

skating into you

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skating into you

by [glowingregards](#)

Summary

a snow day at the cottage

Notes

merry christmas and happy cottage day :) im so excited for ep 6 tonight

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

The cottage is quiet in the way winter demands.

Snow drifts along the windows, thick and soft, muting the sounds of the world beyond. The lake outside stretches frozen and pale under a sky too soft to decide if it wants to snow again or just hold its breath. The air smells like pine and frost, sharp and clean, and it carries that hush that only comes in deep winter, the kind that makes everything feel paused.

Shane laces his boots with precision that could be art, socks layered carefully, gloves tugged right. Ilya leans against the couch, hands stuffed in his coat pockets, pretending to scroll on his phone, but really just watching Shane.

“You ready?” Ilya asks voice casual.

Shane hums, tugging again at a lace. “Yeah, just a sec.”

Ilya smirks. “Sure. Whenever you’re ready, captain.”

Outside, the cold hits immediately. It bites at their cheeks, crisp and clean, and awakens something in Shane’s chest, a reminder that this is winter in full force, not practice, not teams, not expectations. He exhales sharply and shoves his hands deeper into his gloves. Ilya laughs next to him, already pulling on skates with that effortless confidence that makes everything feel easy.

They step onto the lake, skates scrapping ice faintly, tiny shards sparkling under the muted sunlight, Shane lines up the small nets he set up earlier, miniature goals perfectly imperfect, and arranges pucks in a careful little arc.

“Ready to ruin me?” Shane asks, wiggling his eyebrows.

“Please,” Ilya smirks. “You’re going down.”

For the first few minutes, it’s hockey. Loose shots, laughter, the slap of puck against ice, sticks clanging, occasional yelps as one of them slips slightly. Shane lines up shots with precision. Ilya takes sloppier swings on purpose, missing and laughing.

“You’re doing that wrong.” Shane laughs.

“Clearly,” Ilya replies, mock-offended. “I’m adding drama. Someone has to make this fun.”

After a few minutes, Shane notices something. Ilya isn’t just... good at this. He’s moving differently. The spins he does to pivot? Perfectly balanced. The little jumps he lands lightly on the ice? Controlled and clean. Shane blinks.

“What the—” he says mid-laugh as Ilya executes a flawless one-foot spin, landing with a soft scrape of steel against ice. “Did... did you just do that?”

Ilya shrugs casually. “I know how to skate.”

“Yeah... but like—what you just did. That’s not hockey. That’s...” Shane gestures vaguely, jaw slack.

Ilya grins, perfectly aware of the effect. “I am Russian.” He flicks a puck with one skate and lands a tiny hop, laughing as Shane stumbles back to avoid it. “Russians skate.”

Shane flails, eyes wide. “You’re insane. That’s literally illegal on a hockey rink.”

“Not illegal. Artful,” Ilya corrects, spinning elegantly again, knees bending, arms wide for balance. Shane’s jaw drops. “Russian specialty.”

Shane, fueled by both awe and a hint of competitiveness, tries something himself. He attempts a simple spin he’s seen Ilya do, lifting one foot and twirling, but his balance fails spectacularly. He wobbles, arm flailing, and ends up scraping his knees against the ice in a graceless tumble.

Ilya skates over, laughing. “Bold. But... not your forte, apparently.”

Shane sits up, snow on his hair, cheeks red. “You’re laughing at me!”

“I’m appreciating the effort,” Ilya teases, holding out a hand. “Also... is hilarious.”

Shane glares, but the laugh escapes him anyway, shaky and breathless. He takes Ilya’s hand and yanks him down onto the ice on top of him. “You’re impossible.”

Ilya lands on top of Shane with a soft thud, blinking in mock offense. “Hey! Watch it! I almost—”

But the words die on his lips when he sits up slightly, just enough to look down at Shane. The snow in Shane’s hair, the red cheeks, the little grin tugging at his lips... it hits him all at once. His teasing falters, and for a second, there’s no joke, no play, just him, looking at Shane and realizing how much he loves the sight of him like this.

Shane’s eyes meet his, wide and sparkling with laughter and mischief, and something shifts. Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, Ilya leans forward. Shane doesn’t flinch. Their lips meet in a gentle, surprised kiss, soft and warm against the cold of the ice. Time seems to stretch. The wind, the frozen lake, the snow... none of it matters.

When they finally pull back, breathless, Shane laughs softly. “Well.. that escalated quickly.”

Ilya laughs, low and affectionate, brushing snow from Shane’s shoulders. “I call it good timing.”

Shane wiggles, still lying beneath him, a smirk tugging at his mouth. “You’re ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous.”

“Couldn’t help it,” Ilya says, voice softening, gaze lingering on Shane’s. “You make it too easy.”

They giggle together, breath fogging the cold air, shoving each other lightly, wrestling back into snow and ice. Shane’s laughter turns into mock gasps as Ilya skates a tiny circle around

him before crouching to tickle his side. Shane wriggles, squealing, “Stop! You’re impossible!”

“Am I?” Ilya teases, resting his forehead against Shane’s, grinning. “Or are you just... easy to love?”

Shane freezes for a moment, snow melting slightly on his cheeks from the warmth of Ilya’s face, and then he bursts into a laugh again. “Stop being romantic while we’re on the ice!”

Eventually, Shane abandons trying to keep up with Ilya’s figure-skater finesse and just starts chasing him in wide circles, laughing too loud for the quiet winter air. They weave across the ice, slipping, spinning, trying tricks that go hilariously wrong, and somehow, somehow, they’re both grinning ear to ear, the cold forgotten in the joy of it,

The hockey sticks get forgotten. Pucks slide harmlessly into the nets Shane had set up. Ilya twirls past, Shane just barely keeping his balance, laughter echoing off the frozen lake.

Then, inevitably, snowballs appear. Ilya smirks as he scoops up snow and hurls one at Shane’s shoulder. Shane squeals, grabbing a handful and retaliating. For ten minutes, they’re clumsy, slipping, laughing, ducking, snowflakes melting into hair and gloves. Shane squeaks when a particularly cold one hits his neck; Ilya laughs like it’s the best thing he’s ever done.

Breathless and red-cheeked, they collapse on the ice near the shore. Shane leans against Ilya, forehead resting against his shoulder, breath fogging the air.

“I’m freezing,” Shane admits, voice muffled.

“Weak,” Ilya says simply, cheeks red, smile soft. “Russians don’t get cold.”

Shane laughs, sitting up, brushing snow from his hair. “Yeah, yeah, Mr. Invincible. Must be nice to be a human radiator.”

Ilya shrugs. “Is a gift. You should be grateful I share with you.”

Shane rolls his eyes but can’t hide the grin tugging at his lips. “I am. Totally. Grateful. Really.”

They head inside, boots crunching against packed snow, coats brushing off flakes that cling stubbornly to their scarves and hoods. Shane lingers at the door a moment, taking a deep breath of the slightly warmer, pine-scented cabin air, then peels off his layers, tossing them in a wet pile by the door. Ilya follows suit, hanging his coat and gloves neatly, though a few stray snowflakes stick to his hair and the collar of his sweater.

Shane flicks the switch to turn on the fireplace, and a soft glow floods the room, painting the walls with warm light and sending the chill retreating. The room smells faintly of burning wood, cozy and grounding. Shane moves to the kitchen, fingers moving automatically to the kettle, cocoa mix, and marshmallows, a ritual they’ve fallen into together over time. Ilya lingers by the doorway, arms crossed loosely, eyes tracing Shane’s movements with an easy attentiveness that doesn’t intrude but takes in every detail. The way he tilts his head when

measuring cocoa, the careful flick of his wrist as he pours hot milk, the way his fingers brush over the mug's rim before handing it over.

"Here," Shane says, offering Ilya his hot chocolate, the steam rising in soft curls. Ilya accepts it with a grin, thumbs rubbing along the mug to warm them, eyes meeting Shane's in a quiet, shared smile.

They curl up on the couch, pulling blankets over their legs so the warmth wraps them both like a cocoon. The movie they put on murmurs softly in the background, almost forgotten under the weight of the fire crackling, their breathing, the cozy silence, Shane leans against Ilya without thinking, forehead resting lightly on his shoulder. Ilya drapes an arm across the back of the couch, letting Shane settle into him, thumb brushing the back of his hand absentmindedly.

Shane's gaze drifts to the window, snowflakes tumbling lazily outside, frosting the trees and glimmering faintly on the lake beyond. "It looks... magical," he murmurs.

"It is," Ilya replies, voice soft, low. He shifts slightly so Shane can lean further into him. "But not as magical as this," he adds, brushing a kiss through Shane's hair, letting the warmth of his lips linger. Shane exhales, long and content, resting his head further into the curve of Ilya's shoulder.

"I could get used to this," Shane says, voice muffled against Ilya's sweater, playful but intimate.

"Get used to what?" Ilya asks, teasing, though the tone is tender.

"This," Shane replies simply. "Everything. You. This. Fire. Cocoa. Snow. No expectations, no chaos. Just us."

Ilya smiles, pressing a kiss to the top of Shane's head. "Then we'll make it a tradition," he says softly. "Every year. And maybe... a few more times in between."

Shane tilts his head up, catching Ilya's gaze. "Deal," he whispers, a small laugh escaping, soft and full of warmth.

They sit in companionable silence for a while, sipping cocoa, toes tucked under blankets, firelight painting their faces with golden warmth. Ilya's fingers idly trace shapes along Shane's arm, small circles that don't demand anything, just presence. Shane presses closer, murmuring softly about nothing, letting the sound of his voice fill the quiet cabin.

Shane nudges Ilya's shoulder gently with his own. "You know.. I think you secretly like seeing me fall on the ice," he says with a grin.

"Maybe," Ilya admits, chuckling. "Do not get to see it very often. But I think I like seeing you laugh more."

Shane snorts, nearly spilling his cocoa. "Cheesy," he says, though the smile never leaves his face.

Ilya laughs too, warm and full, brushing snow-damp hair from Shane's forehead again. Outside, the snow continues to fall gently, frosting the world in white silence. Inside, they exist in warmth, laughter, blankets, quiet touches, and the easy, unspoken love that has grown between them. Nothing else matters, not the ice, not the cold, not the rest of the world.

End Notes

figure skater ilya scratches my brain.

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