

when in kyoto...

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when in kyoto...

by [huacheesecake](#)

Summary

“What Hollander? Never seen a pocket pussy before?”

Shane snorts, he’s seen a pocket pussy before- but this one is a little different. It’s shaped like an egg. He frowns. Ilya takes the egg-shaped object out of the bag, grinning as he unravels the packaging,

“Is Japanese sex toy. I bought it online.”

Or

Ilya makes a sex itinerary for his schedule-loving husband.

Notes

hi this is hua!

just some notes:

- i wanted to include some thoughts on shane's identity as a japanese-canadian
- somewhat niche knowledge on japanese sex toys? (google tenga egg)
- sex itinerary

disclaimer: i'm second gen wasian (japanese mixed)

english is not my first language but pls enjoy!

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

Ilya leaned back against the luggage cart in Haneda International Airport, carrying several black suitcases, all tagged with the logo of the Ottawa Centaurs. Originally, the idea of going to Japan had been for PR reasons. The president of the Japan Ice Hockey Federation had personally invited Shane (and Ilya) to oversee a series of training camps that they were running in the summer with sixty of Japan's most promising high school athletes, some even gearing up for the NHL draft next June. Yuna had suggested making a family trip out of it, setting up a detailed itinerary despite Ilya's protest that they would simply 'go with the flow.' Now, Ilya exchanges a look with David as Yuna speaks in flippant, perfect Japanese to one of the airport staff as Shane hovers behind her. Yuna smiles and thanks the staff member, turning around to reveal four Nozomi bullet train tickets,

"Come on boys! We haven't got all afternoon."

David chuckles and rubs his wife's shoulder, pushing the luggage cart, following the clack of Yuna's booted footsteps heading determinately toward the train platforms. Ilya hangs back to take his husband's hand, lacing their fingers together as Ilya takes Shane's smaller suitcase that he's rolling behind him. Ilya knows that Shane has been nervous about this trip. He's not exactly sure why, apart from the obvious public-speaking-somewhat-coaching-60-teenagers aspect, but he tries his best to soothe Shane's frayed nerves, rubbing his thumb reassuringly over Shane's knuckles.

It's almost 8 pm by the time that they arrive at a luxury ryokan in Kyoto that Shane had booked six months in advance. They approach the lobby counter, and a receptionist, immaculately dressed in a kimon, bows deeply, addressing Shane in smooth Japanese. Shane looks momentarily nonplussed before flushing and returning the greeting. He stumbles a little over the words, hastily pulling out the email with the hotel booking number. The lady pushes a tablet forward, indicating the information he has to fill in. Ilya's gaze drops to Shane's neck. Sweat is beading just below his hairline, which has grown longer and shaggy over the summer. Ilya wants to lick it. Instead, he places a firm hand on the small of Shane's back as he watches Shane's finger hover in the air, as anxiety radiates off of him. *Interesting*. The kanji is swimming in front of Shane's eyes and he quietly regrets skipping Kumon in favour of hockey practice at the ripe age of ten. Yuna Hollander had always been very meticulous about studying and academic performance, including lessons in Japanese. But she had let it slide once Shane had turned twelve and scouts for regional, and then national teams had sent offers to the Hollanders' doorstep. His head hurts and his brain doesn't move fast enough, temples aching at his inability to read the letters in front of him. He knows, in theory, that he could simply apologise and ask for the English setting on the tablet. He starts to feel nauseous.

Fuck, he's *really* overreacting. It's not even that big of a deal. It's fine. He's fine. But his tongue feels tacky against the roof of his mouth, and the cool air-conditioned lobby of the hotel is starting to feel like a sauna. Even Ilya's gentle hand on his back feels a million miles away. Suddenly, Yuna is at his side, her cool voice cutting through the anxiety-induced fog in his brain. The lady replies and taps a manicured finger against the screen, and the kanji disappears, familiar English words like 'email address', 'booking number' and 'name on the

booking' appear. Soon enough, a concierge is pushing their mountain of luggage (Shane's one, sensible suitcase and Ilya's 4 large suitcases) toward their room on the first floor. Yuna and David had booked a room upstairs, agreeing to meet them at the rink in Kyoto the following morning.

Shane exhales loudly as Ilya kicks off his shoes at the entrance, stepping onto the floorboards with socked feet. Ilya is holding a traveller's pamphlet that he picked up at the lobby alongside two yukatas and hotel slippers. Although Ilya picked up an XL-sized yukata, he had a sneaking suspicion that it would be a little short for his 6'3 frame. He turned around to see Shane, crouched at the entrance, hiding his face in his knees. It's been a long day. A lot of press at the airport- only two days spent at the cottage- mostly frantically packing for the trip ahead. Ilya drops the yukatas and leans forward, gently caressing Shane's hair with a large, loving hand,

"Shane?"

"Hhmm?"

"I think you need a bath. Hotel said that they have nice outdoor view hot spring. Is good for your muscles."

Shane murmurs an affirmative, letting Ilya pull him gently to his feet. Ilya kissed his forehead, burying his nose in Shane's sweaty hair. Shane feels ridiculous. He knows it was a long flight. Direct from Montreal to Haneda. He's *allowed* to be tired. But his *parents* are handling it fine. *Ilya* is handling it fine. Ilya slides a palm under Shane's shirt and gently nips Shane's earlobe, finally licking the sweat that has collected under his jawline. As much as Ilya wants to fuck Shane into the nearest soft surface, he's painfully aware that his husband needs to have a rest; mentally *and* physically. He looks around the room, noticing the sets of drawers and closet. He pulls back a little and wraps a hand under Shane's chin,

"How about you unpack the suitcase? Cleaning calms you down, yes? I will handle the bath. Take off your sweaty clothes as well."

Clear instructions. *Okay*. Shane can handle that. He can unpack the suitcase. He can change out of his clothes. *Okay*. Everything is *okay*. Ilya smiles and pressed an open-mouthed kiss to Shane's mouth. Sighing, Shane chases his lips eagerly, teeth catching on Ilya's bottom lip as he pulls back. Ilya chuckles and taps his cheek affectionately,

"Get to work, Hollander."

Shane huffs like an angry kitten,

"Shut up asshole."

.

As he packs their clothes into the closet, Shane admires the view from the bedroom. There is a veranda overlooking a Japanese garden, misty and dark in the evening light. He changed into one of Ilya's baggy Nike shirts and a pair of black boxers, sweaty airport clothes folded

into one of the plastic laundry bags that he brought. He can hear Ilya messing with the settings for the water in the bathroom, an echo chamber with floor-to-ceiling windows with the same view of the garden outside. He placed the empty suitcases in the shoe closet in the hall, suddenly feeling desperate to see Ilya. He pads into the bathroom, watching from the glass sliding door that is sitting ajar, revealing Ilya, shirtless and hunched over the bath, running his hand through the water. He's murmuring softly in Russian as he turns around, catching Shane's eye,

"Bath time?"

Even though the hotel boasts the luxury shampoo and body wash products, dermatologically approved by a myriad of highly qualified Japanese doctors, Shane prefers to use his own things. He ducks back into the bedroom and pulls out both of their toiletry bags when an extra bag falls at his feet. He frowns, picking it up off the ground. He can hear the shoji doors slide open and knows that Ilya is standing in the doorway, head ducked a little to fit under the entryway. Shane flushes as he pulls the drawstrings of the bag. He didn't pack this. He's never even seen the bag before-

Oh.

Oh.

Behind him, Ilya snickers. He planned this. There are multiple things inside the bag. Shane's well-loved purple dildo. An unopened box with a vibrating buttplug in it. Two bottles of lube. Most noticeably, an *egg*. Shane feels lightheaded as all of the blood rushes downward, laced with the confusion of the singular egg? He can read enough hiragana to translate the label- 'hard-boiled'. He slumps down with his back against the side of the bed, gaping as Ilyla smiles and comes to sit opposite him, taking the bag from his hands,

"What Hollander? Never seen a pocket pussy before?"

Shane snorts, he's seen a pocket pussy before- but this one is a little different. It's shaped like an *egg*. He frowns. Ilya takes the egg-shaped object out of the bag, grinning as he unravels the packaging,

"Is Japanese sex toy. I ordered it online."

Shane openly stares as Ilya peels away the wrapping and stretches the egg-shaped object. It loses its shape, becoming elongated- made of some sort of firm silicone? There's a hole in the middle.

Shane flushes angrily,

"Why would you get something like that?" he snaps, "am I not doing it for you?"

Ilya's eyebrows shoot up and Shane immediately feels guilty. It's not *Ilya's fault* that he's already in a shitty mood. It's not *Ilya's fault* that he embarrassed himself in front of the receptionist lady in the lobby. It's not *Ilya's fault* that somehow Ilya knows more about *Japanese sex toys* than he does. It's not his fault that all of a sudden, he feels inadequately

prepared for this whole thing. He's just so *Canadadian*. What if they don't like him? What if he can't connect with them? What if-

Ilya lets him wallow in his misguided anger for a second before leaning over to rub the side of Shane's neck, breathing into the shell of his ear,

"You know that is not true, Hollander. Is actually for you. Now- you will come to bath with me and fucking relax."

And suddenly, Ilya is leaving his side, stripping off his shirt and sweats, kicking off his socks as he heads down the hall. Shane immediately scrambles to follow, hastily pulling off Rozanov's shirt he'd been wearing and folding it up, placing it on the bed. By the time he catches up, Ilya is standing under the spray of the shower, positioned a few metres from the bath in the open-style bathroom. His hair is already wet and he's smiling. Shane sighs and slides off his boxers, folding them too and placing them on the floor. He walks a few strides into the shower, leaning up to kiss Ilya's mouth, rubbing his hands appreciatively over his husband's biceps,

"M' sorry" he mumbles, eyes darting down to where the water catches on Ilya's dark happy trail. Ilya smiles and kisses him again,

"Is okay *moy lyubimyy*. You are stressed. I understand."

Shane nods, letting the warm water wash over him, and the distinctive stale airport smell disappears down the drain. He's feeling a little more relaxed as he feels Ilya reach for the shampoo and gently ease Shane down until he's sitting on the granite stool in the shower, Ilya's hands in his hair, combing through the strands slowly and methodically. It's almost ridiculously calming.

"Shane?"

"Mhm?"

"Can I tell you why I bought it?"

Shane flushes. They've been fucking for over ten years. This is their fourth year being married. And yet, Ilya always manages to make him feel eighteen again, shoved up against the back of his hotel room door, unable to find the words to say exactly what he wants without embarrassing himself. He makes a small noise that sounds affirmative and Ilya's fingers massage his scalp, letting the suds slide down his back as he rinses his hair,

"When you are stressed, you cannot calm down. Body is tense, muscles are tense- I thought- I fuck you and you fuck the toy. Then you cum from both and go- how you say? *Boneless*. Relaxed."

Shane feels Ilya pull up him, wrapping an arm around his waist,

"Maybe a little sex itinerary will be good for you" Ilya says, attentively running a thumb over Shane's freckles,

“Maybe I kiss you nice and slow in the bath, put in the nice plug that I bought before we go to dinner- then we come back here and I fuck you in the bed and you fuck the egg.”

Shane shudders in anticipation,

“Stop calling it an *egg*.”

“Is shaped like an *egg*.”

“Shut up.”

By the time they lower themselves into the cedar wood bath, Shane is flushed pink from the shower and is grateful that Ilya knows the exact temperature that he prefers when it comes to bathing. A little cool- especially in the summer. Ilya pulls Shane into his lap to kiss him silly and the sensation is numbingly dissimilar from earlier (sex and irritation). Perhaps habits from ten years of fucking in hotel rooms couldn't be shaken so easily. Shane sighs into Ilya's touch, letting Ilya slowly lick into his mouth, running his tongue gently over the seam of his lips. It feels nice. Really nice. Shane can feel the tension bleeding off him, imagining this feeling embodied, maybe in a dark, murky grey, being washed down the drain when Ilya would eventually pull the plug. Admittedly, Shane is starting to get a little desperate. While kissing Ilya is nice, he needs more. He whines a little into Ilya's lips as he shifts on his lap, trying to grind his half-hard cock into his husband's firm torso. Shane can feel colour rising in his cheeks and his breath hitches when Ilya's fingers grip his ass under the water. Shane makes a small sound of distress as Ilya pulls him back a little, immediately soothing him with a kiss to the forehead,

“What did I say about the plan? Kisses only.”

Shane, clearly frustrated, tries to roll his hips against Ilya's thigh- leaning forward to press his face into Ilya's wet shoulder. Shane hiccups when Ilya pulls him back by the hair and is struck by the expression on his husband's face. Ilya is frowning in a way that is almost condescending- like he might scold a child,

“I think it's time that we get out the bath” Ilya suggests, “we have dinner to get ready for and plug to insert.” Shane nods and shivers, letting Ilya slip out from underneath him and grab one of the hotel's dark grey towels to wrap around his waist. Shane rests his chin on the rim of the bathtub, gazing at his husband, eyes glazed over with unexpressed desire. He watches as Ilya steps into a pair of black boxers and straightens up, running his hand through his wet curls. Shane sighs, and he suspects he looks disgustingly in love,

“Where are we having dinner?”

Ilya grabs another towel for Shane, resting a hand on his hip to help him out of the tub,

“Made a booking for hotel restaurant- private dining.”

Shane frowns,

“When did you do that?”

Ilya shrugs,

“While you were messing with the suitcase.”

Ilya, clad only in his boxers, picks Shane up like a princess, carrying him down the hallway to their bedroom for the next week. The floor-to-ceiling sliding doors overlooking the engawa and Japanese gardens are open how Shane left them, and the sticky evening air is causing sweat to gather behind Shane’s knees and slick his armpit hairs into curly wisps. He presses his face into Ilya’s chest, enjoying the feeling of Ilya’s fingers digging into his skin as he’s gently placed on his feet at the foot of the bed. Ilya hums approvingly with a large hand on the small of Shane’s back as he presses forward, easily bending Shane over the end of the bed. Shane whimpers as he spreads his legs wider, presenting his ass in a way that he hopes is appealing. He hears the bamboo sheets rustle as Ilya leans over to grab the lube and the plug. It’s taking a while. Eager for attention, Shane leans back to spread his cheeks, trying to wriggle his ass a little; rubbing his cock against the bed. Ilya swears softly as he rubs lube between his fingers, circling Shane’s rim with a gentle forefinger. He rests his other palm on Shane’s hip to still his movements, feeling Shane’s body relax under his fingers. Ilya smiles to himself. There is something deeply satisfying about easing the tension in Shane’s body. He works two fingers in, purposely avoiding Shane’s prostate. This wasn’t for pleasure. Well-not yet. Shane’s mewling underneath him, writhing slightly as he drools onto the tan sheets. His lips are wet with spit, and his nose is twitching like a little bunny. Ilya inhales sharply,

Moy zaychik.

He scissors his fingers and adds a third, marvelling at the way Shane’s puffy rim glistens with lube. The sight makes him want to cancel dinner and fuck Shane until he’s barely breathing through throaty sobs, coming all over his chest in long ropes and spit- *fuck*- the spit. Ilya slides the vibrating plug out of the packaging, smearing lube over the tastefully pink silicone. Shane is starting to whine a little, humping the mattress. Ilya tuts and, with one smooth thrust, pushes the plug right up to the flared base. Shane gasps wetly but when Ilya leans over to kiss his parted lips, he looks calm and content, eyes glinting with unshed desire. Ilya resists the sudden urge to giggle. This man, his husband, is all his. He helps Shane into a sitting position, easing black boxers over his thighs and sliding the blue striped yukata over his shoulders, folding it correctly, memory flitting back to the YouTube tutorial that he watched on the bullet train. He wraps the obi around Shane’s waist, securing it in place. Sitting on the edge of their bed in his yukata, Shane looks adorably small and happy, like a little kitten whose just finished a bowl of warm milk. Ilya ruffles his hair and kisses his forehead, dressing himself in a matching yukata and navy blue obi. It’s a little short on him and his ankles poke out in a way that they’re probably not supposed to. And yet, the thought makes Ilya smile. Eighteen-year-old Shane and Ilya wouldn’t be able to fathom that they were openly in love, let alone wearing matching outfits to a luxury private dinner in a ryokan in Kyoto.

The feeling lingers as he and Shane walk, hand in hand, to the back of the hotel restaurant, following a smartly dressed waiter. Shane is still a little floaty from Ilya’s earlier ministrations so Ilya orders for them in careful Japanese and Google translate, a multi-course assortment of traditional seasonal meals, all served in small, delicate portions in plates made by local ceramicists. Ilya orders an iced oolong tea for Shane, watching his husband’s eyes,

glazed over with want, shift from his lap to the table in front of them. As the waiter leaves, he closes the bamboo partition, bowing politely. When the door slides shut, Shane immediately starts to shift in his seat, little wet sighs leaving his lips. Ilya chuckles, sliding his arm out onto the table to trace nameless patterns over the top of Shane's hand where it's gripped on the edge of the table,

"Moy zaychik, I haven't even turned it on yet."

Shane shakes his head a little and whimpers, grinding his ass down onto the plug. Ilya knows it's big enough for a tantalising stretch, but not enough to reach Shane's prostate. The door slides open again and Shane instantly stops shifting, back straightening almost painfully as the waiter sets the oolong tea in front of him. He thanks the waiter quietly, flushing when Ilya asks for a straw. It makes him feel like a child. But it also makes him feel taken care of. Ilya knows he always needs something in his mouth. Soon enough, the straw and their first course has arrived. Ilya opens his phone, casually taking a bite of sashimi as he swipes a finger over the setting on the app. He looks up, smirking. He had told Shane that the plug vibrated, but not *how*. Shane lets out a low whine, choking a little on his iced tea when Ilya raises the setting to a low hum. He keeps it there, easing Shane into the sensation. To anyone else, this setting would be deeply unsatisfying and possibly annoying. Maybe dull enough to ignore. But Ilya knows. Shane is sensitive. Painfully sensitive. Ilya slides back in his chair a little, enough to peek under the table. The front of Shane's yukata is raised where he's tented in his boxers, leaking a little. The excess lube that Ilya didn't bother to wipe off has smeared the fabric covering Shane's inner thighs and it looks like he's leaking.

By the time their plates are cleared and Ilya orders dessert, matcha custard pudding with a strawberry glaze, Shane is trembling in his seat, cheeks blotchy and tears threatening to fall. Ilya, taking pity, leans over the table to feed Shane a spoonful of pudding, suddenly raising the setting, causing Shane's teeth to clank together loudly around the smooth, hips jerking off the seat. Ilya instantly turns the setting down, revelling in the way that Shane's snot and tears wet his face as he whines around the spoon, throat working to swallow the mouthful of creamy matcha. Ilya chuckles and affectionately swipes a thumb over Shane's bottom lip,

"Go back to the room now, yes?"

Shane nods, wiping his nose with a serviette. He looks abashed and floaty, barely tethered to the ground, clinging to Ilya as they walk back to their room. Shane is almost completely gone by the time Ilya presses him into the bedsheets, tugging his boxers down. He's greeted with Shane's leaky cock, precome smeared everywhere, all through his sweaty pubes and over his ass, puffy rim twitching around the plug. Shane whines in protest when Ilya kisses around the plug, tugging it out with his teeth. He clenches around nothing, thighs falling open and hands scrabbling for Ilya- any part of Ilya. Ilya indulges him, rubbing a palm over his cock as he kisses down Shane's neck, murmuring endearments in Russian over reddening skin. Shane's babbling and mewling, fingers threading into Ilya's curls in a desperate attempt to pull Ilya toward his cock. Ilya looks up, unimpressed,

"What do you want, Hollander?"

Shane hiccups and shakes his head, throwing his head back against the pillows. Ilya frowns,

“If you do not tell me I cannot help you.”

Shane’s thighs are trembling as he squeezes his eyes shut, fingers tightening in Ilya’s hair,

“D’nno- want- want you to just touch me- *touchmeplease.*”

The last few words come out in a hushed whimper,

“I am touching you” Ilya quips, rubbing a hand up over Shane’s pec, grazing his brown nipple, pressing a kiss there for good measure. Shane lets out a frustrated whimper and cants his lips into Ilya’s torso, sobbing a little when Ilya finally reaches down and wraps a hand around his cock. Shane tries again, chest heaving,

“Want you to suck me please.”

Ilya tilts his head comically, hand on Shane’s cock stilling completely,

“Have you forgotten sex itinerary already Hollander?” he asks, “I told you. I kiss you nice and slow in the bath, put in the nice plug that I bought before we go to dinner- then we come back here and I fuck you in the bed and you fuck the egg.”

Shane lets the words sink in through the fog in his brain,

Kiss you nice and slow in the bath.

Check.

Put in the nice plug.

Check.

I fuck you in the bed and you fuck the egg.

Oh.

Oh.

Shane sighs and pulls Ilya in for a kiss, licking into his mouth with renewed horniness. The thought of Ilya, putting together a little list of what they were going to do, a *fucking sex itinerary*, somehow felt ridiculously romantic in a way that Shane could barely describe. Ilya smiles into the kiss before murmuring a careful command in Shane’s ear,

“On all fours, Hollander”.

Shane rolls over, feeling horribly exposed as Ilya rucks up the yukata to his upper back, cool air touching his dripping hole, still wet with lube. He can feel Ilya’s palms burning into his hips, touching three fingers to Shane’s entrance. After being thoroughly stretched by the plug, Shane could have probably taken Ilya on the spot. But Ilya liked to be careful, sliding two fingers in and curling them around Shane’s prostate, pressing kisses over the dimples on Shane’s back. Shane arches and whines,

“Ilya-”

“Yes?”

“I want it in-put it in”

“Patience, Hollander”

Another finger.

“*Mrrph- hnggggg*” Shane whines, muffling his moans into the pillow beneath him. Ilya grabs him by the hair, tugging him up out of the mound of pillows,

“No Hollander, I want to hear you.”

Shane flushes prettily, happily embarrassed at Ilya’s easy confession,

“People will hear-” he protests weakly, breath catching as he feels the blunt head of Ilya’s cock stretching his rim. Ilya slides in a little further, draping his body over Shane’s sweaty back,

“I don’t care Hollander. Let me hear you.”

Shane moans shamelessly, interrupted only by sniffing and the occasional hiccup, letting repressed sounds flow from his lips as Ilya starts a steady pace. He was getting close. Ilya was pounding him from behind, a hand wrapped securely around the nape of Shane’s neck, the other one resting on his hip. Shane had almost forgotten about the final event.

You fuck the egg.

He whines in discomfort as Ilya suddenly pulls out, reaching over him to grab something from the bedside table.

The egg.

He distantly hears Ilya squirt some lube into the hole and then he’s reaching in front of Shane, pulling the yukata sideways until it’s sliding off Shane’s shoulders. Ilya rests his chin on Shane’s back, murmuring encouragements into his skin as Shane feels it. Ilya is feeding his cock into the egg and all of a sudden, a wet, warm heat surrounds his cock and *it’s so much*. He can’t help it as he shallowly fucks into the toy, flushing at his own eagerness. Ilya chuckles as he sits back a little, easing his own cock back into Shane’s hole,

“Look at us. Is like sandwich,” he snarks, “I am fucking you. You are fucking the egg.”

When he had had sex with women, Shane hadn’t really liked penetration. It had always felt mildly uncomfortable, and even if it felt good- he could feel an insistent twitching around his hole and it just wasn’t enough. But this- this was different. Ilya was filling him to the brim and he had a hand around the toy that Shane was fucking into- gripping it so tightly that Shane could almost feel Ilya’s fingers digging into his cock. He was starting to drool again and his chin was wet with it as he started to frantically thrust his hips, fucking into the toy

and fucking back onto Ilya's cock, letting out embarrassed whining noises that sounded so far gone that Shane- later on- could hardly believe those sounds had come from his throat. Ilya groaned above him, pounding harder,

"Fuck Shane, so fucking hot for me."

Shane shudders, teetering on the edge of orgasm. He thought, with mild horror, that he was going to cum inside this toy and, with excruciating horniness, that Ilya was going to cum inside him. He's so overwhelmed with the thought that he barely notices when Ilya tenses and shudders over him, cursing in Russian. The blunt head of Ilya's cock is bullying his prostate and the toy is sliding deliciously over his cock and he's coming before he even realises. He's a sobbing mess as he splurts into the toy, keening as he clenches around Ilya's cock, making him hiss through his teeth with the overstimulation. He's a wet mess, sweaty chest heaving and Ilya collapses next to him, pulling Shane onto his chest. He's holding the toy that Shane came into, grinning as he watches the cum drop in thick globes onto Shane's chest,

"Oh! You creampie!"

Shane lets out an embarrassed yelp and lightly smacks Ilya's chest. His attitude doesn't last long when Ilya drags his fingers through Shane's cum and nudges his bottom lip, grinning as Shane eagerly suckles the fingers into his mouth, sighing at the taste of his own cum. He feels content, calm and *boneless*, just as Ilya had described.

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An hour later, Shane's lying awake in the crook of Ilya's shoulder, cold nose pressed against his husband's collarbone. The undercurrent of thrumming anxiety had returned, sitting in his joints like cold jelly. Ilya soothes a hand over his stomach, rubbing the line of his abs affectionately,

"Sweetheart, what are you thinking about?"

Shane inhales, not wanting to answer the question. There are so many things he's thinking about. The fact that he stumbled over a simple greeting in the lobby today. His inability to read kanji. Ilya's smooth ordering at dinner. His concerns about talking at the hockey camp. Being unable to connect to the genetics that made up half of his facial features. The innate fear that they might not like him because of who he is. He's a far cry from the perfect, polite, golden boy from the NHL all those years ago. He's happier. He's married to his husband. He exhales slowly,

"I'm worried that they won't like me", he confesses, "cause I'm not- I don't even speak the language properly. Maybe I won't understand them. Cause I didn't grow up here. Didn't go to school here."

Ilya thinks for a moment, leaving featherlight touches over Shane's freckles,

"You may not understand them. But you understand hockey. They understand hockey" he says, "that is what *you* are here for. *What we are here for*. Hockey."

And suddenly, the world feels lighter. The weight that was pressing insistently on Shane's shoulders. The need to be perfect. To be well-spoken. To know everything. To have all of the answers- feels utterly trivial. He has *Ilya*. He has *his family*. He has *hockey*.

He has everything he needs.

End Notes

thank you for reading!

how would you guys feel abt a puppy shane fic?

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