

with my eyes i see your war

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with my eyes i see your war

by [spider_boy42](#)

Summary

It's Shane and Ilya's first playoffs together, and Ilya keeps finding Shane's food in the toilet. It's probably nothing, right? He'll ask Galina just in case.

Notes

wrote this in 7 hours because there aren't enough fics of Ilya realizing something is wrong with Shane since Shane thinks everything is fine as long as he can internalize it!!

set post tlg obvs, galina does couple's counseling on the side because i think she would oh well

major tw for eds, watch the tags please!!

EDITTT!!! yes i changed "with my eyes they see your war" to "with my eyes i see your war" i was trying to be edgy but the grammar was killing me so im complying to the rules of the english language sorry xx

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

Ilya had only seen Shane eat cake one time.

It was on Shane's birthday, the first year he'd been surrounded by people he loved, celebrating with the man he'd secretly loved for over a decade. Ilya was the head planner of the surprise—well, Yuna dealt with the actual planning, Ilya secured a location and gift and made sure the Centaurs actually *won* the game the day before.

The game put Shane in a better mood. Not just for better sex (that was always a plus), but to make the party even more satisfying.

Everything had gone to plan so far; Shane didn't suspect a thing. He was in playoff mode, as expected, and Ilya knew he was already nervous about his first playoffs with a new team. A *worse* team than what he was used to. Wiebe called an early practice the next day, lighter and high-spirited on account of their best performance of the season, with Shane's hat-trick naming him MVP of the game.

"Give it up for the birthday boy, guys!" Luca teased.

Shane took the praise from his teammates with a shy smile, nodding and allowing himself to be shaken by dozens of aggressive hockey hands clapping his backside. Ilya watched with a grin of his own, but he couldn't shake the feeling that Shane's awkward response wasn't coming from a place of humility as it usually did.

Shane practiced like they'd gotten their asses beat. He cursed every time he let a defender get past, when he miscalculated a shot and it got blocked by Wyatt. After every mistake he tapped his blade twice. Left his arm out too far and got the puck stolen. Two taps. Overshot a pass and almost caused a turn-over. Two taps.

It wasn't a new habit. Ilya had found it cute over the months they'd practiced together. Shane would get frustrated for a moment, do his little taps, and work double to correct himself.

Ilya's eyes always found Shane in practice, and maybe because it was his special day he'd taken extra notice, but today Shane introduced another fidget: one long scrape against the ice. Not long enough for anyone else to catch it, but Ilya did. He always did.

When he did something wrong, Shane tapped his stick twice, when he did something *right*, he dug his front blade into the ice like he wanted to take out a part of it, saying, *Take that, I did it*.

Sometimes, Shane hit his stick even when Ilya thought he did nothing wrong at all. But, when he asked, *That pass could have been better*, and *I almost missed the goal*, was what Shane gave in response.

It was weird. But practice was nearly over, and Yuna and David would be there soon to meet them in the meeting room with cake and balloons and gifts only Shane would like. A small voice told Ilya to get Shane a healthier option, just in case, but it was just one day, right? Calories didn't count on your birthday.

Ilya purposefully separated himself and Shane from the others in the locker room, allowing them to sneak out one-by-one until it was just them in the sweaty air. Under Shane's helmet were tired eyes and unpromising patches of hair from his new beard-oil. Ilya dragged a finger under his fuzzy chin and forced Shane to look up at him. Had he always looked this exhausted?

"Shane, are you okay?"

"Yes, shtora," Shane assured, smiling weakly.

"Curtain?"

Shane shrugged. "I know some Russian too."

"Okay, Shane." Ilya rolled his eyes, then kissed Shane quickly. "Shower. I think Wiebe called an emergency team meeting."

Shane didn't say anything, just nodded. He'd been slower than usual to put his gear away, but Ilya would be tired too with all the pressure he'd been putting on himself as of late. He'd talk to him later about overexertion, a tag-team lecture they'd been given from both Farah and the few coupling therapy sessions with Galina.

Though, on his way to the rest of his team, all he thought about was the smile that didn't fully reach Shane's eyes.

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Ilya thought his surprise was perfect. It wasn't some movie cliché, where Shane would walk into an empty room and everyone jumped out at him all at once. He didn't want to give his lover a heart attack.

Instead, the meeting started as usual, a film of their best plays, the plays they needed to fix, of that mix.

"Now, I'd like to honor someone specifically."

Ilya tried not to look too excited next to Shane, but he knew he could feel his knee bouncing, and the smile on his face was almost comical. Wiebe played Shane's greatest highlights, not just a video he found on YouTube, but a collection of clips Ilya had put together himself. Some on the ice, of course, but also shared moments between them, like Shane putting together their dresser by himself, or winning cards against him and Yuna.

Ilya finally took a glance at Shane and his face dropped. Ilya had expected Shane to be excited, not wet-eyed. He watched the next video play, this one by David, of 6-year-old Shane practicing stick-handling until he could cross the entire rink without looking up once.

His small hands gripped the stick and revved it as high as his arms allowed before slapping the puck into the goal.

He allowed himself to celebrate, momentarily, before scrapping his stick across the ice and mumbling something about needing to do better. The motion was so small, so insignificant, that the only way someone would notice is if they were looking for it.

Shane swallowed harshly and blinked back tears as the film ended. Ilya released a breath he'd been holding. These tears were good.

"Wow, guess Hollander was always a perfectionist," Wyatt chirped, and Ilya stepped on his foot under the table. He winced and added, "I mean, it's not a bad thing. It's why you're so good now, right?"

Shane nodded. "Yup," he croaked.

Shane looked at Ilya and knocked their feet together. Unspoken, yet Shane knew it was Ilya who set this whole thing up. With his eyes, he told Ilya, *I love you*, and with his mouth, Ilya said it back.

On cue, Yuna and David entered the room with cake and a rolling cart of gifts. "Happy birthday, Shane!" They exclaimed.

The room broke into chatter, wishing Shane well and whatever straight guys said instead of happy birthday. Ilya opted not to subject Shane to more tortuous accolades with the happy birthday song, and instead made everyone wait for Shane to get a first bite of cake before they dug in.

Shane's parents had told Ilya Shane liked red velvet when he was younger, but, then again, the last time *they'd* seen Shane eat cake was on his 13th birthday. Puberty really was a bitch.

Shane's slice wasn't that hefty, but it was surely bigger than what Shane would have cut for himself. Yuna stuck a lone candle in the middle and Ilya pulled out his cigarette lighter so that Shane could make a wish.

It was silly, and Ilya hadn't expected Shane to actually close his eyes for a few moments before blowing out the candle.

"Fork, fork, somebody bring Shane a fork!" Bood yelled. Within seconds Luca was running back with the plastic utensil and a napkin, because everyone knew Shane hated the feeling of crumbs in his lap.

Shane just sat there, unmoving. Luca awkwardly sat the fork on the napkin next to the plate of food and stepped far away. Shane simply stared at the cake, eyes darting between his loved ones and the very unhealthy sliver of food.

Ilya bent down next to his ear and whispered, "Shane? Is it the flavor? I did not ask in case I spoiled the surprise—"

"No," Shane interrupted, picking up the fork. "It's perfect. Thank you."

And, finally, he took a bite.

The rest of the party, Ilya eyed Shane's plate.

He laughed with the Hollanders about something Shane did when he was younger, and across the room Shane would take a bite of his cake. Ilya teased Harris for posting so many pictures of Troy to the team page, and promised Luca he'd see a cup in his career, all while watching small chunks of Shane's cake disappear every few minutes.

On one of his helpings Shane caught Ilya staring and raised a questioning eyebrow. Ilya shook his head, blowing Shane a kiss and devilish wink in response. Shane rolled his eyes with an ill-contained smile and caught it, bringing it close to his heart. It took him about an hour, but the cake had been finished.

Ilya found bits of it rimming their toilet bowl later that night.

—

“Are you going to eat that?”

Ilya pointed to the last pizza slice, a deluxe special of sausage, pepperoni, ham, and pineapple. He'd added the pineapple as a joke for Shane, seeing as it was probably the healthiest thing in the box, and Ilya would rather die than add a vegetable to his grease haven.

But Shane didn't laugh, nor eat any pizza at all. Well, he had one slice. Two, possibly, but Ilya hadn't seen him eat the second. He didn't want to think about what was probably in the trash can right now, not when Ottawa had just earned themselves one game closer to the Stanley Cup.

He could imagine it now: *Outed hockey couple strikes back and wins MHL championship after one year of playing with each other.* He couldn't wait to prove the world wrong.

So they were celebrating together in their living room with the TV turned on to a recorded feed of the game. Alone.

Ilya hadn't taken Shane as a shy eater, but it was possible the eyes of many made him self-conscious and more anxious than normal. When a lot was going on at once, eating became less of a priority and a means of survival for Shane. That was okay to Ilya, since it just meant more time with Shane

“What?” Shane blinked at him, confused, then down at the pizza. “Oh, yeah, go for it.”

Ilya scarfed it down in 5 bites, belching loudly just because it irritated Shane.

Shane shoved Ilya's legs off of his lap and went to stand, causing Ilya to whine like a child. "Shane, noooo. I am sorry, I won't be gross anymore."

Shane rolled his eyes and walked away anyway, disappearing into the hall with the bathroom light flicked on. Ilya focused on the game for as long as he could before his mind wandered elsewhere. Shane had been in the bathroom for, how long, 30 minutes now?

Shane sometimes liked to surprise Ilya by prepping himself before a long, rough night, but it didn't usually take him *this* long.

Ilya slinked toward the bathroom, careful as not to trigger any creaks in the floor to alert his creeping. He reached for the door handle, getting a hold of it, before Shane opened the door quickly and flinched.

"Ilya, what are you doing? If you have to pee just say so."

Shane wiped his mouth and scraped his nails once against the door—long and arced—and went back to the couch like *he* hadn't been the one acting strange. The bathroom smelled like toothpaste and the window was steamy like the shower had been on, but Shane was in the same post-game sweatsuit he always wore. Whatever he'd done, the water surely drowned out the noise of anything else.

Ilya still pretended he came over to pee, and lifted the toilet seat wearily. He took a shaky breath. What was wrong with him? Shane probably had a stomach bug or something. His diet didn't allow a lot of fatty foods.

But when he flushed, something he hadn't noticed before swirled around as well. And when the water stilled, two pineapple chunks floated at the surface.

—

If Ilya was losing his mind, Galina was the right person to set it right for him. Svetlana was far too close, with far too much history, and Ilya couldn't talk too much about his issues with his teammates before someone court-ordered him a psychiatric hold.

She would screw his head back straight about Shane's secrecy.

"Ilya, hello," she greeted in Russian. "No Shane? I thought today would be a couples session."

It was supposed to be, but, purposefully, Ilya didn't tell Shane that.

"He couldn't make it." Ilya paused. There was no use in lying to his greatest outlet. "Well, I actually wanted to talk about him. But, he can't be around to hear it."

Galina shifted in her chair and raised her eyebrows. "Why?"

“Because...it might just be nothing. I don’t want him to worry.”

“But why don't you think he can be around to hear it?”

“Because he’ll just say it’s nothing, and it’s for hockey, and—whatever! I’m just worried about him.”

Galina nodded and put her notebook to the side. “Ilya, what is this about?”

“His stupid diet! It’s so unnecessary. His body is gorgeous, and he knows this because I tell him all the time, but he says he must maintain it and practice self-control and *‘How will I ever be a good leader if I can’t follow a stupid meal plan—’*”

He stopped at the look on Galina’s face. He probably sounded like a total asshole if this is how he cared about the man he loved.

“Is that your main concern? His extreme dieting?”

“Well—” Ilya opened his mouth and closed it. Opened, then closed it. His words had to be very particular in order to help Shane—if he needed help at all. “I don’t want to say it, or else then it gets very real.”

“I’m afraid I can’t help Shane if I don’t know what your concerns are.”

Ilya took a deep breath. “It’s not just the dieting. It’s extreme, yes, and I think he worries too much about “macros” or whatever he calls calories, but I think that...sometimes he—” Ilya was talking more with his hands than his mouth, so he shoved him into his lap and stared at Galina directly. This was for Shane. “Sometimes. He throws it up. The food. I’ve seen it, even when he thinks I don’t. And I’m worried.”

“You’re afraid he’s bullimic?”

“Yes,” Ilya sighed. “That’s a scary word.”

Galina smiled softly. “I have another.”

“Wait until Shane is here, okay? I just want to know how to make him feel better.”

“Will you be okay if it takes longer than you may think?”

Ilya fidgeted with the golden cross from his mother. “Of course. Shane had to be with me.”

Halfway through the session, Ilya asked to borrow a notebook and pen from Galina herself. Ilya wished he was as knowledgeable as therapists; it would have really saved him in former situations.

But instead of dwelling in the past, he gained knowledge he could use now, in the present, or, quite possibly, the near future. And Ilya feared that possibility was closer than he thought.

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The Centaurs didn't go out horribly, but they didn't make it as far as they could have. As they *should* have.

Ilya *should* have been more disappointed, but he couldn't change the hockey world as much as they wanted to change him. He talked his shit, played fair, and motivated his team like hell through the loss. His anger came and went on the ice, and dissipated into the handshakes of his opponents after the final buzzer.

And no one had gotten hurt. That was a win in his book.

Shane didn't say anything on the drive back, and Ilya thanked himself silently that he offered to drive. Shane gripped his bag straps like he was trying to strangle it.

"Fuck!" was the first thing Shane had shouted when Ilya locked the door behind them.

Anya raised her head from her spot on her dog bed and ran excitedly at the pair. Ilya bent down with wide arms and squeezed his eyes and mouth shut while Anya ran up to lap wildly at his face.

"Good girl, good girl," he praised, reaching to scratch behind her ears. A noise from the kitchen startled them both, and they turned to Shane throwing something angrily into a trash bag. "Daddy is a little mad that we lost our hockey game."

"*Lost our hockey game?*" Shane uttered. His trash bag was a quarter of the way full. "We got knocked out of the playoffs. By *fucking* Montreal. Those assholes didn't even say shit to me the whole game like...like-fuck!" He chucked something else into the trash, something fragile. It shattered.

"Yes, Shane, I am upset too but—" He patted their dog and covered her ears. "Could you not scare Anya, please? She has done nothing."

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to, it's just—" Shane slammed whatever cupboard he'd been tossing shit out of. Hard. Anya whimpered.

"Shane!" Ilya was starting to get irritated himself. They'd lost, okay, but it wasn't as if the game was all fair anyway. It was like each Metros player had handed the referees a million dollars themselves. He didn't understand why Shane was so upset. The headlines from winning would have been a satisfying burn, but this was their *first* playoffs of *many* more.

Ilya balanced Anya's food and water bowl in one hand and pushed her into a guest room with the other. He shut the door, lightly, and promised her he would be back as soon as Shane had calmed down.

It wasn't until he got back to the kitchen that Ilya realized the weight of the promise.

Shane wasn't just throwing away food, he was throwing away *all* of it, starting with Ilya's stash Shane kept just for him. Not protein bars, dense fiber cookies, or sugar-free goodies, but Ilya's Skittles, his fruit-juice fruit-snacks, and—oh god, were those his chocolate chips?

“Shane, moy lyubimyy. Stop! Please, what is going on?”

Shane opened into the refrigerator and grabbed anything over 50 calories in a serving. Juice, syrups, sour cream, ranch—gone. Ilya reached out for Shane's hands and Shane shouldered him away, eyes glossed and blind with rage.

Ilya's chest sank and bubbled with dread. Why won't Shane talk to him? Shane played hard, he played great, and he was the best out of everyone. He was always the best out of everyone, the game was just unfair. Fouls weren't fouls and goals that should have been goals were disallowed by corrupt refs.

This was bigger than them; the whole team knew they were still hated. So what was wrong with Shane?

Shane was finished with the fridge, on to the freezer next. Ilya finally got a firm enough grip on one of his body parts—his hips—and he pulled Shane back, hard, until he let go of the plastic bag and stumbled back into Ilya's chest, sobbing.

He thrashed and thrashed and pushed Ilya deep into the kitchen counter in their battle to the floor, but Ilya just held on tighter. He hooked his arms under Shane's armpits and restricted his reach from the bag of food.

“Let me go, Ilya! I wasn't done!” Shane pleaded between tears. He kicked his foot twice against the kitchen floors. “I wasn't—” Tap, tap. “Done!” Tap. Tap.

“No,” Ilya said as he struggled. Shane had almost kicked out of his grasp, so he trapped the top of Shane's thighs with the bottom of his.

Shane rocked them back and forth until he tired, which took some minutes, but Ilya never let go, and as a result Shane never reached the bag. Finally, he went limp in Ilya's arms. And cried.

“If I hadn't let you get me to eat that cupcake yesterday, we would have won.”

Ilya almost laughed. “That's not why we lost.”

“You don't know that.” Shane sniffled. “I didn't stick to my diet. I should have—we would have won if I stuck to my diet. I did something wrong, and I need to fix it.”

It was just food. *One* cupcake, at that. “Shane.”

“Please, Ilya, I need to fix it.”

Ilya nervously loosened his grip on Shane, unsure whether he'd reach out for the bag again. He turned Shane by his shoulders until they were face-to-face and stared at his snotty nose

and freshly-shaven upper lip. Both glistened with wet tears, and as gross as it was, Ilya kissed Shane anyway.

Ilya brushed his thumb lightly against Shane's lips until they pried open, and tugged lightly on his jaw. Shane opened his mouth wide, wider and wider until Ilya could see inside all the way to his molars.

The back of his mouth was yellowing and dark, destroyed by stomach acid.

Ilya's mouth trembled as he tried not to cry, but Shane had been withering away in front of him for as long as he'd known him, and Ilya had been too selfish to notice.

Shane closed his mouth around Ilya's thumb and pushed it deep into the back of his throat, practically choking himself. He gagged but didn't pull out, and when Ilya tried to take his hand back, Shane grabbed his wrist and sucked deeper.

They'd never gone this deep before, and Ilya didn't like the slimy feeling of Shane's uvula in the back of his throat. Any further and Shane would probably—

"Shane, stop!" Ilya's thumb came out with a *pop*, drenched and reeking of spit. "I know what you are doing."

The light in Shane's eyes was gone. How long, Ilya couldn't answer.

"I'm sorry," he choked flatly. He didn't sound like he meant it.

"Oh my Shane. Solnyshko." Ilya pulled Shane's head into his chest and ran his fingers timidly along his back. "How long has this been going on? Why didn't you say anything?"

Shane had moved to bracket Ilya's hips, tensing. Ilya rubbed a more soothing hand along his ribs and he relaxed slightly. Almost unnoticeably, but Ilya noticed. He always did. Even if it was too late.

Shane sat up and considered Ilya. "You always make fun of what I eat. You think it's dumb."

"What do I know? I am dumb." Shane cocked his head to the side and Ilya rolled his eyes. "Yes, I think it can be silly. But I thought it was just something for hockey, da? Not like..."

"Throwing up every meal." Shane nodded. "Yeah. It wasn't always like that."

"It's because of playoffs, I know."

Shane seemed to be surprised at that. "That's what you think?"

"Is it not?"

"I mean, yeah. It gets *really* bad around this time with the stress, but—" He shrugged. "I always try to puke up the meals that aren't good for me. I didn't yesterday, and, well. You see what happened."

Ilya could puke right now. Those nights when Shane would excuse himself from dinner with a half-eaten plate and come back tasting like mint, the innocent game nights with Troy and Harris that involved too many deserts and definitely nothing nutritional—had Shane even enjoyed it? Did he eat to enjoy?

Or did he eat because he had to, because it was another thing that was *right*? Food was fuel, but it could also be something *bad* that made Shane sluggish or miss his dietary goals. And throwing up fixed that.

Ilya had gravely miscalculated Shane Hollander; this was more than just food.

“Do not be mad,” Ilya tried. Shane was already getting there. “I talked to Galina about you.”

“Okay? She’s your therapist.”

“Well, yes. But. I told her about your eating, and she thinks you...” Ilya considered telling Shane her exact term. It wouldn’t really help nor harm the situation, but Ilya still couldn’t run the risk of scaring Shane off with anything official. “Your eating is disordered. You have eating disorder.”

“But—”

Ilya silenced Shane’s next protest with a finger to his lips. “I know what you are going to say. And she told me it does not always have to be because you have body issues. I didn’t—I think I understand now that it is more than that.”

Shane dropped his head, and Ilya raised his chin with his forefingers.

“I know you do not want to miss hockey, but, I asked Farah to clear your summer schedule so you can go to therapy.” He paused, thinking. “A different therapist than mine. I have already found this nice Japanese woman who is 5 miles away. Or you can do it online. She works with LGBT+ adults.”

“Wow.” Shane had started crying again, a beautiful mix of sadness and relief from releasing the heavy weight from his chest. “You googled for me?”

“I would do anything for you,” Ilya said sweetly, swiping a tear. “I do not want you to feel alone. Ever.”

“You have so much going on already. I don’t want to be in the way.”

Ilya clutched his chest and feigned hurt. It hurt a bit, actually, that Shane felt this badly and Ilya didn’t do anything about it. “Do you see this ring?” He wiggled his fingers. “You are stuck with me forever. So you will never be in the way, because I love you, Shane.”

Shane snickered and dropped his head onto Ilya’s chest. Muffled, he said, “Ya tebya lyublyu. I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“I don’t like to think about it. It kills me.”

Shane stared at his husband. His lifetime partner. His lover. And Ilya loved him so much. “Me, too.”

“So, you will go to therapy? For me, at least.”

Shane held up his right hand, and flipped it so the knuckles faced Ilya. Under his gloves he usually kept them wrapped with athletic tape, some pity excuse about gripping his stick too hard. Ilya gasped and left his mouth agape as he looked over his bruised fingers. All four of them. Red against pale skin. Tender to touch.

“For me, too.”

—

“How do you feel about the word self-control, Shane?”

Ilya wasn't *trying* to eavesdrop on Shane's therapy session, but the kitchen was *so close* to the living room, and it wasn't like Shane was using headphones.

“Self-control? I live by it.”

“Hm,” The woman on the other end sounded like she was nodding, or writing something down, or both. “And when you say live by it...”

“I mean, it's my life. Discipline. I wouldn't be here right now if I didn't control when I practiced. Sure, all my friends were out getting their first-whatevers without me, but I had a goal to be the best, and I didn't let them stop me. Whatever it took.”

The worst part was, Shane had no idea how sad he sounded.

“I understand that goal of wanting to achieve your dreams, Shane,” the woman said. “But do you feel sometimes it went *too* far? Like the “first-whatevers” you described. Did it make you feel left out?”

Shane actually sat on the question for quite some time. Ilya could feel how desperately he wanted to be able to practice ahead of time, and last week he had to stop Shane from writing down notecards to prepare for possible questions.

“I wasn't missing much,” Shane settled. “I was already weird *outside* of hockey, so it was easier to focus on that.”

“What makes you say that?”

Shane scoffed. “I was the mixed Asian kid who brought weird food for lunch sometimes and didn't want to tease all the girls like the hockey guys did. So I had to be better at hockey to fit in.” He shrugged like it was obvious. “And I was, so, yeah. I live by self-control.”

Ilya shouldn't have been listening to this conversation, but it was a part of Shane he'd rarely talked about. Even now, he talked like his childhood was something that happened to him, not what shaped him as a man today.

"And you decided this all by yourself, without your parents?"

"No, my mom was my best teacher. Still is. She built herself up from nothing, and I have no choice but to do the same." His tone grew slightly irritated, but Ilya knew the woman wasn't insulting his mother. "And my dad was there when I needed to take it slow, which was never an option."

"That sounds like a lot of pressure for a little kid."

"I manage."

Shane swiped a finger once across the mousepad as he talked. Ilya thought it was a mistake until he tapped his fingers twice 5 minutes later. He'd been watching Shane from the living room with the TV on a low enough setting to stay out of the background of the zoom, but his eyes were nowhere near the screen in front of him.

The taps told him Shane was on the topic of something unpleasant, a conversation he wasn't handling very well.

"The control can sometimes bleed into my diet, sure. But that's hockey, right? Look the best, feel the best, play the best. It all starts with food."

"Do you only believe you play the best when you've followed your diet?"

Shane ticked his pointer finger in sets of two more rapidly and in increments closer today. "I don't *believe* anything, I do. Which is why when I go off track, I have to fix it immediately or I..."

"You lose control?"

"Yes," Shane said in a barely audible whisper.

Ilya left the room.

30 minutes later, Ilya felt the weight of a bear with the threat level of a puppy lay heavy on top of his back. Since Anya was sleeping peacefully in her bed in the living room, he maybe had a guess as to who was crushing him.

"I love you, Ilya. So much. You know that, right?"

Ilya lifted his head as far as it could and eyed Shane. "Are you going to tell me that every time you have a therapy session?"

"Yes," Shane breathed lighter. He was starting to do that more lately. "I don't know why you don't. They make me appreciate you so much more."

Ilya rolled Shane and pounced so that he was laying underneath, pressing soft kisses to his temple. "I love you, Shane. More than you know."

Shane answered him with a kiss, sweet and delicate, until a rumbling noise fractured the moment.

Ilya's face turned grim as he touched a hand to Shane's stomach. "Did you eat today?"

"You literally made my breakfast smoothie."

And he hadn't told Shane a single ingredient. "Yes." Ilya kissed Shane's nose. "I did."

"Can I ask for something weird?"

"Anything." Literally, anything. Ilya was prepared to lay down the Earth for Shane at any point in time, never mind the transfixed shine his eyes sometimes had.

"Can we make a cake?"

End Notes

yes i paused writing my longfic because i am so passionate about Shane Hollander i think he deserves the world, and my Ilya Rozanov can be flawed but is an angel who will do anything to make sure Shane is taken care of ok thanks bye

>not beta read, comment mistakes but also just because <3333

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