

Half A Lifetime

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Half A Lifetime

by [kaijuerotica](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya met two days before Christmas in 2008. They'd both been 17 and on the edge of a journey neither were ready for.

It's 17 years later now. Luckily, things worked out pretty well.

Notes

got really emo about hollanov knowing each other longer than they didn't and decided to write some fluff about it

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

Snow was falling in fat clumps outside the window, but inside was cozy and warm.

Shane and Ilya were curled up on the couch, a blanket over their legs and Anya curled up on the other side of Ilya. The fireplace was burning happily and they were watching some Christmas movie Ilya had decided to put on. They had a few days break before hopping on a plane to Boston for the next game and they were enjoying the peace and quiet.

In the kitchen, the oven beeped and Shane threw his head back and groaned. "I don't want to get up." He was warm and comfortable and he'd wound up with a large bruise on his thigh the previous week, which was still sore though not technically impeding anything.

"Do you want dinner to burn?" Ilya asked. He turned his head to look over at Shane and smiled.

"No but you could go get it," he said.

"Not allowed," Ilya said. "Has to be you."

"Why me?" Shane asked.

"Because if I move, I disturb Anya," he said, gesturing to where the dog's head was pillowed in his lap. "Do you want that on your conscience, Hollander?"

Shane groaned but knew Ilya had a point. "Fine. Be right back."

"You want me to pause?" Ilya asked. He reached towards the remote.

"Nah, you know I'm just here because you're cute." He leaned over to kiss Ilya's cheek and then hauled himself up. Dinner was simple, chicken and vegetables roasted together in the oven. He plated it quickly, scooped some leftovers into a container, and left the tray on the stove to cool before he cleaned it later. Ilya held up the blanket for him when he came back, allowing him to slide back in next to him and placing the blanket back over his lap.

"Spasibo, moy lyubimyy," Ilya said as he took his plate. Despite his earlier argument about Anya, the activity had stirred her. She was sitting up now, sniffing curiously at their plates.

They ate while the woman in the movie frantically ran around her small town searching for a wifi signal. Shane didn't understand why Ilya loved watching these so much but it had become an annual tradition in their home.

"Wanna bet that guy turns out to be Santa?" he asked through a mouthful of chicken.

"The bell ringer?" Ilya said. "Too obvious. The store clerk."

Shane considered. "He doesn't even have a beard."

"That's what makes it a twist."

Shane snorted. "That's what qualifies as a twist these days?"

"Hush," Ilya said, grinning.

After they finished eating, they set their plates on the coffee table and Ilya settled against him. He leaned back against Shane and Shane put an arm around him, hanging down over his chest. He pressed a kiss to the top of Ilya's head while the woman in the movie quit her big city job very dramatically over the phone.

Something occurred to Shane. "Hey, do you know what day it is?"

Ilya tilted his head towards him. "Tuesday?"

"It's two days until Christmas," Shane said. Ilya blinked at him. "It's the day we met."

"Is it?" Ilya thought back, mentally counting the days. A grin spread over his face. "I guess it is. And that was...fuck. 2008?"

"Mhmm." Shane smiled into his hair.

Ilya was quiet for a moment. "17 years."

"What?" Shane looked down at him.

"That's how long it's been." Ilya paused, and was quiet when he continued. "We were 17 then, too."

Shane was struck speechless by that particular realization. All the separate scraps of information assembled themselves into a beautiful, shining whole.

Half his life - half of *their* lives - had passed. And he'd spent most of it loving Ilya Rozanov. Maybe not out loud, maybe not realizing it, maybe from much further away than he'd have liked.

"I've known you longer than I didn't," Shane said with a dopey grin.

"Thanks for being dorky and wanting to shake my hand," Ilya said. He leaned his head back fully on Shane's shoulder and kissed his jaw. Shane turned his head to kiss his mouth, neither caring about the awkward angle.

"Thanks for being annoying," Shane said. "And hot."

Ilya snorted. "You're the worst."

"Maybe." They settled back in together, both still smiling.

The movie came to a close and Ilya had been right. The bell ringer had actually turned out to be kind of a dick. Meanwhile, the shop clerk had given the woman some sage advice only to be nowhere around with his shop suddenly closed up on Christmas Eve when she came by to thank him.

“Told you,” Ilya hummed.

“Yeah, okay, Mr. Hallmark,” Shane said.

“I believe it's pronounced Hollander,” Ilya said, making Shane snort. They'd technically hyphenated their names, not that it ever came up besides when they were signing anything legal.

As the credits rolled, Ilya yawned and looked up at him. “What are the chances I can convince you to leave the dishes for tomorrow?”

Shane shook his head. “Not a chance but I'll be fast.”

Ilya rolled his eyes but nodded. They both got up. Ilya called Anya over to put on her boots and jacket before going out before bed. Shane moved to the kitchen to clear away the dishes. True to his word, he got everything rinsed and in the dishwasher quickly, then checked the front door and turned out the lights. Ilya was just coming out of the bathroom, wearing some lounge pants and nothing else, when Shane came into the bedroom. Anya was curled up in her crate in the corner with a pile of warm blankets.

Shane got ready for bed and slid in besides Ilya, who immediately wrapped his arms around Shane. Shane pressed a kiss to Ilya's chest and laid his cheek against the smooth, warm skin. He loved this man so much. He couldn't imagine his life without Ilya in it. And truly, there hadn't ever been a point when he wasn't. His entire adult life, he and Ilya had orbited each other. They spun closer and closer until neither had been able to escape. And neither had wanted to.

“Ya tebya lyubyu,” he mumbled against Ilya's skin. “Vsegda.”

I love you. Always.

End Notes

the untranslated russian says "Thank you, my love"

Thank you so much for reading! Comments and kudos are always appreciated ☺

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