

A is for "Already Home" (Asking for Approval)

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by [vsleaqing](#)

Summary

Shane wants to move in with Ilya, but he doesn't know how to ask.

Hint: They've been basically living with each other for 10 years on and off, plus multiple summers at the cottage.

Notes

This will be part of an A-Z series about moving in together and all the domestic fluff that happens!

Prompt: A is for *Asking for Approval*.

I love seeing Shane and Ilya get domestic with each other, and it just warms my heart writing about it. Hope you like it :)

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

It had to be inevitable that they were going to move in together. Right?

After all the chaos, Shane had—finally, with Ilya’s help—signed with the Centaurs. He was certain now that he would be living in Ottawa for the rest of his life, back where he’d grown up. And he was grateful for it.

Staying in the league and doing what he loved felt like the best possible outcome to Crowell’s disappointment. While Shane was more than prepared to sue the hell out of Crowell if that homophobic bitch had tried to canceled him and Ilya, he was relieved that the issue had been resolved through a rather peaceful manner. The process forced him to relearn the truth about certain people, mend and build stronger relationships with others, and, to his surprise, hadn’t shaken his relationship with Ilya at all.

Shane had always worried he’d end up in a relationship that fought over every tiny thing. Not because that was what he’d grown up with – no, Yuna and David were practically a model couple – but because Shane had always been hypersensitive (and as he would call it, perceptive), paying early and excessive attention to the small warning signs his friends noticed far too late in their no-longer-savable relationships.

Looking back, he knew how fortunate he was to have Ilya. He wasn’t sure how he would have survived the cruelty of ex-supporters and former teammates without him. The disgusted sneers, the deliberate distance. Each moment fractured him again and again, and all he could do then was grit his teeth, tell himself that he would play well, be Shane Hollander, and pray he’d make it home to a call with Ilya.

Now, he didn’t have to do that anymore.

Moving back to Ottawa also meant being closer to his parents – and to Ilya. The logistics of seeing Yuna and David never worried him; they had a talent for inserting themselves lovingly into Shane’s life, whether that meant dragging him home for dinner or showing up at his place unannounced, cottage or Montreal house included.

It was living closer with Ilya that gave him pause.

It felt natural – obvious, even – that he would move in. They were getting married in summer. It would be weird for a married couple to not live together. Also, they’d already lived together on and off through seasons and schedules and long stretches apart. And yet, something about it unsettled Shane.

Would Ilya be okay with another person fully occupying his space? With changing routines, rooms, habits? Living with someone long-term—probably forever now—was different from drifting in and out. Would Ilya feel crowded? Would he miss the quiet? Would he feel like something was being taken from him?

All those questions made Shane feel dumb.

He never believed Ilya would say no. But the unanswered what ifs – the things he didn't ask aloud – cast everything under a soft, gray haze. He didn't want to bring it up. Didn't want to sound overly sensitive, or boring, or like he was inventing problems where none existed.

So he said nothing.

Months later.

They'd been spending their summers at the cottage for years. And this year was no different.

Shane was sitting quietly in a chair in the backyard watching Ilya hustle in his newly established garden when he got the call from Yuna, another invitation to a big family dinner tonight for the four of them.

"Hey mom." Ilya's ears perked up to Shane's words, hands continuing to do their work with the soil.

"Oh yeah. I'll remind Ilya to bring it." Shane glanced up, smiling softly and mouthing dad's tool kit.

"Yes, we'll be there tonight. Six o'clock. And vodka." A pause. "Yes. I know."

Shane was getting a bit impatient just because he knew how long these phone calls would get if he ever let Yuna ramble on and on, "Ilya's waiting for my help. Got to go."

Shane hung up the call, set his phone down on the table, pushed it away, and went back to watching Ilya.

"Thought you were going to help me," Ilya teased, tossing a shovel in his way.

Shane caught it and set it aside. "You're probably enough for the garden." Plus, Shane could not be bending his back right now. "Also, dad wants his tool kit back. I think he left it here the last time they were here."

"Yes, is in the garage." Ilya looked like he was done with what he had been doing. He peeled off his gloves and tossed them into a bucket that was supposedly acting as his tool box, pretending to be organized.

He walked over, looming just a bit. Shane looked up as he did, suddenly having the fleeting thought that he wanted to pout his lips and ask for a kiss. But that's too corny for him.

Apparently, it wasn't for Ilya. He squatted in front of him, grabbed the armrests of Shane's chair, and pulled himself closer to Shane.

"Gimme kiss," he leaned in.

Shane sighed and leaned forward anyway. How did his husband just know what he was thinking about.

“Should go inside,” Ilya said afterward, pulling Shane up easily as he stood up, “Is getting cold outside.”

They decided to stay at Yuna and David’s for a bit longer after dinner. Yuna had made Okayu for dinner, a comforting rice porridge she’d always make for Shane when he was a little kid. This was also Ilya’s first time trying it, and he loved it, giving the soup compliments up and down like what he did to all the other food Yuna and David had offered him before.

They had curled up together on the couch. Shane was sitting with his back against the cushions, while Ilya stretched himself out and laid his head in Shane’s laps.

The television had been switched to some Nickelodeon channel by Ilya, and SpongeBob was playing.

None of the high-pitched laughter was being processed by Shane. He stared at the animated screen, and was struck by the return of a thought he’d long forgotten in the back of his mind.

“Ilya?”

“Yes.”

“After summer,” Shane began, then hesitated. “Would it be...okay if I moved in with you?”

There was a pause.

Then Ilya turned to him, brow furrowed. Confused.

“What do you mean?”

Shane blinked. “I mean – your place. Full time. If that’s okay.”

Ilya stared at him. Shane was quietly having a mental break down. Why wasn’t Ilya responding? He’s usually the wittiest and fastest with responses, although often times they were unconventional and unheard of. But, Shane doubt he’d say no to this. So now, why isn’t he talking?

Ilya let out of a soft laugh, disbelief threaded through it.

“Shane,” he said, gently. “What are you talking about?”

Shane was ready to bolt out of the window.

“Of course you’re going to move in,” Ilya continued, reaching for his hand. “We have been living together a long time ago, no?”

“Oh.”

Ilya smiled, pressing a kiss to his knuckles. “You think I marry you for summers only?”

Shane laughed, relief washing over him so hard it made his chest ache. He bent down, resting his forehead against Ilya's.

"Okay," he said quietly, leaving a kiss on Ilya's lips.

"Okay," Ilya echoed.

The question had been answered long before it had ever been asked.

That night, it comes up again. Shane had already gotten the question settled. It was just... logistics.

They were back at the cottage already and were both in the kitchen. Ilya's leaning against the counter, sipping tea Yuna had tossed in their car before they left. Shane's sitting on the opposite side of the table, absentmindedly sorting mail he brought from Montreal.

"So," Shane said, like it's nothing. "I guess I'll need to bring my winter coats."

"Yes," Ilya agreed immediately. "All twelve of them."

"Hey," Shane protested mildly. "Ottawa gets cold."

Ilya hummed. "You are still freezing always."

Shane ignored that. "I actually don't think I own much stuff back in Montreal... Most of it is probably just hockey gear."

"Garage," Ilya said. "Mine is there."

"And my books?"

"Living room. Or bedroom. Wherever you want," Ilya looked up. "Or wherever you leave them."

Shane paused, glanced up as well. "I don't leave them everywhere."

"Yes, yes." Ilya said fondly.

There's a beat.

"Oh," Shane added, quieter. "I don't think I take up much closet space either."

Ilya set his mug down and walked over to lean against the kitchen island with the side of his waist. "Why are you trying to convince me you are good roommate and will not take up space? You want to move in with me?"

Shane tilted his head towards Ilya.

"Ah no. I don't need good roommate."

Shane brushed through his eyelashes with his fingers.

“Shane, we already live together,” Ilya looked into Shane’s eyes. “You are my good roommate. Moya ideal'naya sosedka po komnate.”

“Oh—that’s a long phrase.”

“Yes. Russians are long.”

Shane blushed to himself. How is Ilya so good at these word plays?

“So what does it mean.”

“My little over-worried, caring angel of tomatoes,” Ilya rested a hand on Shane’s shoulder. “Moya lyubov.”

Shane knew that one. He looked down, resumed sorting the mail. “I love you too.”

“And,” he said, almost as an afterthought, “I like sleeping on the left side.”

Ilya snorts. “You sleep wherever you fall. Also, I know that.”

“Still,” Shane insists.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “Left side.”

End Notes

“Moya ideal'naya sosedka po komnate” means *my perfect roommate*

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