a farmers market adventure

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a farmers market adventure

by ingberry

Summary

A video of Ilya and Yuna at the farmers market goes viral.

Notes

I had this sudden idea and had to write it and then it turns out the flufftober prompt for today is pumpkin carving? It's a flufftober miracle or I'm a witch—one of those for sure!

So day 21: pumpkin carving! Even if I actually just stumbled into it

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane's feet pound against the treadmill. For once, his brain is quiet, just focused on the movement of his body, on the way it feels to run. It's a day off, but he's gone in anyway. Ilya has plans with his mom and he's meeting up with them for dinner, but he just felt the need for a good hour in the gym. It turns out he's not alone either, as Bood, Haas and Hayes are all there when he arrives. They've been quietly doing their own things, only Bood and Hayes exchanging words now and again.

That's how Harris finds them, just as Shane steps down from the treadmill and wipes sweat from his face and neck with a towel. He runs a hand through his hair, still catching his breath from the last sprint he did.

"Shane," Harris says brightly, waving the hand holding his phone vaguely in Shane's direction. "You have to see this."

That line never sends anything but dread through Shane, truth be told. It's an instant *what now?* that sends alarms through his whole system. He doesn't know if it's leftover trauma from the video, or if it's just him being himself. All he knows is he's terrified of whatever Harris wants to show him and he's already made ten different terrible scenarios. Ilya is kissing someone else. There's been a car crash. Someone leaked their nonexistent sex tape.

Nevermind why Harris would burst in here all happy in any of those scenarios.

"This just went viral on hockey twitter," Harris explains, shoving the phone into his hand.

Shane stares too long at it, unable to process what it is.

"So, you have to actually start the video," Harris laughs, tapping the screen.

The video is of Ilya and his mom at the farmers market. His mom is walking slightly ahead of him, her arms waving as she talks and they are notably empty. Behind her, Ilya is towering over everyone, his arms full of shopping bags. He's nodding down at Shane's mom, smiling widely at something she says. The video zooms as they stop in front of a stall and then his mom picks up a large pumpkin and pushes it into Ilya's arms. The video zooms in on him again as Ilya readjusts. Then he's just standing there, one arm full of shopping bags and the other hugging a giant pumpkin against his torso, smiling down at her as she talks and gestures at the stall.

Shane's heart has been wobbling ever since the video started and now he swears it's going to explode. Sometimes it seems completely impossible to hold what he feels for Ilya, like he can't contain it within his body and it has to escape into kisses, confessions, his arms tight around Ilya's waist. Right now, he can feel a prickle in his eyes and he knows he's going to cry right here in the Centaurs' gym. And how can he explain to anyone why he's crying over watching his deeply wonderful husband follow his mom around a farmers market carrying her things.

"Oh, boy, I probably should've given you this to watch in private, shouldn't I?" Harris says and Shane looks up into his worried face.

“No,” Shane says, mortified to realize his voice sounds thick. He clears it. “No, that’s fine.”

“Pity you gave him your phone, Harris. That face would also have gone viral if you’d recorded it.” Wyatt laughs, clapping Shane on the back.

“I’m not making a *face*,” Shane protests.

“Oh boy,” Harris says again. “Let’s not get into that.”

“No, there’s definitely a face,” Bood chimes in. “You look all soft and gooey and your eyes are sparkly.”

Wyatt waves a finger in Bood’s direction. “Exactly that!”

Harris turns to Shane and says in full sincerity, “I am so sorry.”

“Where do I find the video, Harris?” Wyatt asks, pulling his phone out of his pocket.

As they bicker around him, Shane looks back down at the video which has kept playing over and over. It’s so sweet he wants to scream. He can’t help but think back to the days he would wish for Ilya to meet his parents just in passing, for his parents to just acknowledge his existence in the world. The fact that he can have this, all of this, feels so big he doesn’t know what to do with it.

His eyes catch on the replies under it and his lips pull up into a smile.

@pixelsticks who is this diva
@rozzzanov ilya rozanov
@pixelsticks i meant the iconic asian woman who has an nhl superstar carrying her shopping
@heyhollander it’s Shane Hollander’s mom jsjsjsj
@pixelsticks ain’t no way omg

@hollzyy the way he’s cradling that pumpkin like it’s his baby

@admiralscoded I couldn’t picture Ilya Rozanov being anyone’s son-in-law and now I can and I don’t know what to do with that knowledge

@ottawabrie there’s no way this is the same guy who was literally snapping his teeth at that Seattle player last week

“Oh my god, look at this,” Wyatt crows, laughing.

He shoves his phone at Shane and Shane leans over to see a tweet that says “he’s so baby girl” and below is a screen shot from the video, zoomed in on Ilya, a pink bow and an exaggerated blush to his cheeks edited in. Shane lets out a laugh that’s far too close to a giggle.

“You have to send me that,” he says, nodding down at the phone.

It turns out there are endless edits and they spend the next 10 minutes laughing over pictures of Ilya holding a pumpkin over his head on the ice, funny songs added over the video, and photos of his mom with a crown on her head.

His parents' house smells amazing when Shane closes the front door behind him, slips out of his shoes, and hangs up his jacket. Muted conversation can be heard from inside and for a moment he just stands there and listens to the voices of the three people he loves the most in the world. His heart is still tender from the video he's seen more times than he cares to count, and he feels the pangs of it again now.

Shane finds them all in the living room, seated around the table where his dad has a half finished puzzle spread out. Ilya is lounging in the corner of the couch, spread out lazily as he watches Shane's dad fiddling with puzzle pieces. Shane walks up behind the couch and puts his hands on Ilya's shoulders.

"Hi," he says as Ilya turns to look at him and he feels a familiar jolt of warmth in his stomach at the slow smile that spreads on Ilya's face. He leans in and presses their cheeks together, sliding his hands down onto Ilya's chest.

"Hi." Ilya reaches up and rubs his hand over Shane's forearm. "How was the gym?"

"Good. Bood, Haas and Hayes were there too."

"You are all nerds," Ilya says and Shane rolls his eyes.

"It's our job!"

"Is your day off, actually."

"Hi, sweetie," his mom says and he greets both his parents as he stands back up, hand brushing through Ilya's hair.

"How was your day?" Shane asks, trying to tamp down his smile.

"Oh, wonderful," his mom says. "We went to the farmers market and we've been making food since we got back. It's all ready in a few minutes."

"What did you do with the pumpkin?"

"We carved them!" Ilya says, full of excitement. "They are out on the porch. And we used the weird squishy bits for pie!" He turns suddenly, brows furrowed. "Wait, how do you know about the pumpkins?"

Shane can't hold back his laugh anymore. "You haven't been on your phone, have you?"

"No. We have been making food the whole time."

“You’re very popular online right now.”

Ilya grins. “I am always popular online.”

“Humble too,” Shane says dryly. “Well, you’re extra popular today. I’m sure it’s all in the group chat by now.”

Ilya finds the video and they all watch it gathered around his phone, and Ilya laughs his head off at all of it, especially the edited photos. Shane’s mom is delighted at being referred to as a queen and a diva, and when they gather around the table to eat, the mood is so bright and happy that Shane almost thinks it’s too good to be true. But he allows himself to sit in it, to take it in, to know this is a reality he worked for and that he deserves. He and Ilya went through all of it to come out here, to the point where people can joke about Ilya Rozanov being Yuna Hollander’s son-in-law who carries her pumpkins around.

When they show up to practice the next day, someone has left a giant pumpkin in Ilya’s stall and Shane watches in horror as he runs up to it and holds it over his head. The whole room breaks into desperate laughter and Shane knows this is going to end up on the Centaur’s social media channels by the end of the day.

“We’re not taking that home,” Shane says as Ilya drops the pumpkin down on the bench after he’s been lugging it around the changing room for everyone’s entertainment.

“You sure you don’t want the souvenir?” Wyatt asks loudly. “You cried at the video yesterday and everything.”

“I did not *cry*,” Shane lies with feeling.

“You basically cried.”

“What does it even mean to *basically* cry?”

He turns away from Ilya, expecting him to make fun of him, but instead Ilya gets into his space and tips his head up to give him a soft kiss.

“Moya tykovka,” he mutters, voice soft.

“Did you just call me a pumpkin?”

“Of course. My perfect little pumpkin.”

“I hope you know we all heard that and we all have to go home knowing we heard that.” Dykstra grabs one of his gloves and makes a face at them.

Shane feels his cheeks flaming and Ilya laughs, flipping him off.

End Notes

Sorry if Wyatt was kinda ooc in this? I'm still kinda working my way into this ♥

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