

My heart for your lips

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My heart for your lips

by [phlebotinxm](#)

Summary

Years later, Shane talks about that unsent text.

"we didn't even kiss".

Notes

clears throat

so, hmm. anyone ready for a wee drabble?

this is my first time writing about these two, and definitely a little bit of a trial as of now. I am not all too familiar with the book as I've only read it once (so far), but the show won't leave my mind and I had to do something about it...

I apologise in advance for any mistakes I could have made, grammar or accuracy wise. I hope you will like this (very little) snippet of shane and ilya's life, do not hesitate to let me know if you did—if you feel like it! :)

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

It's a winter day in Montreal when Shane tells Ilya about the text.

Ever since becoming a Canadian citizen, Ilya has found that he likes lazying around more. It's mostly in his head, he knows, but it doesn't prove to be any less true. Nowadays, he spends hours curled on the couch with Shane until they both get sleepy—or handsy, depending on the mood. He likes watching movies, and he loves watching the excitement on Shane's face at the idea of introducing him to the wonders of Canadian culture. They spend a lot of time reading, too, and sometimes all Ilya does during that time is stare unashamedly at Shane in his glasses. All in all, it's nice, and cosy, and boring in the most wonderful way.

Married life is not what Ilya expected it to be.

To be fair, he's never thought much about it before Shane—and even then, it all seemed too good to be true; like a fever dream that dissipates the moment one opens their eyes. Marrying Shane and gaining a family in the process is not something Ilya takes for granted, even in his worst days. The scars that his father has left inside of him rival the ones carved by his mother's passing, and through this wild ride that is life, Ilya will never not stop being grateful for what he has still.

Through it all, Ilya Rozanov has been lucky. He has been lucky to find friends and family that would accept him for who he is, no matter what. And this very thought brings him to the present moment, and the idea that suddenly pops into his head.

"I've been thinking," Ilya says, and Shane wrinkles his nose adorably.

"If this is about getting me pregnant, we've gone over this. It's biologically and physically impossible, and as much as I do not oppose trying over and over again, you need to get the thought of it inside your pretty head."

Ilya huffs. "So practical, Hollander."

He plops on the couch next to his husband—the word still feels surprising yet familiar in his mind, like a new music that makes its way in the back of his brain after being forgotten about for months.

"I've been thinking," he says again, with more intent this time, "about inviting your family for dinner."

Shane frowns. His glasses have slid down a little bit down the slope of his nose, and Ilya aches to push them back.

"Any particular reason?"

"I thought we could remind your dad about that time we traumatized him and have some more sex in front of him," Ilya says with a shrug.

"You're such an asshole."

His English has gotten so much better, but sometimes, Ilya likes to tease. He knows how much Shane loves the accent—they do speak in Russian, sometimes, because Shane loves it and Ilya loves Shane, and because hearing his husband speak his language never fails to make his heart jump in his chest.

“But you do love my asshole,” Ilya grins, “even if not as much as I love yours.”

The book that Shane was reading previously falls onto the coffee table with a thud. Ilya takes this as a victory—he now becomes Shane’s sole focus point, which also happens to be his favorite thing in the entire world.

“I cannot believe I married you,” Shane says, almost to himself.

He takes off his glasses to pinch the bridge of his nose, and Ilya is so endeared he could cry. Ilya had once thought that the hockey world wouldn’t be ready for them. Now, he thinks that maybe he was just too afraid that *he’d* never be ready for them. And in some ways, he can’t, because the strength of his feelings for the man sitting in front of him catches him off guard almost every day.

Before he can find it in himself to make another joke, Shane tilts his head to the side, his eyes boring into Ilya’s.

“What prompted this?”

“I just like having them around,” Ilya says, feeling a little uncomfortable with the weight of Shane’s gaze and what it brings to the surface. “But that’s okay. Forget it.”

“Ilya,” Shane says, reaching for his wrist. “Talk to me.”

It’s become a thing, now. Shane wants to talk, about their feelings and their lives and all the things in between. Ilya does a lot of that in therapy—but learning to do it with the love of his life is another step. He’s getting better at it, though. Mostly because he finds it incredibly hard to resist Shane’s pleading eyes.

“It’s the anniversary of my mother’s passing. Soon,” he explains with a shrug, as if the mere idea didn’t make his skin crawl. “I thought we could do something nice. You know, to not think about it.”

Shane’s eyes soften minutely.

“Why do you run from your feelings?”

“I do not run. I skate away. Faster than you can, too.”

“Ilya.”

Ilya sighs. “People are hard,” he explains, switching to Russian. He does not longer wonders about Shane following, because he knows he always does, in every aspect of their lives.

“Am I hard?”

“Well...”

“Focus, Rozanov. We’re having a serious talk.”

Ilya swallows back his grin.

“You know, there used to be a time when your refusal to talk about this,” Shane gestures between them, “terrified me.”

“I terrified you?”

“Your adversity to basic human emotions did.”

Ilya wants to fight, wants to argue and tell him that he’s wrong. But the truth is, he’s had so much work to do to undo those walls he erected for himself for all those years that he *knows* Shane is right. He hates admitting it, though, so he keeps his mouth shut, and he glares.

Shane sighs, running his free hand through his hair as if to diffuse the tension that has slowly grown thicker between them.

“I almost texted you, one time. After the NHL Awards. We fucked in that penthouse, remember?”

“Oh, I remember. You were whining so prettily for me.”

“Yeah, alright.” Shane clears his throat, as if the mere mention of sex still gets him to blush like a virgin. Ilya finds it hilarious. “The thing is, all I could think about that night was the fact that we did not kiss. Not once, not even after all the things we’d done.”

It takes Ilya by surprise. He’s never thought of it that way—sure, he knows they didn’t do emotions, back then. But he’s grown aware enough to realize that Shane wears his heart on his sleeve, and more often than not gets hurt because of it.

He’s not used to being the one doing the hurting, though. And it pains him, more than he thought it would.

“I didn’t think this was something for us back then,” he says with care, sitting down slowly. The couch dips a little where he settles, and Shane immediately gravitates towards him. The hand on his wrist migrates to his arm, before wrapping around his shoulders.

“I know. But that’s what I mean when I say that you run away from emotions, even when they’re too strong to ignore. And even now, after all that time.”

“Hollander...”

“I think we should invite my parents over,” Shane cuts him off, reaching for the side of his face to angle it towards his, “and I think we should talk about why.”

This time, Ilya does not find anything else to say. So instead, he leans down, and presses a soft kiss to the corner of Shane’s mouth, thinking about an opportunity he missed all those

years ago.

End Notes

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