

where the waves meet the shore

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where the waves meet the shore

by [toxica939](#)

Summary

Shane gives himself a minute, hand on the wall in case his knees give out. His heart is still racing behind his ribs. It went fine, he reminds himself. *They still love you.* This is not how the nightmare usually goes.

That's the thing about nightmares though, you can't out run them. Maybe he just has to sit in it for a while, wait for this new reality to reform itself around him.

They still love you.

OR

nightmares aren't real, but waking up is still a process

Notes

I know the book covers this, but I needed to follow our TV show boys back to the cottage after episode 6 to see what they got up to in this world.

It's soft as hell and I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

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

The sun is in his eyes all the way back to the cottage, hand held tight in Ilya's lap, gentle fingertips and thick knuckles pushing between Shane's own.

It's soothing, a balm to the come down after all the adrenaline of the afternoon. Shane still feels a little like his whole body is vibrating.

They don't talk much on the drive, radio cranked up high instead. Not like Ilya to keep so quiet these days, really, but Shane appreciates it. He doesn't know if he has any more words left in him, if he's honest. They're all still spilled out across his parents' dining table. Impossible to recover. It's all out there now, no putting that cork back in the bottle.

Ilya takes the keys from Shane's slack hand when they get out of the car and lets them in the door. Shoes toed off in the entryway, the sticky slap of Ilya's bare feet across the floor as he heads into the kitchen.

Shane gives himself a minute, hand on the wall in case his knees give out. His heart is still racing behind his ribs. It went fine, he reminds himself. *They still love you.* This is not how the nightmare usually goes.

That's the thing about nightmares though, you can't out run them. Maybe he just has to sit in it for a while, wait for this new reality to reform itself around him.

They still love you.

The fridge door pulls open and Shane drops his forehead to the back of his hand, mouths *fuck* over and over into the dark shadow it creates until it feels like it might be out of his system.

“You want more vodka?” Ilya calls, and there's the sound of cupboard doors opening and closing, glasses clinking.

Shane rights himself. “Not really.” His voice sounds fucked up, which is annoying.

The fridge closes and Ilya appears around the corner. “Didn't think so,” he says. There's a can of ginger ale in his hand and Shane's heart trips over itself at the gesture.

He's not actually thirsty but he takes it anyway, can wet against his fingers where it's already started to sweat.

Ilya steers him through to the sunken living area with a hand in the middle of his back and drops beside Shane with a groan, hand rubbing at his stomach.

It's distended, when Shane looks over, pushing against that stupid fucking t shirt he insisted on wearing. Shane sort of wants to rub it for him.

“You didn't actually have to eat three helpings, you know,” he says.

Ilya rolls his eyes. “It was good,” he says. “And I am polite.”

Shane snorts, eyes the trees out past the window until they blur. “You're definitely something.”

Ilya groans, bullying Shane under his arm until he's tucked up against Ilya's side, warmth leeching through him in all the places they're touching. “Ah you love you me,” Ilya says, hand tight around the ball of Shane's shoulder.

Shane does. So much that it feels like a physical weight inside him. Something that pushes against his skin like it's trying to break out.

“I do,” he says, sort of breathless with it, head tipped up on Ilya's shoulder for all that he can't actually see his face. “I love you.”

Ilya kisses his forehead. “I love you too. You're ok?”

“Yeah,” Shane agrees. “Yeah. Probably. I don't know.”

He feels ok, with Ilya wrapped around him. On his couch while the sun starts to slip away, hand on Ilya's thigh where the hair starts to thin out and he can push the soft strands of it against the grain.

“You think it went ok?” he asks.

“I think so.”

“They seemed to like you.”

Shane hopes they liked him. He really needs them to have liked him.

Ilya's fingers trace circles on Shane's arm while he chews it over. It's distracting, but also the kind of thing Shane has never let himself even dream about Ilya doing so he waits, soaks it in.

“I think they will like me,” Ilya tells him in the end. “I am very likable.”

“Tell that to the city of Montreal,” Shane snorts. “Actually, every city that isn't Boston.”

“Fuck Montreal.”

“Fuck you.”

Ilya laughs, hand still cupped over his belly. “Maybe later. When I am not so full of pasta.”

Shane doesn't giggle. He absolutely doesn't. But he does curl in closer and slide his hand up under Ilya's shirt so he can finally rub at his belly for him. He likes the give there, soft skin and dark hair. It's a man's belly and it belongs to Shane too now. It's heady that he can finally touch as much as he wants.

“You sure?” he asks, trying for flirty. He thinks his fingers tracing the waistband of Ilya's shorts probably does a better job of pulling it off though.

Ilya flattens Shane's palm against his skin with his own. "Later," he says, cheek to Shane's hair. "You need to...unclench or something first."

"I'm unclenched," Shane protests, sitting up a little so he can see him. "Totally unclenched here."

Ilya looks skeptical and his fingers are firm when they catch Shane's chin. "You're shaking," he points out.

He's not wrong. The adrenaline crash is a powerful thing. Shane's trembling in spite of himself. It's stupid as well, because he's happy. He should be happy.

"It's been a weird day," he says.

Ilya nods. "Yes. Big day for you. For me also," he draws Shane closer to press a soft kiss against his lips, but then he pulls away before Shane can melt into it, slapping at his thighs as he stands. "I'm going to run you a bath."

Shane gawps at him. "You're what?"

"A bath," Ilya calls, already heading up the steps. "You have one, yes? I saw it yesterday. You want bubbles?"

Shane slumps back against the couch cushions, reeling.

He told his parents he was gay this afternoon and now his boyfriend is going to run him a bath. Sure, sure. Why the fuck not?

He thinks he can be forgiven for the way his hands are still shaking, really.

...

There's steam in the bathroom when Shane finally drags himself inside, and Ilya presenting the tub full of water to him with a flourish.

Shane blinks at him.

"Get in," Ilya encourages. He's dipping a hand in the water like he's checking the temperature before he leans over to shut off the faucet.

Shane feels like he's glitching.

He actually drew him a bath. The tub is full, sparkling gently in the low lighting. There are no bubbles, thank god.

He goes to Ilya, hand smoothing down the wide plane of his back. "I don't really..."

Take baths, he means. Ice baths during the season, sure, but he's never really been a bath person.

Ilya nods, smacking a kiss to Shane's cheek. "Get in the tub, Shane. It's good for you, relaxing."

"Are you going to get in too?"

"No. You have pathetic one person tub. No room for two hockey players."

He's not wrong. Shane hadn't exactly been planning on sharing baths with anyone when he'd had the place designed. Definitely not someone Ilya's size. He's regretting that now, actually. In fact, he could probably-

"Shane," Ilya says gently. "Get in the bath. You can redesign whole house tomorrow."

Shane laughs, rolling his eyes at himself. He's sure Ilya didn't used to be able to read him this well.

So he gets in the bath. Doesn't react to Ilya's fond smile or any of the expressions he makes while Shane folds his clothes and lays them on the vanity.

He wasn't wrong about the bath either. It is pretty nice. It'd probably be more relaxing if there wasn't a six foot Russian staring at him, judging how much relaxing he was doing, but whatever.

"You want candles?" Ilya asks.

Shane flicks water at him. "Fuck off. No, I don't want candles. I'm not a fucking-" he cuts himself off. He's not saying *that*.

Ilya gives him a look, because he heard it anyway, and his eyes flick down Shane's body to the water. "No," he agrees. "No you are not. Not that kind of girl anyway, maybe."

"Fuck *off*."

It makes Ilya laugh at him again, so Shane sinks deeper into the water until it's kissing his chin. It forces his knees up, two bony little islands, and Ilya gives one a firm squeeze before he starts stripping out of his shirt.

"What are you doing?" Shane asks, alarmed. He'd sort of accepted the fact that Ilya was just going to hang around watching him sit here. He hadn't been prepared for him to suddenly be shirtless, thumbs in the waist of his shorts. All that skin on show and just out of reach. He's golden in the bathroom light and Shane thanks his lucky stars that at least he listened to the designer about how important low lighting was in rooms like this.

"Showering?" Ilya says, like it's a question. "I smell like old lake water," he pauses. "I should use other bathroom instead?"

Shane shakes his head slowly, wetting his lips. No, no he definitely should not.

He's got a straight view of the shower from here. A hot bath *and* a show. He's really having a day.

Shane's shared a shower with Ilya before, obviously. Had him on his knees in that one hotel room in Boston. Been on his knees in his own more times than he can count, probably. They've fucked in the shower before, even. Ilya's fingers slipping his hips, Shane's face pressed to cold tile, breath fogging.

It all plays out like a montage in Shane's head while he watches Ilya soap himself up.

They've done a lot of things to each other in a lot of different showers, but he's never gotten to do this. Just watch Ilya from a distance like this, water streaming down his back, dripping from the curve of his ass. Not since that first time. Shane's mouth is watering now like it was watering then. But there's years of wanting and hoping between him and that Shane now. He doesn't have to pretend not to look.

"Relaxed yet?" Ilya asks, shouting a little over the thunder of the water. He turns around to rinse out his hair and Shane's breath sticks in his throat. There are suds sliding down over his chest, catching in the hair. A steady stream of water running from the tip of his soft cock. Shane wants to put his mouth there, wants to drink it from him, feel him firm up against his tongue.

It's probably written all over his face too, if the look Ilya's giving him is anything to go by. That smirk Shane knows too well, Ilya's hand slipping down to give himself a couple of gentle pulls.

"You like what you see?" Ilya calls, teeth on show.

"Fuck off," Shane says, laughing. And then, "Obviously," because they promised to be honest and his boner for Ilya Rozanov wet and soapy is probably the thing that landed him here. It's never been a secret.

"You could join me?" Ilya says, sing song and teasing.

And Shane wants to, of course he does, but.

"I thought I was supposed to be relaxing?"

He swirls his hands through the warm water and realizes that he is, relaxing. His fingers aren't trembling any more, he isn't swallowing around the heart in his throat anymore, it's back in his chest where it belongs.

Ilya smiles at him, turning the shower off and reaching for a towel. He's dripping water all over the floor like an animal and Shane bites his tongue about it.

"Is it working?" Ilya asks. He's drying himself off in rough strokes but his eyes are on Shane through the wet fall of his hair.

Shane nods, eyes on Ilya right back. "Yes. Thank you."

Ilya comes over, naked and beautiful, cups a hand under Shane's chin and another around the back of his head, tilts Shane's face up for a kiss.

“Good.”

...

Shane flips the sheets back. “Did you lock the-”

“Yes. And I wiped the counter *and* I picked up the towels. Chill out Hollander,” Ilya grouses at him, already settled in the bed, hair wild.

Shane slides in beside him, right up against him, head pillowed on Ilya's shoulder. “Thank you. I'm chill. I'm so chill.”

Ilya huffs. “You have never been chill in your life,” but rolls them together anyway, hugging Shane tighter.

It's still startlingly domestic, all of this. Getting ready for bed with Ilya, brushing their teeth side by side and taking turns to spit. They've never had the time before. Shane feels giddy, now, about all the days stretching out ahead of them where they can just be together. It's unbelievable.

He slides a hand up Ilya's chest to curl it around his neck. He can hold him like this now, touch him gently if he wants to and accept being touched in return. It's almost enough to make his brain turn off.

“Thank you for today,” he says, quiet.

“Was nothing.”

“No,” Shane says. He shakes his head and meets Ilya's eyes, dark pools and lamp light reflections. “It wasn't nothing. I don't think I could have got through it without you, honestly.”

Ilya's brow creases. “You could,” he tells Shane. “But I am glad I was here. Is what boyfriends are for, yes?”

That word again. Shane still feels it like an electric shock through his central nervous system. He's a little worried he might be glowing.

“Boyfriends,” he whispers, smiling like an idiot.

Ilya hmms, wide palm on Shane's cheek.

“You're a good boyfriend,” Shane says, and is delighted to see the way it makes Ilya glow back at him.

Ilya gives him a kiss. He probably meant it to be a quick one but Shane holds on, opens his mouth to it until they're licking at each other's tongues, wrapped tight together in the middle of the bed. He can feel himself getting hard against Ilya's thigh and he lets himself whimper into them space between their mouths about it.

Ilya sucks at his bottom lip, talks right into Shane's panting mouth. "And what do good boyfriends do?"

Shane pretends to think about it, hand splaying out across Ilya's back. "You could fuck me?" he suggests, grinning, because they both know that's what he always wants and he can feel Ilya's dick pushing at him under the covers. He feels relaxed, boneless, after so long in the tub, he bets Ilya could just push right into him. Just hold him down and-

Ilya turns his face into the pillow and groans, pained. "*Shane*. So full of pasta."

Shane laughs, kisses him again, keeps kissing him while he shifts their hips together, keeps kissing him until they're breathless again. "Ok," he allows, hand sliding down. "What about this?"

He wraps his fingers around the both of them, thumbing at the wetness leaking from his own slit and spreading it around.

Ilya clutches at him, nose dragging against Shane's cheek. He doesn't say anything but his hips hitch into Shane's hand so he takes that as yes, spits into his own hand and starts stroking.

He loves this. Ilya right up against him, tugging Shane's thigh up over his hip to get closer. He loves that they can kiss the whole time, that every time he gasps he gets a mouthful of Ilya's breath.

He keeps his hand moving, pulling noises out of the back of Ilya's throat until he's so hard he can't breath without shivering.

He comes too fast, keyed up and moaning too loudly. He's not even sorry about it.

Ilya rolls over him, dick caught in the crease of Shane's hipbone and grinding. It's almost as good as being fucked, honestly, the weight of Ilya pushing him into the bed, rib cages crushed together. He can get his sticky hands up to hold Ilya's face where he wants it, watch it crumple in pleasure. There is nothing Shane would rather look at than Ilya, open mouth turned into Shane's palm, coming against Shane's skin and shaking with it.

Ilya cleans them both off with the top sheet after, which he knows Shane hates, and Shane pulls a face at the tacky feeling where their bodies meet, the bleachy smell that'll linger in the hair on Ilya's belly until morning.

He's going to regret letting them fall asleep like this in the morning.

He keeps his mouth shut up about it anyway, because Ilya is grumbling like a sleepy kid, face in Shane's shoulder as he settles down. He whispers in Russian again as he drifts off.

Shane's heart rolls over and he regards the dark ceiling, takes stock of the way every part of himself feels like it's sitting correctly inside his body again. His skin fits right. Ilya kept him together all day, set him right when he needed it, made him take a fucking bath.

He loves you. Shane's going to be fine.

End Notes

hi hello. there's probably a second part of this left in me, because we all want to see Ilya's pov of his second dinner with the in-laws right? but it's done for now

as ever, comments/kudos are much appreciated. i crave validation

you can find me on tumblr [here](#) if you want to say hi

ok, love you, bye

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