

bewitched

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bewitched

by [atinylittleloon](#)

Summary

He thinks back to their wedding, to their first dance. Back then they both hadn't minded the song that played, not even really wanting to dance. It's kind of a weird wedding moment anyway, dancing in front of every guest. Them just watching you and your partner, not even dancing themselves.

But now, right here in this kitchen, listening to the orchestra playing on this song, maybe it could have been different. Maybe they could have a do-over, just the two of them. He murmured between them, "Lyubov moya?"

"Hmm?" The sound vibrated through his shoulder, reaching his heart.

He nearly whispered the words, feeling more vulnerable than he intended or wanted, "Dance with me?"

Shane tilted his head towards Ilya's neck, raising his voice slightly in surprise, "What? No."

—

Or; Ilya wants to properly dance with his husband

Notes

I know nothing about hockey, absolutely zero clue, but I do know ballroom dancing! I can not get these two out of my head for the life of me. They have a permanent spot in my mind and my heart.

Inspiration and title from Bewitched by Laufey which is also the song that was playing.

I know I'm late to the Laufey train please don't be mean to me. I highly recommend listening to the song as the lyrics made me tear up thinking about Shane and Ilya :)

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

Ilya stands in the kitchen, hovering over the stovetop and looking down at the breakfast he is making for his husband.

Husband.

Every time the word soared through his mind to describe Shane, even after all these years, he couldn't contain all the love he has inside for the other man. And now he's smiling fondly at a pan filled with a couple of eggs. Like a fool.

A fool so in love he didn't know what to do with it all, his heart and being swells thrice its size just looking at Shane.

He turns down the volume of the radio behind him a little as he hears the shower turn off, it would only be a matter of minutes before Shane joins him in the kitchen. He should focus on these eggs. Plating them up all nicely, filling some glasses with water and freshly squeezed orange juice.

Shane's favourite, if Ilya squeezed it by hand. A very messy, time consuming and tiring task. Straining his hands and fingers time and time again. He doesn't view it as a chore. Ilya would squeeze thousands of oranges, feel that tension and tightness in his hands every single day as long as that meant Shane pressing soft kisses to his knuckles and caressing his face with adoration present in his eyes.

He feels hands circle his waist, resting atop his stomach, and a cheek pressed against his shoulder. He exhales softly and rests his head on top of Shane's, his damp hair seeping slowly through his shirt. He closes his eyes and lets the soft melody from the radio take over his mind, filling the space around them. It almost makes him emotional, standing here wrapped around each other. Not one hockey player would believe you if you told them about *this* Ilya Rozanov.

He thinks back to their wedding, to their first dance. Back then they both hadn't minded the song that played, not even really wanting to dance. It's kind of a weird wedding moment anyway, dancing in front of every guest. Them just watching you and your partner, not even dancing themselves.

But now, right here in this kitchen, listening to the orchestra playing on this song, maybe it could have been different. Maybe they could have a do-over, just the two of them. He murmurs between them, "*Lyubov moya?*"

"Hmm?" The sound vibrates through his shoulder, reaching his heart.

He nearly whispered the words, feeling more vulnerable than he intended or wanted, "Dance with me?"

Shane tilted his head towards Ilya's neck, raising his voice slightly in surprise, "What? No."

"Please, Shane?" He asked, turning around in his arms, his fingers running up his arms and resting on his neck. Looking for Shane's eyes with his own.

Shane's brows furrow and his eyes race over his own face, avoiding the stare Ilya was sure he found a little intense. He's *thinking* and *worried*, for an unknown reason. No one could ponder as deeply over mundane things as his Shane, and he would always be here to make the worries flutter away. It was just the two of them here. Nothing would go wrong, there were no judging eyes around them, the house would still stand after the song ended, and Ilya would still love Shane.

Shane flicks his eyes back to Ilya's, and with a slight sigh, "I don't know how."

Ilya only shrugged, "So we go slow. I show you."

Shane smiled oh so sweetly at him, fondness trickling into his voice, "You know how to waltz?"

"No," which might be a little lie, he was indeed taught the basics of a few dances. He had spent countless minutes, hours even, pressing his ear to the wall he shared with his mama. Hearing the soft hum of the radio nearly every night. Imagining his mama moving through her room with fluid and flowy movements, nearly floating. It painted a magical picture in his mind. She always looked so relaxed while doing so. Him in turn getting a glimpse of what music, what melody, what rhythm paired with which dance. Committing it all to memory, he realised now. But no one needed to know that.

You need to know for whenever a pretty someone will want to dance with you, his mother's voice supplies from deep within his soul. *And here I am, mama, with my very pretty someone. You taught me our wedding dance.* He shakes his head with a smile, "Don't worry. Dancing has no rules."

Shane's lips pursed as he looked back at him, "That's not true," he cocks his head to the side as one of his hands darts around in the air, "I mean, my feet need to be in the right place to not stomp on yours," he glances at the ground, at the minimal space between them, seemingly trying to figure out how to avoid Ilya's toes. He's whispering his worries into the air between them, "And- and then the hands are pretty important."

He lifts his hands up to Shane's face, placing them around his jaw, "*Shane*," he makes him look at him, fond blue eyes looking into worried brown ones, "There will not be a quiz. We are just husbands dancing in kitchen."

Shane nods at him, the tension that was building in his shoulders ebbing away, "Okay, show me."

He quickly turns to increase the volume of the music, then reaches for Shane and pulls him around the kitchen island. Needing just a bit more room to move freely.

He moves them into place, taking one hand in his and raising their arms. He guided Shane's other hand to rest on his bicep and places his other hand in the small of Shane's back, pulling him flush against his body. He slides his hand up to rest atop his shoulder blade.

Shane takes a deep breath and steadies himself a bit more, most likely familiarising himself with the unusual position he'd been put in.

Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's cheek, "Now just let me lead you," he can't help but wink, "I know you like that." How can he resist when Shane turns the lightest of pink whenever he does, making his freckles stand out on his cheeks. He'd paint the inside of his mind that colour if he could.

"Shut up," Shane says as he rolls his eyes.

Ilya chuckles as he says, "Stay on your tippy toes,"

Shane, once again, glances down at their feet. Seeing that Ilya is indeed up on his toes.

"That's how you waltz."

Ilya lets his body do the rest. Shoving his left leg gently forward to nudge Shane to go backwards, then pulling him to the right with him. Making sure his steps are not too brash, too wide, too much. Then he steps backwards, and to the left. They're moving slowly, repeating the same movements with Ilya counting under his breath, giving his husband time enough to truly get the motion of the steps.

Once he feels it going smoothly, he decides to teach Shane a turn. On the next step forward, Ilya pushes and pulls Shane all the way to the left, making him shriek in surprise. He guides them back to the previous steps before daring the same turn, but on the right. Using up all the space he wanted, for once.

He feels his heart swell a little at the image they're creating right now, at the future image he's creating in his mind this second. Hearing the giggles of their future children echo through the cottage, as he teaches them these exact steps. Telling them about this here moment.

He waits patiently and with love for whenever that may become reality.

He was so much smaller the last time he danced like this, maybe not even ten or eleven years old. *Before*. His mama had a good day and wanted to cheer him up a little. It was just the two of them, notes of music filling the entire house as she lead him through nearly every room of it. Giggles joining the steps they took together, smiling widely. He remembers looking up at her and seeing how her hair moved through the air, a golden colour that matches his own flowing in the wind as she's turning them over and over again. Them both becoming dizzy with giddiness, it was his favourite dance. It's her turn to look at him now, he was sure she would be proud, that she is singing along to the melody of their dance. He blinks back a few tears threatening to run down his cheeks.

He's failed at hiding his emotions, as he feels Shane's hand settle in his hair, twisting with his curls just the way he likes. Shane's other hand squeezes his fingers kindly, "Hey, *hey*, are you okay?"

He looks at the man in front of him, and stills their movements. Their foreheads meet, their noses touch and he murmurs, "Ya tebya lyublyu."

Shane leans in and kisses the tears from his cheeks, "Ya lyublyu tebya."

Ilya closes the space between them and kisses Shane, leaning more of his weight on him than he means.

This is where all his thoughts just turn to *Shane, Shane, Shane* and he wouldn't have it any other way. Feeling the love he always pours into these kisses being happily reciprocated is exhilarating.

Feeling their bodies melt together is intoxicating. It thrills him daily.

Their breakfast stands abandoned, long forgotten and since cooled down.

They don't really care.

End Notes

Thank you immensely for reading I appreciate it with my entire heart <3

Let me know your thoughts!!

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