

canoeing, cottage, etc!

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canoeing, cottage, etc!

by [riolynn](#)

Summary

Unfortunately, there isn't enough days in the two weeks to do everything that the cottage had to offer, but Shane definitely wanted to go canoeing with Ilya. A true test of their love, and some other shenanigans.

Notes

Basically, this is me applying some moments from my childhood to Hollanov. So, I apologize for any out of character moments. Also a big love letter to everyone who has inspired this fic, and all my canoe friends. I love you all so much!

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

A sunny day at Shane's cottage during the first summer Shane and Ilya spent together:

Canoeing with Ilya wasn't a bad thought. Shane had a thought of "it being a waste to not go canoeing once during our time at the cottage," running through his mind quite a bit during each moment of silence he had to himself. It crossed his mind mostly because canoeing was a strong memory growing up. After all, most of his strength and coordination came from canoeing down the river every summer with his family or with the campers at summer camp.

Plus the saying is that if you can survive canoeing in the "marriage boat" with someone then your relationship can survive anything. Shane was confident canoeing would be a breeze for him and Ilya. He couldn't help but smile.

"Why are you smiling at the window?" Ilya spoke from behind.

"Good morning to you too," Shane replied as he stood up to meet Ilya at the door.

"Here. Water," Ilya offered a glass.

"Let's head down to the water today," Shane grinned as he took the glass and placed a kiss on Ilya's neck.

"What are we doing there?" Ilya cupped Shane's cheek, admiring his freckles.

"I was thinking canoeing. It will be fun," Shane grabbed Ilya's hand and guided him to the kitchen. "But we should make lunch first." Shane places his then Ilya's glasses of water on the counter.

"Same thing as last time? Like the milk bread?" Ilya asked as Shane approached the pantry, both still hand in hand.

"Unless you want something else?" Shane glanced around the pantry. "There's bagels, and wraps if you want."

"No, the sandwich is good." Ilya grabbed package of sliced bread that was labeled with "T&T bakery", with the other hand on the side of the pantry wall.

"Are you sure this bread is not too much sugar for you?" Ilya says as he watches Shane duck under his arms out of the pantry.

"We're going canoeing, so we'll burn all energy out there." Shane takes the packaged slices of ham and turkey out of the fridge. "It was all good last time, so it will be good this time." Shane begins to narrow his focus onto making the sandwiches. Layering the pieces together then cutting them diagonally into triangles, debating whether to leave the crust on or off as both of them have no real preference, and placing them into ziplock bags.

Ilya acknowledged that the sandwich they had while jet skiing the other day, nearly stopped the world for him. The bread was soft and sweet, but the thing that sealed it for him was

watching Shane beside him enjoying every bite as the sun slowly faded in the background. Ilya truly wanted to see that again.

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They placed their belongings into a barrel and securely set it in the middle of the canoe.

Ilya holds up a life jacket and calls out to Shane, “Don’t forget your PDF!”

“I accidentally called it that once!” Shane calls back with paddles in hand. “So get it right! It’s called PFD! Personal floatation device!”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever!” Ilya smiles.

Shane gently places the paddle on Ilya’s toe, making sure it’s the correct height. With a hockey stick, without skates, it needs to be on the floor and comes up to the bottom of the nose. While with a canoe paddle, it needs to be on the toes and come up to between the chin and the nose. Shane knowing Ilya’s height, found the best paddle match for Ilya right away. He hands it to Ilya.

“Thanks, Shane.”

Shane takes the lifejacket out of Ilya’s hand and kisses Ilya on the cheek.

“Thanks, Ilya.”

After putting on the gear and following all of the safety precautions. (Getting a spare paddle, a buoy, tightening the gear, etc.)

The two of them pulled the canoe out of the shed and began to lift it towards the water.

“Am I going in front?” Ilya asked from the other side of the canoe as they walked toward the water.

“I think that would be best.” Shane adjusts his grip on the canoe, “we’ll generate more power and speed if you’re at the front.”

“So, you admit I’m the stronger one?” Ilya stares at Shane with his crooked grin.

“Fuck you!” Shane laughs, “I never said that!”

Rays of sunlight bounced on the water, if they weren’t wearing sunglasses, the sun would’ve surely blinded them. The canoe glided over the top of the water. Shane held the canoe steady as Ilya climbed into the bow. Once he was seated, Shane climbed in behind him, pushed off the dirt and onto the open water.

Shane and Ilya paddled through the lake. The water was a mix of vibrant turquoise and deep greens and blues. With a variety of trees, spruce, pine, all lining around the water.

“How are you feeling up there, Ilya?” Shane called out.

“Perfect!” Ilya chuckled.

Perfect was the best way to describe how Shane was feeling as well. Getting to see his boyfriend’s perfect back and arm muscle work to paddle while the sun bounced off his curls. Absolutely perfect.

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“Ilya, I’m going to steer us to the river. Okay?”

“Okay!” Ilya threw up one thumbs up from the front.

Once the current swept them into the river, they both let out a small yelp as the boat bounced off the rushing water.

“Ilya, paddle faster!”

“Faster?”

“Faster!”

Shane could see Ilya’s wide grin after that comment. He rolled his eyes hard, hoping that Ilya could feel it.

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Soon enough they were on calm open water again. A few islands in sight, but mostly open water. Ilya placed his paddle horizontally on top of the canoe, then turned to face Shane.

“So, what do we do now?”

“Ilya, would you like to play gunwale bobbing?”

“Gunwale bobbing?”

“You know, we stand on top of here then try to knock each other off!”

“Yes. Let’s play, Hollander.”

Just in case they capsized, they dropped off their barrel of stuff at a nearby island. Getting back onto the water, Shane could see the competitive glimmer in Ilya’s eyes.

“Game on, Rozanov.”

Face to face. They hopped onto the gunwale of the boat. One foot on each side. The canoe rocking side to side. Creating waves of ripples as the two set their balance, exchanging glances with a smile as if they were on the ice facing off before the puck drops.

Once they were balanced, Ilya bent his knees up and down causing the water to splash against and into the canoe. An attempt to throw Shane off his balance. Shane followed suit, applying

pressure on the sides of the canoe. Ilya's right foot lifts off the canoe before he swiftly pushes his foot back down.

"Hollander, fall in already." Ilya shakes the canoe with more force.

"I'm not letting you win this one."

The canoe shakes sideways, upwards, and downward. Water sloshing and crashing against the canoe with every motion.

"Step back to the edge, it will make it more challenging!" Shane called out from the stern.

"Okay, I will move when you move!" Ilya called out, still wiggling the canoe.

Counting together,

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

Stepping back to the edge alongside with the tipping boat, Ilya and Shane both lose their footing and fall into the water with a splash! Laughing as they resurfaced,

"Rematch! I want a rematch!" Ilya laughed as he splashed Shane with water.

Shane pushed the water back at Ilya, "Let's go again!"

Climbing back onto the canoe, dripping water from their hair and clothes, and a moment for them to catch their breath. Their rematch started with them on the very edge of the canoe. It was wobbly and slippery, similar to the feel of getting being on skates and gliding onto the ice for the first time. Very unsteady.

This round ended with in a tie once again. So naturally the two of them kept going, (with a few breaks in between like eating the lunch they made) until they could announce a winner.

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"We tied again, Rozanov." Shane swims back to the side of the canoe.

"I'm tired, Hollander." Ilya sighs.

"Same, me too." Shane pulls himself onto the canoe, "let's go home."

Journeying back to the cottage was simple, mostly calm water on the way back as the river is similar to a giant circle. Ilya stayed paddling in the front and Shane in the back, taking in all the sights around them.

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While Ilya finishes packing up all the extra gear, Shane tucks the life jackets away and swiftly turns to leave the shed, "I'm going to go shower."

"Okay," Ilya pauses, "can I shower with you?"

Shane offers out his hand for Ilya to hold as they make their way back to the cottage.

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"Come on, Shane, the sun is going down and we are not outside!" Standing at the door, Ilya playfully whined.

"Okay, okay. I'm coming." Shane rushes towards the door.

The sky swirled with warm sun glow yellows, reds and oranges that sliced through the middle. Shane and Ilya sat on the deck, watching the sun fade away behind trees and watching the moon rise up with a sky of blues, grays, and the stars swirling around.

Ilya contemplated leaving this phrase in a note and putting it near Shane's bedside. In the end, he decided that it would be much more romantic to just lay it all out on the table.

"Луна красивая, да?" Ilya said out towards the night sky then facing towards Shane.

Shane turned to look at Ilya, their eyes meeting. Ilya smiled, "The moon is beautiful, right?"

"Just as beautiful as you." Shane said automatically, as if he rehearsed this for a lifetime.

Ilya leaned forward, covering his smile with his hand, "Shane Hollander, I did not know you were so romantic!"

"Shut up! You're the one who started it!" Shane attempts to cover the rising blush on his face with his palms, "By saying it both in Russian and in English!"

"Not my fault, you're so pretty. Makes the words just come out." Ilya pressed his shoulder against Shane's, then placing a sweet kiss on Shane's cheek right under his freckles.

"Your freckles are like the stars."

"How many times are we going to compare each other to the sky?" Shane laughed as he scouted above to see what he could compare Ilya to.

"I can do this forever, because that's how pretty you are, Shane."

Shane couldn't help but blush. Blush extremely hard. Blush at these ridiculous, yet sweet comments. Ilya could probably feel the warmth rising in Shane's face.

Suddenly, Shane turns his head to lock eyes with Ilya,

"Ilya, you are the stars in my eyes."

Ilya repositions himself in front of Shane and grabs Shane's face, pulling him into a kiss. After they pull away, Ilya says,

"Shane, you are my moon."

The moon shining, the stars dancing, and the water rippling from the breeze, all seemed to slow as the two held each other in their arms, a sweet, gentle hug.

Ilya whispers into Shane's ear, "See, Shane Hollander, you are a romantic."

"Not as romantic as you, Ilya Rozanov." Shane whispers back.

"Stop," Ilya pushes away from the embrace to look Shane in the eye. "Don't argue. You are my romantic."

"Okay," Shane looks up at his lover, "whatever you say." With the moon, the stars, and the lake glimmering behind Ilya. Framing him in a perfect memory. Maybe being propose to on a lake with a bright moon shining down, wasn't a bad idea. Shane would definitely say yes. Shane can't help but study him. Even create a snapshot of the hues of soft blues and warm yellows glistening on his face, the lightly damp curls, his sparkling eyes that he must've gotten from the stars. Shane wanted to capture his moment in a sketchbook then decorate the cover and the pages, all together with Ilya. Maybe even burn a CD that would match this moment, with all their favourite songs, of course.

Clearly seeing Shane was studying and making up an ambition for the future in his mind, Ilya sat and watched Shane. On the side Ilya put loose branches and grass pieces into a shape similar to,

"S + I"

Shane let out a giggle at this, "Ilya, I zoned out for like two seconds! This is so cute!" Shane moved closer to place multiple quick kisses all over Ilya's face. Under his eye, on his cheekbone, on his moles, on this edge of his lips, and on his forehead. "You're so cute, Ilya."

Ilya was very proud of this moment. Using all he knew about romance. He couldn't help but smile, "You're even cuter, Shane."

Canoeing was truly a success. The stargazing, and the compliments were an added bonus to solidifying that by surviving the marriage boat, that they can survive anything together.

Life sure feels like a dream, canoeing with you.

End Notes

Big thank you to my Heated Rivalry duo, for introducing me to this book and show. I love Hollanov a lot. Thank you so much for reading!

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