

These Are a Few of My Favorite Things

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These Are a Few of My Favorite Things

by [lucianowriter](#)

Summary

“Why does it have to be Rozanov?” Hayden whined, his hand emphatically pointed at the screen where they were replaying the goal Ilya’d just made.

Shane was too focused on his boyfriend to look away from the screen. “Why does it have to be Jackie?”

Jackie snorted and responded, “He has you there, Hayd.”

Notes

Hello my lovelies,

Here's a nice quick little fic filled with warmth and love. I wanted to explore Shane explaining his love for Ilya to someone and the idea of it being the Pikes came to me. Basically this was a bit of self-indulgence to talk about all the ways Ilya picks up on Shane's sensory issues and meets him where he's at.

I hope you all love this.

Thank you again to all of you who are reading my fics. It truly means the world to me that you are here.

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

Shane loved spending time at the Pikes' house. Especially between games, when Ilya was busy and unable to talk to Shane. There was a reason he and Hayden had hit it off so well all those years ago. Hayden truly didn't pressure Shane about anything. Not about dating or getting married. Not about having more of a social life. Sure, he made comments to the effect on occasion, but when Shane shot him down he would always let the topic go. At least until the next time.

So, it was surprising to Shane that he did push, as they sat in the living room, the kids off in the playroom giggling with the occasional emotional outburst, watching Boston take on St. Louis. Shane was trying his best not to worry about Ilya seeming to favor his right leg over his left one. He'd seen him take a stick to the knee, but Ilya had gotten right back up so he hadn't worried. Until now.

"Why does it have to be Rozanov?" Hayden whined, his hand emphatically pointed at the screen where they were replaying the goal Ilya'd just made.

Shane was too focused on his boyfriend to look away from the screen. "Why does it have to be Jackie?"

Jackie snorted and responded, "He has you there, Hayd."

"No, I mean, what made you fall in love with him?" Hayden pressed, this time Shane turned away from the image of Ilya and looked at his best friend.

Shane paused, what had made him fall in love with Ilya? Sure the sex was great, no doubt. But that wasn't what made him love Ilya. It was just a nice byproduct. Besides, they'd had great sex before feelings even got involved.

Then Shane thought of the first time they had worked out together. It was the first time they had ever interacted, but Ilya had been so soft, slow, and gentle with Shane even then. They hadn't done anything, but Ilya also hadn't pushed despite the obvious sexual tension in the air.

Any time they worked out together after that, Shane realized Ilya would make sure the lights weren't too bright and he'd turn off his blaring music the minute Shane came into the room. Now that they were older and had their own gyms in their homes, Shane still caught glimpses of Ilya's kindness. If he knew Shane would be at his place during a workout time, Ilya made sure there was water available, no music, and he'd even gotten shades for the big windows he had. He knew that Shane was uncomfortable with being seen.

Then, his mind turned to the first time he had stayed over at Ilya's, or at least had planned to, how Ilya had made sure only his lamps were lit, not the big light. But most of all, Ilya had stocked up his house with ginger ale and had presented one to Shane without Shane having to ask. He'd never told Ilya that ginger ale was his drink of choice, Ilya had just known.

"Because he gets me ginger ale." Shane muttered, his thoughts still focused on all the little things Ilya does for him.

"Dude, Jackie and I stock our house with that nasty stuff. How is that special?" Hayden, ever the oblivious straight man. Shane shook his head at his friend's obtuseness.

Shane looked Hayden in the eyes and said, "Because I didn't have to tell him. He just started stocking his house with it a few years ago."

"So, wait, you were having sex with him all those years and you weren't in love with him?" Hayden's questions continued, and Shane pinched his nose slightly annoyed.

"No. I've loved him since very early on." Shane wasn't about to reveal the exact moment he fell in love with Ilya, that was something that would always be for just the two of them.

"Then, what else is it?" Hayden looked so confused.

Shane sighed, "Ilya learned early on that I get in these funks where everything makes my skin crawl. Bright lights, loud noises, mirrors making me feel watched, clothes not fitting right, etc. So, without me ever having to explain things to him, he would turn the lights down and not play music or mute the TV just from watching my body language. He's also figured

out when I need space and when I'm spiraling so bad because I need a deep pressure embrace."

Shane paused, thinking about all the times Ilya had been present for one of his sensory freak outs and had done everything right to make Shane feel more comfortable.

"He never pushes. Do you know how nice it is to have someone who understands you so well that they know how to interact with you based on your body language. He knows when I'm willing to talk and when I can't. He knows that I stress about finding the right kinds of foods when eating out so he only picks places that have alternatives I can eat. He teases me about my diet, but then willingly eats it with me. He calls me boring. And I call him an asshole."

Jackie grinned, "That's the sweetest thing I've ever heard. You deserve this Shane."

"I'm lost, how is Ilya insulting you and you insulting him back 'sweet'?" Hayden put air quotes up as he said sweet.

"Because, Ilya calls me boring as a term of endearment. I learned early on that when Ilya says I am boring what he's really saying is that I'm constant, steady, and unchanging. I'm his anchor in the chaos of his life. But, what he doesn't realize is that he's the anchor in my chaos. He's an asshole who never leaves, who never gives up, and gives me the space I need when I need it."

"So you aren't really boring and he's not really an asshole?"

"No, I mean, yes we are both those things, but neither of us hate that about each other." Shane rubbed his face, feeling like he wasn't getting his point across well enough to make Hayden understand.

"When I'm with Ilya, the stress of staying in shape, eating right, playing my best, and living up to people's expectations of me falls away. With Ilya I can be messy and it doesn't freak me out, most of the time. And with me, Ilya can be soft and quiet, gentle and loving. He gets to be the person his mom wanted him to be instead of the cold, armored man his father molded him into."

Hayden stared back at Shane, his mouth open, “Wow. You really do love him.”

Shane ducked his head and sort of blushed, “Yeah. I do. And he loves me.”

Shane paused before he dropped the biggest bomb he knew Hayden had ever heard, “Enough to leave Boston and join Ottawa instead.”

“Holy shit. Rozanov is leaving glory for mediocrity? For you?” Hayden looked between Shane and Jackie.

“With him closer we will be able to spend more days off together.” Shane shrugged, ignoring Hayden’s poke at Ilya’s career choices.

“But fucking Ottawa man?” Hayden gave him a serious look, “Why didn’t he ask Montreal? I’m sure we have the money to sign him.”

“He’d rather fade into obscurity than play for Montreal.” Shane chuckled, “Even if it meant getting to be with me all the time.”

“So the rivalry still runs deep?”

“On the ice it does,” Shane shrugged. “Besides, do you really think Coach would allow Ilya to join our ranks? Do you think JJ and the rest of the guys would accept him with open arms? Be real, Hayd.”

“You make a point.” Hayden nodded.

“I should reach out to him.” Jackie commented. Shane looked at her quizzically, “To commiserate about missing our sweethearts when you guys are on the road.”

Shane laughed, “I’m sure he’d like that. Seriously. I sometimes think Ilya’s pretty lonely.”

“He doesn’t have friends on his team?” Jackie’s tone was bordering on motherly, which made Shane grin.

“Sort of. But, not guys he can be completely honest with. I think having someone he can talk to outside of hockey will do him some good. I’d offered to let him share Rose with me, but he, um, didn’t like that too well.” Shane smiled to himself.

“I can imagine not. Rose is your ex-girlfriend after all.” Jackie sympathized.

“But she’s not a threat.” Shane argued, still not certain why Ilya hated her so much.

“Who you ran to after he was vulnerable with you for the first time. Think about it,” Jackie grabbed Shane’s hand and held it tight. Shane had told her and Hayden the story when he’d come clean about Ilya initially.

“I guess that makes sense. She reminds him of when he thought he’d lost me.” Shane mumbled and then sat up, “That’s another reason I love him. He knows that I don’t pick up on social cues or inferred statements so he’s always direct with me. Some of that comes from English being his second language, but I know a big part of it comes from his desire to make me feel comfortable.”

“I think what you and Ilya have is so special. Don’t ever let it fade.” Jackie wrapped Shane up in a hug.

“I’m still wrapping my head around Rozanov going from the best team in the league to the worst all because he likes your dick.”

“Okay, not the only reason.” Shane shook his head and grinned, “But yeah, he definitely loves my dick.”

“Gross. I don’t need details.”

“Oh come on, Hayd. You don’t want to hear about the tricks he has up his sleeves? You might learn a thing or two.”

“I do perfectly fine in that department, thank you.” Hayden tried to argue and looked to Jackie to back him up, but she was just as much an asshole as Ilya was.

“I don’t know babe. It wouldn’t hurt for you to take a few lessons.”

The three dissolved into a fit of giggles after that. Hayden rolling his eyes at his wife and threatening to withhold sex for a comment like that. But, Shane knew he didn’t mean it. Shane smiled as he looked between his two best friends. He was glad to have them in his little secret bubble of happiness. Just then, his phone went off. He pulled it out of his pocket.

From: Lily

You free?

Shane smirked and without a word to Jackie or Hayden, he slipped out of the living room and went into Hayden’s personal game room. Then he answered the call with the biggest smile on his face.

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are much appreciated if you feel so inclined. And if you want to continue the conversation with me or suggest fic ideas you can find me on Tumblr: @madsworld15 or Twitter: @dorothynyc89.

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