For Real

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For Real

by PeaceLilies

Summary

Shane and Ilya back at the cottage after Ilya meets Shane's parents

Notes

Trying my hand at writing some TV showverse.
I've been living in the books for so long that it's a little weird to write a different version of Hollanov.
May continue to dabble, we'll see.
Hope you enjoy this lil PWP! 🥰

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane parked the Range Rover in front of the house, cutting the engine, but leaving the keys in the ignition. He rested his hands on the steering wheel, folding forward so his forehead pressed against it.

"Holy shit," he laughed and Ilya laughed too from the passenger seat, resting a hand on Shane's back.

"See? Was good, yes?"

Shane nodded his head and sighed, closing his eyes for a moment to just try and process everything.

The day hadn't gone at all like he had anticipated but in the end, it had been a good day. Maybe even great.

Waking up with Ilya and having sex and making breakfast and laughing a lot and going down to the lake and being able to tell each other that they loved each other.

It had been wonderfully domestic and comfortable and thrilling.

He hadn't anticipated a derailment.

It wasn't exactly how he had hoped to tell his parents. His whole plan had been a sort of years long process of easing them into the idea of him being gay and then, after they'd processed that, tell them about Ilya.

But now they knew everything, which was, in all honesty, relieving.

Shane sat up, leaning his head back against the headrest of his driver's seat, turned his head, and opened his eyes to look at Ilya.

He was watching Shane, a little smile on his face, blue eyes tracking over Shane, as if trying to gauge what he was thinking.

"You okay?" Shane asked, reaching out to rest his hand on Ilya's thigh.

They'd both kind of been all over the place on the ride back, kind of shocked and excited and relieved. Shane wasn't sure how many times he'd told Ilya he loved him or how many times Ilya had said it back.

And while Shane had been having a bit of a crisis majority of the time they'd been at his parents', he couldn't imagine how Ilya was feeling. It was a lot to be dumped on someone all in the span of a week and a half.

"Yes. I'm happy. Are you okay?"

Shane smiled and nodded. "Yeah. I'm great."

Ilya chuckled, taking Shane's hand and lifted it to his mouth, closing his eyes as he kissed Shane's palm.

"Should we…?"

Ilya motioned toward the house and Shane nodded. He sighed, leaning over the center console to kiss Ilya, because he wanted to and because he could. Ilya sighed into it, sliding a hand into Shane's hair, both of them making out in the car, messy and furtive.

They finally parted, laughing, and Shane pulled the keys from the ignition.

They went back into the cottage, shoes haphazardly abandoned in the entry, Shane's keys dropped hastily into the bowl on top of the wine rack by the door, the two of them wrapping around one another.

Shane felt hungry and desperate for Ilya, wanting to meld into him, to be as close as it was possible to be.

Ilya hefted Shane into his arms and Shane didn't even protest, kissing Ilya fiercely as he walked them to their bedroom, falling into bed.

They both laughed and kissed, peeling off clothing, and reaching for each other.

Shane slid his hands into Ilya's curls, scrunching them in his fingers, before sliding an arm across his strong shoulders as Ilya pressed him into the mattress.

"You met my parents," Shane breathed as Ilya kissed over his cheek, to his jaw, down his neck, sucking a mark there.

Ilya hummed, running his tongue over the mark, before lifting his head to look at Shane.

"I did."

Shane smiled at him.

"They know about us."

"They do."

Shane reached up to cup Ilya's cheek in his hand, running his thumb over the line of his cheekbone. The evening sun streamed through the windows, making everything about Ilya glow.

Shane had become so familiar with Ilya's face, taking every moment he could to catalogue him, memorizing every detail. Ilya smiled, turning his head to kiss Shane's palm. He was so beautiful and Shane was impossibly in love with him.

"I want to be as close to you as possible," Shane murmured as Ilya nestled his cheek back into his hand. He opened his eyes, his expression soft.

"I want that, too."

Shane sighed, sliding his hand to the back of Ilya's head, pulling him down to kiss him again, body rippling against Ilya's, wanting to feel every inch of him.

They kissed some more, pressed close, rubbing up against each other, already hard, before Ilya pulled away to fish the lube out from under Shane's pillow, and grab a condom from the dresser drawer.

Shane flipped their positions and Ilya sat up, leaning back against the headboard, Shane settling himself in his lap, licking his lips.

Ilya smiled at him, running a gentle hand down Shane's chest, squeezing one pec, before popping the lube cap.

Shane loved when Ilya opened him up, though sometimes he liked taking his damn time, and Shane rarely had the patience for that. He'd told Shane a few times that he liked just watching him, which was sexy as hell, but also torturous.

But Shane didn't mind this time. He just leaned into letting Ilya go at his own pace, appreciating the attentiveness he had, the way his fingers expertly pushed into him, curling and stroking and stretching apart.

"You are so beautiful," Ilya murmured, kissing the hollow of Shane's throat.

Shane hummed, turning his head down, opening his eyes to meet Ilya's. "So are you."

Ilya smiled at him, leaning up to kiss him, and nudged a finger up against Shane's prostate, making him gasp and moan.

"Fuck, Ilya."

"Mm, I know you like it."

Shane huffed, letting his head fall back. "Want you inside me."

"Soon."

Shane made an annoyed noise and Ilya chuckled, nipping his chest, but he withdrew his fingers after a few more moments.

They kissed while Ilya slid a condom on and Shane shifted back, sitting down on Ilya's dick. He went slowly, watching the way Ilya's mouth fell open, his cheeks flushed, eyes dark with desire. His hands gripped Shane's hips and Shane bit his bottom lip.

"Fuck, Shane."

Shane hummed happily, settling in Ilya's lap, just enjoying the feeling of being filled, and how perfect it felt having Ilya inside him, snug and perfect.

He licked his lips, giving himself a moment, before resting a hand on Ilya's shoulder, the other on the headboard. Ilya's hands run up and down his back, smoothing over his ass.

Shane went slowly at first, taking his time to feel things out. They'd done this before but it hadn't felt quite as intimate as it did now.

Whatever walls they had left between them had completely crumbled. They were going to do this thing. They were going to make it work.

Ilya was going to move to Ottawa. They would see each other more than just four times a year, they would have entire summers together, they would start a hockey camp.

They would leave their rivalry behind for friendly competition… and when they retired, they would be together. For real.

Shane wasn't sure what that future would look like. Publicly coming out or whatever that was… but he knew they would. He knew that being together meant moving in together and getting married… it maybe even meant kids… and a cat.

They would need to talk about that, at some point. But they both wanted a future and Ilya was his *boyfriend* and he'd met Shane's *parents.*

"You feel so fucking good," Shane sighed. "I love having you inside me."

"Yes," Ilya breathed. "I love being inside you."

Shane smiled, speeding up, opening his eyes so he could watch Ilya's face, finding Ilya's eyes already on him.

Shane trapped Ilya's hips between his thighs, riding the hell out of Ilya's cock because it was so fucking good and he loved the way Ilya looked, lost in pleasure.

"Fuck, Ilya. So fucking good."

"Oh fuck, Shane. Don't stop."

Shane had no intention of stopping. He bounced on Ilya's dick, knowing he was going to come so hard, his fingers digging into Ilya's shoulder, clutching to the headboard.

The room was filled with the sounds of their moaning and flesh slapping against flesh and Shane wanted this for the rest of his life.

He wanted lazy mornings at the cottage and hours of sex and kissing Ilya whenever he wanted and making him laugh and touching him and holding him. He wanted soft Russian words brushed against his skin and playful banter and warm 'I love yous.'

"Holy shit, Ilya. Oh fuck. I'm coming, I'm—!"

Shane cut himself off with a surprised moan as he came, making a mess all over Ilya's stomach, body spasming around him.

Ilya wasn't far behind, swearing in Russian as he came, his arms tight around Shane's waist.

Shane closed his eyes, humming happily, and wrapped his arms around Ilya's shoulders to hug him, Ilya's face buried in his chest. They were both breathing hard, coming down, and Shane only felt deliriously happy.

"I love you," Shane breathed, turning his face into Ilya's curls, and kissing the top of his head.

"I love you, too," Ilya murmured back.

He lay down and Shane came with him, laying on top of Ilya, face tucked against his neck.

He could feel his eyes prickling, though he wasn't sure why he was getting emotional. Maybe it was just the *everything* of the day. The soft domesticity of their morning, swimming together, his parents.

It had been a lot. But everything was okay.

Shane sighed, the sound trembly, and Ilya kissed his forehead, one hand resting on his cheek.

"Are you okay?" he murmured.

Shane nodded, blinking his eyes open, and Ilya leaned away a bit to look at him. His brows furrowed in concern, one thumb brushing a stray tear from Shane's cheek.

"I'm okay. Just… today was a lot."

Ilya nodded, smoothing the backs of his fingers over Shane's cheek in a tender touch. "Yes. It was."

"I'm happy, just…"

Ilya hummed, pulling Shane close, and Shane tucked himself against him, closing his eyes, allowing himself to be comforted.

Eventually, he pulled off of Ilya, and Ilya went to the bathroom to dispose of the condom, sliding back into bed, and curling up with Shane again.

Shane smoothed a hand over Ilya's chest, fiddling with the crucifix pendant that had once been his mother's.

"So…" he murmured. "Boyfriends?"

Ilya huffed a laugh, dropping a kiss to Shane's forehead. "Of course."

Shane leaned away so they could look at each other, sharing the same pillow.

"It's a ridiculous word."

"What? Boyfriends?"

Shane nodded and Ilya arched a brow at him. "More ridiculous than lovers?"

Shane laughed and Ilya pinched his pec. "Ow!"

"We are though, yes?"

Shane smiled, just looking into Ilya's eyes, that pretty blue that was almost green, ringed with gold, framed by long, thick lashes.

"Yeah."

Ilya smiled and Shane kissed his generous mouth.

"I'm happy," Shane whispered.

"Me, too."

"Yeah?"

"Yes. I met your parents and we are together and I love you."

Shane's heart wobbled helplessly in his chest. "I love you, too. So much."

They kissed again and Shane tucked himself under Ilya's chin, tossing an arm and a leg over him, holding him, wanting to touch as much of him as possible.

They would need to get up soon, probably, since Shane's parents were going to come for dinner, but he wanted to enjoy this.

He wanted to bask in the knowledge that what he and Ilya had was real. That it existed. That they were going to make it work.

Shane wasn't much of a planner. He didn't think often about the future or logistics but he was definitely thinking about this.

It would be hard. A year of him in Montreal and Ilya in Boston before Ilya could sign with Ottawa. But they would create their charity and announce it. They'd change their narrative and start building their relationship.

Shane had never wanted anything so much in his entire life and in this moment, he felt invincible. He felt like he could do anything.

Ilya loved him and he loved Ilya.

They were in this together.

It would all be worth it, in the end, because they would have each other. Forever.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!
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