Let me love you anyway

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Let me love you anyway

by shanebug_2481

Summary

Things like this didn't happen to other people; Shane knew that. He'd been alive long enough to experience the confused glances and exasperated scoffs that always accompanied his discomfort with things other people didn't even notice. He would not fuck this up – not because he couldn't handle the way the sheets touched his skin. The burning of his skin spread to his eyes as his vision blurred. He squeezed his eyes shut and scrubbed his hands over his face. He would not cry.

The tears fell hot and silent. They pooled at the curve of his jaw and around his chin, puddles of shame and self-contempt. Fucking breathe, he told himself, as he turned the faucet of the shower as far as it could go.

He stood watching the water pool around his feet and slip down the drain until he heard Ilya stir. At first, he wasn't sure if he had really heard his name.

"Shane?… Shane?"

He wanted to yell back, assure Ilya everything was fine, but when he opened his mouth, only a squeak escaped.

"Moya lyubov?"

He cleared his throat and tried again: "In here."

Notes

I'm a long-time lurker, but this is my first fic ever, so I'm sorry if it sucks 💀

The title is based on the quote "Tell me every terrible thing you ever did and let me love you anyway," by Edgar Allen Poe (except Shane didn't do anything terrible; he just feels terrible about himself).

This was a lot of me projecting my own sensory struggles onto Shane (sorry Shanebug)

I hope you enjoy even though idrk what I'm doing 🙏

NO AI WAS USED IN THE CREATION OF THIS WORK, nor do I consent to my work being uploaded or given to any AI platform in any capacity.

Translations can be found at the end 🫶

See the end of the work for more notes

Things like this didn't happen to other people; Shane knew that. He'd been alive long enough to experience the confused glances and exasperated scoffs that always accompanied his discomfort with things other people didn't even notice. He remembered each one – the way his stomach twisted and his face burned, and just how small he felt whispering "never mind." He wasn't a child anymore; he should have grown out of being so sensitive, so easily bothered by external stimuli.

The second he blinked his eyes open, the shame washed over him, thick and heavy. His eyes were sticky, he felt every fiber of the sheets on his skin, the sun cut across the room, heating the skin of his leg that the sheet didn't cover. He had been awake for less than a minute, and the pressure was already building behind his eyes; a low buzz had begun to course through his veins. He should be fine. Ilya was here. Their schedules had finally aligned; they finally had a weekend together. He had waited weeks, months even, to wake up next to his boyfriend. He would not ruin this.

Shane turned his head towards Ilya, who was still sleeping peacefully, mouth slightly agape, arm stretched across the bed, palm up. Even in sleep, he reached for Shane. A small smile spread across Shane's face at the sight of Rosanov, the asshole hockey player, who everyone perceived as tough, guarded, and antagonistic, so warm and soft asleep in his bed. This was *his* Ilya, the version just for him.

He willed away the buzzing in his veins; tried to dampen the spreading pressure blooming across his brow. He wanted nothing more than to just watch Ilya sleep until he opened his bleary eyes and soak in the way they sparkled at the sight of Shane. Ilya must be exhausted, he thought, having driven from Ottawa the night before. He could do this for him; he could wait until he woke up and press a kiss to his forehead as he opened his eyes. He would not fuck this up – not because he couldn't handle the way the sheets touched his skin.

He turned his head away and stared at the ceiling. He was going to do this. It wasn't a big deal.

Except it was.

With each passing second, the fibers of the sheets dug further into his skin. The way the sun heated his leg was beginning to burn – even though that made no logical sense – and the buzzing in his veins grew stronger. He bit his lip, kneading it between his teeth, trying to

distract himself. It wasn't working. The burning of his skin spread to his eyes as his vision blurred. He squeezed his eyes shut and scrubbed his hands over his face. He would not cry.

He lay there a few more minutes, staring at Ilya, silently begging him to finally wake up, but it was a fruitless effort. The burning of his skin was growing impossible to ignore. He couldn't stand it anymore. He untangled himself from the sheet that enveloped him and slipped out of the bed. His breath was growing shorter, and his eyes blurred once again. As silently as possible, he shuffled his way to the en suite bathroom and shut the door, careful to turn the knob with quiet precision.

The tears fell then, hot and silent. They pooled at the curve of his jaw and around his chin, puddles of shame and self-contempt. *Fucking breathe*, he told himself as he turned the faucet of the shower as far as it could go. He stood there a while, eyes unfocused, watching the steam fill the room. He stepped in once the air was too thick, exposing his already burning skin to another layer of overwhelm.

The scalding water hit his skin, and almost immediately, a sigh escaped his lips. At least this burning made sense; at least it wasn't clawing underneath his skin, desperate to break free – an itch that was impossible to scratch. He lost himself in the steam and in the pain of the burning water, finally able to focus on something more than the buzz in his veins and the pressure in his skull.

He stood watching the water pool around his feet and slip down the drain until he heard Ilya stir. At first, he wasn't sure if he had really heard his name.

“Shane… Shane?”

He wanted to yell back, assure Ilya everything was fine, but when he opened his mouth, only a squeak escaped.

“Moya lyubov?”

He cleared his throat and tried again: “In here.” He cut the water as he heard Ilya jiggle the handle to the bathroom door. Stumbling out of the shower, he grabbed the nearest towel.

Fuck, it wasn't the right one. These were new; not appropriately worn in. He felt the tension climb higher in his throat.

“Why is door locked, Shane?” Ilya demanded.

“Sorry,” he called, “habit.”

“I’m going downstairs to pee then, since my boyfriend has so rudely locked me out,” the Russian huffed.

“I’m sorry.” Shane smiled. “I love you.”

“Mm, sure,” Ilya responded over the sound of his feet padding out of the bedroom and into the hallway.

Shane breathed a sigh of relief – the immediate pang of guilt hit him deeply. He wanted Ilya; he always did. He would never be relieved to be without him. What he didn't want, however, was Ilya to see the way his skin was covered in red blotches left by the sting of the shower. He would not worry his boyfriend; he would not burden him with everything that was wrong with him; he would *not* fuck this up.

He toweled off quickly, hoping to escape the texture of the too-stiff material. Unsurprisingly, it still left him feeling raw and irritated. He could hear Ilya beginning what he assumed was breakfast downstairs, and knew he needed to hurry. He would not waste even more time.

Shane pulled one of Ilya’s old Boston shirts over his head and stepped into his loosest shorts. He wandered back into the bathroom and splashed a considerable amount of cold water on his face.

He met his own gaze in the mirror and lingered for a second too long.

He glared back at himself. *Pull yourself together.*

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Shane heard Ilya humming before he fell into view. He was standing over the stove, pushing something around in a pan. He turned to greet Shane, the familiar sparkle glinting in his eyes. “Mmm, there you are. Good morning, Solnyshko.”

“Hi,” Shane whispered back. Even after all these years, Ilya still managed to take his breath away. Especially when he did such mundane things so comfortably at Shane’s house. He often found himself breathless at just how perfectly Ilya fell into place.

Ilya tenderly gripped Shane’s chin between his finger and thumb and tipped his head up, forcing Shane to meet his eyes.

“Hi.”

Shane just stared into beautiful green-blue eyes as his breath hitched. When he was like this with Ilya, soft and quiet, the world fell away. The pressure behind his eyes dulled, and the buzzing in his veins quieted.

Ilya pressed a tender kiss into Shane’s lips and held him there. When he broke away, he brushed his thumb across Shane’s lower lip and then beneath his eye. *Fuck,* he had let a tear slip through.

Ilya’s hands found his hips, and his brow creased in concern. “You are okay?”

Shane hummed. “Yes, I’m okay.” He inhaled sharply. “I just love you.”

Ilya didn't seem entirely convinced but, much to Shane’s relief, decided to drop it.

“Sit; I made breakfast. Real breakfast, not boring rabbit food.” Ilya placed a plate of eggs and bacon and a bowl of fruit in front of Shane. His stomach flipped. He could not eat this; he almost threw up just thinking about the texture touching his tongue. Any other day, he would have brushed it off and enjoyed the breakfast his boyfriend had so lovingly made for him. Today was not that day.

The buzzing in his veins grew louder, and the pressure squeezed his skull. He looked at Ilya, who was looking back at him hopefully. Another layer of shame enveloped him, and his body almost flinched at the intense pang of guilt that hit him next. *What the fuck was wrong with him? Everyone else didn’t almost vomit at the sight of the texture of the breakfast their boyfriend cooked for them.*

He blinked back his frustrated tears and shot Ilya a tight-lipped smile. “Thank you.” The taller man walked around the island and pressed a kiss into his hair, taking the seat next to him.

He spoke to Shane about the statistics and odds of whatever team he was reading about most recently, and Shane nodded, offering half-hearted commentary, as he pushed the food around his plate. By the time Ilya finished his meal, Shane had only eaten half the bowl of fruit. Ilya frowned. “Is not good?”

“No! It's great, baby, thank you.” Shane felt sick at the thought that he might be hurting Ilya. What kind of boyfriend was he if he couldn't even eat one meal to make his boyfriend happy? “I just feel kind of sick, that's all.”

Ilya reached for Shane's forehead, feeling for a fever. “What is wrong?”

“It's nothing, don't worry.” Shane practically jumped off the barstool. “I think I just need to work out; maybe I can sweat out whatever it is.” he pressed a quick kiss into Ilya’s cheek and reached for his dish.

“Is okay; I will clean,” Ilya said, gently moving to take the plate from Shane’s hands. Shane stared at where his hands brushed Ilya’s, for what was probably a moment too long. He felt his boyfriend’s eyes on him, silently willing him to meet his gaze.

“I love you,” Shane whispered. He forced himself to drop Ilya’s hands and turn away, walking swiftly out of the kitchen.

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Shane felt like he was drowning. The static in his ears was loud, and it felt as though there were bugs beneath his skin. He stood in his home gym, staring at the weights. He felt like he couldn't move, like he was wading through quicksand. He turned the music in his headphones up as loud as it could go, desperately trying to drown out the static.

Once he finally forced himself to lift the first weight, it was like he couldn't stop. He racked up higher and higher weights, just to feel the burning of lactic acid in his muscles. Maybe it would dissolve the bugs that lingered under his sweat-soaked skin. He was growing light-headed, but the idea of stopping, of the static clogging his ears, the pressure building behind his eyes, and the feeling of the buzzing in his veins returning once more, was too unbearable. He had to keep going.

What the fuck was wrong with him?

He felt like an exposed nerve. His composure was fraying. His breathing was growing labored, and not just because of the sheer amount of effort he was exerting by lifting weights that were much too heavy. He had left his beautiful, loving, and warm boyfriend in the kitchen alone after he refused to eat the breakfast he had made for him. *Who the fuck does something like that?* Ilya deserved better. He deserved someone normal, who didn't freak out for hours because his eyes were too sticky when he woke up, and the sheets and towel were too scratchy. He deserved better than Shane. Why couldn't he be normal? Why was he so dramatic? He was an adult. Things like this didn't bother adults.

He reached for another weight. This one he had never attempted to rep, even with a spotter. He couldn't find it in himself to care. He just wanted everything to stop. He wanted to be normal. He wanted to be good enough for Ilya. He wanted to stop being such a fucking embarrassment.

His hand missed the weight the first time he reached for it. His vision was too clouded with tears, and the music was too loud in his ears. He reached out again, but felt a firm hand grasp his shoulder. He froze, then reached again. The hand pulled him back, not aggressively, but with finality. He felt Ilya's hands on his hips as he spun him around.

Shane was barely breathing now; it was mostly hiccups. His throat burned, his eyes burned, his whole body burned. His eyes were fixed on Ilya's lips. He couldn't hear what he was saying; his headphones were too loud. All he knew was that the Russian's lips were moving, his eyes were too flooded with tears to decipher what he was trying to say.

Gently, Shane felt his headphones fall from his ears. The static was still there. Between his bated breath, he let out a small whine of defeat.

"Shane?… Shane?… Shane?…" Ilya was trying to get his attention. He wanted to tell Ilya he was sorry, that he didn't need to worry, that he was fine, even though he was not. His eyes darted everywhere with no particular destination. His throat was thick. He couldn't speak. He couldn't breathe.

The weight of Ilya's large hand found its way over Shane's heart. "Breathe, malysh, with me." The sound of Ilya's exaggerated breath rose above the static. Shane tried to match it. His hiccups slowed and were overtaken by shaky and hesitant breaths. "Good. Good job, Shane."

Ilya crouched lower, looking into Shane's wet eyes. "What were you thinking? This is not safe, Shane. You did not even eat today. You push yourself too hard."

Shane catalogued the Russian's expression: his brow creased in worry, his eyes searching, his jaw clenched in fear. He felt his boyfriend's hand rubbing small circles over his heart and his other arm holding all of his weight. He felt his lip quiver and bit down hard, shutting his eyes.

Ilya's strong thumb found its way to his mouth, prying his lip out from between his teeth. "Hey, no. You will hurt yourself." When the last firm word laced with tenderness left Ilya's mouth, Shane felt himself falter. Ilya brushed his thumb across his cheekbone, and Shane let out a small whine. As soon as it hit the air, he felt the last of the fight drain out of him.

He threw himself into Ilya’s strong chest, knocking him to a seated position from where he had been crouching in front of Shane. He wrapped his arms around his neck and his legs around his waist. He was squeezing, probably too hard, but he needed to be as close to Ilya as he possibly could. His boyfriend’s arms wrapped around him, and he pressed a kiss into the side of Shane's head. “Okay, lyubimyy, okay,” he whispered into his hair.

Shane was sobbing now, trying to keep himself quiet. His body was wracked with pain, and he was choking on his own breath. Ilya held him tight, rubbing his back and rocking them slightly. Ilya began speaking softly then, in Russian, Shane realized. He couldn't understand what he was saying, but the steady cadence of his voice and the way his accent curled around the words settled something in Shane. His sobs slowed, and his breath evened as Ilya spoke.

When he finally loosened his grip around the taller man’s neck, breathing softly now, Ilya pulled away from Shane just enough to look him over. He kissed his cheeks, catching the drying tears there, and placed another on his forehead. Ilya brushed Shane’s hair back with his fingers and looked lovingly into his heavy-lidded and bloodshot eyes.

Shane’s lip began to quiver again; he opened his mouth, closed it, then opened it again. “I’m sorry,” he whispered, “I ruined everything, I’m so sorry Ilya I-”

“Het,” Ilya stated, calm but firm. He pressed his finger to Shane’s lips as if to punctuate his words. “No apologies, Shane. Nothing is ruined. I am here. Is okay. You are okay,” Ilya hummed, “we are okay, solnyshko.”

Shane nodded once, too exhausted to argue, and rested his head on his boyfriend’s shoulder. Ilya began threading his fingers through Shane’s hair and rocking them slowly once more. The pressure in his eyes, the static in his ears, and the buzzing in his veins remained but were now compounded by a wave of intense exhaustion.

All he wanted to do was sink into the floor, but the sweat from his workout was drying on his skin, and a new itch was brewing. He whined, too defeated to try to explain what was wrong, too embarrassed to justify why, as a grown man, he just collapsed into a fit of sobs over basically nothing.

“Okay, moya lyubov, let's shower, yes?” Ilya already knew. Of course, he already knew. Shane wanted to say yes, to pick himself up and walk to the bathroom, but he felt

immobilized, a deep ache settling in his overtrained muscles. He managed a nod but didn't move from Ilya's lap. His boyfriend chuckled softly, kissed the part of his neck that wasn't hidden by Ilya's shoulder, and untangled himself from Shane's embrace.

In the absence of Ilya's arms, Shane felt the panic bubble again, and with it, the shame. He should be able to walk to the bathroom, and he should be able to shower himself.

His spiral was suddenly interrupted as he was hoisted in the air as if he weighed nothing and pulled close back into the safety of Ilya's chest.

He should have protested, insisted that he could walk to the bathroom himself. Instead, he closed his eyes and breathed in his boyfriend's familiar scent.

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Ilya set Shane down on the counter next to the sink, squeezing his thigh. He filled a paper cup with water and handed it to him. "Drink." He said, in that tone that always seemed to anchor Shane when he felt outside of himself. So he drank the whole thing, without a single chirp.

"So good for me." Ilya cooed, rubbing Shane's thigh. "Will you tell me what is wrong, please?" Ilya asked softly, "Can you do that?"

Shane wanted to. He wanted to tell Ilya that the day had started wrong and everything just made it worse, that he felt like an exposed nerve ending, scraping sandpaper, and couldn't handle it anymore. He wanted to explain that he knew he was too dramatic – too sensitive. But he couldn't. He couldn't force the words out. All he could muster was a shrug.

"No words?" Ilya asked gently. "Is okay, lyubimyy." Shane looked at Ilya then, and his eyes were only filled with love and understanding.

Relief washed over Shane – nobody understood his quiet like Ilya did.

“Head is too loud, yes?”

Shane nodded.

“I will help,” Ilya said matter-of-factly.

He tugged at the hem of Shane’s shirt, pulling it over his head. He lifted Shane off the counter and pulled down his shorts and boxer briefs. Gently, he lifted each leg out of the article that pooled at his feet. He gathered the sweat-soaked clothes and placed them in the hamper, then, holding Shane’s hand, he led him to the shower.

Ilya stepped in first, leading Shane behind him. He positioned Shane under the water – it was warm, and it soothed the ache that settled deep in his body.

Ilya grabbed a washcloth and reached for his soap. Not Shane's – *his*. He lathered it and began to drag the washcloth across the panes of Shane’s chest. It was almost Pavlovian, the way he instantly relaxed at the smell of his boyfriend's soap. He loved how Ilya smelled. He loved smelling like Ilya.

Ilya pressed a kiss into his shoulder as he began to rub shampoo into Shane’s hair. *His* shampoo. Shane hummed. The pressure behind his eyes was dissipating with each passing stroke of Ilya's fingers.

“Lean back for me, hm? time to rinse,” Ilya said, tipping Shane’s head back and shielding his eyes from the water.

Shane just stared at Ilya. He never thought he could be so in love with a person. He felt it so intensely that sometimes he felt like he might die. He stood there, so engrossed in watching the water droplets track down Ilya’s chest that he barely registered when the water shut off.

Almost immediately, he was wrapped in a towel – the right towel. One that was worn enough that it was soft against his skin. He let himself be led out of the shower and back to the sink, absentmindedly lifting each leg to let Ilya dress him in clean boxer briefs.

When he stood, he lifted Shane again, placing him back on the counter. “You will brush your teeth now,” he said, squirting some toothpaste onto the Canadian’s toothbrush.

Jerkily, Shane nodded once and reached to take the toothbrush from Ilya. When he pulled his hand away, Shane looked at him, confused. “Ah, no,” he said, “let me.”

Shane’s brow wrinkled, and he shook his head.

Ilya’s palm found Shane’s face and rested there. “Is okay, malysh, hm? I want to do this for you. Will you let me?”

Slowly, Shane nodded and opened his mouth.

“Always so good for me.”

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Once his teeth were brushed and Ilya had finished Shane’s skincare routine (which he also insisted on doing for him), Shane was once again lifted from the counter and carried into their bedroom.

The pressure behind his eyes had mercifully been rinsed away with the last of Ilya’s shampoo. The static in his ears was replaced with the low hum of Ilyas's voice and the sound of his breathing, and the buzzing in his veins was overtaken by a warmth that spread throughout his body.

When he was with Ilya, the world fell away. And when it was too loud, too unbearable, Ilya held him and turned the volume down.

When Ilya placed Shane on the bed, the sheets were cool and soft. They were silk now instead of cotton – Ilya had changed them. Shane sighed contentedly as he looked up at the Russian.

Ilya combed his hands through Shane's hair, standing above him. "Is time for sleep, solnyshko." There was no room for argument; it was a quiet and tender demand. Shane looked out the window at the sun still sitting high above the horizon; it wasn't even evening yet. He looked back at Ilya. "Does not matter, Shane," he said, reading his mind, "you are exhausted, you push yourself too hard, you need sleep, da?"

Shane couldn't hide the exhaustion he was sure was showing on his face, and the fatigue had sunk into his bones. He gave a small nod, and Ilya smiled. He pulled the blackout curtains closed, and a blanket of darkness covered the room. This was better, Shane thought, calmer.

Ilya draped a blanket across Shane and pressed a kiss into his forehead. "Sleep now. I will go so you can have quiet." He squeezed Shane's shoulder and began walking towards the door.

Shane wanted to tell him to stay, to explain that the quiet he wanted included Ilya. That even though sometimes he needed to be alone to decompress, today wasn't one of those days. But he couldn't find the words; they were stuck in his throat, and Ilya was getting further away. So Shane did the only thing he could think to do: he jumped out of the bed with his last remaining shred of energy, blanket draped around his shoulders, and ran towards Ilya. He didn't stop when he got close enough to reach out and grab his hand; he just crashed into him, wrapping his arms around the Russian's torso, pressing himself into his back and resting his chin on top of his shoulder.

The force caused Ilya to stumble forward, but he steadied himself quickly. His hands found Shane's, and he held him, rubbing up and down the arms that were locked so tightly around him.

"Shane," he said gently, "you must sleep."

Shane needed to get the words out, for himself as much as for Ilya. His chest ached, but not from the workout, from the force of his love, and the way he seemed to physically crave Ilya. He took a few deep breaths. He could tell the taller man was waiting patiently for him to find the words.

He squeezed his eyes shut tightly and tried to force the words past his lips. His breath hitched, and finally, *finally*, he spoke. “I… I need you,” he whispered, voice raspy and fragile.

Ilya unclasped Shane’s hands from around his waist and turned to face him. “You have me, Shane. Always.” He was looking into Shane’s eyes with a level of intensity that conveyed just how serious he was. “Is okay,” he continued, brushing his thumb against the Canadian’s eyelashes and kissing a single tear from his cheek. He hadn't even realized he was crying again. “I will stay.” He pressed another kiss to Shane’s forehead and led him back to bed.

Ilya pulled back the covers and climbed into bed, patting the spot next to him. Shane crawled in beside him and was immediately pulled on top of Ilya’s chest. He pressed his ear over Ilya’s heart and listened to it beat.

“Shane, moya lyubov, can you look at me?”

Shane turned his head and looked up at Ilya, his curls fanning out on the pillow he had propped his head on. Shane loved those curls.

Ilya hummed and scratched his fingers against Shane’s scalp.

“No words, okay? Just listen. Can you do that for me?”

Shane nodded against his chest.

“Moya Shanya.” Ilya’s fingers were tracing his face now, lingering over his freckles. “You are so beautiful, lyubimyy. Next time, you tell me when head is too loud and when world is

too much, da? You do not need to hide from me.”

Shane just stared as his boyfriend spoke to him.

“You can be Shane Hollander, hockey star who never struggles when you are with everyone else. Not with me. You do not need to hide when you are with me.”

Ilya began tracing the lines of the shorter man’s lips; Shane parted them and bit down softly. Ilya looked down at Shane and smiled fondly, pushing his finger a little further into his boyfriend’s mouth: an offer.

Shane eagerly accepted, closing his lips around the digit and letting it rest on his tongue, subconsciously letting a contented hum escape his throat.

“I want all of you. Especially the parts you are afraid to show. You are not too much, you are not burden to me. You are my boyfriend. You are my Shane.”

Ilya paused to offer his middle finger to Shane, who quickly let it rest next to Ilya’s pointer on his tongue. When Shane closed his lips again, Ilya continued.

“Moya Shanya. Ty Ideal’nyy. Ty moy.” Ilya continued brushing his fingers through Shane's hair as he spoke. “Ya lyublyu tebya sil'neye, chem, kak mne kazalos', voobshche vozmozhno lyubit' kogo-to,” he pressed a kiss into Shane’s hair as he translated, “I love you more than I even thought it was possible to love someone.”

He pressed kisses to the corner of Shane’s eyes, between his eyebrows, and to his forehead. He was struggling to keep his eyes open now, but he wanted Ilya to know how grateful he was, how much he loved him; he wanted him to know that he would do this for him too, for the rest of his life.

His hand found Ilya’s shirt and gripped it tightly. He held his eyes open long enough to look into Ilya’s as deeply as he could. Ilya smiled and continued to stroke his hair. “I know,

malysh, I know.” He rested his hand on top of the one that was clutching his shirt.

“Sleep now, solnyshko; you are safe. I am here.”

With Ilya’s fingers scratching his hair, the familiar weight of his fingers in his mouth, his strong heartbeat and the steady rise and fall of his boyfriend’s chest, Shane finally felt quiet. He finally felt safe. He was okay; Ilya was here.

He let sleep take him then, comforted by the knowledge that his boyfriend was here. That he would be there when he woke up. He didn't need to hide. He could unmask every unseemly part of himself and still be loved the same. He would be loved in a way that was soft and kind, in a way that was quiet, patient, and safe when the world was too loud. In a way that was for him, and only for him, because all that mattered was that Ilya saw him – all of him – and loved every part of him that he couldn't bear to face.

End Notes

Translations:

Moya lyubov-- My love
Solnyshko-- Sunshine
Malysh-- Baby
Lyubimyy-- Beloved/Favorite
Moya Shanya. Ty Ideal’nyy. Ty moy. -- My Shanya. You are perfect. You are mine.
Ya lyublyu tebya sil'neye, chem, kak mne kazalos', voobshche vozmozhno lyubit' kogo-to -- I love you more than I thought it was even possible to love someone

Sincere apologies if the Russian is inaccurate, I am not a Russian speaker 💔

Please lmk what you think if you feel so inclined!!

(sorry again if this sucked, it's my first attempt at any fanfic lol)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!