

Big fish, little fish

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77247761) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77247761>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyu , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , mentions of their teammates but thats it
Additional Tags:	Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Autism Spectrum , OCD , Hurt/Comfort , Hurt Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Autistic Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Fluff and Smut , Romantic Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 4,858 Chapters: 1/1

Big fish, little fish

by [penpen_xo](#)

Summary

Shane had schedules to stick to, regimens to maintain, plays to study, drills to perfect. He needed to eat the same thing, every day. Train in the best way to keep his mind and body fit by keeping to strict programs. He needed to stick to his plan so that he could ensure that everything also went, well...to plan.

He needed all of these things to fall in place otherwise— well he tried not to think too hard about the otherwise. He couldn't let otherwise happen.

Basically he'd treated his body like a fucking temple for majority of his life and had no problems with it yet— And then he turned 30.

or

Shane starts noticing changes after he turns 30— He doesn't bounce back the same way he used to and it suddenly sends him spiralling.

Ilya is there to pick him up and kiss him better when he's brought to an abrupt halt.

Notes

This takes place post The Long Game so...spoilers!

I wished Shanes autistic side had been explored a little more, that and his OCD tendencies towards food and exercise. It just felt like it got resolved a little too easily in TLG.

Anyway, this was a nice break from buddie and is really just pure fluff for the most part. The relationship these two characters have is just....ahrevfjhdfvdhsvfmsdvsfshv so damn good.

TW's

- obsessive thoughts towards food and exercise
- lost of swearing...but it's all in character

*Also, I decided to go with phonetic way of spelling the russian words i used, just for ease of reading. i did research them all thoroughly before choosing these, but apologies if any are wrong.

Hope you like it! :)
xoxo

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

Shane had played hockey for as long as he could remember. There were distant, shimmers of memories skating around an outdoor rink when he was around two years old with his mom and dad, each holding one of his hands as he attempted to move across the ice, both of them keeping him steady when he'd inevitably start to fall.

He thinks it's perhaps the earliest memory he has— of hockey, and of them. But he knows somewhere deep inside that it's also where his drive had formed, where his love for this sport had blossomed, and where his competitive and obsessive spirit had been born.

By the time he became a professional athlete, this obsessive side of him is pretty much what held his entire life together. He inhaled every piece of information he could get his hands on. Heard time and time again how he had the smartest Hockey IQ the league had ever seen. It's what kept him going, fed him, got his brain and body moving along as if it was imperative for to survive.

He had schedules to stick to, regimens to maintain, plays to study, drills to perfect. He needed to eat the same thing, every day. Train in the best way to keep his mind and body fit by keeping to strict programs. He needed to stick to his plan so that he could ensure that everything also went, well...to plan.

He needed all of these things to fall in place otherwise— well he tried not to think too hard about the otherwise. He couldn't let otherwise happen.

Basically he'd treated his body like a fucking temple for majority of his life and had no problems with it yet— And then he turned 30.

He knew deep down that he was perhaps being a little dramatic about it. Ilya, his absurdly handsome husband, would absolutely tell him in his perfect, slavic lilted voice, to “*calm the fuck down Hollander, you are perfect*”. But Shane didn't think that he understood, not completely.

Ilya, who ate like a damn teenager still, but was perpetually blessed with a deep V across his torso. Ilya who had smoked for years, but could outrun Shane any day of the week. Ilya who barely stuck to a strict weights routine but could haul him up over his shoulder like he weighed nothing. Ilya, whose knees didn't click loudly anytime he moved like Shane's did— Shane wouldn't dare admit that a part of him kind of adored the perfect, tiny, smug smile that graced Ilya's face every time he heard the loud pops when he got to his knees before him.

No, Ilya would tell him he had to stop worrying. He was getting older, so what?

But Shane was suddenly really feeling it. He'd had a cold recently. A stupid simple fucking cold, that instead of bouncing back from it quickly like he had in his twenties, it had completely wiped him out for almost two weeks. He was seriously considering going back to his stupid diet, in the hopes that it would help his body bounce back from things quicker moving forward.

But then one sunny July day, when he and Ilya had driven from the cottage into the city for a team lunch BBQ, he'd overheard Bood (who had been recovering from an injury) talking about how he'd had swimming recommended to him by his PT, and how it was helping out with his muscles in a completely different way to how they normally trained.

And so it got Shane thinking. Maybe he just needed to shake up his exercise program a little. They had a large pool at the cottage, maybe he could try that out over the summer and see if it helped. He could even swim in the lake to get a bit of long distance training in. Damn, maybe he could train up and do the Raversée Internationale du lac St-Jean, the famous 32km swim in Quebec— only if it worked in with their hockey schedule of course. Shane's head was already reeling with plans, figuring out how to fit this into his summer schedule when Ilya approached him from behind, wrapping his arms around his middle and causing Shane to nearly jump out of his skin.

“I’m not that scary.” Ilya whispered into his ear, nibbling on his lobe ever so gently and Shane felt his face heat, a smile spreading across his lips at the touch. He stilled however as Ilya’s hands found his stomach, pinching at the skin around his hip playfully— was Shane losing form?

“Sorry, I was just lost in thought.” Shane mumbled, leaning back into him, trying not to concentrate too much on Ilya’s hands, or the firmness of his husband's body pressed against his. Their teammates loved them, but not enough to let them get away with too much PDA in their presence.

It had been a warm day and Ilya was wearing unfairly tight denim shorts, his muscly, golden thighs out on display for the world. He'd started the day off in a linen shirt, rolled to his elbows, but after running around with the team's gaggle of kids, had shed it, now only in the vest he'd had on underneath. He smelt of grass, sweat, the coconut sunscreen he'd put on earlier and something distinctly just Ilya that was the most intoxicating scent Shane had ever inhaled.

“You okay.” He asked Shane, as if immediately sensing that Shane was a little wrapped up in his head all of a sudden, and perhaps not in a normal way.

“Yeah of course.” he responded without hesitation, smiling brightly into Ilya’s touch.

Ilya hummed in response, pressing a kiss into the back of Shane's neck sweetly. “Well I was just coming to see if you were ready to go? I promised Anya a long walk before it gets dark.”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded, squeezing the bare arms wrapped around him. “Let’s go home to our girl.”

Ilya drove them home, refusing to let go of Shane's left hand, peppering kisses to it and running fingers along the exposed, sensitive skin from his wrist and up the inside of his arm. Shane shuddered a little in pleasure, and attempted to cast a look in his husband's direction. Ilya, who knew exactly what he was doing, merely smiled back slyly and kept going, eyes still perfectly trained on the road before them.

“You’re a menace.” He shook his head.

“You love me.”

Shane hummed in response, grinning despite himself. He loved this. Loved Ilya in every way he could, but especially just like this.

Ilya hummed along with the radio, some indie Canadian song Shane didn’t know, so he pulled out his phone instead, losing himself as he scrolled through page after page on swimming training facts and statistics, more determined than ever to make this happen.

*

“Are you sure you don’t want to come with us?” Ilya paused at the door, Anya glancing back up at him as if questioning why they weren't leaving yet.

Shane smiled, shaking his head. “I'm going to get a workout in before dinner. Plus, you always claim Anya has more fun on her walks when it's just you.”

“I can't help it if you only like the boring paths.” Ilya threw his hands up in defense.

“I take the efficient routes that offer a range of benefits to our workout routines, including a solid amount of enrichment for Anya. It's perfectly well planned and—.”

Ilya rolled his eyes fondly, leaning back through the doorway to press a kiss to Shane's cheek, cutting him off mid ramble.

“Okay, okay. We'll be back in an hour or so.”

Shane watched them set off at a jog into the woods, the golden afternoon wrapping around them in a blinding warmth. When they finally disappeared from view he made his way back through the cottage and to their room, digging around in his closet for what he hoped still lived there. Triumphant, Shane pulled out the black speedos and goggles that he'd bought years ago.

The speedos were so tiny and he couldn't help but smirk at himself in the mirror, wishing Ilya could see him right now. Ilya had seen him in way less obviously...less than nothing, really, but there was something about this that he enjoyed. But then he turned around noticing the way the material cut into the flub under his butt, and he couldn't help but poke at it accusingly. This is why he needed to change up his work out routine. He needed to tone up, lean out, build more muscle and hopefully this will make him feel better overall.

Shane shook himself out of the moment and grabbed a towel, making his way out to the pool. He slipped in, welcoming the cool change against the warm afternoon sun. He wasted no time as he secured his goggles and kicked off from the wall, gliding through the water with a power that felt good.

The world seemed to drown out around him, the sound of the bubbles roaring in his ears as he pushed through the water. The burn he felt in his limbs made him feel good, strong—and weirdly calm as well.

He knew he was a bit of an uptight person about some things. He liked order, and he liked when order was kept. He especially hated it when that order got disrupted and changed. He'd mellowed a little since Ilya had been a more present figure in his life—Ilya was wild and untamed but with soft edges and an oozy centre. And Shane was...just how he was; obsessive to a fault once he made his mind up about something, but now, could also be putty in the hands of one Ilya Rozanov.

And Ilya, up to this point, had been the only thing to keep his mind in check, to keep him simmering in a sweet spot when it started to bubble over, spilling everywhere.

But here in the water...it's like his head just...made sense all of a sudden. It was quiet.

And so chasing that feeling, he swam and swam and swam and then—

“Holy fuck.” Shane spluttered as he noticed a figure looming overhead when he reached one end of the pool. “Ilya, don’t just do that.”

“Do what?” his husband just stared down at him, hands in his pockets, head tilted to the side a little. “Watch you? But it’s my favourite show.”

“You nearly gave me a heart attack.” Shane heaved, hand moving to pause the work out on his watch.

Ilya frowned at this. “Oh, so I need to jump in there and give you mouth to mouth?”

“I’m not drowning you idiot.” Shane chuckled and Ilya crouched down next to the pool.

“What *are* you doing?”

Shane indicated to the water around him. “What does it look like?”

Ilya cocked an eyebrow. “Who taught you to be so, how you say...sassy?”

Shane merely shook his head and slipped off his goggles. He swam the short distance towards Ilya, resting up against the edge of the pool, feeling his heart rate start to slow back down as his chest puffed. Ilya sat too, legs dropping immediately into the water, bare feet swishing back and forth.

“How was your walk?”

Ilya reached over and ruffled a hand through Shane's hair, tugging lightly at the high bun he'd secured before he started. Despite Shane's protests, he pulled the hair free, a smile edged into the corner of his lips.

“Was good, Anya almost caught a squirrel. Probably a good thing she can't climb trees,” He told him, fingers now stroking through Shane's freed tendrils absentmindedly. “We got back about 40 minutes ago and I've been watching you swim ever since. Was beginning to wonder if you were going to turn into a fish.”

Shane frowned. “Forty minutes ago, but...” He checked his watch, and was surprised to see that the workout had been running for 1 hour and 30 minutes so far. Oh shit.

“You swim like you have shark chasing you.” Ilya acknowledged, an edge of something Shane couldn't make out in his voice.

“I didn't realise I'd been going that long, it really didn't feel like it to be honest.” Shane rested his cheek against Ilya's thigh, and Ilya's hand caressed his head now, just as gentle.

“Since when are you a swimmer? Did the trainers ask you to incorporate swimming into your summer training?”

Shane shrugged. “No, I just thought I'd try and introduce something a little different to my workout program. There's a lot of health benefits to swimming, you know.”

Ilya hummed, considering this for a second, before glancing slowly back down at Shane. “And where did you find those...плавки.” He indicated down to Shane’s speedos. Just the glint in Ilya’s eyes was enough to make Shane blush. “They’re so tight on you.”

Shane pulled back, face falling a little. Was Ilya calling him fat now?

Ilya sighed and pulled his vest over his head before wiggling out of his shorts and throwing them over his shoulder. Entirely naked now, he slipped into the water and immediately pulled Shane to him. Shane let himself be guided, his legs instinctively wrapping around Ilya’s waist, the weightlessness of the water carrying them away from the edge, Ilya treading water and keeping them afloat easily.

Ilya’s hands found Shane’s backside, the plump, ready palms squeezing at the meat hungrily. “I am not calling you fat.” he murmured and Shane couldn’t help but let out a huff in response, annoyed that he’d been so transparent. “I mean they are tight, and wonderful and make your ass look perfect.”

Oh. Well that was okay then.

Shane let himself relax into the safe space that was his husband’s arms. He’d been here a million times before, and it never failed to make him feel whole.

“What happened?” Ilya peppered kisses along his collar bone and Shane sighed into his hair, his heart rate slowing down entirely at the touch.

“Nothing, I’m fine.” Shane said automatically and Ilya’s kisses grew stronger, firmer, deliberately more grounding.

“Izhets.”

“I’m not lying.” Shane responded to the accusation, his own hands kneading into Ilya’s shoulderblades. He was totally fine.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya pulled back, eyes bright and glimmering far too softly that Shane’s heart stuttered. “I know you very well. I know every last inch of you. You are spiraling about something. I can hear your brain working overtime. Please tell me.”

Shane just buried his head into Ilya’s shoulder “You’ll laugh at me.” He mumbled into the cool skin.

“I’d laugh anyway, you know this.”

He huffed and playfully bit at the skin below his mouth. Ilya groaned and Shane could feel his cock twinge in delight against his ass.

“Don’t think you can distract me.” Ilya swirled them around in the water and Shane yelped as he clung on to his husband’s shoulders tightly.

“No?” Shane laughed now, gazing down at Ilya fondly, a wet hand reaching up to tangle in his short curls.

Ilya’s eyes flashed. “I will definitely be extracting these—” He snapped the speedos against Shane’s skin. “— from you as soon as possible. But you talk first.”

Shane sighed, suddenly not able to meet Ilya’s gaze, the worry sitting thick in his beautiful blue eyes.

“I’m just…” he tried to begin but the words felt stuck in his throat, like glue plastered to the roof of his mouth. Ilya stroked a hand soothingly in circles across his back. “I’m just feeling a bit icky in my skin right now.”

“Icky?” Ilya’s brow furrowed as he tried to understand the word. His English was incredible these days, but he was still occasionally thrown by the odd word.

“Just, not 100%,” Shane tried to clarify and then just bit the bullet. “Old.”

Understanding dawned over the Russians face, and the wave of concern that had been lapping across his features morphed into a ridiculous smile. “Oh my *Rybka*.”

“See, you’re laughing at me.” Shane rolled his eyes, attempting, and somewhat failing to look hurt when Ilya couldn’t keep it in any longer.

“I told you I would anyway.” Ilya replied with a bark. “Shane, we are old now. Old men.”

“Old men!?” Shane cried indignantly, the panic rising a little inside of him again. “We’re 30 for fucks sake.”

“Yes,” Ilya sat him back onto one of the pool steps and pushed in between his legs, taking up both cheeks in his hands. “We’re no longer stupid, irresponsible kids partying all night.”

“I never partied all night.” Shane struggled to grumble in between Ilya’s strong grip on his face. His husband merely shook his head fondly.

“Yeah, I know Shane, you’ve always been boring.” He said easily, a ridiculous, adoring expression crinkles into the corners of his eyes. “You were born boring.”

“I thought you liked my boring.” Shane pouted.

“I *love* your boring.” Ilya corrected, inching closer until their faces were nearly touching. “But I don’t love you getting in your head about things you can’t control.”

“I can control this,” Shane protested. “That’s what I’m doing. I’m going to find ways to get fitter, to tackle this feeling—”

Ilya cut him off with a kiss, his soft lips pressing into Shane's, opening his mouth and licking inside until Shane was sighing into the touch desperately. When he was well and truly shut up, Ilya pulled away slightly, his nose nudging against Shane's gently, forcing Shane to breathe with him for a few minutes, the only sound around them the water lapping at the sides of the pool and the distant calls of birds in the trees.

"You already have an intense exercise program in place— we work out many hours a day and then practise hockey many more hours a day, not to mention the workout we take in the bedroom. You eat very healthy, and yes you let yourself have cake and ice cream now, but these are important things for your brain I think, so I won't let you stop. You force me to drink disgusting smoothies, I force you to eat cake," He spoke low, hands caressing him so carefully. "Sweetheart, you are doing everything right. You are perfect as you are and your brain is just being idiot and freaking out right now."

His voice was so perfectly gentle as he whispered that it made tears prickle with a burn in the back of Shane's eyes. He was right. Of course he was right. Ilya always had a way of understanding him when he got like this— just like he had a way of being able to talk him down off the ledge. Still, he felt like an idiot all of a sudden.

"I'm sorry." His voice wavered, betraying him instantly, and Ilya wrapped him up in a hug, his strong arms tight and like a warm, weighted blanket. "God, I'm an idiot."

"I've got you." Ilyas merely murmured into his hair, one hand firmly holding the back of Shane's head lovingly.

Shane let himself go to Ilya after that. He'd been so worked up about this that stopping suddenly felt like he'd had his strings cut, letting him loose, and he was now just a ragdoll in his husband's arms, his body heavy and boneless.

Ilya, as promised, had discarded the speedos and they'd made out for a while on the pool step until the sun set and they found themselves shivering in the cold water. Shane allowed himself to be dragged inside where Ilya pressed him up against the shower tiles and took care of him the best way he knew how. After, once they were finally dry and warm, Ilya bundled him up on the couch and they ate leftovers while watching a terrible netflix movie.

Shane, feeling more exhausted than he had in a long time, couldn't have told you what the movie was about, having been dozing like the old man he apparently was through most of it.

He vaguely registers Ilya carting him off to bed, half carrying him, and that at some point he thinks Ilya whispered more Russian pet names in his ear, before pressing a kiss to his forehead.

He does know however, as sleep completely takes over and his head is nestled perfectly upon Ilay's chest, the soft thumping of his husband's heartbeat below his ear, that he mumbles something in his beautiful husband's direction.

“What did I do to deserve you?”

*

It was bright when Shane woke the next morning, and he winced against the light, all sharp and disorientating. He would normally draw the curtains before they went to bed, but Ilya must not have remembered—he had had his hands full and the light never bothered him the same way it did Shane.

Still, it felt too early, so Shane made to wiggle out from underneath Ilya's grounding arm so he could go and close them a little. He found, however, despite all the want and willpower he possessed, that he actually couldn't move.

Shane realised that his limbs were like lead...and oh so very sore, like he was one big bruise.

He inhaled deeply, panic quietly picking up speed as it swirled around his mind and he tried to take stock of his body from head to toe because he fucking ached, in a way he never had before.

He'd trained every single day since he was a kid, but this...this felt different. This felt like he'd broken his body, been thrown off a cliff, hurled through a tornado and deposited heavily back on the rock hard ground.

“Oww.” He hissed as he tried to shift a little and Ilya's head jolted upright at the sound and movement.

“Whassamatta?” he mumbled sleepily, rubbing at his eyes to clear away the remnants of whatever dreams he’d been having.

“Go back to sleep.” Shane breathed out sharply, tears prickling in the corners of his eyes.

But his words had the complete opposite effect, Ilya bringing a hand up to his cheek, fingers as light as feathers as they brushed across his freckles. “Shane, tell me.”

Shane gulped, sniffing back the tears that threatened to escape his welling eyes.

“You’re hurting, no?” Ilya’s eyes were bright now, dancing across his face, searching for the answer, guard dogs ready to attack whatever was causing his husband pain.

Shane nodded now, a shuddering sigh escaping his lips. “Everything hurts.”

Ilya’s eyebrows furrowed in concern, something dark flickering across his face before it settled into something halfway between fondness and sympathy.

“Everything huh?” He hummed, fingers carving light paths down Shane’s cheeks, pausing to brush at the well of hot tears that were still threatening to spill.

“I think...” Shane gulped, suddenly unable to meet Ilya’s eyes in fear of the fucking smug and all knowing look he’d be met with. “I think I may have overdone it yesterday, with....with the swimming.”

Ilya merely took the time to inhale deeply, letting it out as he lifted himself up, hovering barely an inch above Shane, and Shane realised how careful he was being to not cause any further pain to him. Instead of the wicked ‘*i told you so*’ grin he’d been expecting, Ilya instead lightly pressed kiss after kiss to his cheeks, his nose, his forehead, working around every inch of his face and down to his collar bone, more gentle than he’d been in a long time as far as Shane could remember.

“I think yes, maybe you overdid it,” Ilya eventually spoke, settling back to gently stroke his cheek, tone kind but firm.

“I’m an idiot.” Shane shook his head, grimacing as the movement caused a flash of pain to jolt through him.

“Yes.” Ilya merely replied and Shane narrowed his eyes.

“If I could move my arms right now I’d punch you.”

“Noooo,” Ilya cooed, smoothing a hand through his husband’s hair now, pushing it back off his forehead. “You love me too much, like I love you too much.”

“That’s exceptionally debatable right now.” Shane glared at him, but it was all soft around the edges still.

Anya huffed from her bed and Ilya glanced over briefly. She was clearly unsure if they were *awake* awake, and if she could start rounding them up to go outside.

“I think she thinks it’s breakfast time.” Ilya acknowledged, face screwing up as he finally acknowledged the time, 6:08am.

“I’m sorry I woke you up so early, I was trying to get to the curtains.” Shane moved ever so slightly so he could squeeze Ilya’s arm in apology, wincing in the process.

“I’m sorry you are in pain.” Ilya replied, shaking his head at their sweet girl, who merely huffed again but settled back in her cushy bed.

“I don’t think I’ve ever been this sore before,” Shane sniffled and Ilya’s attention was drawn back to the man below him, face laced with pain. “I don’t think I can even move.”

“Oh no?” Ilya's eyes brightened into something wicked as he moved closer, one hand snaking downward, slipping beneath his sleep shorts. “So you mean you’re completely at my disposal?”

Shane's cock twinged in Ilya's hand and he shuddered involuntarily, his body welcoming the pleasure, yearning for it, which unfortunately set off multiple things. First he yelped as the shudder caused him to move too much, his stomach tensing, muscles involuntarily engaging, arms immediately flying to push Ilya back, which only made him cry out in pain even more. He was a snowball picking up speed.

“Okay, okay okay.” Ilya's eyes were wide, hands above the sheets now as he tried to ease Shane back down.

“Ow...Fuck, fuck, fuckity, fuck, fuck” He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to focus everything on his breathing. He felt Ilya shift, moving upwards to straddle Shane's body ever so carefully.

“I'm sorry.” he said, settling down gently across Shane's lap, which surprisingly didn't hurt him.

“Not your fault,” Shane replied easily, because it was his and his alone. “I was an idiot for pushing myself too much yesterday.”

Ilya considered this for a few moments. “Delayed onset muscle soreness you think?” He asked, and Shane nodded. “Not something else?”

“No, I think it's just that. I'll be fine in a day or so.” Shane attempted to shrug the best he could.

“Until then, I will take it easy.”

“Yes, you will.” Ilya agreed, a fierceness shining in his eyes as he held Shane's gaze.

They both knew what it was like to sport sore muscles— as professional athletes they'd both had their share of aching limbs over the years, and rest, hydration, food and some gentle exercise was really the only way through it.

"I'm sorry my head is all fucked up." Shane mumbled, eyes dropping in shame.

Ilya shook his head though, making a low sound in the back of his throat. "Is no problem. Is never problem. You and I, our heads get a little loud sometimes. In different ways, yes, but still...loud. But that's why we have each other. Just like you help me, I will always be here to help you too, to hold your hand when you need it, and talk you through it all when your brain gets carried away."

Shane inhaled shakily and Ilya stroked down his cheek, lingering over the freckles he adored so much.

"So, I will go shut those fucking curtains, get you some water, and then we're going to go back to sleep for a while," Ilya's fingers kept stroking, gentle and soothing. "Then, you will let me take care of you. I will cook you breakfast, make you disgusting smoothie, and then I think we go for *gentle* swim, to help loosen up your muscles. And if you want to start swimming properly, you talk to team trainer first. Deal?"

Shane merely nodded, vision blurring once more as Ilya leant over him, beginning to whisper to him in Russian, the big guns— something he did when Shane needed serious soothing.

"I love you." He managed to get out when he found his voice again.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu*," Ilya continued to stroke through his hair. "*Rybka*." He whispered, something wonderful and soft in the way he smiled down.

"You said that yesterday as well."

“Little fish.” Ilya murmured.

“Little fish?” Shane couldn't help but chuckle. “That's a new one.”

“Is term of feeling.”

“Term of endearment.” Shane corrected gently.

“Yes,” Ilya caught Shane's lips in his. “This.”

“What does that make you?” Shane exhaled, arching his back as much as he could without it hurting, exposing his neck as Ilya worked his way down towards his bare chest.

“Your— big — fish.” He replied in between warm kisses along Shane's collarbone, and Shane felt himself let go entirely to the wonderful big fish that was his husband, as he kissed up and down his stupidly aching body— but really, who could think of sore muscles when you had the lips of Ilya Rozanov pressing against you so softly, so perfectly.

End Notes

As i said, just a lot of fluff and Ilya taking care of Shane.

Thanks for reading :)

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