If The Fates Allow

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If The Fates Allow

by dabforpalermo

Summary

Shane must have hit his head, because there's no goddamn way that Ilya Rozanov is standing outside of the Hollander cottage, dressed in a cute little sweater, holding a bottle of wine.

Notes

It's only 3 hours after Christmas, please accept this late fic!! Omg also pls talk to me about ep 6 im dying over here

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane's phone is cold.

It's on the counter, face down, and though he's burning holes in it with his hard gaze, it remains as cool as the weather outside. His head is starting to throb slightly, and he barely takes his eyes off of the table as his mom approaches, running a hand through his hair and pressing a firm kiss to his scalp.

"You alright, honey?"

Shane nods, his mouth pressed in a firm line. He doesn't know why he's so upset. Ilya doesn't call him. He doesn't wish him a Merry Christmas- and he certainly doesn't come to the Hollander family dinner. Still, it's frustrating- seeing his cousins bring their partners, playing with the babies in the family, trying to pretend he has a normal life.

It was an accident.

He didn't mean to send the text- didn't mean to have one too many beers with Hayden and send a rambling message that barely made sense. The text sits in their chat, unanswered, and spikes up a wave of complete humiliation in his gut every time he checks it.

Shane:

U shudl come to cgrishmas dinners ar my colttage

He hadn't been able to conjure up the address in his drunken state, but he had sent his location- a disgusting, gross thing that only couples do. He's made fun of Hayden a bunch for constantly checking in on Jackie through his location sharing settings, and he can't believe he thought it would be a good idea to share that with Rozanov.

Rozanov, who doesn't care.

He’s chewing down on the inside of his cheek, tasting the familiar copper, metallic sting in his mouth, and barely has time to react before his auntie is disposing of his eight month old cousin in his lap.

She instantly reaches up, her grabby fingers making way to Shane’s hair, and he pulls his hair away, handing her his fingers instead. She wraps her fist around his thumb, babbling quietly and shaking his hand around, and Shane can’t help the smile on his face.

He’ll be okay. He always is. He’ll sit through the awkward questions, the- *so, any girlfriends?* His aunts are nosy, his uncles are invasive, and his cousins look at him like they want nothing to do with them. So, he snuggles up in the corner with Haley, letting her rest against his chest.

“Shane, can you grab the door? I think the groceries were delivered,” David calls from the kitchen. Shane sighs, hoisting Haley up onto his hip, and walks toward the door.

“Shh, I know, I know,” he soothes when she whines in frustration, wincing while he allows her to rip at his hair. He’s bent at an angle when he swings the door open, expecting to pick up the last minute delivery from the ground, when he sees-

“Is she mine?”

Shane blinks. He must have hit his head, because there’s no *goddamn* way that Ilya Rozanov is standing outside of the Hollander cottage, dressed in a cute little sweater, holding a bottle of wine. Maybe Haley ripped his brain out through his hair.

“What the-“ he pauses, his free hand coming up to pull Haley’s fist away. “What are you- uh, what are you doing here?”

Ilya has the nerve to look confused. “You invite me, no? Is not polite to decline. Is also not polite to let me freeze out here.”

“Shane? Is that the groceries?”

He switches Haley to his other arm and pulls Ilya inside, breath starting to pick up. His drunken self was not thinking this through. Now, not only does he have to come out as gay to his entire extended family, but he has to come clean about Rozanov, about their rivalry, about… *whatever* they are. He’s halfway to a panic attack when Rozanov’s big hand comes to rest on his lower back, his thumb stroking softly against his tense muscles.

“Do you-“ Ilya starts, sounding uncharacteristically nervous. “Do you not want me here?”

I always want you here, Shane wants to say. Instead, he takes a shuddering break. “Well. You’re already here, so…”

“Shane? Is that-“ Yuna stops, her mouth dropping open in shock. She looks between Shane and Ilya, then down to Haley, then back up to Shane.

“Uh.”

Ilya steps forward, toeing his shoes off without being asked. “Merry Christmas. I hope wine is okay.” He takes a step forward, holding the bottle out to a shell shocked Yuna Hollander. “Did not have time to bring appetizer.”

Haley squeals loudly and claps her hands. Shane winces at the noise and moves toward Ilya. “Uh. Mom. Can we- we should talk? Maybe?”

“I think we have to,” Yuna says, her eyes unmoving where they stare at Ilya. She clears her throat. “David, honey? A word?”

Shane’s pictured his coming out a million times. He imagined it in the car, because all secrets come out the moment he’s alone with his mom in the car, staring forward at rolling hills and finding enough courage to say the truth. He’s pictured it at the dinner table, tearfully and

quietly, with his parents' arms wrapped around him. He's picture it going wrong- getting kicked out, getting outed online, getting booted from the NHL-

Never in his life did he picture it like this.

They go upstairs to Shane's bedroom, and he can tell Ilya wants to make a joke about all the action figures in the corner, but he decides not to do so. Shane's still holding Haley- needs something to do with his hands, and he sits down on the bed, bouncing her in his lap. Ilya sits next to him and presses his shoulder against Shane's. *I'm here.*

The four of them- Haley not included- stare at each other for a long moment. It's David who breaks the silence first.

"So… did the groceries come, or…?"

Yuna whacks him. "Are you insane? You're- you brought *Ilya Rozanov* into my home? On Christmas of all days?!"

Ilya tenses beside him, and Shane doesn't like the venom in his mom's voice when she says his name. He drops his gaze to the floor and wraps his arms around Haley tighter.

"I…"

"Is this some kind of- like, prank? Are you pranking us? Are the cameras on? Where are they? Is this a promotional thing? I didn't- I didn't get an email-"

"Mom," Shane's voice cracks. "I'm… I'm gay."

Yuna barely blinks. "So? I'm confused. My confusion takes precedence."

“Yuna,” David says quietly. She stops rambling and starts pacing. “I think she means to say that we accept you, son. And we love you very much. This… this doesn’t change anything.”

“Of course he knows that!” Yuna says. “We’ve known he’s gay since he was eight!”

“You- *what*? Huh?”

Yuna ignores him. “But seriously- *Ilya Rozanov*?”

“Can you-“ Shane stands, gently placing Haley on Ilya’s lap. Ilya freezes, then relaxes, adjusting her so she’s leaning back against him on his thigh. “Can you stop saying it like that? Like he’s- like he’s a bad person?”

“He is a bad person,” Yuna insists. “He’s your archrival, Shane.”

“So you two are…?” David points between them. Ilya nods.

“Yes. Lovers.”

“Ew!” Shane and Yuna exclaim at the same time. Shane grabs his moms hands.

“Mom. I don’t- I understand this is a shock. But he’s a good person.”

“How long?” Yuna asks, softening slightly. Shane looks back down at the ground and mumbles something. “Didn’t quite catch that.”

“Since- uh, since before rookie year.”

“Before *rookie goddamn year?!*”

Shane looks back at Ilya quickly enough to see him covering Haley’s little ears. He hates the way his heart throbs.

“I’m sorry,” Shane sniffles. He looks back at Yuna through blurry eyes. “I didn’t- I didn’t want to lie to you. I’m sorry. I’m just- I’m *sorry*, mom,” he breaks, tears falling down his face, and Yuna doesn’t hesitate to wrap him in a hug.

“It’s okay,” she comforts, her hands rubbing down his back. “It’s okay, honey. It’s gonna be okay. I’m happy for you, I promise. I’m just- I’m a little shocked.”

“Shane,” David says quietly. He rests his hand on Shane’s back. “It’s okay. Just take a deep breath.”

Shane takes a shuddering inhale, wiping his face, and pulls back to look at his parents. “I’m sorry.”

“We forgive you. And- and you,” Yuna adds, pointing toward Ilya. He startles, like he forgot he was involved in this conversation. “Okay. Here’s the plan. We knew about this. We invited him. We’ll deal with damage control, but people are gonna have questions, so you better get your story straight.”

Shane relaxes at the familiar momager tone of her voice. He nods, wiping his face again, and takes a few more deep breaths.

“Just- stay up here for a few minutes. We’ll go talk to everyone. Calm yourself down.”

They hug Shane once more before leaving, abandoning Ilya, Shane, and Haley in his childhood bedroom. Shane takes a long time before turning to face him.

“That went well,” Ilya says quietly. Shane can’t help but burst into laughter, hand over his mouth, and soon, the two of them are laughing loud enough that Shane forgets he’s supposed to be terrified. He flops down on his back onto the bed, hands coming up to cover his face.

Shane flinches when a soft, warm weight lands on top of his chest. He opens his eyes, Haley’s grinning face staring down at him, and tickles under her chin.

“She is cute,” Ilya says. Shane sighs quietly

“Yeah,” he sits up, snuggling her to his chest. “She’s the least judgemental one out there, so…”

“I’m sorry,” Ilya says, the words sounding foreign and clunky in his mouth. “If you- if you did not mean to invite me. I should have called.”

“No,” Shane insists. He looks over at Ilya, sees the nervous tweaking of his jaw, the way his eyes are hard, as if he’s expecting bad news. “I wanted you to come. I just… didn’t have the courage to ask you.”

“Well, *drunk you* did. I am offended. You drink with others and not me?”

Shane shoves at him gently. “I guess, uh… I guess we’re gonna have to pretend. To be- to be *boyfriends*, or whatever,” he rushes out, face pink. Haley sticks his thumb in her mouth. *Gross*.

“Why do we have to pretend?”

Shane blinks up at Ilya. His anxious demeanor has been wiped from his face, and he’s oozing confidence- whether it’s real or not, Shane doesn’t know. “What?”

“I have never had,” Ilya admits. “Boyfriend. Or girlfriend, really. Never been official with someone.”

Shane takes the rejection as it is. He allows Haley to gum down on his finger. “Oh. That’s- that’s fine.”

“I never wanted to be official with anyone,” Ilya stresses. He leans back against the bed, on his forearms, and looks Shane up and down. “Not until you.”

“You want to be official?” Shane asks quietly. Ilya nudges him with his leg.

“You think I would come to family party of man I don’t want to be with?” He deadpans. Shane can’t help the small laugh that he breathes.

“I though… maybe it was an intimidation tactic. To get in my head. Mess me up next time we play together.”

“Ah. Smart. Yes, we go with that. I am mastermind.”

“Shut up,” Shane exhales, eyes falling down to Ilya’s lips when he sits up. His eyes fall shut on instinct, and he smiles against Ilya’s mouth when he kisses him softly. “Okay. Guess we gotta go deal with that.”

Downstairs, it’s a war zone. Yuna is standing in the middle of the kitchen, holding a pan in one hand and a wooden spoon in the other. She bangs it twice to get everyone to shut up.

“Listen. I don’t care that you hate Boston. I don’t care that we’re a hockey family. Right now, my son is upstairs, worried about coming down to an angry and judgemental family. We are not going to do that. You are going to congratulate them, and show them love, and if you can’t do that, then you can get the hell out of my home. Are we clear?”

A few nods come from the family, but most are too scared to move. They fall completely silent when Shane and Ilya come downstairs, Haley tucked into Shane's side.

"Uh. Hi," Shane says, eyes wide at everyone staring at them. "This is my… this is Ilya."

"Hello." Ilya does a stupid little wave. *God, I love him.* "Merry Christmas. Nice to meet you. How are you? Weather is nice-"

"Stop," Shane elbows him. "You're just cycling through small talk prompts."

They head straight to the living room, finding a corner seat on the couch, and Shane keeps as much distance from Ilya as possible as the family begins to pile in, trying to act as normal as they can. The silence is tense, thick, and Shane is just about ready to lose it.

"Can you-" he gently slides Haley over and stands up. "Okay. You guys are killing me. Just- say what you want. Ask what you want. Please."

"How-" one of his aunts starts, then shakes her head. "It's just- this is a shock to us."

"I know," Shane forces out. He wipes his sweaty palms on his knees. "I didn't- I wasn't expecting it. I mean, we're supposed to be enemies. I just- I fell in love, and-" he cuts himself off, jaw clamping shut, and prays to every god that may be residing in the universe that Ilya didn't hear it. "Okay. I'm just gonna- I'm gonna leave."

"Sit down," Ilya says quietly. Shane's ass nearly bruises from how fast he obeys. "Is fine. Deep breath."

He brings his hand to the back of Shane's neck, squeezing gently, and Shane feels the tension start to seep out. His eyes flutter shut and he takes a few breaths.

“Yes. Is true. I love him. Very much,” Ilya addresses the family. “And- I don’t… I don’t have family. To have Christmas with. So- thank you. For, what is it? Opening door?”

“Opening your home,” Shane corrects quietly. When he looks up, the judgey stares from everyone have melted into something softer- more understanding.

“Yes. Open my home. Thank you.”

There’s more silence for a few long beats, before David finally claps his hands. “Alright. Rozanov, come help me in the kitchen. I have a turkey to slice.”

“Dad-“

“Shh,” Ilya says. “Relax. Be with family.”

He gets up, leaving Shane behind, and all of the women nearly trip over themselves trying to get to him. Ilya sends him a wink from the kitchen. He’s *so* fucked.

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“So.”

Ilya looks up, shoulders tense. “So.”

“I don’t-“ David cuts himself off. “Shane’s never brought anyone home before. I’m not sure what I’m supposed to be doing here.”

Ilya wracks his brain. “You could… threaten? If you like?”

David hums. “I guess so. I just- seems a little dramatic. Especially for Christmas.”

Ilya relaxes a bit. He huffs out a laugh. “I… I love him. More than- more than anything.”

“More than hockey?” David asks, voice pinched, as if he’s caught Ilya in some lie. He doesn’t even hesitate.

“Yes. Would quit hockey, would quit everything. In a heartbeat.”

David looks at him- *really* looks at him- and nods. He claps Ilya on the shoulder. “Well. Welcome to the family then, son. You’ve lost me a *lot* of money on bets.”

Ilya tries not to flinch. He must not succeed, because David retracts his hand quickly. “Sorry.”

“Nothing to be sorry about. Just- hey, hold onto the dish for me, last time it slipped and I had to get rushed to the ER for stitches on Christmas Eve. Not a good look.”

Ilya finds himself loosening up more as time passes. He chats with David, finds out how nice it is to have a father figure who listens, who jokes, who doesn’t tear him apart. He can hear the girls squealing in the other room and hopes that Shane is okay. He will be.

By the time dinner is ready, Ilya’s completely relaxed, making easy small talk with the family, whilst Shane buzzes in his skin. His leg bounces anxiously next to Ilya, and he lays a palm over his jeans and squeezes.

“Relax,” Ilya murmurs. “We are fine.”

“I need-“ Shane stands up, hands shaking at his side. He gives a fake smile and swallows thickly. “I just- I have to call Hayden- I told him I’d check in with the baby- I just-“

He storms out, the door swinging behind him, and Yuna is up on her feet in a moment. Ilya gently pushes his chair back and holds a hand out.

“Is okay,” he says quietly. “I will go talk to him.”

He finds Shane outside, head between his knees, and hesitates slightly before sitting down next to him. He lets one of his palms rest heavy on Shane’s upper back, feeling the rapid expansion of his ribs as he works himself up.

“Hollander,” he says softly. He applies a bit more pressure when he doesn’t look up. “*Shane*.”

“I’m sorry,” Shane says quietly. “You- you shouldn’t have come. I shouldn’t have invited you. I threw you into this with no warning, and, and-“

“How long have you known me?” Ilya asks. Shane tenses under his hold.

“Uh. I don’t know. Eight years?”

“Eight years. And have I ever done something I did not want to do?” At Shane’s silence, he pats him gently on the back. “I want this. I want you. And your silly, loud family. All of it.”

“But- but-“

“No buts,” Ilya says. He reaches forward and gently takes Shane’s chin from where it’s tucked against his chest. “Except for the amazing one you have.”

Shane laughs, face red, and takes a few deep breaths. “I’m sorry. This is just- it’s a lot.”

“Is okay,” Ilya dismisses. He runs his thumb along Shane’s jawline. “Is okay to be a lot. You are a lot. I handle you.”

Shane rolls his eyes and gives him a pouty little look. Ilya wants to kiss it off his mouth.

“How about this,” Ilya says. “We go back. We talk to your family. We… how do you say, damage control? We hang out with cute baby who makes me want to get you pregnant. Then,” he moves closer, pressing his lips against Shane’s oh so gently. “We figure out the rest later.”

Shane exhales against his lips. His eyes flutter shut, and he thinks about his family inside, about the inevitable questions, comments, and concerns. He thinks about how natural Ilya looks alongside the Hollanders, and how maybe, this is all he’s wanted all along.

“Merry Christmas, Ilya,” he says softly, just because he has to. Ilya’s eyes crinkle with a smile.

“Merry Christmas, Shane.”

End Notes

Follow me on X @dabforpalermo, and please feel free to let me know if you enjoyed and if you have any suggestions for future fics! You will not be getting rid of me until next season haha

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