Dance Lessons

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Dance Lessons

by mansikka

Summary

“All I keep picturing is you, looking, like, incredible, on some dance floor somewhere in Ibiza. Or any of the other places we’re visiting,” Shane says. “And I’ll be just standing there. Like an idiot.”

As they get ready to go on their honeymoon, Shane decides he needs to learn to dance.

Notes

Hello! Just some silly fluff here, don't mind me!

Shane is quiet as he and Ilya walk Anya this evening. He's still making conversation, proudly smiling when Anya does absolutely anything, and still looking at Ilya with his *I can't believe we're husbands* eyes that he's had on him since their wedding a week ago. So Ilya knows there is nothing seriously wrong. He also knows he only has to wait until Shane is ready to share whatever is in his head. It's become fun for Ilya to try to guess what it is he's thinking.

Is it October, when they get to play together for the Centaurs? Because that's on Ilya's mind pretty much always now. Will they play together on a line? Will he be able to stop himself from referring to Shane as his husband when giving interviews—and why the hell should he? Will it be torture having to keep his hands to himself when Shane is there in the changing rooms—and showers—with him and the rest of the team?

Yes. It will be. But it's the kind of torture Ilya won't actually mind.

Is Shane worrying about that really cute kitten they passed ten minutes or so back that Ilya is hoping isn't a stray? Actually, he wouldn't mind if it was, sure that Anya would be happy to have someone else to play with. Ilya knows he is a dog dad through and through but can easily picture Shane as a cat dad, not only because he's imagining a cute cat snuggling against his bare chest. Though that is a very nice image. Maybe if the kitten is still there tomorrow they can take it home, and if not, perhaps they can adopt a cat once they are back from their honeymoon.

Or, is Shane going over the itinerary they have been planning, and changing, and perfecting for their honeymoon all afternoon? There are still a million more things they could choose to do, because they're going for a whole month. Yes. It's probably that, because too many choices do overwhelm Shane sometimes.

But it could be anything.

"I… I think I need some help with something," Shane says, eventually, which does catch Ilya off guard.

"Okay?"

Shane chews his lip, frowning.

"From me?" Ilya prompts because Shane doesn't add anything.

Again, silence. Then— "You'll laugh at me."

"Probably," Ilya says, intrigued for Shane's words and enamoured for the way he then glares at him.

"The thing is…"

"...yes?"

Sighing hard, Shane turned his face skywards and groans. That he does this while pulling on Ilya's hand so he can raise and kiss the back of it, is what keeps Ilya from starting to think there might actually be a problem.

"I don't want to embarrass you," Shane then says, mostly to his own feet, because he's sure not looking Ilya in the eye.

"I am shameless. You cannot embarrass me."

Shane laughs, looking more relaxed. "That's not true at all."

"Sometimes."

"I was just thinking that… we keep talking about our honeymoon."

"Yes. I am looking forward to it so, so much."

Shane's eyes soften, but his smile doesn't quite reach them. "Me too. I can't wait."

"Yes."

"But all I keep picturing is you, looking, like, fucking *incredible*, on some dance floor somewhere in Ibiza. Or any of the other places we're visiting."

Yes, Ilya's pictured that too, though it's more a mix of making out with Shane in some club corner, and getting to kiss his face off in daylight.

He can't wait for that. In fact he's doing that now, every chance he gets, but when they're on their honeymoon? Shane's lips are going to be kiss bruised at least eighty percent of the time.

"Are you worried other people will want to dance with me?" Ilya teases, and when Shane's eyes narrow, raises their joined hands, emphasising his wedding ring. "Because I have this now. Everybody knows I am yours."

Oh, Ilya does love how easily he can make Shane smile.

"What I'm worried about, is you'll be there, under the lights, with the music, and everything, dancing, looking amazing, and…"

"And?"

"And I'll be just standing there. Like an idiot," Shane says, suddenly sounding exasperated.

Immediately, Ilya's memory supplies a club in Montreal, someone else's hands all over Shane, the rage of jealousy that had washed over him. He gets the urge to back him against the nearest flat surface—in this case, a delivery truck parked across a drive—and kiss him senseless. He doesn't do that, but he does tug on Shane's fingers, so he looks his way again.

"I don't want to embarrass you," Shane says, his voice smaller than Ilya has heard it in a while.

“How could you embarrass me?”

“Because. You always say how I don’t know any music.”

“You don’t know… much music,” Ilya says, choosing a little tact.

“Exactly. And I’m okay with that, most of the time.”

“Okay…”

“But I want to dance with you,” Shane says, then, sounding mournful of all things. “I want to dance with you, and not make a complete fool of myself. I want… I just want that.”

Shane looks so frustrated with himself, head dipped, lower lip red from how he’s been chewing on it for the last few minutes.

Ilya can’t have that. He changes his grip on Anya’s leash and throws an arm around Shane’s waist, tugging him against him. “We don’t have to dance.”

“But I want to. With you, I mean. When we got married, and we had to dance, and I didn’t know how to—I just want to dance with you. And not look like a giant idiot.”

“You are not a giant, is fine,” Ilya says, smacking a kiss to Shane’s temple, and when he glares at him, adds, “but, our honeymoon is not for three more weeks.”

“I know.”

“So? You have time to learn.”

“...I don’t really want lessons, or anything. This is something I should… I should just know how to, already,” Shane says, that frustrated at himself that it tears at Ilya’s heart.

He would point out that Shane’s life has been nothing but hockey since he was about six years old, and that he’s deprived himself of so much to be the very best he can be at hockey, including things like letting loose and dancing.

He won’t though. He only kisses Shane on the temple, a little softer this time.

“We will turn our house into a disco. I have disco lights and everything. No lessons. Just us. Every night can be a party. You will be dancing for me in one week.”

Shane laughs at this, bumping his head against Ilya’s and groans. “I’m gonna need so much of your vodka for this.”

“You never danced with your team?” Ilya asks Shane later that evening after dinner, when they are lounging on the couch.

The thing is, Ilya knows that if Shane was to let himself, he'd actually be a pretty good dancer. He knows this without even have to think about it, having no doubts that, with a little practice—and a *lot* of letting loose—Shane's going to drive him absolutely wild when they're dancing on their honeymoon. At all other times too, because he always does, but Ilya won't pretend that now Shane has put the thought in his head, he can't wait to dance with him.

Shane shakes his head against Ilya's shoulder. "No, never. I don't like clubs all that much. I mean, I can't wait to go to some with you, but… it's different."

"I know you don't like clubs so much," Ilya says, nuzzling against Shane's temple. "You don't need to be in a club to dance. You never danced in the changing room after winning?"

"No. Not really."

"You had no parties in hotel rooms?"

"Uh… maybe once? Well, no, not once—there were parties all the time—but I only went to one once. To JJ's."

Ilya isn't surprised to hear any of that, even ignoring how Montreal treated Shane after they were outed. Not that Ilya can ever ignore that. He is angry for Shane, and knows he'll probably hold a grudge against Montreal far longer than Shane will himself, and that ultimately none of this matters, because they are no longer Shane's team. He does plan to make Shane's experience with the Centaurs the best he can possibly make it, though.

Not that he'll even have to try too hard for that. His team are awesome and have already welcomed Shane with open arms.

"It is different at the Centaurs," Ilya says, smiling when Shane snorts.

"Yeah. I'll bet."

"The team likes everybody. On ice, off ice, everyone is friends."

"Yeah… I do not know what that's like," Shane says, and for once, doesn't try to keep the bitterness from his voice.

Ilya is glad of it, because he hates the thought of him bottling things up, though he also doesn't want Shane to feel sad, about anything.

"Okay," he says, standing so quickly that Shane slumps to his side in Ilya's absence, holding out his hand. "Lesson one."

Laughing, Shane lets Ilya pull him up, and even though there is doubt in his eyes—even a bit of nervousness—he goes willingly when Ilya tugs him across the living room.

"Anya's gonna wonder what we're doing."

"She has seen us do stranger things," Ilya says, winking as he puts on some music.

When he turns, Shane is stood exactly where he left him, already looking lost and unsure of himself. It's wrong that he looks so adorable standing there like that, honestly. Ilya refrains from telling Shane he's cute because that's not going to help at all with this.

Also, this is all wrong. He wants Shane to have fun learning to dance, not look worried, or turn it into something he needs to be perfect at. Ilya wants to dance with Shane, hold him in his arms, and not really think about anything else.

"I changed my mind," Ilya says, searching for a different playlist.

"You don't want to teach me?"

"I do," Ilya says, crossing the room for a quick kiss to reassure him. "Stay there."

"This music is… slow?" Shane calls after Ilya as he heads to the kitchen.

"No. Romantic," he calls back.

"Oh…"

Laughing, Ilya opens the freezer, contemplates the three bottles of vodka in there before selecting one. He takes two glasses from a cupboard, and then because he loves Shane more than anything else in the whole world, half-fills his glass with cranberry juice before he even pours in any vodka.

"Is not strong," he tells Shane when he hands it over, smiling for the disbelieving look he receives. "Not strong like mine."

Shane only winces a little when he takes a sip, which Ilya takes as a win.

He isn't expecting Shane to gulp half the glass.

"Slow down," Ilya says, resting a hand on Shane's arm, and laughing.

"Sorry."

"It's just you, and me. Nobody is watching. Nobody will be saying anything. Nobody needs you to be perfect," Ilya adds, which he knows is half the internal battle Shane is facing with all this.

He watches him take another large gulp and then takes Shane's glass, putting it on the coffee table beside his own.

"It's just us, sweetheart," he whispers, which makes Shane's eyes light up, and his shoulders soften.

"Yeah, okay," Shane says, letting out a shaky breath, then moves closer and drapes his arms over Ilya's shoulders.

Ilya feels himself relax, too, humming softly as he wraps his hands around Shane's waist. He leans for a kiss, then raises an eyebrow, and when Shane nods, starts to sway him in his arms.

Immediately, Ilya feels giddy for it, like happiness is going to bubble up out of him and blast out in laughter. He holds it in, only for not wanting Shane to think he is laughing at him. No, right now, he's laughing at himself. How did he never suggest they dance like this before?

"Before, I am thinking many times, to do something romantic with you; I don't understand why I did not think of doing this," Ilya says, remembering a million gestures he planned out in the past before him and Shane actually got together, and how rarely any of them worked out.

Shane rests his cheek against Ilya's. "Really?"

"What?"

"You used to plan romantic things for us to do? Like… before?"

Before. When they were both complete idiots in denial about how perfect for one another they are.

"Yes," Ilya says.

"Oh," Shane says, and then he shakes his head and softly laughs. "You know what?"

"What?"

"That doesn't surprise me at all."

Pulling back to look at him, Ilya's heart skips for the way Shane is looking at him now. "No?"

Shaking his head again, Shane leans in for a kiss. "You're always romantic."

"Not always."

"But, so many times. Far more than I ever am," Shane adds, frowning to himself.

Ilya can't have that. He flattens his hand against Shane's lower back, pulling him closer. "You do many things for me."

"Mm."

"You do. You make my socks into balls when you do laundry."

Shane bursts out laughing. "You think that's romantic?"

"Yes. Because I cannot be bothered. And, you always iron that shirt for me that I hate to iron."

"...I kinda like ironing," Shane says.

“Yes. You are very strange like that. I like that very much.”

“Mm. My romantic gestures are all useful to you,” Shane teases.

“Sometimes. But is still romantic. You are learning Russian for me,” Ilya says, forever in awe that Shane would willingly learn a whole damn language for him.

“*I’m trying*,” Shane says, in Russian of course.

“You made us a camp on the deck at the cottage, so we could watch stars,” Ilya adds, thinking of one a million favourite memories.

That night was special, though. So, so special. Shane sprawled out before him unapologetically naked, lit only by moonlight and a few candles, is one of Ilya’s favourite memories to take out and replay.

Shane’s smile tells him he is remembering the same thing. “That was a good night. We should do it again.”

“We will. And, maybe next time, we can do this,” Ilya says.

“Dancing? Like this?”

“Yes.”

Shane noses against his cheek. “We will.”

Ilya has to kiss him, humming softly to the music as he holds Shane close, turning them in a small circle.

What did he tell Shane about not needing to be perfect? He was wrong. This is perfect already. Seriously. How the hell have they only ever danced once before? It’s ridiculous, actually. For how at ease Shane feels in his arms, how they move together in perfect time, how there might as well be no music playing, or anything happening outside of them, Ilya decides this is something they need more of, because oh, does this feel good.

“This is okay?” he still asks Shane, so happy to see him nod and give him an easy smile.

“This is good,” Shane says, then looks down at himself, then back up at Ilya, laughing as he leans in for a kiss.

“What?”

“Nothing. This is easy. It feels… nice.”

A swell of emotion rises up in Ilya. He acknowledges it to himself, realises it’s the happy kind of tears he feels forming, and pulls Shane just that little bit closer.

“Because it’s us.”

“Because it’s us,” Shane agrees, and as though he is reading Ilya’s mind, adds, “I wouldn’t mind us doing this all the time.”

“Yes?”

“Yes. Maybe… we could have other date nights doing this?”

It’s exactly what Ilya wants. He hums against Shane’s cheek, smiling when he starts to play with his hair.

“We will,” he says softly, closing his eyes as Shane relaxes further still, letting out a happy sigh.

He’s promised not to laugh. There isn’t even really anything to laugh about. But watching Shane looking so perplexed with disco lights trailing across his face as music thumps around their living room walls, Ilya is struggling to keep that promise.

“We did this last week. You danced. It was good,” he says, when Shane continues to look startled.

Maybe that’s the problem, maybe they shouldn’t have left it so long between these lessons. Between dinner with David and Yuna, a day out with the Pikes, a grill night at Bood’s, and a date night just for them, they haven’t had a whole lot of time.

“I forgot already. How to… you know,” Shane says, actually looking at the disco ball as though it is personally offending him.

“Just… move,” Ilya suggests, taking pity on Shane when he raises his arms in an adorably exasperated way.

“I don’t know how.”

“Of course you do.”

“No, I don’t.”

“Yes. You do,” Ilya insists, coming close and kissing him. “You are thinking too much.”

“...I’m trying not to.”

“We don’t have to do this if you don’t want.”

“I do want,” Shane growls out, and surprises Ilya by grabbing his glass of vodka, narrowing his eyes over it as he drinks.

Shane was the one that instigated this so-called lesson tonight, it’s true, determined that he learns to dance properly, whatever that might mean. So Ilya knows he isn’t coercing him into anything. It’s just that Shane looking so out of his comfort zone trying—not even trying yet!

—to do something that's supposed to be fun, well, if he doesn't try to find the humour in this, Ilya will just find the whole situation sad.

"Is just moving," Ilya says again, taking the glass back and putting it out of their reach because as good as it is imagining Shane might one day come to appreciate vodka like he does, Ilya doesn't want it to happen like this.

"It's not just anything."

"You move on the ice. You move in the gym. You move on your little runs with Hayden."

"You want me to dance with Hayden?" Shane says, with a small smirk that says he knows how to press Ilya's buttons just as much as he does his.

He will not imagine *fucking* Hayden dancing with his husband thank you very much. Ilya swallows back the possessive words on his tongue and prowls closer to Shane, spreading his hands wide on his hips.

"You do yoga."

"Yoga is not dancing."

"But is good. You know what to move where," Ilya says, emphasising his words with a soft sway that Shane easily follows, because his hands are on him.

"It's still different," Shane says, though he is smiling, and he's still moving with Ilya, instead of standing there looking so lost.

"You have these things," Ilya says, squeezing Shane's hips, "and this," he adds, slipping his hands around to squeeze Shane's ass.

Shane grins, slipping his hands into the back of Ilya's sweatpants with a triumphant glint in his eye.

"So do you."

"I know you know how to move them," Ilya says, dropping his voice and kissing Shane's ear as he does.

"That's also different," Shane says, his voice a little huskier now.

"Maybe this is the problem."

"What?"

"Maybe you are thinking dancing is something difficult, or something to learn, or make perfect. Maybe you should think that dancing is like sex. Or, before sex."

Shane laughs; Ilya can feel the tension dropping from him already. "Like foreplay?"

“Sure.”

“Isn’t that what hockey’s for?”

Instantly, Ilya is hit with the one single thing he is concerned about, when he and Shane play together for the Centaurs.

How the fuck is he going to keep his hands off Shane, when he’s right—hockey is so often foreplay for them? When they already play together so well, when Shane looks so damn good on the ice, when he looks at Ilya like he wants to devour him or be devoured by him whenever they smash into the boards. Oh, it’s going to be a beautifully infuriating distraction.

That’s a problem for a couple of months from now, though.

Also. Is Shane aware that he is, more or less, dancing perfectly okay, right now? He’s only moving a little, but the moment Ilya realises his heart thuds, and heat flares in his core, and… fuck. Shane actually dancing with him properly on a dance floor somewhere is actually going to kill him, isn’t it?

“No hockey. Just us. Just here,” Ilya says, slipping his thumbs beneath Shane’s shirt while still keeping a firm grip on his ass.

“Just us,” Shane agrees, mouthing at Ilya’s neck.

“If you dance with me like this on our honeymoon, we will never leave our hotel room.”

Ilya can feel Shane’s smile against his skin, a triumphant little curl of his lips that never fails to drive Ilya wild.

“You’re the one that said it doesn’t have to be a dance floor we dance on.”

“Mm,” Ilya says, since there are no other words he thinks are necessary right now.

He splays his hands over Shane’s ass, and hungrily claims his mouth.

“Shane? Shane, can you dance with me?” Ilya says on behalf of Anya as he holds her against his chest with her paws sticking out.

Looking up from his laptop—yes, they’re going over their honeymoon itinerary again—Shane grins as he watches them, taking his glasses off as he stands.

“You wanna dance with me, Anya?” Shane asks softly, giving her paw a gentle squeeze.

Anya is obsessed with Shane. Almost as much as Ilya is. The moment Shane speaks to her she is wriggling from Ilya’s grip, tail wagging fast.

“That is a yes,” Ilya says, depositing Anya in Shane’s arms.

Of course she wriggles to the position she likes best when Shane holds her; cradled like a baby and her tongue hanging out. Ilya has to take a photo, has to kiss them both, and then has to put some music on. He needs to see these two dance.

“You remember how to move, yes?” Ilya teases, earning himself a little glare.

“This feels weird.”

“Only because you are thinking. Anya, tell Shane you want to dance with him,” Ilya calls, earning himself a tail wag and what he swears is Anya laughing as he dances up to join them.

Shane looks down adoringly at Anya. “You wanna, dance, huh?”

“She says yes,” Ilya says, squeezing Shane’s hips.

Sighing, Shane rolls his shoulders like he is preparing for something awful, and starts to sway. Slowly. Ilya mimics his movements but makes them wilder, more exaggerated, more than happy to goof off if he is rewarded for it with hearing Shane laugh. Anya seems to be laughing at him too, so Ilya comes closer, tickles her belly, then dances away from them both, arms up in the air.

Truthfully, Ilya doesn’t think he is all that great a dancer himself. He just knows how to move his body, how to move it in time to music, and doesn’t think about how he might look to anyone watching. His idea of good dancing is loud music, good alcohol, and a happy crowd around him—or at least, that used to be his idea of good dancing. Now, he wants to be pressed up close to Shane feeling his body match his every move, and maybe even forget about dancing altogether, too caught up in touching, and making out.

But. To get to that—to get Shane to the point where he isn’t overthinking—Ilya knows he has to take this playful route, just to prove to Shane he does know how to have fun. It seems to be working. When Ilya eventually turns around Shane is moving around, kind of humming, and apparently torn between watching Ilya and Anya.

“See? She likes it,” Ilya says, coming back.

Shane tilts his head beckoning Ilya even closer. “I think she wants to dance with you, too.”

“Yes?” Ilya says, pretending to gasp in surprise, then carefully takes Anya from Shane’s arms.

He is gentle with her, of course, but makes his movements a little more dramatic, making up words to the music that he’s not really paying attention to, that he croons to Anya in Russian.

Unprompted—and to Ilya’s delight—Shane comes to dance with them, his eyes screwed up adoringly as he tries to translate Ilya’s words.

“Almost,” Ilya says, adjusting his grip on Anya a little so that Shane’s hands rest easier on his arms, and the three of them can dance together.

“What did I get wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Ilya.”

“Is just the ending,” he says, explaining the difference to Shane, who, surprisingly, doesn’t stop still to absorb this new bit of grammar. He just keeps on dancing. Ilya’s heart couldn’t be more full.

Anya tolerates their silliness for another few minutes then wriggles to be let down, leaving them to it. Shane immediately moves closer to fill the space, arms draped over Ilya’s shoulders.

“So. This isn’t so bad. Right?” he asks.

Is that confidence Ilya detects in the look he’s giving him? He hopes so. One because yes, this isn’t bad at all—Ilya loves it, actually—and two, a confident Shane has always, always done it for him. He doesn’t even have it in him to tease; that’s how gone he is on the idea of Shane and him dancing.

“Perfect,” Ilya says.

“Maybe not perfect.”

“Is perfect,” Ilya insists. “Is our kind of perfect, yes?”

Shane smiles at this, nodding. “I don’t think I’m so worried now. Not if dancing is like this.”

“Yes.”

“But, we should still keep doing this. Practicing. Before we go to Spain.”

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. Definitely. I like doing this with you,” Shane says, looking shy of all things.

Ilya’s heart is in danger of bursting. He claims a kiss, letting his eyes fall closed as Shane sighs softly. “Me, too.”

“He’ll be home soon,” Ilya tells Anya, who gives a wag of her tail but is nowhere near as excited as him.

Why should she be? Shane will come in, give her a fuss and probably treats, but what he’s bringing Ilya is oh, so much more.

Years ago, Shane hired a stylist. At the time it had been mostly a relief to Ilya to hear it, having feared he was losing the love of his life to someone else.

Rose does still take Shane shopping from time to time; Shane says this is because Rose likes a life size doll to dress up, but Ilya, while telling himself he is never jealous at all,

understands Rose completely. Who wouldn't want to play dress up with Shane, get him trying on all the most beautiful clothes in the world that he would never, ever, contemplate for himself?

Ilya has even tried to take him clothes shopping, though only once, and only because it was back before—when the hockey world was slowly adjusting to the idea of them being friends, and Ilya had been so, so close to fucking him in the changing room just for how good Shane had looked in what he'd chosen for him. They can't do that again, even now that that they are married and everyone knows, because that urge to rip Shane's clothes off never fades.

So. Begrudgingly, though also grateful at the same time, Ilya respects Rose and Shane's occasional shopping expeditions. Though most of his gratitude for Shane's wardrobe goes to the same stylist from all those years ago—who has taken Shane shopping today to get him ready for their honeymoon, which is now only three days away.

Ilya is so excited. Sometimes when Shane comes back from these things, he will model everything for Ilya to admire—and admire, he does. Other times, he'll be secretive about it, sneak things into his closet and then surprise Ilya with what he's wearing when they go somewhere together. Those days are both the best and worst because damn is his husband gorgeous, but how the hell is he suppose to keep his hands to himself when he looks so good?

Today, Ilya has no idea what Shane has in mind, and to be honest, he doesn't know what he'd prefer either. A sneak peek of everything he might see him wearing when carefree and sunkissed in Spain, or complete obliviousness? He'll be fighting ripping Shane's clothes off either way, but it's still a nice predicament for him to think about.

Anya moves then, up from her bed and giving a lazy stretch in the way she always does when Shane is almost home. Ilya jogs to the kitchen to put on coffee, tidying his hair and catching his ridiculous grin in the hallway mirror as he goes to the front door.

There is a soft thud on the other side of it, and Ilya thinks Shane mutters *dammit*, so opens the door expecting Shane might have his hands full. He does. There are… so many bags by the door, and when Ilya looks up for hearing Shane locking his car, he sees even more in his hands.

"Did you buy *everything*?" Ilya says, already bending to pick up some of the bags.

"Maybe. Hi," Shane says, leaning in for a kiss.

"Hello," Ilya says, forgetting the bags in their hands, that Anya is waiting just behind him to welcome Shane home, losing himself entirely in this moment with his husband.

"I am way, way later than I thought I'd be."

"It's okay. I wasn't home long, too."

"How is he? Marlow?" Shane says, when he eventually gets inside, bending to fuss over Anya.

He's lost touch with so many people over the last few years. Ilya feels awful for it sometimes, and also maybe stupid, for cutting so many people out of his life. He hadn't ever meant to, really, and to be fair a lot of people stopped talking to him when he left Boston, but he has been making more of an effort recently.

This has never been the case with Cliff Marlow. He cursed Ilya out when he told him about moving to Ottawa, but has remained his friend the entire time. Maybe not to speak to regularly, since Cliff isn't the biggest texter, but Ilya likes how their conversation feels like one that is always ongoing, even if entire weeks or months pass without contact.

Cliff even came to their wedding, at which he apologised to Shane for knocking him out back in 2017. Shane barely remembers that incident, only seeing footage of it for the first time last year. So he'd brushed off the apology, saying it wasn't necessary, and since then Cliff has been messaging Ilya more regularly. It's the same kind of shit they used to talk about when Ilya was back in Boston with him, but it's good, having another person in his corner.

"Good," Ilya says, helping Shane stack his bags at the bottom of the stairs; maybe he does intend to give him a show? "We were right."

Immediately, Shane's eyes narrow. "Montreal want him?"

It was the first thought they'd both had when Marlow said he was coming up to Canada. Ilya doesn't blame Montreal for trying to get him, because he's brilliant, but he will hold a grudge against them forever for how they've treated Shane.

"They do," Ilya says, tilting his head for Shane to follow him to the kitchen.

"I mean, he's great. I get it."

Scoffing, Ilya starts making their coffees. "He told them no."

"He did?"

"Yes. He let them pay for a nice dinner last night, with his family, let them tell him all their big ideas, and pay for his hotel. He told them no, this morning, when he was driving here," Ilya says, laughing, then shares with Shane exactly what Marlow had said, making him laugh as well.

"He really said no to them? With an offer like that?" Shane says, passing Ilya creamer.

"Yes. He told them it was difficult to trust a team who would behave how they did. With you."

Shane looks so touched, and surprised, and so many things; Ilya has to kiss him, so does.

"He really did that?"

"Yes. He told me he thinks there are more players who did the same."

Dropping to a stool by the kitchen island, Shane looks stunned. "Seriously?"

Ilya's pretty touched too—so many players have reached out in the last few weeks offering their support, or congratulations, or some other words that have made everything easier. Word about how Montreal treated Shane after they came out travelled quickly, and Ilya is surprised, after everything, how many people have actually been on their side with it all. Surprised and… hopeful, really, that things in the NHL really could change for the better in the future.

He'll still happily watch Montreal fail forever, though. And he has far more important things to think about right now.

"Will you show me your new clothes?" Ilya says, massaging Shane's shoulders, smiling for the happy sigh he lets out as he tilts his head.

"No. They can be a surprise. For our honeymoon."

"*Please*?" Ilya says, sneaking a kiss in behind Shane's ear which he knows will get him absolutely everything.

"That… is cheating."

"Is not."

"You don't want a surprise?"

"I don't like surprises," Ilya says, mouthing down the side of Shane's neck.

It's not true. He loves all the surprises Shane brings his way. But he really wants to see what is in those bags.

"Mm."

"Is that yes?"

Shane leans back against Ilya's chest, tilting his head against his shoulder.

"No."

"There are so many bags. Maybe there are too many things to take in our luggage."

"Oh, there definitely is."

"So? I can help you choose."

"You, have no patience," Shane says, laughing when Ilya throws his arms over his shoulders and leans on him.

"None. Not with you."

"Show me your clothes," Ilya whispers against Shane's temple, smiling for how that makes him shiver.

“Ilya…”

“Just one thing…”

Shane turns so that Ilya knows to move, stretching up to kiss him. He curls his fingers at the nape of his neck keeping Ilya close, so Ilya does the sensible thing and wedges himself between Shane’s thighs. This isn’t letting him see Shane’s new clothes either, but why would he resist kissing him at any time?

“I have an idea,” Shane says after a while when they are kissed bruised and panting.

“I have many ideas…”

“My idea is better.”

“You don’t know that.”

Laughing, Shane stands up suddenly, hands pressed against Ilya’s chest. “I think, I want gnocchi for dinner.”

“Don’t change the subject.”

“With pesto, and shrimp, and broccoli, and—“

“Stop,” Ilya says, though at the same time thinks that sounds pretty good for dinner.

“I think, we should cook later. I’m guessing you had a pretty big lunch with Marlow?” Shane asks.

“Quite big. Did you eat?”

He hopes so. Shane has been out most of the day. Though Ilya wouldn’t be surprised if he’d forgotten to eat.

Shane’s cheeks crinkle up, like he is reading Ilya’s mind. “Actually, yes. We stopped for sandwiches.”

“Mm. Chicken? Salad?”

“That, with bacon. And cheese,” Shane says, looking pleased with himself.

“Okay. Sounds pretty good.”

“Anyway. My plan.”

“Yes?”

“I need a shower.”

“I can help,” Ilya says, hands already on Shane’s ass.

“A *quick* shower.”

“I can be quick.”

“Stop,” Shane says, grinning at him, curling his fingers through Ilya’s and holding his hands up.

“...okay.”

“Then, after my shower, maybe, I can put on one new outfit I picked out today. And we can… you know. Maybe dance a little?”

Heat floods through Ilya immediately.

“You bought clothes for dancing?”

“Amongst other things.”

“I need to see.”

“Is my plan good?” Shane asks, kissing along Ilya’s jaw.

“Mm. I think so.”

“Then, you should probably let go of me.”

“One more minute,” Ilya whispers against Shane’s mouth, then claims another kiss.

He has their living room ready, the disco lights on, and the music that Shane seemed to enjoy most when they last danced. Anya is in her bed, her eyes following Ilya around the room, no doubt waiting for the spectacle about to happen. Or waiting to see if she needs to make a quick exit.

Anything is possible.

When Ilya hears Shane’s footfall on the stairs, he finds himself giddy with anticipation; though when hasn’t Shane left him feeling like that?

He’s never made him feel like this before, though. One look at Shane in his new outfit and Ilya swears his entire mouth has dried out, and he can hear sirens going off.

“What the fuck,” he manages to growl out, breathing heavily as he prowls closer.

Is it the short, short, short denim shorts that hug Shane’s ass perfectly as he turns for him, or the pale blue sleeveless shirt that clings just as perfectly over every inch? Or is it the confident smirk on Shane’s face, for knowing how fucking good he looks right now?

“You like?” Shane says, flaring his hands out at his sides.

“Get here,” Ilya says, cursing when Shane only smugly shakes his head.

Instead, Ilya crowds up against him for a hungry kiss, grabbing his ass in those tight, short, shorts, and feeling the silky fabric of Shane’s shirt slip between his fingers.

Fuck. He is never going to survive being out on a dance floor with Shane looking like this.

“Dance with me?” Shane gasps out in between kisses, reminding Ilya that, yes, actually, that was the whole point of him modelling this little outfit, so the two of them could dance.

Fine. He’ll dance with him, but in no polite ways, in fact Ilya pulls Shane tight against him as he mouths at his neck, rutting so he can feel how hard he already is.

Not that Shane is any less hard—or horny, apparently, judging by the way his hands slip straight down the back of Ilya’s sweatpants and squeeze.

“You look so fucking good,” Ilya manages to choke out, clearing his head just enough so they can actually dance.

That he knows he looks good, that he’s confident and pleased with Ilya’s reaction, is apparently what Shane needs to really let himself relax. He dances with Ilya freely, and flirtily, and with absolute perfection; at least, that’s how he feels to Ilya.

He even half-mumbles, half-sings along to words he must remember from them listening to whatever this song is. Why that’s the thing that tips Ilya over the edge he doesn’t know, but he needs him. Now.

“Off,” he says, plucking at Shane’s very lovely new shirt.

Of course Shane preens. “You’re the one that wanted to see me in it.”

“Yes. And now I need to see you out of it.”

Shrugging, as though he isn’t rutting against him just as hard, Shane feigns indifference. Or helplessness. Or something.

“You might have to help.”

“Oh?”

“You should help. If you want it off,” Shane says, his eyes glinting now.

Fuck.

Ilya’s not an idiot, and does not need telling twice. Mindful only not to damage the very nice new shirt as he peels it off him, Ilya gets Shane’s shirt over his head in seconds, tossing it on to the stairs. He pulls his own off too, sucking in a breath for Shane immediately reaching for him, sweeping his fingers down his chest and tucking them into his waistband.

He can only curse loudly when Shane then drops to his knees, expertly tugging down his clothes as he does and immediately taking Ilya in his mouth.

Ilya locks his knees, cups the back of Shane's head, and curses. Because Shane is loving every second of this—and knows damn well he's the one in control of this whole situation—when he looks up at Ilya, he winks, and hums around him. He does the clever thing with his tongue that Ilya is so desperately weak for, moaning when Ilya tugs lightly on his hair.

He even swallows around him, apparently intent on killing Ilya exactly where he stands.

"Up," he says, patting pathetically at Shane's shoulder and kicking his clothes away when he stands. "I need these off."

Shane looks down to where Ilya is plucking at the button of his shorts—difficult to open, because he's so hard.

"I thought you liked my shorts," he says, resting his hands on Ilya's shoulders, apparently leaving him to do the hard parts of all this.

"I love your shorts. I need what is in them immediately."

"Just so you know. We are not doing this when we're dancing in front of other people," Shane says, watching Ilya finally get the button open, and sighing in relief when he gets his fly down.

Ilya winks. "We will see."

Smiling, Shane shoves his shorts and boxer briefs down and steps out of them, backing Ilya towards the couch. He grabs lube in passing—this time from a jar on a bookshelf—already holding it out ready to squirt into Ilya's hands. They stumble when the backs of Ilya's legs hit the couch, laughing when they drop into a heap, kissing sloppily, and then groaning as Shane angles himself so Ilya has them both in his grasp.

"Better?" Shane mumbles against Ilya's mouth.

"A little."

"Mm."

"You could help," Ilya says, moving to take Shane's hand, so they can thrust into their shared grip.

"Oh, I did already," Shane says, and when Ilya raises an eyebrow grabs his wrist, guiding his fingers around to his ass.

For realising Shane must have gotten himself ready when he insisted on his quick shower alone, Ilya curses again. He pulls Shane closer on his lap, mesmerised as he immediately reaches to hold himself open. The triumphant look on Shane's face when he impales himself on Ilya's cock is, actually, one of the hottest Ilya has ever seen.

“You planned this,” Ilya grunts out, gripping Shane’s thighs, a soft *fuck* blasting from his mouth as Shane starts to ride him.

“Maybe.”

“Fucking little shorts.”

“Fucking *dancing*.”

Ilya laughs, then lets his head drop back against the couch with a groan, as Shane rolls his hips in the way he loves so much.

One more day. Just one more day. This time tomorrow—Ilya reaches for his phone on his night stand to check—they will already be on a plane heading for their honeymoon.

Their honeymoon. Something that has been weeks in the making and also something he once thought they’d either never get, or not have until years from now. Now, he can count the time in hours, and it’s impossible to keep his excitement in check.

Rolling over to wake Shane up and share that excitement, Ilya is disappointed though not all that surprised he isn’t there. Pushing away his very nice thoughts of starting the day with a sleepy cuddle, Ilya throws back the duvet and gets out of bed.

Anya is nowhere in sight when he goes into the bathroom, which probably means Shane has let her outside or has filled her food bowl. The urge to give Anya a big cuddle right now is strong for Ilya, for knowing they are dropping her at Harris’ in a few hours and then won’t see her for a few weeks. Shane first, though. If he doesn’t get his hands on his husband in the next few minutes, Ilya is not above whining about it.

As he jogs down the stairs, he hears… music playing, which is rare when Shane is downstairs on his own. Ilya grabs the banister and pauses, his mouth turning up in a smile. Is that… is Shane singing down there?

As quietly as he can Ilya creeps down the rest of the stairs, through the house, and pauses in the kitchen doorway. There Shane is, not really singing, but definitely humming to himself, and dancing. He’s actually dancing—well, and in time to the music—all by himself. Wearing Ilya’s shorts from last night—no wonder Ilya couldn’t find them just now—and looking absolutely adorable.

As if Ilya wasn’t already so very in love with him. He drinks the sight before him in, completely charmed as he watches Shane continue his humming and dancing as he makes them pancakes for breakfast. There is already a good stack on a plate by the stove, and now Ilya is looking there is a bowl of cut up fruit, maple syrup, and a jar of Nutella on the tray they use when they want to take food to eat outside.

Amazing.

And to think he was considering a little sulk because Shane had gotten up before him.

“I think I like this song,” Shane says, which only makes Ilya smile harder; he already knew he was standing here watching him?

“Oh yes?”

“I think so. It… feels nice.”

“It does?” Ilya says, closing the gap between them and smiling so much now that he has tears in his eyes.

“Yes,” Shane says, as he turns to face him.

There is a touch of shyness there in his eyes, maybe a little embarrassment that he’s been caught dancing by himself, but mostly there is a look of confidence, a look of certainty about himself that just makes Ilya’s heart soar.

“You look happy,” Ilya finds himself saying, watching as Shane turns down the heat on the stove.

“I am,” Shane replies, beckoning Ilya forward, and surprising him once again this morning by pulling him in for a dance.

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