

gimme kiss

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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya resurfaced with a look in his eye, the kind Shane knew was trouble and swam towards him. He smacked a kiss onto his foot before grabbing on to Shane's thigh and puckering up.

"Gimme kiss."

"You're cold."

Shane complained, but kissed him anyway. How could he not? He'd give Ilya a kiss any time he asked.

OR

four times Ilya asked for a kiss and one time shane did

Notes

unsurprising that gay hockey players have made me write fic for the first time in 4 years. haven't read the books (yet) but have a general idea of how the rest of it goes down.

pls lmk if there's anything else i should tag!

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

One

It was a little surreal, them being there together. Spending time together without the worry of teammates, flights to catch, the media or being found out by hotel employees.

Out here, at Shane's cottage, it was just them. (And the loons.)

Just Ilya Rozanov trying to do his best impression of a synchronized swimmer in the lake, and Shane Hollander who sat on a rock and looked on, incredibly fond.

Ilya resurfaced with a look in his eye, the kind Shane knew was trouble and swam towards him. He smacked a kiss onto his foot before grabbing on to Shane's thigh and puckering up.

"Gimme kiss."

"You're cold."

Shane complained, but kissed him anyway. How could he not? He'd give Ilya a kiss any time he asked.

Even when he was soaking wet and generally annoying.

Two

When it was finally time for Ilya to leave the cottage, Shane couldn't blink back the tears fast enough.

Ilya was on him the second the treacherous tear escaped, tucking Shane's face into his neck.

"Hey, no Hollander. It's no good when you cry outside of the bedroom."

Shane couldn't even muster up the will to snark back.

"I'm going to miss this."

Ilya only tightened his grip. There were no words of comfort to be shared, not when the uncertainty of this, of *them* was so new.

Shane pulled back and looked up at Ilya. His rival. His *boyfriend* now. (His lover, something whispered in his mind. And as much as Shane hated that word, it was so visceral that it captured everything that they were. They were lovers.)

"Don't look so upset. You will see me very soon, and I will destroy your team on the ice and then at night we will celebrate my win."

"Fuck you."

“Ah, no. I will be fucking you. Now, gimme kiss. We must go to the airport before I miss flight.”

Shane leaned in for a gentle press of lips, trying to pour everything that he couldn't express into it.

(I love you. I'll miss you. Don't go.)

And for now, it was enough.

Three

After...after, when the media was done, Shane's teammates had a go and the NHL had pissed them off more, Jackie invited them to an apology lunch.

It was an interesting mix, catering to Shane's insane diet, barbecue and some very suspicious looking pirozhki.

“Pike's wife is going to poison me, yes?”

“She will if you don't stop glaring at her husband. Be nice.”

Shane shoved him towards the children, hoping that the baby Pikes would put him in a better mood than the adults. Hayden's face turned an incredible shade of red and he hurried off to make sure Ilya was being appropriate.

“Thank you for having us,” he said to Jackie. “It's been an interesting few months. We haven't had. It's nice, to be ourselves with friends.”

Jackie abandoned her salad tossing to come give him a quick squeeze.

“Hayden and I will always be there for you, sweetie. And if being there for you means making nice with Ilya Rozanov, then we're happy to do it.”

They stood there for a few minutes, watching Ilya corral the baby Pikes into some sort of dragon-knight-princess rescue game. Ilya was the princess, obviously. Hayden had been forced to become the bridge that the knights would cross over. There were a lot of tiny feet stepping on Hayden, much to Princess Ilya's amusement.

“He's good with them,” Jackie murmured. “And Hayden still feels a lot of guilt with what happened. You're welcome to take advantage for as long as you'd like.”

Shane let out a happy laugh then, drawing the attention of the knights and princess.

“Prince Shane! We've rescued the princess. You have to wake her up.”

“Yes, Prince Shane. To wake me up, you must gimme kiss.”

Ilya puckered up and made kissy noises at him, that were audible even through the sounds of fake vomiting that Hayden was making.

“Well, I guess I need to kiss the princess then.”

And he did, to the cheering of four brave knights and one incredible Jackie.

Four

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

To say Scott Hunter was thrown off to see Ilya Rozanov in his boyfriend’s bar would be a slight understatement. Sure, him and Hollander had come out and were now playing for Ottawa together, but they weren’t friends, and the thought of any unknown hockey players near Kip was upsetting.

“This is a bar, yes? I am having a drink with my new friend, Kip.”

“Rozanov, I’m going to ask you one more time. What the *fuck* are you doing here?”

Rozanov gave him a sly smile, the same that had multiple people want to punch him during a game. He turned back to Kip and gestured with his beer bottle towards Scott.

“Is he having trouble hearing? If you like hockey players, we can find you one that is not one thousand years old.”

Okay, maybe he was going to punch the little shit.

“Ilya! Don’t antagonize Mr. Hunter in his safe space.”

Scott wasn’t sure if it was Hollander’s voice or being called Mr. Hunter, but he felt a lot calmer when Ilya’s better half suddenly popped up from behind him.

“Hi, we don’t want any trouble. We just, wanted to come introduce ourselves to Kip. We wanted him to know he has friends outside of New York.”

“And if he has any trouble, I will take care of it.”

Kip, who was just observing the general clusterfuck, finally spoke up.

“Thanks, it’s always good to have a menacing Russian on your side.”

And then Rozanov winked at Kip, which made Scott want to punch him for an entirely different reason.

“I still don’t know why you’re here,” he grumbled. “You could have sent a text or something.”

“This is gay bar, yes? I am not a gay, but my boyfriend is. We will prove to you that we can be here. Hollander, gimme kiss.”

“*Ilya.*”

“What? Hunter does not believe us. We will give him a show. Come sit on my lap, maybe he will learn something and Kip will say thank you.”

Hollander rolled his eyes, but obediently pecked Rozanov, once, twice, three times before kissing his nose. It was disgustingly adorable.

“Stop being an asshole.”

At this point, Scott had given up and decided to join them instead. He took a seat next to Rozanov, and gave Kip a kiss of his own.

“Come on Hollander, you’ve been together for years. Even you know that’s not possible.”

Shane’s answering laugh was all he needed. He felt a reluctant smile tug at his lips. Ugh, the kids were making him soft.

+*One*

They had won.

The final match had been between them and the New York Admirals, but even their new friendship with Scott Hunter wouldn’t mean anything in the face of competition.

Instead, they had defeated the Admirals 6-3, and played a bloody, ruthless game.

Ilya had his turn with the cup, and Shane watched him skate around with it, proudly showing off. When he finally came towards Shane, to hand it over for a victory lap of his own, Shane took off his helmet and said no.

“I want something else first.”

“You want something more than the cup? Who are you and where is Shane Hollander?”

Shane simply grinned and waved Bood over, to take away the cup from Ilya, who handed it over with a frown.

“Ilya.”

“Shane.”

“Gimme kiss.”

It took a second for his husband to understand, but when he did, Ilya slammed into Shane and kissed him to the point of indecency.

They heard hollers and wolf-whistles, but Shane only pulled back to rest his forehead against Ilya’s.

“I love you,” he whispered into Ilya’s mouth. “I’m glad I get to do this with you.”
Ilya kissed him again, so tender and soft that it took everything in him not to cry.

“*Moy lyubov*, you are worth everything. Gimme one more kiss?”

And Shane was only too happy to oblige.

End Notes

thanks for reading :D

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