

I love you most

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I love you most

by [Marty_f33ly](#)

Summary

Shane leaves after an argument. Ilya is left with his thoughts.

Notes

Just a quick little one-shot because I cannot get these two out of my head. Could turn into more. Who's to say 🥰

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

Taking a long draw off his cigarette, Ilya watched as the smoke swirled into the night sky. The only light around him came from the moon and the stars, illuminating everything in a beautiful pale light. The water at the lake's edge glistened by his feet as it lapped at the shore. The trees and flora almost seemed to glow. It was picturesque. Beautiful. Almost cinematic.

Yet his mind wandered elsewhere.

Shane had been gone for hours since their fight, leaving Ilya alone at the cabin with just his thoughts and regret. It was a silly argument that should have never happened, but in the heat of the moment, petty old ways erupted from his throat, striking a brutal cord he should have never struck. All he could envision was the pain in Shane's face before his love grabbed his keys and left for an unknown destination away from Ilya. He had protested and followed him outside, spewing a disgusting amount of apologies, but they fell on deaf ears. Ilya watched him drive away, taking his heart with him.

There was a want to message Shane again and beg him to come home. There was a want to call him. He even considered grabbing his own keys and searching all of Canada for him if he had to. Instead, after sulking on the sofa alone with his tears, he grabbed his cigarettes that he had stashed away in an old equipment bag and dragged himself outside to the water. He sat at the dock, feet dangling, and lit one of his vices after the other.

There was a quiet part of him that hoped the smoke inhalation would tear his lungs to shreds, just as his heart was. He longed to hear Shane bickering in his ear about how unhealthy the habit was. He wanted to hear him yell about how he promised he'd quit. He wanted to see those beautiful, dark eyes staring at him with the intensity of the sun. Even though they'd be filled with disappointment, he wanted nothing more than to be seen by them.

Checking his phone one last time and finding nothing but endless social media notifications, he ashes his cigarette and dragged himself to his feet. It wasn't until he moved that he recognized how cold it was, and how cold he was. The numbing state he had been in had blocked any pain the cold winds had brought. Now conscious of their violence, he hugged himself for warmth and made his way back to the cabin, teeth chattering as he went.

Part of him had hoped Shane would have returned by the time he got inside, but as expected, the only living thing in the place was sweet puppy Anya snoozing peacefully on the sofa. Petting her as he passed, he whispered his love for her before tossing his cigarette butt in the bin and making his way to the washroom in the main bedroom.

Looking himself over in the mirror, he was disgusted with what he saw. Wind-swept blond tufts of hair lay sporadically about in his forehead. His eyes were bloodshot from tears. His cheeks and nose were burned red from the cold. He looked like a tragedy came to life, and he felt just as miserable.

Stripping out of his smoke-scented clothing, he turned the water on in the shower, ensuring it was burning hot before he stepped in. Scrubbing everything from head to toe, he did his best to erase the cigarette scent. He didn't know if Shane would return that night, but he didn't want him to be more upset with him than he already was. Brushing his teeth after his shower,

the reflection in the mirror became blurred by not just the steam on the glass, but the tears in his eyes.

Tossing his clothes into the wash after hiding his cigarettes once more, Ilya fell onto the sofa beside Anya, thankful for her enthusiastic cuddles when she realized he was next to her. Petting her soft fur, he stared blankly out the open window across from him into the crisp Canadian night. In the silence of the place he occasionally called home, he heard the loons in the trees calling to each other through the breeze, making him think back to the first time they'd come to the place.

It was the first time they'd mutually confessed their love for one another aloud. Ilya wished Shane was there so that he could do it again and remind his partner just how much he truly did love him.

Mindlessly, he twisted the wedding band on his finger, fidgeting with it until the metal nearly became warm enough to singe his skin. Not that he would have minded if it did. He'd let the love he had for Shane brand him. It already had inside. He knew it had purely due to the pain he was feeling burn through his veins with every moment Shane remained away.

God. Dramatic, Ilya thought to himself, cringing at his disgustingly tragic affection.

Looking at Anya's sweet face when she stared at him expectantly with her tongue sticking out, Ilya managed a smile and whispered, "What? You want food?"

Saying the magic word sent his girl flying from the sofa and moving at the speed of light to her food bowl. Chuckling, Ilya forced himself off the couch and prepared Anya's dinner, reminding himself in the process that he too needed to eat. Instead, after her bowl was back on the ground for her, Ilya sunk to the floor beside Anya and rested his head against the wall behind him. Watching her eat in silence, the smile slowly faded from his face when the reminder of why they were both alone struck his heart again.

Reaching in the pocket of his pajama pants, he opened his phone to check his texts, deciding he no longer trusted the silence coming from his notifications. Finding the last message he sent to Shane being 'I love you' made him sick to his stomach. Seeing it was left on read by Shane made him feel like he was going to puke.

"What am I to do?" He asked Anya, scratching her head affectionately. "Your papa is mad at me. Is my fault, yes, I know, but still. I fucked up."

Anya looked at him blankly, licking the leftover food from her lips. With a little nippy bark, she tilted her head at Ilya. He knew she didn't understand, but it was nice to pretend she did sometimes. Especially in moments of crisis when Ilya really had no one else to talk to.

"You're right. I will call him," Ilya said to her with a smile. "If he does not answer, is your fault, okay? We say you called."

Shakily, he pressed the call button and held the phone to his ear. With each ring, his stomach twisted into a tighter knot. If Shane didn't answer, he feared it would make him explode.

But then, “*Hey.*”

Ilya’s heart stopped.

“*Ilya?*”

Ilya’s lips parted and closed an uncountable number of times, but the words would not escape him.

“*If you aren’t going to say anything, I’m hanging up.*”

“Don’t,” Ilya sputtered out. “Don’t hang up. Please.”

“*What do you want?*”

Shane sounded pissed. As he should. Ilya did not blame him. He would have been pissed too if Shane had said what he said to him.

“Are you...where are you?” Ilya asked softly. It wasn’t in a possessive way. It was more out of worry than anything. Because he was. Worried. He was very worried.

“*Hayden’s.*”

Of-fucking-course, Ilya thought, but held in his annoyed sigh.

“Are you—“

“*I’m staying here tonight.*”

Shane knew what he was going to ask before he asked it.

“Okay,” Ilya said, breath catching in his throat. Sniffing away the threatened tears, Ilya scratched under his nose and asked, “Are you...are you okay? Are we okay?”

“*Ilya...*”

“I am sorry, Shane,” Ilya apologized, his voice wavering. “I shouldn’t...I never should have said that. I feel...fuck. What’s the word? I can’t...”

“*Ilya, breathe,*” Shane instructed, probably hearing the quickness of Ilya’s breaths. “*Take a breath.*”

Ilya did as he was told, but when the breath escaped him, it came out sputtered and messy. Tears dripped down his cheeks. Though no one was there, he wiped them away as if someone could see.

“*We’ll talk tomorrow when I come home,*” Shane said, an edge to his voice. It sounded like he wanted to say more, but when the sound of children in the background and Hayden yelling grew closer, Shane quickly said, “*Goodnight, Ilya.*”

“Shane—“

The line went dead before Ilya could say anymore.

He didn't even say I love you.

Tossing his phone to the side, and cringing when he heard it clatter on the floor, Ilya groaned and rubbed his eyes stressfully. Anya put a concerned paw on his thigh. He chuckled through his tears.

He felt ridiculous. He felt lost. He didn't know what else there was to do or to say. He knew there wasn't anything. He hated that there wasn't anything. He just wished there was something, but wishes were for children. At thirty, he felt all his wishes and all his dreams had already come true. What more could he ask for now other than for forgiveness from his biggest wish?

"Told you we shouldn't have called him," Ilya said to Anya. Standing, he said, "We both owe Papa a big apology tomorrow, yes?"

Anya just stared at him blankly. Ilya suddenly felt stupid for talking as much as he was with a dog.

Making his way into the living room, he threw himself onto the sofa and let out a long sigh before closing his eyes.

Ilya didn't remember falling asleep, but as soon as he heard the front door open, he shot up off of the couch and scrambled to his feet. Stumbling, blind with exhaustion, over to the front door, he did not hesitate to throw his arms around Shane. It was hard enough that they both collided with the front door. Shane made a noise that sounded like a mix between a shriek of surprise and distaste for Ilya's abrupt closeness, but for as long as he'd let him, Ilya did not let go.

"Ilya, please," he heard Shane grumble against him. Strong hands pushed Ilya back, leaving a sizable gap between the two of them when he did so.

Ilya tried not to be offended, but that didn't stop the ache in his heart.

Shane looked like he hadn't slept. The bags under his eyes were heavy. His skin looked paler than usual. Even his freckles looked faded. With the mess that his hair was and the crinkled state his shirt was in completing his appearance, a new weight of guilt settled in Ilya's shoulders.

"You look like shit," Shane said first.

Ilya knew he shouldn't, but he couldn't help but laugh. It was a sad-sounding laugh, but a laugh nonetheless. "You look same."

"Fuck you," Shane scoffed and pushed past Ilya. "It's your fault."

"I know," Ilya responded, still facing the door.

“Hayden’s pissed at you, by the way,” he heard Shane say.

Who cares? Ilya thought, but instead of verbalizing his thoughts, he followed Shane to the bedroom with slow, careful steps. By the time he had reached the room, Shane was stripping off his shirt and tossing it into the laundry hamper. Either he didn’t notice Ilya had joined him, or he didn’t care, because he didn’t bother to glance his way or acknowledge him.

“Shane?”

He still didn’t look at him.

“Shane.”

“What, Ilya?” Shane snapped, turning to him with a crewneck in his hands. “Can you leave me alone for five seconds? Let me think about this shit. I’m trying to figure out what to say to you.”

“You didn’t have all night for that?” Ilya asked. Shane’s expression shifted, making Ilya feel like a child who had spoken out of turn. Holding his hands up in apologetic defeat, he said, “Sorry.”

“I’m sure,” Shane flatly said. Pulling the sweatshirt over his head, he walked past Ilya again, mumbling something under his breath. When Ilya turned to follow again, Shane stopped in his tracks and held a hand out to him to signal he needed to stop. “Please, Ilya. Just...give me a minute, okay? I’ll talk to you when I’m ready.”

Ilya didn’t say anything. He only nodded and took a step back. Watching Shane walk away, he swore to himself and sat in the bed. Falling back onto the mattress, arms out at his sides, he stared blankly up at the ceiling. Staying quiet, he could hear Shane talking to Anya in the kitchen. He couldn’t hear what was being said, but it was in his usual baby-talk voice he always used with her. Ridiculously, Ilya felt slight envy in his heart.

Closing his eyes, he took deep breaths to keep his breathing regulated. There was a panic-stricken feeling spreading in his chest. The nausea he had been feeling since the night before made its return. Clenching his jaw, he prayed it would stay down, clutching at his mother’s crucifix for further comfort.

What do I do? He asked to no one in particular. Was he asking his mother? The universe? Himself? He did not know. He just knew he fucked up, and unlike Shane, he had no one immediately that he could run to for moral support. Sure, there were the teammates he had come to call friends, and even potentially Svetlana if she would answer, but it felt wrong to talk about such a big disagreement between the two of them with anyone else.

So why the fuck did he go and tell Hayden?

“Ilya.”

Shane’s voice made him shoot up, his heart racing. The man stood in the doorway holding two mugs. Ilya couldn’t read his expression. He was sure it was mostly angry, but it looked a

little more softened from the last time he'd seen it.

Walking over, Shane handed him one of the mugs and said, "Tea. Supposed to calm nerves. At least that's what Hayden said."

Fucking Hayden, Ilya thought, but took the glass and thanked Shane anyway. Taking a sip, he immediately wanted to spit it back out from how bitter it was, but forced it down so as to not upset Shane any further.

"Thank you," Ilya said quietly. When Shane sat beside him, he added, "This is...okay."

"It's not the best," Shane snorted, knowing what Ilya really wanted to say. "I'd much rather have coffee, but figured we'd give this a try."

Ilya hummed, smiling. He was happy to hear a laugh from Shane.

Tapping the side of his mug with nervous fingers, Ilya took a deep breath and again said, "I'm sorry."

"You keep saying that," Shane said, "but do you even know what you're sorry for?"

"Yes," Ilya immediately said. "I shouldn't have said what I said. I was...I was angry. Overwhelmed. Not excuse, I know, but reason."

Shane shook his head and stared down at his tea. "I forgot how cruel we can be to each other sometimes. It hasn't happened in a long time, but I can admit I went pretty hard at you, too."

"Not to the point that I left," Ilya said. "It felt like the world was ending."

"Dramatic."

"Is true."

"Still dramatic," Shane said, taking another sip of his tea. "I wasn't going to stay away forever. I just needed distance."

"And to tell Hayden."

"Fuck you," Shane scoffed. "He wanted an explanation from me as to why I just showed up at his door unannounced. I cried the whole way there. I looked like a disaster."

"Okay," was all Ilya could say. Annoyingly, everything around him started to get blurry. Blinking rapidly in hopes that the tears would go away, he turned his head away from Shane. It was a bad habit of his, never wanting to let Shane see when he was emotional, but it was even worse because it always alerted Shane that tears were imminent. He hoped Shane wouldn't notice.

No such luck.

"Ilya?"

“‘M fine,” Ilya said, clearing his throat. He forced himself to take another sip of his tea, but as he swallowed, he couldn’t help but make a face of disgust and cringe. “This is awful. Making my eyes water.”

Without saying anything, Shane took Ilya’s mug. Setting both on the night stand, Shane then shifted himself onto Ilya’s lap, something so unexpected that Ilya nearly went into fight or flight mode out of pure confusion. When the man settled himself down and rested his hands at the crook of his neck, though, he looked up into Shane’s eyes and released the breath caught in his throat. With it came the tears. The annoying, eye burning tears that made his throat hurt like he’d been strangled. Which, with where Shane’s hands were, he half expected him to do.

Swiping away his tears, Ilya sniffled and said, “I do not like when we fight. I do not like when I am mean. Or you. Is not us.”

“No, it’s not,” Shane agreed, wiping away another stray tear.

Ilya was thankful he didn’t make a big deal out of them. He already felt too exposed as it was.

“I missed you,” Ilya admitted. “I know it was one night, and my fault, but it felt like forever. I felt awful. I am sorry. I mean it. I am. I would take it back. Never say it. I’m...I’m just sorry, Shane.”

“I know, Ilya,” Shane breathed. Pressing his forehead to Ilya’s, their lips just a breaths distance away, Shane whispered, “I’m sorry, too. I said things I shouldn’t have either. I let it get to me, and I shouldn’t have.”

Ilya nodded, their noses rubbing against each other. He could have nodded them into an apologetic kiss, but he’d let Shane be the one to decide if that were going to happen.

“You didn’t spend all night crying did you?”

The teasing tone in Shane’s voice made Ilya jerk away from him like he’d been electrified. When he saw the grin on his husband’s face, Ilya’s jaw dropped.

“You making fun? Of me? For crying?”

Shane shrugged and made a goofy face. “Not making fun. Just asking a question.”

“*Wow*,” Ilya dramatically said, drawing out the word. “I apologize, you make fun? I take it back.”

“Can’t, it’s already said,” Shane said, laughter threading through his words. “Say it one more time, actually, I need to hear it again.”

“Asshole,” Ilya grinned and squeezed Shane’s sides, but with a genuinely softness, he added, “I am sorry. And I love you.”

Cupping Ilya's face, Shane finally closed the gap between their lips and kissed him. It wasn't over-the-top with passion or anything to get too excited over, but it was a kiss that told Ilya Shane forgave him. It made Ilya melt beneath his touch. With the same energy, Ilya kissed him back, thankful Shane wasn't going to murder him or leave him again. At least not that day.

"I love you, too," Shane finally whispered. "So much. And I missed you, too. Hayden's couch is awful. His house is so loud. I almost came home last night just to be back in the silence."

"What will you do when we have kids and there is no silence? You will have nowhere to run to," Ilya grinned and kissed Shane again.

"I'll run to my parent's house."

"I think your mother would be pissed you didn't bring her grandchildren," Ilya said. "She would call me and demand I come over."

"I'll go to Rose's then."

"You will go to Los Angeles to get away from love of your life and kids? Who is dramatic now?" Ilya teased, laughing when Shane pushed him onto his back.

Following him down, Shane kissed up his chest and neck until he once more reached Ilya's lips. Leaving lingering kisses, he moaned sweetly into Ilya's mouth when he reciprocated. They stay there a while, kissing in the peaceful quiet Shane had mentioned before, and Ilya was reminded of the life they had built and were continuing to build. Fights were normal. Distance was healthy. Talking was healthier. Makeup sex was...not a requirement, but a nice perk. Though he didn't imagine they'd make it that far that morning, he was not complaining.

"I love you," Shane said again when he broke away for air.

Pushing some of the hair from his face, Ilya responded back in Russian, "*I love you most.*"

End Notes

You can find me on Twitter @marty_feely, and tumblr under the same name as Ao3 💕 leave your thoughts below smoochies

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