so hot you’re hurting my feelings

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so hot you’re hurting my feelings

by dreamkillaz

Summary

"That's— that's not what I'm insinuating, Ilya…" he started, sighing disappointingly down the line, making it obvious that he was pinching the bridge of his nose to calm down his nerves, "It's just—"

"It's just what, lyubimiy?" Ilya interjected, and if Shane didn't know any better, he'd think that Ilya was being condescending, but he did know better, and that it was simply just the Russian in him. God, if Shane didn't know that he had regretted learning russian, he would've right now. "You can tell me if you don't want me to do it, no problem."

Or… Ilya gets signed to campaign for Calvin Klein, and Shane hates it. Until he doesn’t.

Notes

i love them your honour. they are married your honour. AAARRGHHH

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane was not known to be the 'jealous type' of his and Ilya's relationship. They were married — and Ilya made sure everyone knew, the tattooed symbol of Shane's initials would be the talk of the town if someone made the mistake of even bringing it up, and even not, he'd find a way of mentioning it.

Shane Hollander also had no intention of turning *this* into an argument, though the whole foundation of their relationship *is* an argument— the whole persona of the couple was formally known as a 'rivalry'. And yet, the heat (most commonly known to everyone as jealousy) creeping in slowly from the back of his neck suggested otherwise, and perhaps, even if shane despised to admit it, he was indeed jealous.

"That's— that's not what I'm insinuating, Ilya…" he started, sighing disappointingly down the line, making it obvious that he was pinching the bridge of his nose to calm down his nerves, "It's just—"

"It's just what, *lyubimiy*?" Ilya interjected, and if Shane didn't know any better, he'd think that Ilya was being condescending, but he did know better, and that it was simply just the Russian in him. God, if Shane didn't know that he had regretted learning Russian, he would've right now. "You can tell me if you don't want me to do it, no problem."

The line was a bit fuzzy, given that Shane was on the freeway, and he could've sworn Ilya said something along the lines of 'we're married anyway', but that would be a worry for as other day. Or maybe today. Shane doesn't know, Lord help him. "No! I do want you to do it. Sorry. I'm being weird again."

"You're always weird, Shane. And you are bad at lying, sweetheart." Ilya coughed for a second, the smug smile that Shane grew to know all too well over the decade laying prominent and thick as he vibrated each syllable. "It is just Calvin Lime, I do not care for it. Sorry not sorry."

"Calvin *Klein*, Ilya." Shane corrected, a giggle slipping out from his lips as he swallowed the lump from the back of his throat "And exactly! If it's just Calvin Klein, then do the ad. I really don't care."

"You do not say 'I don't care', Hollander. So, you care, and you are lying." God, did Shane just want to smack his head (and give him head, but that is completely inappropriate and *waaaaayyyy* besides the point). "But I do not want to argue anymore, so I will do. It will earn me a million dollars anyway."

Shane sighed steadily as he reached for the 'hang-up' button, as he planned to end the call abruptly to Ilya know that he was upset, but right on queue, and as if Ilya could sense it, he whispered a farewell, and an additional 'I love you'. Shane managed to grumble it back despite his annoyance. Now, he really wished that he could've been mad at that moment, but with Ilya being the oh-so-lovely husband that he was, he made it extremely difficult Shane to be even the slightest angry.

"You know I love you, and I will always find every— *every*!— way to agree with you, but Shane, you should've told him that you didn't want him to do the advert."

Shane loved having Rose Landry as a best friend even after their separation, but what Shane didn't love is when Rose agreed with Ilya, because she's supposed to be Shane's friend. But alas, Shane caves in and agrees and pouts because he knows that Rose is right. "You know, you being *my* best friend requires you to agree with *me*."

Rose grins almost a little too apologetically, giving Shane the time to crack and agree visibly. And when Shane finally gives in to her with an annoyed 'fine', her smile transforms into the one Shane knows all too well.

Right then, the waiter— seemingly to be nothing short of an obsessed fanatic teenager— hands them their check before telling Shane how brave he was for coming out (even though it didn't quite fit the puzzle of his plans) and that he was sorry that he got outed that way. This month really was just Shane's month of surprises and disappointments, and he has never sighed more.

Walking out the restaurant felt like a dizzying blur. It could've been the wine, sure, they had about two bottles and Shane was a lightweight, but it could've also been the fact that he'd been upset since his and Ilya's unamusing conversation from two weeks ago. It was definitely both, he thought. He also thought that it was stupid to even ask. He doesn't actually know— he's wine drunk after all.

The Ottawan evening breeze felt as if a breath of fresh air as it hit his cheeks, a light blush forming softly over his face as his wine-heated blood mixed with the cold embrace of the temperature. It got darker quicker recently, signifying the start of yet another hockey season, meaning that adverts of every single hockey friend and foe were bound to appear on the next billboard.

Shane would know, he'd just filmed a campaign for Rolex— another reminder of Ilya, and yet another pout formed on his face. Shane was upset, and he had every right to be, but it still felt in exact and unsettling. He felt greedy, needy, and drunk. Mostly drunk, and Rose laughed at the fact that Shane giggled at everything that came across their path even if she knew that Shane was most definitely upset.

Shane tilted his head in bewilderment at a squirrel running across a random park he couldn't name in Downtown Ottawa, because he definitely thought it was at least midnight, given the amount of noise and club lights coming from the streets.

"Oh my gosh! Shane, you have to see this!" Rose declared. She'd been digressing about anything and everything for over the hour they'd been walking in the city, and yet something — perhaps her urgency— made Shane curious. To the squirrel, to Rose's mascara-clad eyelashes, and to the billboard to her left, Shane scurried his sight to the direction Rose pointed at.

Shane had the inkling that it would've been *the* advert due to the gravity in Rose's tone, but he didn't want to believe it. Not really. But alas, and lo and behold, Ilya was there, stood (well, technically incorrect, he was there *laid*) in front of Shane, shirtless, pants-less and undeniably oiled up. With the amount of confidence left in him from the cabernet, he scoffed, the sound obvious as Rose pointed it out.

"Oh, honey…" she snickered, though it was meant to be a soothe. "It's fine! He doesn't even __"

"Look good?" Shane finished her sentence for her, echoing her unspoken words as he turned his gaze back onto her to emphasise his point. "He looks so good, and you know it."

"No, babe, I don't," she rolled her eyes at the hockey player stood a few steps behind her as he stood incessantly mesmerised by the man whose abs were splayed all over the illuminated screen. Shane hated the way that his eyes gravitated towards his hips, where the white waistband with the words 'CALVIN KLEIN' were displayed in a row.

If Shane didn't have cognitive function, he would have most certainly thought that the label was mocking him. In a way, they were, and Shane did not like it one bit.

"You're staring," Rose pointed out almost immediately, clutching her handbag tighter to her side as she gave a passer-by a half-grin. "You'll see him later."

"I am staring. And I *will* see him later. Way to point out the obvious." Shane deadpanned, his tone flat and without concern as his eyes remained still on Ilya's waistband. *Few inches a little more to the right and they would see everything* he thought, a little too intently. Shane hadn't meant to be rude, but the tears that welled up in his eyes started to sting and he really just did not have the time of day. "Sorry."

Having said that, Rose's tone of smirk became light-hearted as she strove her way back to Shane, her arm looping around his as his hand lingered in his pocket.

Shane woke up with a familiar pit in his stomach and the distant ache in his head. His phone pinged with Ilya's custom notification sound, which indicated that Ilya never came home if Shane had not yet noticed the cold side of the bed.

Anya woke up with an alerted snore, as Shane's plushed lips stretched in a smile. Checking his phone, he wondered if Ilya ever thought of him at all. He thought it was yet another dumb question, because, of course he did. Ilya had texted him after all, and he most definitely married him.

Ilya: You have seen the advertisement, yes?

If Shane's eyes hadn't wondered even more he probably would have missed the heart emoji that Ilya had added— the same one he always does when he realises he might've made a mistake. It takes Shane a rub of his eyes and an adjustment of his posture to reply.

Shane: Yeah. I did.

Shane: It was nice. You looked nice… you always do.

Ilya: I know you think so

Ilya: Rose told me heheh.

Shane gulped as he stared at the glass of water on his bedside table as his thumbs hovered over the digital keyboard. Has he been thirsty this whole time?

Shane: You didn't come home last night.

It didn't take long for Ilya to respond, so he definitely knew this question was bound to come, Shane pondered. Classic Ilya.

Ilya: I didn't. I'll see you later.

In an instant, the same unmistakable emoji came right after, and Shane cocked a brow upwards, but he paid no mind to it. It was not uncommon for either of them to not come home some days, but still. It would've been nice for Shane to be cuddled up with his husband.

Shane: I'll see you at practice, Captain.

The Range Rover made it safely to the Ottawa Centaurs Training Ground parking lot, which Shane was admittedly a little surprised by, given the fact his head felt as if it had just been trampled on by a thousand giants. It almost seemed like an unconscious response that he had

parked in the opposite side of the parking lot from the now-responsible Mercedes SUV (as opposed to the not-so-responsible orange sports car that he had owned in earlier stages of their relationship).

If Shane had a lot more dignity right now, he'd question why he had done that. But as of right now, he was hungover as hell and could not simply give a fuck. God, he wished he could skip morning practice. Shane Hollander also wished that he didn't give a fuck about the Calvin Klein photo shoot of his husband. He really shouldn't, and as much as Shane would like to admit that he doesn't, the magazine in the passenger seat of his car that he had bought from the bodega thirty minutes prior would like to argue otherwise.

Walking into the locker room was a lot more soothing and therapeutic than Shane had anticipated, with Dykstra offering him a diet ginger ale as he stepped in. Naturally, and even as much as he did not want to, he refused. Water was the only thing he craved. And Ilya. But his pride made it hard to admit. Now he really wished he stayed at home.

Luckily for him, Ilya was already in the ring, teaching Boodram a pass that he had seen many years ago and has long conquered the skill of. Unluckily, his attention remained noticed by Wiebe who noticed his state, and sheepishly yet sternly, tasked him to join the players on the ice.

Rozanov's eyes met Shane's in an uneasy way— a way in which made the pit in Shane's stomach grow a thousand times larger— as the puck that paired with Shane's hockey stick fled from his to Ilya's.

To be completely honest, Shane could barely remember the rest of practice. The lack of communication between the husbands, and the sensation of last night's drinks too overwhelming for Shane to comprehend. Shane never really hated morning practice. Shane Hollander? No, never in a million years. But this morning was definitely close.

He stumbled out of the training grounds with any leverage left in him, not noticing the man behind him— the man only being noticed with a startle as Shane looked behind him.

"*Solnyshko*." Ilya Rozanov, because, of course it was.

A finger ran cold on Shane's cheek as Ilya reached out for Shane's waist with his other. "What is wrong?" Ilya breathes, the Russian accent a little more obvious than usual, an indication of his irrevocable remorse. "Did I do something wrong?"

Ilya's fingers were now on his jaw, maneouvering them so Shane's eyes would leave the gravel of the ground. Shane hadn't said anything yet, but the sting of salty tears in his waterline answered his question.

"Oh, *sweetheart*." Ilya finally said in english, and his heart felt like it was beating at approximately a thousand miles per hour. "I am so sorry…"

The words seemed to best stuck in Shane's throat, forgiveness seeming like a faraway dream no matter how much he badly wanted to say a simple 'it's okay, we're okay' like he always did. "I—I…"

Unfortunately, words just seemed too hard right now, and there was nothing for Shane to do but shut down. But Ilya is a good person, and most importantly, a good husband. His thumb dragged across Shane's rosy cheek, catching on his lip before giving him a peck— the sort of endearment that Ilya always showed no matter the occasion. "Let's go home. I will drive. Keys."

He held out his palm, and Shane, his brain going into overdrive, handed Ilya his keys as if it was routine (maybe it was) as his legs treaded to the other side of the car, one foot at a time.

The drive home was a mere memory, the amount of time it took from the training grounds to their home a confused amount between twenty minutes or two hours, though Shane knew it was most definitely two hours. He was too upset to think, as he was some days. All he could remember was Ilya's hand on his thigh, and the occasional squeeze, reminding him of Ilya's greatest and deepest love for his husband.

Getting home, Shane did not want to talk. Not really. Instead, he kissed Ilya like he was his only source of oxygen— he kissed him with the urgency you would only see in the movies. But, Ilya want to talk. Ilya *needed* to talk.

Ilya slipped him off with a gentle nudge— Shane's back hitting the sofa with a light grunt. He didn't want to spend the time having sex, and pushing the problem back any further. With a lean, and a seat next to Shane, he spoke. "What is wrong?"

"I'm sorry," Shane spoke, his voice meek at his words escaped out of his lips. He ran a hand through his hair and figured that he should really get a haircut soon, but that was nothing to be concerned about, "I don't know why I'm upset, you did nothing wrong."

"But I did, lyubimy. You are crying."

Shane didn't say anything to that. Or to anything at all. He just sat there and focused on the oakwood planks beneath his feet as Ilya lulled a hand on his back. "Is because of Calvin Lime, yes?"

Gosh, Ilya is just so perfect, Shane thought. He hated that Ilya was able to make him laugh even if he was upset. "Klein…" Shane finally breathed, reaching out for Ilya's thigh.

"Potato, pot-ah-toh." Ilya smirked, his curls falling to his eyes as Shane met his gaze. Shane noticed his smirk, though with no malicious intent. "I am sorry, okay?"

They stayed like that on the sofa for a tranquil moment— silent yet in each other's comfort. "For the record," Shane began, his voice trembling with unsureness, "you looked great in it. I just— I just don't like how it's for the whole world to see because you are *my* husband…"

It was visible to Ilya that Shane had thought about that line for a while, and even though taken into consideration, there was undoubtedly a blush that spread from cheek to cheek, and to the tips of his ears.

Shane could've sworn that Ilya coughed out a 'cute' as a compliment, gaining a playful smack to Ilya's thigh.

"What the public sees of me in the media will never come close to what you see of me in our life. I am yours and yours only, moya lyubov."

Ilya spoke, like nothing else mattered in the world but them. A hand was spread across Shane's cheek as he held Shane with the same urgency before leaning in— an abrupt stop before he reached his lips to whisper an 'I love you'. Before Shane could respond, Ilya kissed Shane as if there was no tomorrow. "It's you, Shane."

Ilya gasped for air as he pulled away, though it was weird because it always seemed like his air was Shane. "It has always been you, Shane."

The transition from the living room to their shared bedroom was nothing short of a haze, and all Shane could sense was his back thudding softly onto the mattress. His shirt was already off— as well as Ilya's— long discarded somewhere into the abyss of the floor and he was pinned down on the bed by a broad arm.

"Perfect— fuck…"

It remained unsure who said the compliment, it could've been Shane, or Ilya. Shane would have liked to thought it was his own doing, but realistically it would've been Ilya. Shane was never good with his words, the bundle of emotions and feelings stuck halfway up his oesophagus every time, but he was trying. He really did try.

Just then, a strong finger made contact with the tight ring of muscle— cold yet tender, and indefinitely gentle. "Ily—*ah!*— it's cold…"

Ilya hushed him with deliberation as he pushed through his entrance, Shane's gummy walls feeling warm and content after a difficult day of abundant feelings. "I know, baby, I know."

Shane did not think twice about giving Ilya a kiss, his tongue diving first into his mouth, exploring every inch of it as if he hasn't trillions of times before, he would never get used to it, but it always felt like home. "More… please."

It didn't take long for Ilya to be three knuckles deep— Shane's body letting him in with open arms as it grew familiar with him over the years, the slick wetness of his hole making Ilya grow harder and harder, as if he could just cum by seeing his husband enjoying the pleasure.

Shane wasn't that much innocent either, a bead of precum trickling down his shaft as it emerged from his reddened slit. "I need you, Ilya, please baby…"

If Shane had the willpower, he would have slapped Ilya by now for going as slow as possible, but he did not and tonight was just not that night. Instead of the usual quickies before games, with the rushed energy of fucking before all else, they wanted— *needed*— to make love tonight.

Ilya ushered out of his branded boxers— ironic, right?— holding the base of his cock, guiding it towards Shane's sensitive hole, ghosting over the rim with the tip. He didn't push in, not quite. Once again, they were going slow. Slow and steady.

Ilya flicked his hips forward, yet not penetrating into Shane as he was flush against his ass. With a whine, Shane begged him to enter, feeling the need to be full of his husband. After all these years, he'd think that he would get used to it… but no. He would never. Never in a million years.

Then finally, with a bit of encouragement— more like moans and groans and a reach for Ilya's cock— he pushed in, steadily in a way that would have Shane seeing stars. He entered with an 'I love you', the phrase said in Russian, and still, it had been said so many times over the years Shane could not decipher if it was English, Russian, or even French.

Ilya hammered his cock in with a loud groan, ignoring if his neighbours could hear which he highly doubted, the support of walls and being in a detached house making it hard for them to hear their late-night— technically midday— activities. He knew he hit Shane's prostate when he hit head head softly against the pillow with a shallow, and silent scream. His eyes were wide open, focused on his husband like nothing else mattered, because to Shane, nothing ever did when it came to Ilya.

"I love you so fucking much…" Shane announced, a whisper of endearment into Ilya's ear as if it was the first time that he had said it. Even if it wasn't, it sure felt like it— the sparks still there and present like back in the cottage. "We should go to the cottage. For Christmas."

Ilya nodded with a groan because Shane was so deliciously tight, making it hard to ignore the growing knot in his stomach signifying he was close. "'M gonna cum, solnyshko. Is okay, yes?"

Shane knew what he was asking: to cum inside of him— an uncommon occurrence since Shane hated the mess, and yet, he nodded with indubitable certainty. "Please. It's so— fuck— it is so very okay. Cum in me, Ilya."

And so, he did. The spurt of pearlescent cum flooding Shane's walls with the feeling that Shane wanted to get to know. "I'm so close, Ilya."

Ilya stopped at a hilt, remaining inside his husband as he wrapped a hand around Shane's cock, his skilled hand twisting and nudging before Shane came with a whimper that Ilya had grown very fond of quite quickly through the years. He placed a gentle kiss on his neck before flipping them both over so Shane's knees bracketed on Ilya's hips. "I love you. So much."

Ilya did not say it back, however, Shane knew he did. Before long, and remaining unnoticed until now, Ilya's cheeks were covered in salty tears. They loved each other so much, and there would be nothing and no one else to come in between them ever.

"Let's just stay like this. Is okay?" Ilya sniffled, kissing the shell of his husband's ear. "We can get showered tomorrow, da?"

Shane nodded gently, eyes already filled with sleep as he bent over on Ilya's chest, ear flushed against his breast as he pressed a kiss over a nipple.

It was silent for a moment, yet another peaceful moment of just them two. Ilya sucked in a gasp of air which indicated that he was going to declare— "But I was very hot, yes?"

End Notes

i actually wrote this in like two hours and this isn't beta read at all so if it's bad please don't mind me :0 also! i haven't written in like two whole months!!!!! title's a song by squirrel flower :)

translations (forgive me for i have used google translate) ;
lyubimy — beloved
solnyshko — sunshine

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