

Heaven is a hand to hold

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Heaven is a hand to hold

by [grampa_sweater](#)

Summary

Ilya has a rough day(or a few)and Shane decides to pamper and spoil his husband to make him feel better

Notes

This is extremely self indulgent since I just wanted an excuse to write them all soft and cuddly and happy.

Grammer or spelling errors will be corrected once author gets some sleep

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

With years of learning to read one another, learning all the little tells, finally finding a way to properly communicate, they could understand when the other was having a bad day by the simplest things.

And Ilya wasn't having a bad day at the moment, he was having a bad week.

It started with getting injured during game. Not enough to put him out of commission, but enough to have him sit out a whole week of practice and a game, which he hated.

Following that, he was scrolling through twitter one morning to see none other than his brother on a podcast, spewing some nonsense and starting a smear campaign. It didn't really stick, but it still rattled Ilya a little.

That same day, Anya got sick, which lead to a very stressful day at the vet and discovering that she somehow got into a chocolate bar Ruby and Jade had left on a low shelf. Ultimately she was fine, however that didn't just make the stress of it all go away.

As the final nail in the coffin, he had to do an interview that was scheduled months in advance, only for the interviewer to venture way off the set of questions that was agreed upon, and instead bring up his family, throw in a handful of homophobic jabs disgusted as jokes, and start questioning his and Shane's relationship, claiming it all probably started as a publicity stunt.

Having all that in mind, Shane let his husband know he'd stop by a shop on his way home, so Ilya doesn't worry about where he is, and goes to get some things to try and cheer him up.

His first stop was the convenience store, where he got just a few things that aren't necessarily needed, but that he knew Ilya would appreciate. First he bought another pack of coke and some sweets, then some coffee, intending on making it the way Ilya likes it the following morning. Ilya liked most kids of coffee, but had a vivid hatred for Starbucks, and Shane knew turkish way by far his favourite.

He also made sure to pick up anything they might need tomorrow, since they were set to host thair friends in the evening. It was something they tried to do monthly, hosting a dinner, but sometimes it couldn't be organized.

Next, he went and got a few things to restock at home, simply because he knew they'd run out in a day or two, and didn't want them to have to leave the house during their two days off.

Once that was done, he stopped by a bakery he had called to place an order that morning. While Shane wasn't by any means a bad cook, cooking and baking were two wildly different things, and he was fairly certain he'd fail miserably if he tried making medovik.

So instead, he found a Ukrainian bakery near by, that made pretty much all Slavic desserts that terrified the regular bakers.

With all of that done, Shane made his way home. He had initially planned on cooking dinner but Ilya insisted he'd do it. At first Shane put up a fight, wanting Ilya to just relax, but then

his husband made the argument that cooking being relaxing was the reason he wanted to do it, that was that.

At home, he found Ilya in the kitchen, headphones on, with Anya waiting patiently by his side for any bits of food that might fall or that she might get by begging.

Shane smiled, Ilya did seem a little less wound up than earlier, but it all clearly got to him.

Because of the headphones, his husband didn't notice him enter, so Shane put down his things and was about to try and grab his attention when Anya darted towards him, which alerted Ilya to his presence.

"Hi." He smiles, pulling the headphones down around his neck and going to pull Shane into a hug.

It's that kind of rib crushing hug Ilya gives when all he really needs is for someone to hold him, and so Shane does. He hugs back, wrapping his arms around Ilya and not letting go. "Hi."

They just stayed like that for a bit, before Ilya kissed Shane's temple and whispered. "Dinner is almost finished."

"Good. And after that you're not doing a damn thing." Shane proclaimed boldly, stealing a quick kiss before going to hide the things he bought before his husband started snooping around. He managed to do it so discretely it looked like he was just putting away groceries.

"I'll be fine." Ilya assured him.

Shane smiled, taking the chance when Ilya turned his back for a second, and quickly sticking the medovik into the fridge, hiding the box behind some other things. "I know you will, but you still deserve to be spoiled a little."

While they ate, Shane made sure to point out how good the food was. Not that he wouldn't do it on any other day, but he really wanted Ilya to feel appreciated.

"Go cuddle Anya while I clean up." Shane said once they finished. "And don't come back into the kitchen, I need to do something."

Ilya gave him a confused look. "Shane."

"Couch, dog, now." Shane kissed him, then started nudging towards the living room. "I'll be there in a minute."

For a moment longer, Ilya didn't let him go, but then kissed him a few times and finally peeled away. "Okay."

Once Shane heard the familiar sound of Anya's claws clicking against the floor, followed by the sound of her settling onto the couch and starting to whine for attention, he turned to set up his surprise.

He took care of the dishes first, but seeing as Ilya usually cleaned as he cooked, it came down to the plates and the cutlery.

With that out of the way, he got the cake from the fridge, as well as some fruit and their drinks. The whole idea came to him when he saw a photo in an album Ilya had. Svetlana had made it for him, and on one of the pictures were the two of them, sitting at a table with two giant pieces of cake in front of each of them, faces all dirty, both flashing the camera a huge grin.

Apparently, the photo was taken on Svetlana's sixth birthday, which Shane could've guessed by the pink crown in her hair. Ilya had told him that his mother used to make everyone's birthday cakes, including the one in the picture.

Svetlana and Ilya still made the cake for one another's birthdays, to varying degrees of success each year, but Shane had decided to surprise Ilya with it on a random day.

It was a little bit like bringing someone flowers, Shane thought. No particular reason other than to make them smile. And while the overall goal had become to cheer Ilya up after a horrible week, Shane had been planning on doing this anyway.

While he was plating the cake, with some figs on the side since it was Ilya's favourite fruit, he found himself thinking that despite the tough patch, they were alright.

They'd come so far. From their rookie season and ten years of sneaking around, over fights and therapists and miscommunication after miscommunication, to where they were that night.

Happily married, leading a thriving team, making change in the world that used to feel so unchangeable. But perhaps most importantly, they had both come to terms with the fact that the problems would always be there.

They both held the kind of emotional baggage that would never fully go away. But they learned to manage.

There would always be bad days. Days when Shane couldn't stop spiraling, or when he caught himself dissecting his food into proteins and carbs and sugars. Days when Ilya couldn't smile through the sadness, or worse, days when he felt nothing, completely numb.

Luckily, the good days far outnumbered the bad by that point.

A few minutes later, Shane came into the living room to see Ilya sprawled out on the couch with Anya laying on his lap, curled up as small as she possibly could be.

"You convinced her she's a lap dog." He chuckled.

"Every dog is a lap dog." Ilya scoffed, scratching behind Anya's ears and then looking down at her. "Your daddy thinks you're not cute enough to be a lap dog."

Shane laughed, setting everything down on the table. "That's not what I said. Stop trying to manipulate the dog against me."

Ilya was about to make a comment about the idea of manipulating dogs, when his eyes landed on what Shane had put down in front of him.

"Don't say I didn't have to." Shane sat down and pulled him into a kiss. "I know that. I wanted to."

The soft smile on Ilya's face could probably melt down the Arctic. "Shane."

"I know it's not home made, but I wouldn't be able to make that in a million years." Shane started up again, the tiniest bit of anxiety slipping into his head and words. "And I know that you and Svetlana make them for each other, and I didn't want to intrude on that. And also when those fail it's sort of a funny moment-"

Ilya cut him off with a tender kiss, the kind he initiated whenever he was so incredibly overwhelmed with emotions and he didn't know how to communicate them. "It's perfect. You're perfect."

They eat the cake in comfortable silence, interrupted only two times, first when Ilya points out how good it is, and second when he points out how cute Shane looks wearing his clothes.

The night is slow, decided to whispered sweet nothings and gentle kisses, Ilya's head in Shane's lap, slowly but surely calming down from the frenzy of the past few days.

Finally, he let out a long, content sigh. "Thank you."

"Of course." Shane kissed his cheek. "You're feeling better?"

"Mhm." Ilya closed his eyes, looking like a content house cat.

"Your hair is getting longer." Shane remarked after a few moments of silence, threading his fingers through the curls. "It suits you."

Ilya smiled. "You know, I had long hair before. Cut it right before we met."

"Really?" Shane's eyes went wide. "How long?"

"Pretty long." Ilya laughed at the reaction. "Wait, I think I have picture."

Shane laughed too, glad to see his husband in a good mood again. Still laughing along, Ilya went digging around through some drawer.

"I've seen all your albums." Shane remarked.

"No, not this." Ilya waved his finger. "Svetlana found these in old camera, not in album."

He dug out some bundle of photos and brought them back to the couch. The photos were all taken on some balcony or rooftop, about twenty of them, it looked like the two of them were just messing around with a camera but ended up having a whole photoshoot.

The photo that caught Shane's eye was of Ilya leaning against a railing, shirt, or jacket, or whatever it was, unbuttoned, hair a little past his shoulders. He was a lot leaner than now, still some teenage features peaking through.

"This was only a few weeks before we met?" Shane raised an eyebrow, distinctly remembering Ilya's features and physique being far less boyish.

"Probably few months." Ilya shuffled through the photos, finding one with a date scribbled on the back. "Yes, this was mart."

Shane nodded, smiling at the way Ilya adamantly refused to say months in english. "It suits you."

"Everything suits me." Ilya remarked with a cocky grin.

"Jesus, not a spec of modesty."

"Modesty is for insecure people."

"Wow. Maybe I should mention your superiority complex to your therapist." Shane joked.

Ilya laughed. "You like my superiority complex."

"And not everything would suit you, gopnik would be terrible. If you ever buzz off your hair I'm serving you divorce papers."

"How the fuck do you know what gopnik is?" Ilya couldn't contain his laughter.

"I went down a reddit rabbit hole, okay?" Shane laughed as well. "Is it like, a real thing? And you wear Adidas too."

"Wait." Ilya shuffled through the rest of the photos, finding one with his old team at some party, where Ilya and only one other guy stood out from the sea of bald heads and extremely ill fitting Adidas track suits. "Now you tell me if I wear Adidas like these guys."

"Jesus." Shane snorted in a laugh. "Okay, you might have a point."

They laughed about the photos for a while before Ilya pushed Shane down to lay on the couch, only to lay halfway on top of him, arms wrapped around Shane's waist, and just cuddle up to his husband.

Anya used the opportunity to come and cuddle up in between the two of them and the back of the couch.

For once, no words were needed, in any language. While it was true that both of them had gotten better at communicating, it didn't mean communication was only in words.

From the way Ilya held him, Shane could tell he didn't feel like using words. They could talk it all out tomorrow morning, but for the time being Ilya only wanted to hold his husband.

Both of them ended up nodding off for a bit, and while Shane hated to wake Ilya up, he realized they had to move to the bedroom before they spent the night on the couch and woke up all sore.

"What's that?" Ilya asked, standing in the doorway of the bathroom in nothing but boxers and observing as Shane went through his night routine.

"Hm?"

"That." He pointed at two thin, rectangular bags tucked away behind some other products.

Shane followed his finger. "Oh. Jackie told me to get those, some Korean sheet masks."

"We are doing sheet masks now?" Ilya flashed an amused smile, then crouched down to pet Anya when she tangled herself around his legs.

"Well not now. You're supposed to leave these on until they turn clear, takes like three hours. But one of these days."

Ilya shrugged. "Okay."

"We could do them in the morning. We're alone until the evening." Shane suggested.

"You hate cotton texture." Ilya pointed out.

"No, no, I do. But these are like, jelly. They solidify the essence in the face masks instead of soaking the cotton in it."

"Okay."

"Okay." Shane echoed back, imitating the accent almost perfectly.

"Fuck you." Ilya laughed, and seeing as Shane was done, he went and grabbed to carry him into the bedroom.

"Ilya!" Shane squeaked, holding on for dear life. "You'll pull something."

"Don't insult me." Ilya said, making his way down the hall, Anya following like a shadow.

In the bedroom, Ilya didn't even bother turning on the light, just let them both fall onto the bed and wrapped himself around Shane like a koala bear.

Morning came and Shane contemplated if he should try and squirm out of Ilya's hold to make him breakfast and coffee, but since they both hated waking up alone, he waited.

"Morning." Ilya mumbled.

Shane smiled. "Morning."

"You're thinking. Too early for thinking."

"I was thinking." Shane chuckled. "About going to make us breakfast."

"Mmm. Yes. A minute more." Ilya nuzzled his head into the crook of Shane's neck, not letting go just yet.

Shane just let it happen, making peace with a lazy morning. He loved it how Ilya was always cuddly in the morning.

What finally got them out of bed was Anya's whining. So while Ilya went and got her her breakfast, Shane got to preparing theirs, along with making Ilya some turkish.

While it was Ilya's favourite, he usually didn't like preparing it since it took more than pressing a few buttons. As a result, it was Shane to perfected the preparation process, resulting in what Ilya called the best coffee he'd ever had.

First he put the coffee and sugar over the burner for a little bit, just until the smell filled the air. Then he poured hot water over it, letting it rise three times before adding just a little more water. It wasn't a science by any means, but Ilya always said he could never get it to taste the way Shane did.

A little part of Shane believed he only said it because he loved when Shane made him coffee.

"You raised a velcro dog." Shane remarked when Anya came to sit and Ilya's heel as soon as she was done eating.

"He's jealous." Ilya told the dog.

"Manipulating the dog again."

"Is called training."

Shane had to laugh. "You're correcting my English now?"

"You can talk about languages when you learn padezhi." Ilya informed, making his husband groan.

"I still think those things are evil." Shane said. The three languages that he knew had nothing in common with Russian, so trying to learn it was proving to be a challenge.

Yes, Shane had picked up the phrases Ilya commonly used, along with some other basic words, but the grammar turned out to be his biggest nightmare. In truth, he knew more than the average person, but he wanted to learn it all properly.

"No, other languages just have no structure." Ilya chuckled.

Shane shook his head. "I'll put the facemask on you so you shut up."

Some half an hour later, after walking Anya, Shane made good on his promise and they ended up on the couch, facemasks on, watching Hell's kitchen.

Usually that experience was filled with Ilya being just as mean as Gordon, and proclaiming he could do a better job at whatever was being done. But that time, Shane noticed he wasn't even paying attention to the TV.

Rather, Ilya was looking at his husband's hand on his lap, a soft, fond look in his eyes.

End Notes

Kudos and comments are always welcome  I loooooove comments please don't be shy

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