

Halloween For Two

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Halloween For Two

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya celebrate their first Halloween together as husbands

Notes

Thanks to the lovely Yoitsmo16 for the idea for Shane and Ilya's Halloween costume, inspired by my dog who is a dinosaur this year for Halloween 😂
Something silly I just had to get out! A palate cleanser in between longer fics
Enjoy! 💖

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

October 2021

Ilya stood in the doorway to the kitchen, watching Shane as he stood at the counter, making yogurt bowls for a snack.

Ilya had seen Shane in his kitchen plenty of times over the past three years. He was a familiar sight, in his hoodie and basketball shorts and bare feet, his hair up in a messy bun. Nothing about this particular scene was new, exactly, but it felt like it.

This was *their* house now.

Shane *lived* here.

This time last year, Shane was in Montreal and Ilya was here, in Ottawa.

Now Shane was here with him, sharing the same space, living in Ilya's life with him.

It still made him a little emotional to think about that.

They had been planning to wait until they were in their *forties* to have all of this. Just the thought of it, in light of where they were now, seemed crazy.

It had been a rough year but Ilya was glad that they'd turned the page. They were starting new and fresh and *together*.

There had been some growing pains and adjustments to be made but things were good. *Really* good. And he was happy and content in a way he hadn't felt in a very, very long time.

Ilya stepped into the kitchen and Shane glanced over his shoulder, smiling. He came up behind Shane, wrapping his arms around his husband, and kissed his cheek, before pressing their cheeks together, making Shane chuckle.

"Hi," he said, still assembling the yogurt bowls, adding some granola, and sliced fruit.

"Hi."

"I'm almost done."

"Is fine."

Ilya ducked his head, pressing his face against Shane's neck, breathing him in. He closed his eyes, everything inside him was still and quiet and peaceful.

"You okay?" Shane asked, resting one hand on top of Ilya's.

"I'm great," Ilya replied softly.

"Oh good."

Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's skin, resting his chin on Shane's shoulder, and watched as Shane finished making their snack.

"You want honey in yours?"

"Always."

Shane chuckled. "You got it."

Ilya watched Shane drizzle honey into both bowls, before going to toss the spoon into the sink.

"Ah!" Ilya caught his wrist. "No wasting."

He plucking the spoon from his husband's hand and stuck it in his mouth.

Shane blinked at him and Ilya hummed around the spoon, doing some sexy things with his tongue, before pulling the spoon out of his mouth.

"Gross," Shane deadpanned, though his pink cheeks and sparkling eyes were telling on him. Ilya laughed.

Shane shook his head, smiling, as he handed Ilya his bowl of yogurt, and made his way to the kitchen table, taking a seat.

Ilya chortled, following along, pausing to check on Anya, who was asleep in her doggy bed in the living room, before joining Shane at the table.

"This is good," he said, eating a spoonful of the yogurt. "I like the granola."

"Thanks," Shane replied, glancing up at his husband, his expression soft. "The granola *is* good, right? Cassie was telling me about it."

"She has very good taste."

Shane nodded in agreement, taking another spoonful. They talked a little about the team and upcoming games before Ilya broached the subject he'd had on his mind for the past week or so.

He was fascinated by North American Halloween, he had been since he'd moved to the States. He loved the whole vibe of it. Dressing up in costume, handing out candy to kids, decorating, incredible jack-o-lantern art.

He'd always wanted to be able to celebrate it with Shane. To dress up together and hand out candy or host a party. He fantasized about them taking their kids out trick-or-treating one day and his heart leapt at knowing that that was closer to reality than it had ever been before.

But small steps first. One thing at a time.

"What do you think about having a Halloween party this year?" Ilya asked.

Shane paused, considered the question.

Last year he'd known Ilya was throwing a Halloween party. He'd seen Ilya's costume and had driven from Montreal, wearing a plug, because he'd been turned on and missing Ilya.

Ilya had been missing him, too, painfully so. Ilya had loved having Shane show up. He had loved the surprise of it and knowing what Shane had been up to before arriving. The night had been sexy but emotional. It had been the thing that had sent him to therapy.

He'd wanted Shane with him at the party. He'd wanted to be just like any other couple there. To be seen.

Obviously things were different now. Everyone knew about them. There were still a lot of firsts they had yet to experience, like going to team functions together, or hosting their own parties. But Ilya was treading cautiously.

The big fight that they'd had this past winter had been about going to a team party, and while Ilya didn't think they were in that same place now, he still felt weirdly anxious about asking.

Shane looked up him and smiled, reaching a hand out to rest it over Ilya's where his was placed on the table.

"Do you want to have a party?" Shane asked.

"Of course," Ilya replied. "Would be fun. And I want to do more things together, now that everyone knows about us."

Shane nodded a little, his expression soft. "Okay. Yeah. We can do that."

"Yes?"

"Yeah. Why not? It would be fun, I think. The guys seemed to have had a good time last year and it'll be nice for me to hang out with everyone. We'll do it together."

Ilya smiled, relieved, and glanced down at their hands as Shane curved his fingers around Ilya's.

"I would like that."

"Me, too."

Shane squeezed Ilya's fingers and then let go of his hand.

"Do you still have the decorations and stuff from last year?"

"Yes. In the basement."

"Cool. We can look through them, see what we can reuse, other stuff we'd like to buy."

"We will have to have a costume, too," Ilya added.

"Oh yeah? Like, a couple's costume?"

"Definitely."

Shane rolled his eyes. "Oh brother."

"Come on! Will be good! And fun!"

Shane smiled and looked at Ilya. "I don't know if I trust you with costume ideas."

"Why not?! I am so good at it! And you were not saying that last year..."

Shane sighed. "The Gladiator costume was very good..."

Ilya grinned triumphantly at Shane and Shane shook his head.

"Do you have anything in mind?"

Ilya shrugged. "Maybe Batman and Robin?"

Shane wrinkled his nose. "No way."

"Why not?! Is classic!"

"Because I'm gonna end up being Robin and I don't really want to wear a leotard or skivvies or whatever."

Ilya laughed and Shane started in, too, shaking his head some more.

"Absolutely not."

"But you would look so good!"

"No!"

They both kept laughing and Ilya felt all warm and mushy inside. He loved these silly, teasing conversations, when he saw how well Shane knew him after all these years. He loved how connected he felt to him, like how it was over the summer, but all the time. It was so, *so* nice.

This was what love was like; being seen and known.

"Hm... maybe..." Ilya tried to think of other options for a couple's costume but a lot of what he came up with were heterosexual couple costumes. They could certainly still do that, with a little bit of a twist, but that would probably take some more convincing.

"Think about it," Shane said chuckling. "And we can make a ranking."

"Mm, yes. Good idea. So organized, Shane."

Shane hummed. "You know I love a good list."

Ilya grinned. "I know you do."

They finished their snack and washed dishes together before going to the couch. Ilya went first, splaying out, and Shane lay against him, back to Ilya's chest, both of them facing the TV.

Anya came to join them, curling up against Shane, and Ilya turned on the TV.

They settled on watching *Jurassic Park* since it had just started and was the most action-y movie they could find.

Ilya was only half paying attention, mostly occupying himself with pressing kisses to the freckles at the back of Shane's neck and nuzzling behind his ear.

"Are you gonna watch the movie?"

"Maybe."

Shane huffed a laugh, turning his head to glance at Ilya, and Ilya kissed his cheek.

Shane hummed, closing his eyes, and Ilya rested his forehead against his husband's temple. He was sure the novelty of living with Shane would wear off eventually but he couldn't help how good it felt.

Home had never been a place to Ilya. It had always been Shane. Being with him now made something inside Ilya that had felt fractured, start to heal.

They settled back down together, the movie playing through, when Ilya got an idea.

"We can do this!" he said towards the end of the movie.

"Huh? Do what?"

Shane shifted to look at Ilya properly.

"This! *Jurassic Park*! Anya can be a dinosaur and we can be, the um, the park workers!"

"Park *rangers*?"

"That is what I said."

Shane gave a look to suggest that that wasn't the case and Ilya ignored him.

"Or the scientists. Would be easy!"

Shane smiled. "It would be, yeah. And probably pretty comfortable."

Ilya smiled brightly, excited about the prospect of being able to do a joint costume with Shane. To have their teammates over and dance together and have Shane sit in his lap.

Just thinking about this time last year and now having Shane here, it was almost surreal.

Ilya has been yearning for this and finally having it; even four months in it was still blowing his mind.

"You okay?" Shane asked, touching Ilya's cheek, bringing him back to reality.

"Yes," Ilya replied, turning his head to kiss Shane's fingers. "I am excited."

Shane smiled back. "I'm a little nervous but, it'll be okay. The guys are so chill."

He turned back around, snuggling against Ilya, and Ilya wrapped an arm around Shane, holding him, chin on his shoulder.

"They are. They do not care about us being together."

"I know. It's refreshing."

Ilya hummed in agreement.

Neither he nor Shane had been surprised about how the media was taking their relationship.

Farah had talked to them about it at length, even coming up with contingency plans in case things got super weird.

Overall, things were manageable. A little weirdness, some adjusting.

Ilya was proud of how Shane had been doing with everything. He knew how the pressure could get to someone, how questioning your capabilities could get into your head.

But he and Shane had talked about it.

I'm done hiding. It's an adjustment but we're in this together. I'm so proud to be with you and I want the world to know that.

Change was hard but Ilya was so impressed by Shane and how he'd been rolling with the punches.

They were both excited for all of these firsts they got to share together.

Shane slid his fingers under Ilya's sleeve, fingers fiddling with Ilya's arm hair, making Ilya smile.

"Maybe we can make a trip to PetSmart? See if we can find something that'll fit Anya?"

"Sure." Ilya kissed Shane's neck. "I am sure she will like a new toy or two, maybe."

Shane chuckled. "Of course she would."

They both turned to look at Anya who was curled up at the other end of the couch.

Her chocolate brown eyes shifted to look at them, one ear lifting.

"Yeah, we're talking about you," Shane told her.

She simply blinked and went back to her snoozing.

Shane shook his head and Ilya laughed.

They finished the movie and started getting ready for bed. Anya went out once more and ran up the stairs ahead of Ilya.

Ilya smiled as he listened to Shane talking to her before he walked into their bedroom. Shane was at the bathroom sink and Anya was walking to her bed.

Ilya joined his husband in the bathroom, smiling at him as Shane worked through his dental routine.

Ilya brushed his teeth and washed his face before Shane was even close to finished.

He took off his t-shirt and winked at Shane in the mirror as he made his way back to their bedroom. He said goodnight to Anya and then crawled into bed and under the covers. He perused PetSmart's website, looking for dinosaur costumes for Anya as he waited for Shane to finally come to bed.

Ilya looked at Etsy, too, though he had no idea what the turnaround for a costume would be since Halloween was only a few weeks away.

He shifted his gaze away from his phone as Shane came out of the bathroom, pulling off his hoodie before he got into bed.

"Oh hello," Ilya purred as Shane crawled up their bed and straddled him.

"Hi." Shane cupped Ilya's face in his hands, kissing him.

Ilya slid his phone onto his bedside table, wrapping his arms around Shane, kissing him back.

"Can I help you?" he asked, sliding his hands down to Shane's ass.

"What do you think?"

Ilya chuckled, flipping Shane onto his back, both of them laughing.

There had always been a lot of joy in their relationship but it had always been belied by a kind of heaviness, just knowing that their time together was so limited.

But now, being married, that heaviness was gone.

There was no more worrying about schedules and when they would be able to see each other next. There was no more need to carve out time, to squirrel away precious hours.

They had all this time now and Ilya wasn't going to take it for granted.

A few days before Halloween...

"Damn," Shane said from where he was sitting on the edge of their bed. "Someone posted some pictures of us going to PetSmart..."

Ilya snorted, kneeling on the floor of their bedroom, getting Anya situated in her little dinosaur costume. He sat back on his heels, admiring his handiwork and smiled.

She looked so adorable he could hardly stand it.

"Are you the sweetest little dinosaur puppy?" he asked her. "Yes you are! You are so cute!"

Anya just looked at him, sitting primly, smiling her doggy smile at him.

Ilya slid his phone out of the pocket of the khakis he was wearing and snapped a few photos of Anya.

"You obviously don't care about this..."

Ilya looked up, resting his hands on his thighs.

"Shane. Is fine. People will take pictures. They have been doing that for years..."

Shane shrugged. "I guess. I just hate that it's, like, our private life."

"I know. Sometimes it will happen. We are very careful but is not perfect. We cannot be, um, what is the word for people who live in the forest? By themselves?"

"Hermits?"

"Yes. We cannot be hermits."

Shane nodded. "I know." He sighed. "You're right. It's not that big of a deal."

Ilya smiled softly. "No. And we will post pictures from tonight, the way we want. Will be good, yes?"

Shane smiled. "Yeah, it will be."

Ilya nodded and held out his hands, gesturing at their dog. "Come and look at how cute Anya is!"

Shane chuckled and stood up to move around their bed to look at Anya. He was wearing a pair of khaki shorts, hiking boots, a pink button down that was mostly unbuttoned and tucked into the khakis, with a blue tank top underneath. His hair was up in a half-ponytail and he had a little Jurassic Park badge affixed to the collar of the button down. He pulled off Dr. *Eli* Sattler very well.

"She looks very cute," Shane said, reaching down to pet Anya's head. "Yes, you look adorable."

"And so do you," Ilya added.

"Yeah?" Shane asked, his cheeks darkening. "I look okay?"

"You look great. Pink is good on you."

Shane smiled, shy and sweet. "Thanks."

Ilya stood, going to their dresser and picking up the fedora he'd bought for the occasion, putting it on.

Shane shook his head a little as he looked at him.

"You look so good in that stupid hat," Shane laughed.

Ilya grinned at him. "I know."

Shane rolled his eyes playfully and Ilya moved closer, stealing a kiss.

"Don't forget your bandanna."

"Of course."

Shane picked up a red paisley bandanna from the dresser, rolling it up, and then reaching up to slide it around Ilya's neck, tying it.

"Too tight?"

"Is fine."

Shane nodded, adjusting it slightly, before resting a hand on Ilya's chest, and looking into his eyes.

"I love you," he said earnestly. "And I'm glad we're doing this."

"I love you, too. So am I."

They smiled at each other and Ilya rested his hand over Shane's gently holding it in his and bringing it to his face to kiss Shane's palm.

"Ready?"

Shane nodded. "Ready."

He unhooked his glasses from the front of his shirt and slid them on, which made Ilya smile. He looked so good in those glasses. No one had even arrived yet and he was already wishing they were gone.

But it was fine. He could be patient. He wanted to enjoy this evening with Shane, having their friends and teammates around, being a normal couple.

Shane held his hand and they went downstairs, Anya leading the way.

They'd spent their various, sporadic free time setting up decorations inside the house, then making sure they had enough food and alcohol for almost their entire hockey team plus their spouses. Ilya had bought some Polaroid cameras, too, so people could take random photos together.

He put on some music and they just waited for people to start showing up.

Cassie and Bood were the first to arrive, dressed as Batman and Catwoman, followed by Troy, who was dressed as a baker, and Harris, who was dressed as a cinnamon roll, then Wyatt Hayes and Lisa, who were dressed as two characters from a comic book series Ilya wasn't at all familiar with but would learn all about over the next few hours.

Harris was thrilled by Shane and Ilya's family costume, taking a bunch of pictures of them with Anya, and then the two of them together.

"I'm sending them all to you now, don't even worry," Harris told Shane as Shane looked over his shoulder at the pictures.

Their house was very quickly filled to the brim with teammates in Halloween costumes and it was everything that Ilya had wanted the party last year to be.

He felt, for the first time in a long time, like himself again.

He went from group to group, checking in on everyone, talking with them, and all with Shane right there with him.

He even got Shane to dance with him a little.

They didn't spend the whole night together; Shane had gotten comfortable on the couch with Harris, Troy, Lisa, and Luca while Ilya went outside on the deck with Bood, Nick, Tanner, and Hazy.

They were smoking, because they could, and eventually the couch crew had trickled outside since it was pretty warm in the house.

"Is this seat taken?" Shane asked, gesturing at Ilya. He'd pulled his hair up into a full ponytail, a few tendrils falling around his face, a beer bottle in one hand.

Ilya smiled up at his husband, not even the weed mellowing out how absolutely delighted he was at this development.

"All yours," he replied and Shane sat in his lap, wrapping an arm around Ilya's shoulders, leaning into him.

Ilya slid an arm around Shane, partly to keep him balanced, and the other part just to hold him. No one batted an eye.

"Hollander?" Bood asked, holding out the joint they'd been passing around.

"Nah, I'm good, thanks."

"His body is a temple," Ilya teased. Shane gave him a look, rolling his eyes.

"And you let *that* get near you?" Nick chuckled, gesturing at Ilya. Everyone laughed.

"The one exception," Shane said with a smile, his thumb brushing back and forth between Ilya's shoulder blades, his head resting on top of Ilya's, and Ilya's heart flipped.

He loved sitting here with his friends and teammates, teasing each other and joking around while they smoked weed, his husband in his lap, and no one caring at all.

Shane was just one of them and it made no difference that he and Ilya were married.

And Shane was being so brave. Sitting in Ilya's lap and touching him like this, resting his head on top of Ilya's for a brief moment.

It was more than Ilya would have expected or even asked for.

They hung out on the deck for a while, passing around the joint, laughing and talking about their travel schedule. They'd be around for Halloween, having a day game, and then off on a four day road trip.

They went back inside eventually, drinking, snacking, and talking before people started heading out.

"This was fun, fellas," Bood said as he hugged Ilya goodbye. "You should do this every year."

Ilya looked at Shane and Shane smiled at him, nodding.

"I think that's the plan," Shane replied.

"Yes. I think so," Ilya agreed.

They wished the Boodrams a good night, a few of the rookies the last to leave, Shane watching to be sure they called cabs to get home safe.

The house was very quiet now that it was empty. Anya was sleeping in her doggy bed, peopled out, her costume having been removed hours ago.

Ilya turned to Shane, scooping him up into a hug, swinging him around, making him giggle.

"I'm guessing you had fun?" Shane laughed in between kisses.

"Yes!"

Shane was smiling wide and Ilya kissed his cheek and neck and whatever else he could reach.

"I'm glad."

Ilya set Shane on his feet so they could look at each other. Shane touched his cheek gently, his expression warm and soft.

"I had fun, too."

"Oh yes?"

Shane nodded. "I know that things are gonna be kind of weird this year, in general. But... this team is great. I feel totally normal and comfortable with them and it's awesome."

"I told you that they are the best."

"I know, I just... needed to experience it for myself, I think, like this."

Ilya nodded. "I understand."

Shane smiled, blushing a little, and looked down, taking Ilya's hands in his.

"I'm glad we get to do this. All of this," Shane murmured softly. He lifted his gaze to look at Ilya and Ilya squeezed his hands.

"Me, too."

Shane just looked at him for a moment, before lifting one of Ilya's hands to his mouth, kissing his knuckles. "Come upstairs?"

Ilya smiled. "Okay."

Shane led him upstairs, tugging him into their room. Ilya hummed softly, pulling Shane to him, kissing him.

"You were so brave tonight," Ilya hummed, nipping Shane's bottom lip.

Shane sighed, his arms wrapped around Ilya's neck, body pressed closed.

"I wanted to be," he sighed. "I wanted to be just like any of the other couples..."

Ilya kissed him again, untucking his shirts, wanting to touch skin. He had loved having Shane so close all night, hosting the party together. *Being* together.

He slid his thigh between Shane's legs and Shane rubbed up against him, making a needy noise, clinging to Ilya.

Ilya broke the kiss, trailing a series of nips and bites and kisses down Shane's neck, one of Shane's hands threading into Ilya's curls.

"I put a plug in," he hummed. "An hour ago."

Ilya growled at the words, heat rushing through him. He bit and sucked at Shane's neck, making Shane gasp.

He pulled off of Shane, licking and kissing the mark, taking a step back from his husband.

"Take off your clothes," he commanded.

Shane started undressing without hesitation and Ilya just watched him. It took effort to be so controlled, but he had a general plan. He walked around Shane, grabbing lube from his bedside table, before sitting on the edge of their bed, Shane turned toward him, tossing the last of his clothes aside.

He was so beautiful. Ilya could look at every inch of him for hours and never get bored. Those pretty freckles and that perfect, kiss swollen mouth. The strong, plush pecs, perfect abs, and eager cock. His strong thighs and legs and that perfect ass.

"Come," Ilya said to come. Shane inhaled sharply and shifted closer.

"On your knees."

Shane went to his knees. He swallowed, looking up at Ilya. He rested his hands on Ilya's thighs, moving in closer, nuzzling his face against the bulge in Ilya's khakis.

Ilya let him, tugging Shane's hair free from his ponytail, sliding his fingers into the silky strands.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Tell me."

Shane sighed, pulling away a little to look at Ilya. "You."

Ilya smiled warmly at him, shifting his fingers from Shane's hair to stroking the backs of them over Shane's cheek.

"What about me?"

Shane's lips parted, his face flushed.

"I want your dick in my mouth. I want you to fuck me."

Ilya hummed in approval, running his hand through Shane's hair, tugging the strands, forcing Shane to tilt his head back, and gasp softly.

"Then you will get it," Ilya purred. "Use your mouth and fuck yourself with the plug but do not come."

Shane moaned then, his eyes sliding closed, and Ilya knew he would obey.

He swallowed and opened his eyes as Ilya slid his hands from his hair for a moment. He reached up, undoing Ilya's belt, then his fly. Ilya lifted his hips and helped Shane get his pants and underwear down.

Shane didn't give him a lot of time to settle before his mouth was on Ilya, kitten-licking and kissing a bit, sucking under the head, before taking Ilya down as far as he could go.

Ilya watched him, leaning back on his elbows, able to see one of Shane's arms reaching behind himself to play with the butt plug.

He would never be tired of watching Shane like this. Not even necessarily on his knees for Ilya, but just having sex with him in general. He was so gorgeous and expressive and obedient. He made it so difficult for Ilya to keep control.

Shane made the most delicious noises, eyes closed, using tongue and teeth, swallowing around Ilya, soft little hums and moans coming from him as he worked the plug.

Ilya touched Shane's cheeks, thumb brushing over his freckles appreciatively, letting him suck until it was almost too much, before sliding his hands back into Shane's hair, and tugging gently.

"Enough. Stop."

Shane stopped, pulling off of Ilya. He was breathing hard and Ilya was, too. He kicked off his pants, tugging off his shirt, and reached for Shane.

"Come here."

Shane came eagerly, scrambling onto the bed with Ilya, kissing him desperately.

Ilya managed to grab the lube as they shifted up the bed a bit. Shane was on top, straddling him, thighs spread wide.

Ilya popped the cap on the lube, pouring some into his hand, slicking his cock, the touch making him hiss.

"Hurry," Shane panted and Ilya reached for the plug, pulling it out and then back in, turning it. Shane cried out, head tossed back, hands on Ilya's chest.

"Fucking don't," Shane hissed.

Ilya grinned, pulling the plug out and then pushing it back in one more, watching as Shane's mouth fell open.

"Ilya, I swear to fucking God—"

Ilya chuckled, pulling the plug out, making Shane gasp. He tossed the toy aside and Shane sat back on him in one go.

"Holy fuck, Hollander," Ilya groaned, hands grabbing to Shane's hips.

Shane was beyond words at this point. He rode Ilya's cock like a stolen Camaro, hard and fast, his cock leaking all over Ilya's abs.

Neither of them were going to last long that was for sure. Shane was bouncing ruthlessly on Ilya's dick and Ilya could see how close he was, listening to those desperate noises he made

before he cried out, shooting his load all over Ilya's chest, untouched, body spasming around Ilya.

Ilya came just from that, groaning long and loud as he emptied himself into Shane.

Shane sighed, collapsing onto Ilya, not even caring about the mess and Ilya wrapped around him, holding him close.

"Fuck that was great," Shane breathed and Ilya smiled, kissing his forehead.

"Yes. Incredible."

Ilya sighed, smoothing his hand down Shane's back, over his ass. "Is not proper Halloween without a butt plug."

Shane snorted and they both laughed.

They basked together, just laying together, Ilya stroking Shane's skin as it cooled, humming softly as Shane kissed his neck every so often.

Eventually, they peeled themselves apart and showered. They cleaned up the mess of their clothes and fell into bed together, pleasantly sleepy.

"Thank you for tonight," Ilya murmured as he spooned against Shane's back, kissing his shoulder.

"Anytime."

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

Halloween

Shane watched as Ilya opened up packages of regular sized candy bars at their dining room table, absently spinning his wedding band around his finger. Ilya had a plastic cauldron in front of him that said *Witch's Brew* on it and he was dumping the candy into the cauldron, setting the plastic packaging to the side.

He was dressed in most of his costume as Dr. Alan Grant, some of his curls tucked behind his ear. He looked so good in blue denim and khaki, even though he had no right to.

That afternoon, Shane has helped him jab plastic spikes topped with glowing pumpkins and skulls into the grass along the walk to their front door, then hang fabric ghosts from the big elm tree in the middle of the circle of the driveway, along with an assortment of festive signs in the grass near the open gate at the end of the drive that said things like "Trick or Treat" and "Beware."

Ilya seemed to be having the time of his life, all giddy and excited about seeing the kids dressed in their costumes and Shane was impossibly endeared by it.

He loved seeing Ilya so happy and excited.

This new chapter of their life was pretty thrilling Shane had to admit. Being out and married, living together, playing on the same team.

There had been some growing pains but nothing that they couldn't handle. Shane was impressed by them, honestly. They'd gotten some hard conversations under their belts and while those hadn't been comfortable by any means, he felt like having them, and knowing that things were still okay, made things easier.

Because things *were* okay. They were *great* actually.

Over the last few months he'd felt some of his anxiety beginning to uncoil. He felt steady, more settled. Ilya had always been a rock for him and Shane knew he could rely on him, just like Ilya could rely on him, too.

Shane had posted a picture from the Halloween party that Harris had sent him and it had been reposted all around social media. He was trying not to pay much attention to what people were saying on socials but from what he could tell, it was all pretty positive.

"Need help?" Shane asked and Ilya glanced up, smiling at him.

"If you want."

"Of course."

Shane joined him at the table and reached for a packet of kit-kats.

"I have Snickers for you," Ilya said. "A whole box."

Shane laughed. "Thanks."

"How are your parents?"

"They're good, having fun with the kiddos in the neighborhood and stuff."

They chatted a bit about Shane's conversation with his parents until the cauldron was full of candy.

About five minutes later, their doorbell rang. Ilya lit up, putting his fedora on, and Shane laughed, while Anya barked.

"Yes, yes, Anya. Is okay. Only trick-or-treaters."

Shane was so in love with this ridiculous man and how fucking cute he was he could hardly stand it.

Ilya was one of the most tenderhearted people Shane knew and it was maybe his favorite thing about him.

Hard chocolate shell with marshmallow on the inside.

Shane made sure Anya didn't make a run for the door, lifting her into his arms (she was a little unwieldy in her dinosaur costume), and followed Ilya to the door as he opened it.

Willa and Andrew were standing there, dressed as what Shane guessed were Luke and Leia from *Star Wars*.

"Trick or treat!" the kids chorused.

"Oh wow! You look so good!" Ilya praised.

He gave the kids candy bars and he and Shane chatted a bit with Kate and her husband, Derrick, while the kids gave Anya some attention.

They ended up just standing on their front steps as kids came up the drive.

Ilya greeted one family warmly as they came up the drive. There were four older kids and one little one, being held by one of the cluster of parents.

There were two boys, dressed like Batman and Superman, and two girls, dressed like lumberjacks, fake beards and all.

Shane couldn't help but look on as Ilya interacted with the kids, all fluttery inside the way he always got when he saw Ilya with kids. He was just so good with them; so sweet and funny and winning them over so easily with his enthusiasm.

One of the dads holding the little boy dressed like a little F1 driver came up to them. Ilya introduced them as Danny (the dad) and Aaron (the little boy). They'd been coming by for Halloween for the past three years and Ilya had loved seeing Aaron's costumes.

The waved goodbye as the gaggle headed back up the driveway.

"Were those the kids I heard you with when I called that one time?"

Ilya smiled, looking at him. "Yes. You were in Edmonton."

Shane nodded. "Yeah. Wow." He leaned into Ilya, head on his shoulder. "I can't believe that was three years ago."

"Time flies."

"For real."

They sat outside on their steps for a few hours and turned in once they had run out of candy bars.

They cleaned up a bit, making sure the gate was closed, Anya taken out once more, doors locked, before heading up to bed.

Shane reached behind him and Ilya took his hand.

They changed and got ready for bed, snuggling up together.

"I can't wait to see you with our kids," Shane said softly, fiddling with Ilya's crucifix pendant.

"Mm?"

"Getting them all dressed up in costumes and taking them trick-or-treating. I know you'll want to do a whole theme and everything. You'll make it so fun for them."

Ilya chuckled. "I think about it, too."

Shane smiled, closing his eyes, and turned his head kissing Ilya's chin. He tilted his head down and Shane kissed his mouth.

"I'd dress up for you."

"You would?" Ilya sounded disbelieving, his tone teasing.

"Of course. Especially if it made the kids happy."

"But you would complain. Just a little."

"We'd *negotiate*."

"Mm, that is true. Find a middle ground."

"Exactly."

Ilya huffed a fond laugh. "See? We will do it together. Peaceful."

Shane smiled. "Yeah. We will."

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

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