

the godfather(s)

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Summary

They're at the Kingfisher, a low-key queer bar in New York. Shane and Ilya try to meet up here with Kip and Scott whenever they're in town— usually for a game, or a charity event. This time it was to shoot brand deal content for Calvin Klein. Shane was a little mortified prancing around in tighty-whiteys, while Ilya smouldered and smirked to the camera with confidence.

It's been surprisingly nice, these little get-togethers. Or maybe not so surprising; it's incredibly relaxing and relieving to be with maybe the only two other people who have pretty much gone through what Shane and Ilya have.

Notes

i just wanted them to go on a double date lol. this takes place some time after the show's finale. in this AU shane and ilya eloped and are out. i havent read past the second book in the series so shouldnt be any spoilers beyond that

“So you met while cruising,” Ilya says bluntly. “Very old school.”

Shane nearly spits out his beer. “*Ilya.*”

They’re at the Kingfisher, a low-key queer bar in New York. Shane and Ilya try to meet up here with Kip and Scott whenever they’re in town— usually for a game, or a charity event. This time it was to shoot brand deal content for Calvin Klein. Shane was a little mortified prancing around in tighty-whiteys, while Ilya smouldered and smirked to the camera with confidence.

It’s been surprisingly nice, these little get-togethers. Or maybe not so surprising; it’s incredibly relaxing and relieving to be with maybe the only two other people who have pretty much gone through what Shane and Ilya have. Plus, Scott and Kip are fun.

“What?” Ilya says, but he’s smirking in the way where Shane knows he’s being willfully obtuse just to fuck with everyone. “Is true.”

Shane is mortified, but Kip just laughs and kisses Scott on his blushing cheek. “Not exactly. He was just a regular at the smoothie shop.”

“They were very good smoothies,” Scott says with a shy smile. By now the world has long known the general story of how Scott and Kip met, but it’s nice to hear the details.

“That’s sort of adorable,” Shane says. “How did you two, you know— start going out?”

“I don’t know, sometimes you just get a vibe,” Kip shrugs. “I could tell Scott might like me by certain looks he gave me. It helped that my coworker was like, ‘He is literally making heart eyes at you.’”

“I was probably way more obvious than I meant to be,” Scott says, laughing.

“Like I said,” Ilya says. “Cruising.”

“Shut up,” Shane pleads.

“I don’t really even know what cruising is,” Scott admits.

“Really? It comes from time before Grindr. You are dinosaur, Hunter. I am surprised you do not know.”

“Well, cruising or not, I’m glad as hell that I didn’t call in sick that day we met,” Kip says, patting Scott’s hand that’s resting on the table. “I was *so* hungover.”

Scott smiles fondly at Kip and squeezes his hand. They look just as in love as they did when Scott brought Kip down from the stands the day his team won the Cup. Maybe more in love, especially in this cozy and private setting.

But then Shane notices something glint in the dim lighting— two matching gold bands, one on each of Scott and Kip’s ring fingers.

Ilya notices too. He nods toward the rings. “So where was our invitation? I’m hurt. I am life of party at wedding reception.”

Scott grins, sheepish. “Actually, we eloped. You sort of inspired us.”

Shane feels something warm unfurl in his chest. He’s always admired Scott, as a hockey player and as a person. It’s no secret— well, not anymore —that him coming out publicly was a major reason why he and Ilya are together. To hear that he and Ilya inspired Scott and Kip in turn is... touching.

“You didn’t want a big wedding?” Shane asks.

“We’d like to have a party to celebrate eventually,” Kip says. “But we were eager to get married, at least on paper. We hope to adopt soon.”

“Oh,” Shane says. He feels Ilya shift beside him but he remains silent. “Congrats. About both, I mean. That’s really great.”

“Thanks,” Scott says. “I mean, we’re still at the early stages, but. Being married helps the process along.”

“I assume I will be godfather,” Ilya teases.

“Actually, it’s funny you bring that up,” Kip says, scratching the back of his neck. “We were going to wait until the adoption was final to ask, but... would you two be interested in being the godparents of our hypothetical child?”

Ilya stiffens, and Shane feels his own heart beat fast. Shane places a hand on Ilya’s thigh and squeezes. He swallows, willing himself to calm down and not cry.

“We would be honored,” Shane says.

Ilya nods. “Yes,” he chokes out.

Scott smiles, his pretty blue eyes watery. “Thank you.”

Shane and Ilya are quiet as they walk back to the hotel. Despite the late hour, the Manhattan streets are lively and bright. Shane sighs and sags against Ilya when he wraps an arm around him.

“That was sweet,” Ilya says quietly.

“It was,” Shane agrees. He smiles at Ilya. “You’re so good with kids. You’ll make a good godfather.”

“You will too.”

“You’d make a good father, too.”

Ilya stops walking. He stares at Shane. “Is that something you want?”

“I always expected to have kids. But I also always expected to marry a woman, so.”

Ilya snorts out a laugh, but he looks nervous.

“I love being married to you, Ilya. We don’t have to decide right this moment. But if having kids is something you want, I want that too. And if you don’t, that’s fine too.”

“I don’t know,” Ilya admits. “I never thought it was a possibility. I didn’t want a child to be around my father and brother, to go through what I went through, but…” He gives Shane a shy smile. “I never thought I would have such a nice life away from my family. I never thought I’d be in love with such a wonderful man, either.”

Shane smiles back and kisses him. “Just something to think about.”

Ilya holds Shane's face between his hands and attempts to kiss each individual freckle on his cheeks until Shane is a giggling mess. "Yes, something to think about," Ilya says. "Or I could try to get you pregnant tonight."

Shane blushes. "Shut up."

"No? You don't want me to knock you up?"

Shane rolls his eyes but lets Ilya continue kissing him. "Is this you telling me you have a breeding kink?"

"*Net*. I have a Shane Hollander kink."

Shane laughs and finally pushes Ilya away. "Alright, alright. Let's get back to the hotel before we're arrested for public indecency." He grabs Ilya's hand and drags him down the street.

Ilya behaves until the moment the hotel room door slams behind them. He immediately crowds up against Shane, devouring his mouth and fondling his clothed erection. Shane closes his eyes and moans shamelessly, letting Ilya manhandle him however he wants. Suddenly, Ilya stops in the middle of unbuttoning Shane's shirt. Confused, Shane opens his eyes. He's even more confused when he sees Ilya doubled over and shaking with laughter. Breathlessly, Ilya points a finger toward the window.

Shane looks, and to his horror finds himself face to face with a massive billboard of Ilya and Shane in nothing but Calvin Klein underwear.

"Oh god. How the hell did that get up so fast?"

Ilya recovers from his giggle fit and smirks at Shane, resuming giving him hickeyes on his neck and along his collarbone. "Is hot, no? Kinda like a foursome."

“A foursome with *ourselves*?”

Ilya presses more laughter against the crook of Shane’s neck. “Relax, Hollander. You look sexy.”

Shane chances another glance at the billboard. Ilya looks unfairly hot in the photograph, which isn’t surprising. But Shane is surprised to see himself holding his own, not looking awkward in the slightest. “It’s not bad,” Shane admits.

Ilya huffs in annoyance. “Shane Hollander. Do I not tell you enough how fucking gorgeous you are? Because you *are*.”

“Thanks,” Shane says shyly.

“My beautiful, silly husband,” Ilya says, pushing Shane to the bed. He drapes himself over him, and grinds their hips together. “I do not know enough words in the English language to describe how gorgeous you are.”

“Then tell me in Russian.”

Ilya grins, and does as he’s told.

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