

God, what a wonderful world

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by [Akuma_Draco_1](#)

Summary

Ilya goes to Shane's Montreal home a day before they have planned. He ends up being the one surprised.

Note: I just needed to get this earworm out of my brain, so its not my most polished work. If there is anything that is not tagged that you think needs to be, let me know! Enjoy!

Notes

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Also, go check out of the Nature offers a Violence series by strawhat_star. Such a good read!

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [strawhat_star](#)

Ilya had gotten to Shane's Montreal house a day early and promptly laid down in the bed that would soon occupy both of them. Because of his spontaneity, Shane was still at practice with the Voyagers, something that Ilya deeply detested. Despite coming out about their relationship months ago, it seemed like some of the players on his lover's team were still upset about it. Ilya was worried about their reactions, but Shane reassured him that no one had said anything to him yet, even if the environment was tense.

Ilya dozed on their bed, and was rewarded for his patience a few hours later when he heard the front door open. He sat up on his forearms, leaving the rest of his body to languish in front of him, putting on a show for his lover. Except, instead of Shane heading to the bedroom and therefore the bathroom to take a shower as he usually did after practice, his footsteps sounded away from the bedroom, indicating that he was heading towards . . . somewhere else in the house.

And then the music started.

Ilya frowned. Shane was not known to be a music person, claiming he didn't listen to it at all, and yet here he was. Blasting a song somewhere else in the house and not coming to the bedroom to look at the sexy surprise waiting for him.

He got up, and made his way towards where the music was blasting from. He quickly figured out it was Shane's in home gym. He could hear the lyrics now, repeating the same phrase, "Do I creep you out?" Honestly, the tone of the girl singing was actually freaking Ilya out and so the yelling, and the distinct sound of something, like someone was hitting something. Ilya tried to keep himself level headed, but the anxiety about what was happening in there was gnawing at him enough to invade Shane's privacy.

When he opened the door to the gym, he saw something that made his cock twitch with excitement. There, in the middle of the gym, stood Shane Hollander, beating the absolute, everloving shit out of a boxing bag and yelling all the while. Ilya could finally hear what he was saying, despite the loud music still blaring in the background.

"Fuck you guys! You'd be nothing without me! Stupid homophobic, racist, ableist assholes! You're nothing! You can't even shoot proper goals! I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna fucking murder you!"

Variations of these phrases continued to pour out of Shane's mouth as he took his frustrations out on the punching bag, which actually seemed on the verge of breaking from the force of Shane's hits.

Was this his Shane? Saying such filthy things, looking filthy hot in that muscle tee with sweat pouring down his face? Does Shane have this much anger in his heart? While this did turn Ilya on, it also made him incredibly sad, to know that his boyfriend had been feeling these things and he had not even had an inkling of knowing.

After a few minutes Shane seemed to calm down and stopped the punching bag from swinging, holding the bag with his gloved fists. Then, finally, he looked at the door. Where

Ilya was standing, mouth slightly agape and cock still standing up in interest.

Shane's eyes immediately widened, in shock and something else Ilya couldn't quite place. He quickly walked over to his phone and stopped the music that was blaring and making his way over to where Ilya was standing, who was still too shocked to do or say anything.

"Ilya, oh my god I didn't know you were here. Oh my god I thought that you were coming tomorrow? Not that it's not good to see you, it is, but I just wasn't expecting you. Is everything alright?" Shane stopped his rambling then, having come close enough to reach out to Ilya and examine him closely, as if there was something wrong with HIM.

Ilya finally found his words again, spurred on by Shane's frantic and worried look. "No is nothing like that. I came early to surprise you. Are you surprised?" He asked with a smirk.

Shane took a moment then, to breathe a sigh of relief, and then replied, "You asshole. Ya I'm super surprised, thought we were supposed to be meeting tomorrow." He then went in to hug Ilya, which he accepted, opening his arms to invite his lover in, which Shane also happily accepted.

"That was incredibly sexy by the way. What got you . . . how do you say . . . riled up, hmm?" Ilya whispered in Shane's ear, causing Shane to tense. Not the reaction that Ilya wanted. He pulled away slightly and studied Ilya's face, as if looking for something disapproving, and when he didn't find it took a deep breath.

"How much of that did you see?"

Ilya smirked, "All of it"

Shane rolled his eyes, and took Ilya's hand, leading him to the bedroom. Then, he pushed Ilya onto the bed, and then turned towards their bathroom.

"Wait for me here. I'm gonna shower, because I feel gross after practice and . . . that, but after we can talk, alright?"

As Shane headed off to the bathroom Ilya nodded his head, waiting patiently for Shane to get back. Once he came out of the bathroom in a towel, where Ilya wolf whistled at him, and changed into his more comfortable pajama clothes, they sat down on the bed together, facing one another.

"Okay so . . . obviously you know I'm autistic right?"

Ilya nodded, obviously already aware of this. They had a long conversation at the beginning of their relationship, where Shane had wanted to come out and directly say it and Ilya had taken the time to research everything about the neurodevelopmental disorder. When he had gotten all of the lights at his Ottoawa house to be dimmable, Shane had flown into his arms with gratitude. And sucked his dick with that same gratitude.

"Well . . . some of the guys just don't get it. They make fun of me having to fold my clothes, my preference for ginger ale over everything else, the way I can't, or actually don't pick up

girls. Just . . . they don't get it. Then there's the other stuff.”

“The other stuff?” Ilya asked with a frown, already upset by the information given. Shane did not deserve to be treated this way, especially by his teammates.

“Well ya. This isn’t from my teammates, but all of the guys on the ice who yell about me being a c****, if I can see the puck cause I have such small eyes . . . talking about my mom being a n**. Fuck, last night when Anderson said that, and implied that she was a sex worker . . . god I almost broke his goddamn nose.”

Ilya had seen that. In unlikely fashion from his usually calm and level headed husband, Shane had been throwing number 18 into the barriers all night during the Voyagers game with New Jersey, while still scoring hat trick after hat trick. Ilya had enjoyed the unusual aggression, and of course the amazing hockey playing, and they had definitely burned through that aggression last night together. But now knowing this . . . Ilya wasn’t sure that had been a good idea anymore. And that's saying something, because Ilya had never called sex a bad idea in his life.

“Fuck Anderson. I will put him into the wall next time I see him. Talking about Yuna like that . . .” Ilya loved Yuna like a mother, and saying something vile like that against her was call for an immediate thrashing, from whoever said it.

Shane blew out a frustrated breath, “Yeah. Yeah I know. I know. God, do I know. They’ve been saying that stuff all my life. All of that stuff. But now . . . well now they have one more thing to attack. My sexuality. God, Gagnon just kept going on and on about if I was attracted to him or not. Obviously I just looked at him and was like, ‘ME, be into YOU. God shoot me if I ever say something like that’. Hayden and JJ got a good laugh out of it, but damn did Gagnon look like he was going to burst a blood vessel. What, can dish it out but cant take it? But ya, that's why I'm feeling frustrated right now. Everyone is just . . . so damn annoying.” After his rant Shane slumped down onto Ilya’s chest, looking for comfort. Ilya played with his hair, planting kisses on his forehead, and planed the downfall of everyone who had done and said these evil things to his boyfriend. But, even if he didn’t want to hear the answer, there was still one more thing he had to ask.

“Why didn't you tell me this before? Do you think . . . I would not take it seriously?” Ilya continued to pet Shane’s hair while saying this, hoping for some explanation on why he had been left in the dark about this.

Shane looked up, his eyes shining in that way they did when his body wanted to cry but he did not want the tears to fall.

“No, of course I knew you would take this seriously. Just maybe a bit too seriously? I didn't want anyone to come out too hurt because of these comments. Besides, you’d have to fight half of the NHL if I really went into detail.” Shane smiled, thinking of Ilya just bodyslamming everyone from the NHL that he ever came into contact with.

Ilya huffed, “Would do it, for you my love.”

Shane smiled up at him, “Of course, I know you would.”

Then he looked down, a secretive smirk playing on his lips, “Besides, I know how to fight my own battles.”

Ilya’s eyebrows raised, “Your own battles? моя любовь (my love), what do you mean by this, you never fight with other players.”

Shane, once again, smirked conspiratorially, “Oh, so that's what you think? Just because I have never been in a fight on the ice, means I’ve never been in a fight in general?”

Ilya squeezed Shane to his chest, his mouth widening into a smirk, “You fight ppl, you must tell me all about this right now! I must know who my feisty kitten has fought before.”

“I’m not a kitten.” Shane grumbled, but giggled as Ilya peppered him with kisses.

They spent the night like that, curled up in each other's embrace, Ilya attacking Shane with kisses and trying to pry out what other fights his beautiful boyfriend had been caught up in.

Sue him, his boyfriend was hot when aggressive. And he also needed to know who he needed to beat the shit out of, in number order please and thank you.

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