

You love me (obviously).

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You love me (obviously).

by [YellowVenus](#)

Summary

If it was any other day, Ilya would smirk and say something that would annoy the shit out of Shane, and he'd secretly love it, because that's what they do. But today is not like that, so instead, he kisses Shane's forehead, right between his eyebrows, because after all these years, he's still as in love with him as the very first time he laid his eyes on the seventeen year old Shane in the back of that stupid arena in Saskatchewan.

(or Shane is overstimulated and Ilya knows just what to do to make him feel better.)

Notes

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

Something's wrong. Ilya senses it right away as he enters Shane's apartment in Montreal.

The kitchen is neat and clean, the blanket thrown over the lean of the sofa in a careful, measured way. But it's the silence that does it for him. It's charged with something unspoken, almost frantic.

He pockets his keys, his fingertips brushing the cigarette butt he forgot to discard the last time he smoked (two days ago), and as he toes off his shoes, he scans the living room for signs of Shane, who - by all appearances - vanished into thin air.

"Shane?" He calls out, dropping his jacket on the floor. "Where are you?"

Then, finally, a startled breath reaches Ilya from Shane's bedroom. "Right here!"

He hears Shane shift, then rise to his feet from the bed as it creaks, free off the additional weight. Ilya quickly crosses the living room, not quite understanding why he's still feeling on edge when everything seems to be fine.

And then he sees Shane.

"Hi," Shane smiles, his usually sharp gaze rounded by fondness that climbs onto his face whenever he sees Ilya nowadays. That is in the moments when he doesn't want to cuss Ilya out, and in the ones when he sometimes does.

"Is everything okay?"

Shane nods right away. Too quickly. Ilya hums pensively, his eyes a challenge Shane tries to meet at first, but gives up way sooner than his competitiveness would allow most days.

Ah. So it's one of those days.

Shane laughs awkwardly.

"Is it that obvious?"

"Is to me."

Ilya takes one tentative step towards Shane. He doesn't reach out yet, even though every inch of his skin burns with the desire to touch the man in front of him.

The uneasiness that lingers in the apartment seems to have etched itself into the fibres of Shane's very posture. He's kneading his knuckles as he offers Ilya a shy, crumpled smile that doesn't quite fit his face and his back is as close to being hunched over as Ilya rarely sees on Shane.

"What's wrong?" he asks as he gingerly reaches out. He settles on cradling Shane's arm.

“Nothing. Everything’s great,” Shane says in one breath. He closes his eyes, his long lashes fluttering upon some of the freckles sprinkled on his cheeks.

Ilya gets so distracted by their shape, by the rough patterns he recognizes sometimes on Shane’s skin, that it takes him a while to notice that Shane’s already looking up at him.

“You’re beautiful,” he says as an explanation. “Is not my fault I can’t focus.”

“Sure,” Shane chuckles, dropping his head to Ilya’s shoulder. “You keep telling yourself that.”

It’s all the permission Ilya needs to wrap his arms around Shane, his hand burying itself in the man’s hair. He curls his fingers around Shane’s dark strands, he presses a kiss or two to his temple, to his ear – wherever he can reach.

“I’m here, *moya lyubov*,” he says. The only answer he gets is a barely visible nod.

After that, all Shane does is breathe. Ilya feels his chest expand against him, then feels it pull away. He feels Shane’s heart beating, feels his arms weigh down at the man’s side as if they anchored him to the ground. And then he feels the tremble of his body. Barely there, yes, but Ilya knows Shane’s body better than his own, probably.

He unwraps his arms from around Shane and takes both of his hands in his, lacing their fingers.

Nothing ever feels this right.

“You want to talk about it? It’s okay if it’s boring.”

“Asshole,” Shane laughs. Of course he does. Ilya’s heart skips a beat. “It’s just stupid.”

“At least not boring.”

Shane sighs. He pulls himself up, eyes immediately locking with Ilya’s, and God – those stupid freckles. So many of them and never enough.

“Today was... hard.”

“How come?” Ilya’s thumbs instinctively start drawing slow circles on top of Shane’s hands. The movement seems to syphon some of the anxiety out of Shane’s harrowed expression.

Still, “It’s stupid,” he says again.

“Hollander,” Ilya groans, but at the same time he lets his head fall forwards until his forehead is pressed against Shane’s and they share the air in the tiny space between their faces.

“The meeting with the team was fine. Everyone started messing around at some point. Everyone had fun.” The way Shane says it, though, doesn’t make it sound like he joined in on the said fun. Still, Ilya bites his tongue before he can say any of it. When Shane doesn’t seem

to find words to continue, Ilya kisses him quickly, softly, like a brush of a butterfly, just to remind him that he's here, he's listening.

"Did they... say something?"

Shane shakes his head, but because they're still pressed against each other, the movement is felt rather than seen. "It was just... a lot. A lot of sounds. A lot of touching. A lot... It just was overwhelming. That's all."

When Ilya doesn't answer for a moment that lingers between them, Shane scoffs, pulling himself away. "I told you it's stupid. I don't know why it feels so..." He walks away, his hand gesturing in the air, looking for the word. Ilya can see how much he hates not finding what he's looking for when he exhales with defeat and lets himself drop to the edge of the bed. His legs still touch the floor as he falls with his back to the mattress and rubs his face.

He looks so... helpless. Ilya hates it. This is Shane fucking Hollander. The best hockey player in the league. The most powerful man on the ice. Seeing him lost and confused like this makes something inside Ilya's chest roar with anger.

He plops down next to Shane, then gently guides his hands away from his face. Shane's eyes glisten with yet unshed tears. There's a knot in Ilya's stomach at the sight, and he refuses to let it nestle there for any longer. He lies down, cradles Shane's cheek as he forces him to look him in the eye. Shane seems to be looking for something in Ilya's face, but he doesn't find it. Ilya angles his head gently, ever so gently, and stays like this for what feels like forever. At first, Shane's confusion is painted all over his face, but then, with time, he leans into the touch and relaxes.

"Better?"

"Better." Shane nods, shifting closer. He splays his fingers on Ilya's chest.

"Tell me if it's helping." Ilya's voice is a mere whisper when he stretches his neck to plant a short kiss right underneath Shane's ear, then another kiss in the nook between his jaw and his throat. His hand finds its way to Shane's nape yet again and he strokes the back of his head with all the adoration he can muster with his fingertips alone.

Ilya can't see Shane smile, but if the way his cheeks butch up are anything to go by, he seems to be feeling at least a little better than before. Still, Ilya doesn't want to assume, so he's about to pull away when Shane's hands cradle his face to keep it in place.

"Don't stop."

If it was any other day, Ilya would smirk and say something that would annoy the shit out of Shane, and he'd secretly love it, because that's what they do. But today is not like that, so instead, he kisses Shane's forehead, right between his eyebrows, because after all these years, he's still as in love with him as the very first time he laid his eyes on the seventeen year old Shane in the back of that stupid arena in Saskatchewan.

Shane hums happily as Ilya's kisses dot his face. If he notices that a large majority lands on his cheeks where his freckles are the most prominent, he doesn't comment on it. Ilya wouldn't mind if he did. It's not a secret he adores them.

Gradually, the tension draping over Shane's body washes away, and Ilya's kisses linger longer as if trying to make every second last longer than it's physically possible. Ilya never realizes how starved he is for Shane's touch until he actually gets to be in the same room with him. How on earth do they ever survive without each other?

"Is that okay?" Ilya still asks, even though he probably knows the answer already.

"More than okay."

Encouraged, Ilya hoists himself up and straddles Shane's lap, supporting himself on his elbows on both sides of Shane's head. He knows that he could make things escalate between them if he wanted to – Shane's eager eyes are a testament enough for it – but instead, he simply hovers over Shane and takes him in. His sharp eyes, his long, dark hair framing his head like the loveliest of crowns. His stupid, perfect freckles. They're lumped together in constellations Ilya can never recognize. They're planted randomly and yet, every single one of them sits right where they're meant to. Sometimes, that's exactly what Ilya feels when he's around Shane. Like it doesn't make sense at all for him to be this close, and yet there's no other place on earth he'd rather be. Where he could be. Just right here, with Shane. Always with Shane.

Some of his thoughts must have seeped into his expression, because Shane's eyes soften. He cups Ilya's cheek.

"Hey there."

"We already said hello," Ilya says for the fun of it, but kisses Shane's palm all the same.

At that, Shane pushes him away as easy laughter ripples through his chest. It's Ilya's favorite sound.

"You asshole."

Maybe not.

"You love me. I'm your favorite person, yes?"

At first, Shane's eyes shine with mischief. Ilya readies himself for the snarky retort – a retort that never comes. Instead, Shane pulls Ilya's face to his own with the gentlest of touches, and kisses him softly.

"Obviously."

Now, this might be Ilya's favorite sound after all.

End Notes

I'm actually so damn happy I finally got to write it!

I'm so incredibly smitten with Shane's freckles and I wanted to give it an outlet. Somehow, it turned into this. I hope you enjoyed reading it just as much as I loved writing it, and hopefully, I'll be able to share more soon.

Let's chat on twitter @99freckles_ (I refuse to call it x). Episode 3 is coming in TWO days!!!! *inserts screaming seokjin pic*

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