft kisses down his husband's chest, all the way to his thighs, where he made it his mission to leave as many hickeys as he could, completely ignoring the throbbing cock in his hand. He wasn't a man of many vices, except when it came to Shane's thighs, god he could build churches and erect altars to those thighs.

He nibbled at the soft skin in the inside of his leg and waited there, leaving his hot breaths hit against Shane's thigh.

“Ilya... Please”

Ilya's hands grabbed both of Shane's thighs and moved them up and down, forcing him to lift them bit by bit.

“Please what sweetheart?” Shane's whimpers did nothing but redirect all of Ilya's blood directly to his straining cock. “I need words”

Making Shane be vocal whenever he was in such a position made Ilya's blood boil. Shane letting his shyness go and telling him exactly what he wanted was such a boost of confidence for Ilya and he loved it. Because he knew, he absolutely knew for certain, that there was no one else in this world that could get Shane to be like this, so carefree and so open, and that was what drove Ilya insane.

“I.. God Ilya please I.. Oh god.. I need you”

“You have me sweetheart”

Another bite on the inside of his thigh

“You know what I mean asshole” His cheeks were red, as predicted and his head was thrown back.

“Yes but I want to hear you say it” This time he planted a soft kiss at the base of his cock, sending shivers down Shane's spine.

“God fuck I need you to fuck me” Ilya's smile widened and he loomed on top of Shane's dick.

“..Nyet” He said before swallowing him whole.

“Oh god”

Shane felt his legs tremble and his back arching into Ilya's mouth.

This was no odd experience to any of them, Ilya loved sucking his dick, but it just never got old.

Shane could feel every nerve on his body screaming for release, begging for Ilya to suck harder, deeper, faster.

His hands that had been grasping to the couch's arm fled directly to Ilya's head, guiding his movements as swiftly as he could.

The approval of this was shown with a low grunt that made Shane's dick throb.

“Ilya.. God I... shit.. I need you.. like now” His heart was racing and he could feel that pull in the lower part of his back indicating that he was close. Ilya didn't seem to show any reaction to this whatsoever, continuing his very focused, and very excruciatingly good, blow job.

His body felt like it was wired to some sort of electricity panel and the power volume had been spiked to the max.

He was vibrating, Ilya's mouth on him felt so good but he didn't want it to end like this, he wanted his husband now.

So he pulled Ilya's hair a little tighter and for once he obliged, pulling up to kiss him desperately on the mouth.

He loved Ilya's lips, but he loved him whole overall so indicating the different parts of him he adored was a little troubling, because there wasn't a single thing of his that he didn't devote his heart to.

“Something happen?” Ilya's hoarse voice did things to Shane he couldn't even describe so he just grabbed his face and pulled him into another kiss.

“You either start fucking me right now or I'm leaving you with a hard on” He tried to make his voice be as steady as he could, but he was out of breath and the shakiness could probably be heard from thousands of miles away so Ilya's smug face told him that he would definitely put to test how truthful that was.

So he resorted to applying the one method he knew would never fail him.

He grabbed Ilya by his neck and pulled him down so he could talk straight into his ear.

“Ya tebya ochen' lyublyu, no yesli ty seychas zhe ne perespish' so mnoy, ya obeshchayu, chto uydu.”

Ilya pulled back immediately to stare into his eyes, and the darkness and lust that they showed made Shane tremble.

“Fuck Shane” And after that he didn't have to wait much longer.

At some point they had moved to the bed and Ilya had had his way with Shane the way they both so thoroughly enjoyed.

Ilya's head was now resting on top of Shane's chest, positions swapped, and his hair was being played at. They were both spent and cozily cuddling in bed, listening to the wind outside their bedroom window, and the sound of each other's breaths.

“Have I told you I love you?” Ilya turned on the bed to rest his chin on Shane's chest.

He could do nothing but smile at him, his curly hair was now the longest it had ever been, which Shane completely adored, but was soon to be cut before the playoffs and the beard would start coming in. God, he couldn't wait.

His hands couldn't stop caressing him, it was like it was imprinted in their design that they were made to stroke Ilya's head in the most tender of ways.

“Yes” He said, admiring his husband's smile. “But I never get tired of hearing it.”

“And I never get tired of saying it. So I will have to tell you more often. I love you moya lyubov', so, so much” He planted a kiss on him and crawled all the way to his lips.

Shane's smile threatened to rip his cheeks apart, but his heart couldn't give more of a fuck.

This time the kiss was soft, like they had all the time in the world, as if they had to make up for all the stolen quick kisses from the past.

It was a promise, it was the most sacred thing they ever shared, those kisses that would leave them thinking about them for hours, even days on end. The type that no matter how many more brushes of lips would come afterwards, those were the ones their hearts ached for.

So they stayed there. Holding each other, embracing their love, and rejoicing in the comfort of their bed. Nothing could ever, ever, compare to this.

Shane knew he would never be able to find anyone better than Ilya, not that he would even want to look.

They had been through so much together, so many changes, so many challenges, the exposure of fame and the heartbreak of figuring who they were in the shadows; those were things that had scarred them, that had left in them a constant reminder of what they had to go through to be where they were.

But they had always, always, done it together.

It was always going to be them two. Shane knew it. Ilya knew it. Everyone who knew them knew it.

They were destined or something. Shane liked to think that they were literally made for the other one. There was no one else Shane would ever want. And he was happy with that.

So he grabbed Ilya's cheek, and with as much earnestness and sincerity as he could muster, displaying his most vulnerable self, he looked him in the eyes.

"There is no one else, Ilya. Not for you, not for me. Nobody compares to us, and I don't mean it only with hockey, I mean it in every sense of the way." He knew how insecure Ilya could sometimes get, so he just kept going. "I don't care who comes after us, or how good the rookies might be, you and I, we are the dynasty of this fucking sport you hear me?." Ilya's eyes shined bright under the soft light coming in through the window and the soft tears forming under his eyes. Shane thought he looked like an angel, and if he were to be carried by him to the heavens, well, what a sweet death to die. His soft chuckle made Shane's insides jump and he couldn't have loved him more.

"Shane..."

"No, listen to me." He was a man on a mission and he would make his goddamn point extremely clear. "I don't know what came over you today or why you thought about comparisons, frankly, I don't need to know, but I just want you to know, and this is me being as clear as possible, no one, absolutely no one, can reach us, not when we are together. We've been through a lot, there is literally no one who understands me as much as you do; only us know what the other one truly feels like. No one else compares, and even in the remote most impossible case someone would i dont care. Because to me there is no one but you. It's us, baby, forever. Okay?" His tone was calm, but his words he tried to infuse them with all the

sternness he could muster. He knew the truth in his words, he just needed Ilya to know it too. “Okay?”

Ilya sniffed his nose and joined their foreheads with his eyes closed, it was something he would often do when the kisses and the words couldn't translate how he was feeling. It was like he was manually trying to pass his every thought and emotion into Shane's brain. So he knew this was one of those moments where Ilya needed that comfort.

After a few seconds of Shane waiting for him Ilya pulled back a bit and gave him a loving gaze.

“Okay Shane” He planted a soft kiss on his lips. “You and me sweetheart. Forever.” His soft smile made an appearance and suddenly everything was right with the world.

They went back to cuddling together in their big, warm, cozy bed, not caring about anything except themselves.

And Shane, who so often had his brain wired to overthink about everything and everyone, could feel himself start doing it again. But this time about a very beautiful, and very long, future next to the man trailing soft circles around his arm.

He thought about all those years, coming and going from hotel rooms and half abandoned condos, and he realized that he would do it all over again if it led to this exact moment in time.

Him and Ilya. Together. Tangled in their bed, in their house, surrounded by trophies, and photographs of each other. All proof of their undying love and devotion.

Tomorrow they would march hand in hand into the stadium, and they would play a hell of a game.

But for now, they would just spoil themselves in the other one's company.

And what a beautiful way that is to live.

End Notes

OMG HI!, okay wow, so this is probably my first and only finished work. Incredible, right!??

No one ever thought they would live to see the day where i would post a fic and not abandon it!. But alas, here it is.

Shane and Ilya have been consuming my every waking hour since December 6th, and it was only a matter of time before i delved into writing anything about them.

I'm truly happy about this piece of writing here, probably not my best but definitely not my worst. And everyone has to star somewhere right?.

This is not me saying I'll be writing much, but who knows? maybe I'll go back to some of my old fics.

Aaaanywayy, please don't judge this too hard, I honestly dont give much of a shit and this was written for shits and giggles, so read this as such.

I do really hope you enjoy it tho, and if you want to, you can most definitely share it and leave some kudos.

Anyhow, bye for now i guess. Until another spark of inspiration strikes me!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!