

Under One Roof

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Under One Roof

by [notatrixieblog](#)

Summary

At 35, Ilya's life could not be going worse frankly. His best friend is asking for a divorce, he has a boring job and his boring co worker pities him enough to invite him to spend a few weeks with him and his family on their annual vacation to their summer cottage. And he's so pathetically lonely he accepts.

At 22, Shane has his whole life ahead of him. He's the captain of his university's hockey team, he's suspected to be the first draft pick in the MLH and he's able to maintain a 4.0 GPA on top of all that. His lack of a social life doesn't really bother him, he'll have time to date once he's achieved his life long dream. He's sure a girl will come along eventually.

OR Ilya is Shane's dad's hot co worker who ends up at the cottage one summer.

Notes

This is the first fic I've written since I was like 9 years old writing self insert Jonas Brothers fanfic on Quizilla, so please be kind!

I got laid off and needed something to do with my time other than just reading about Hollonov, so i decided to write about them to.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter 1- Ilya

The streets of Kanata, Ottawa ripped open with the sound of the engine in Ilya's cyan blue Lotus Evora on his way to work. His sports car collection, unfortunately for his neighbors, was Ilya's prize possession. Ilya sighed. He would probably have to sell most of his cars, he doubted he'd be able to find a rental that would have a 4 car garage and there was no way he'd let these beauties suffer the Ottawa winter outside. He cringed at the thought of it. He hoped he'd be able to find something permanent before the winter, it was just late May after all, but he was picky.

He and Svetlana hadn't found anything they both liked on the market when they were looking and ended up building. He didn't want to go through all that again, but if needs must, he guessed he'd be able to endure. Ilya felt the corners of his mouth tug down as he thought of that year with his wife. They were both so young but had more money than they reasonably knew what to do with, so they'd built an absolutely ridiculous house. Two stories and a basement that was basically a movie theatre. Sleek, modern, the perfect blend of their styles. So many floor to ceiling windows and a huge primary bedroom. Mornings weren't so bad when you woke up to the view of their meticulously landscaped yard. Svetlana had sold so many cars during that year they hadn't even needed to take out a mortgage. Ilya felt like his life was finally starting.

Their shotgun, courthouse wedding wasn't glamorous but it got the job done. Ilya hadn't been successful applying for a permanent work visa on his own, so in a last ditch effort he'd asked his best friend to marry him so he could apply for a spousal visa. Because she was the best, she'd agreed and they'd set a date. Knowing someone your whole life makes committing visa fraud very easy, it turned out. And the thing was, they did love each other, they were committed to being a part of each other's lives for as long as they lived, plus the occasional sex was always fun, but they were never in love. But their marriage worked, for 12 years it had worked which is why Ilya was so shocked when Svetlana sat him down and said she wanted a divorce. She told him she needed this, needed to see what life was out there for her without their marriage hanging between them. And his permanent resident status had been cemented for a while, there was no risk of him being deported now. He cried, and so did she, and they held each other for a long time. It wasn't like they weren't going to be in each other's lives anymore, but it was a huge change for both of them. In the end Ilya said he understood and agreed to everything very quickly. They had been going through the process of the divorce for a few months now, it wasn't quite as easy as they'd hoped but they were both cooperating with everything the courts needed. Ilya had said she could keep the house, which she appreciated, but he still hadn't moved out. He started to sleep in the guest room though. It was a hard transition, they'd both gotten so used to sleeping beside each other, and it felt weird to suddenly be separated this way. Ilya had never been a morning person, but it was even worse when the other side of the bed was cold.

As he parked his car, he ran a hand down his face. He needed to get his emotions under control before he walked into the office. Not that much was going on at work anyway, nothing ever did at the Treasury Board of Canada. It was the most boring job Ilya could think of, but he was good at it, and working for the government felt like a great way to prove his loyalty to the country he was begging to stay in. And now it felt too late to try and do anything else with his life. He did enjoy the stability of his job though. Growing up without any, it wasn't something he knew he craved until he had it. His boss was fine, and he had made a few friends. Being an immigrant could get very lonely very fast, and Ilya wasn't the best at making friends. It wasn't that he was too shy, it was the opposite. He was loud and brash and cocky, something that few appreciated.

His best friend outside of Svetlana was Cliff, he started around the same time Ilya had and they'd become fast friends. Then there was David, he was something of a mentor for Ilya. He was quite a bit older, nearly a decade and a half, but he was like an older brother for Ilya. A much better brother than his family had given him. David was everything Ilya wasn't. He was a steady force in Ilya's life, something he'd needed more than ever recently. For some reason he wanted to impress the older man, which is why he still hadn't told him about the divorce. David liked Svetlana more than he liked Ilya, he was sure of it. He'd brought his wife to office parties throughout the years and David had even taken them out to dinner a few times with his own wife, Yuna. Ilya knew David would be disappointed in him, and Ilya couldn't think of something worse than that.

Ilya took a deep breath and opened his car door. He needed to get today over with. Maybe he'd finally get the courage to tell David. He knew something was wrong even though he hadn't outright said anything. He'd checked up on Ilya more than usual, and had asked him to lunch almost every day the past two weeks, which they hadn't done since Ilya first started and was still getting his bearings at the office. Ilya wasn't very good at opening up to anyone other than Svetlana, but maybe this could be the start of something new. He took another deep breath and locked his car as he started towards the building.

David was already at his desk when Ilya strolled in. He did his best to smile at the older man. "Good morning, David." He said, his accent still thick from disuse this early in the morning. "Happy Monday, Ilya!" David said softly, grinning. "Was wondering if you had the bandwidth to help me out with something Crowell wants by the end of the week?"

Ilya nodded as he sat down at his desk and logged into his computer. "Sure, email it to me? I will take a look in afternoon."

"Thanks, son," David smiled, clapping Ilya on the shoulder before returning to his desk. "Oh, I was also wondering if you wanted to grab lunch together today? I forgot to pack anything last night, was thinking of heading down to Cocotte Bistro, but I'm open to other suggestions if you have other preferences?"

Ilya tried not to sigh, Ilya liked getting lunch with David, he did, but he also felt like he was being babysat. David could tell Ilya was upset, Ilya wasn't great at hiding his emotions but he was so ashamed of his divorce, and also of his reaction to said divorce. Ilya just nodded as he scrolled through his emails, seeing if there was anything pressing that needed his attention first thing. "Yes, sure, Bistro is okay." He responded without looking away from his screen.

Ilya guessed this would be a good opportunity to finally come clean to David. It would make Ilya feel better probably too, a problem shared is a problem halved, or whatever the English saying was. "Should invite Cliff, too," Ilya added. Might as well tell him at the same time. Efficiency, as their boss liked to preach.

By the time all three of them were at a place where they could step away for lunch, Ilya was starving. He'd always had a great appetite and he thanked God for his fast metabolism or he was sure he wouldn't be able to walk. The restaurant was only a few minute walk from the office, so the three decided to enjoy the weather.

"Crowell is such a dick" Cliff laughed as Ilya described the project he had David working on that he'd asked Ilya to help out on. "Not one person is even going to look at that report." "Yes well, we don't get paid to do reasonable things," Ilya laughed. His mood has improved throughout the morning. Spending time away from the house always did that for him now. It was so lonely, even when Svetlana was there. Their relationship had changed so significantly he was still learning how to act around her.

One night when Svetlana had visited him in his dorm room, they'd taken some online quiz she'd found and it told them his love language was "physical touch" which, as silly as it was, Ilya had to agree. They used to cuddle, and touch each other all the time even when neither of them were trying to initiate anything sexual; and now Svetlana said that would count as cheating on her new girlfriend, Rose so he was getting touch starved. Ilya was trying his best not to feel bitter about it.

Rose, ugh. She was the reason he was getting divorced. Svetlana had met her on a night out she went on with Ilya. Her and Ilya had gone out to Montreal where they liked the club scene. They'd decided to get separate hotel rooms for the night and see what kind of fun they could find. She'd picked up Rose and they hit it off instantly. She'd let her stay the night, which Svetlana didn't usually let people do. They'd even exchanged numbers the next morning. They'd apparently texted everyday for a week before Svetlana admitted she was married. She explained that they were open and even, against her better judgement, admitted to Rose it was mostly for Ilya's passport. Rose had been understanding but told Svetlana that she just couldn't be with someone who was married, ethically nonmonogamous or not. Svetlana understood, and after taking some time to think, she'd asked Ilya for the divorce. Ilya loved her so much, he was trying so hard to be happy for her. She'd found someone who could love her in the way she deserved, not just a boy she'd been friends with since they were kids. He wasn't jealous of this C list actress, and he certainly hadn't looked up and watched every terrible movie she'd ever been in and rated them one star on his Letterboxd. She was just some random woman who'd entered Ilya's life and blown it to pieces.

He took a deep breath and tried to smile and rejoin the conversation his friends were having. David pulled him from his thoughts as he opened the door and ushered the younger two men inside. They were seated and ordered without much fanfare. David got the soup and salad special and Ilya and Cliff both got burgers. After the waitress left with their orders Ilya took a deep breath and looked between the men. David noticed his shift in energy and perked up.

"I have something to say," Ilya started. Fuck, that made it sound worse than it was. It was bad, but no one was dying. He took a sip of water and started again. "Something I would like

to tell you two.” David smiled and nodded encouragingly at him, Cliff raised an eyebrow. “I am getting divorced. Svetlana and I have been going through process for two months now, seems to take forever, so not actually sure when I will be divorced but, court has paperwork,” Ilya trailed off, he looked down and noticed he was spinning his wedding ring around, a nervous habit he’s picked up over the years, something that would change when he finally got the courage to take it off.

“Oh Ilya, I’m so sorry to hear that!” David said, reaching across the table to pat him on the shoulder.

Cliff laughed, which startled the other two. “Told you, brother, bitches aren’t worth the trouble!”

“Cliff!” David chastised, shushing him. “This is clearly upsetting to him, try for once to be empathetic!” Ilya cracked a small smile. David was such a sweet man, you could really tell he was a father though, no one without kids was capable of that tone.

“That is like asking fish to fly,” Ilya chuckled, sniffing. He took another deep breath and looked around. It felt like the weight of the world had been lifted off his shoulders. It was nice that someone besides himself knew. David smiled sadly at him and nodded.

“Yes, I guess that’s true. I’m just glad you told us, Ilya, that was very brave. I’m sure this time hasn’t been easy for you. You know you can always talk to us.”

Ilya nodded. “Thank you, David, is very nice of you. Svetlana is good person, I am not angry with her. She is still my best friend. We will just no longer be married. I think that is hardest part. Is not messy breakup, we still love each other.” Ilya’s accent was coming in thicker, he was dropping his articles. He noticed but didn’t care to correct himself. His English always got messy when he was emotional. He was trying so hard not to be emotional, and that was probably making it worse. He rubbed his eyes with both hands and took another deep breath. Their waitress chose that moment to bring out their food. Ilya welcomed the distraction. He smiled and thanked the young woman and took a huge bite out of his burger. The conversation thankfully returned to lighter subjects like work and David’s son’s hockey game. Ilya couldn’t ever remember meeting the kid, but he thought he was in secondary school. Ilya wasn’t very interested in family talk at the moment so he respectfully tuned out, and tried to nod when it seemed appropriate.

Once they’d finished and gotten back to their desks, Ilya felt better than he had in months. He felt lighter now that his friends knew. He wasn’t keeping such a dark secret anymore. Cliff stopped by his desk on his way out, grinning at Ilya. “Come out with me this weekend, brother. Let’s get you laid!” He laughed.

“Sex is not my problem right now, Marlow.” Ilya said, rolling his eyes, chuckling as he turned off his computer. Getting out probably wouldn’t be the worst idea though. Svetlana was going to be out of town at a car show in Boston. The house was worse when it was empty, even if it was somewhat awkward right now that was better than Ilya bouncing around like a piece of space junk. “But could be fun,” he admitted. Cliff slapped him on the back and headed out. He was sure he’d get a text later from him begging to drive down to Montreal instead of staying in Ottawa. The night life was better there. And had hotter people. But Ilya

was certain of the fact that he would not be up for hooking up with anyone. The last time he'd gone down to Montreal was the night his life was ruined, though he hadn't known it at the time. Now the city just left a bad taste in his mouth.

Ilya got in his car and drove home, afternoon traffic was horrible like always, but Ilya was still feeling pretty good after his afternoon. He backed into the garage and walked inside. "I'm home!" he called in Russian.

"In the kitchen!" his soon to be ex-wife answered. Ilya followed her voice into the kitchen and smiled sadly. She was cooking them dinner, something she only rarely did, the last time being the night she served him divorce papers.

"This can't be good," he said, trying to keep his tone light and teasing.

She flinched. "I'm becoming that predictable?"

That caused Ilya to frown. "What? You are leaving me, do you also have cancer now?" he tried, unsuccessfully, to joke.

"Ah, no, not that bad. But I got my new ID today."

"New ID?"

"Yes, since I changed my name I needed to get a new one," Svetlana said slowly.

"Changed your name? What? When did you do that?" Ilya felt like the floor had dropped out from under him. Obviously she would change her name, they weren't married anymore, there was no reason for her to keep it, but she was the only person Ilya still considered family, them sharing a name was physical proof they were. But they were getting a divorce, she was moving on with her life. She was untying herself from Ilya, of course that meant changing her name. But Ilya had never thought about it. He had never once considered she would no longer be a Rozanov. Ilya knew his life was changing, and this was just one more change in a long line of them. But this felt like an even bigger one than the divorce for some reason. Svetlana could tell Ilya was struggling. She sighed and enveloped him in a hug. He melted into her and wrapped his arms around her. She raked her fingers through his hair and hummed softly. "It's just a name Ilya. Just paper work. Changes nothing between us," she shushed. And Ilya knew this, but this felt drastic, more drastic than the divorce for some reason.

"You are the only Rozanov I can stand to talk to," he whined into her shoulder, resisting the urge to kiss the skin there, taking a deep breath in instead.

"Hmm, yes, that is true, I was the best one of us," She agreed. He pulled back from her and smiled sadly. She wiped a stray tear from his cheek. "But I needed this Ilyushka. You understand that, don't you?"

Ilya nodded and sniffed. "I do. But it still hurts. All this hurts, Svetochka. I already miss you."

“We are still family, always will be together. We are just changing labels again. I will always be here for you. I will always love you, even if we do not share a last name.”

Ilya nodded again, he took another deep breath and fully straightened up. “Yes, yes, I know. I am sorry, Svetochka. You are right. I am sorry.”

“No, no, you don’t have anything to apologise for. I know, I am throwing a lot at you, asking a lot from you. Honestly, I thought it would be worse than this,” She smiled, rubbing her hands along his arms. “I’m sure you’re hungry,” she said, gesturing to the food she had been in the middle of plating.

“Looks like shit,” Ilya laughed. She had never been a good cook, the steaks she had on the plates looked overcooked and the vegetables looked raw. “You are the worst wife,” he teased. “Your girlfriend know how bad of a wife you are?” He tried, he really really tried to make it come out like a joke, but he’s sure some of his resentment bleed through.

Svetlana, saint that she was, laughed lightly and shrugged. “She knows I make lots of money and I think that’s all she cares about.”

“Enough money to order take out for your husband?”

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Svetochka: Dear/sweet Svetlana.

Ilyushka: Tender form of Ilya

Comments and Kudos appreciated :) <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat!

Chapter 2: Chapter 2- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sound of gentle, distant bird calls roused Shane from sleep. He took three deep box breaths and opened his eyes, turning over to turn off his alarm clock. It was the last day of spring semester. He had one exam to go to, it wasn't until 1, but he liked to keep his routine. He put on his robe and headed to the bathroom to start his shower. He lit a candle, the only light source in the room for now and did some more meditative breathing. Starting his mornings as calm as possible had really helped with his anxiety, and so what if he was very protective over his regime? He knew what worked for him, and what kept him at his best. He moved through the steps in his routine smoothly, something only achieved after years of practice.

He was quiet normally, but he tried to keep things extra quiet this morning, knowing the people in the next room over, Hayden and his girlfriend Jackie, would stay asleep probably until he left for his exam. They had both finished their semesters yesterday and went out to celebrate. He and Hayden had been roommates since their freshman year. He was Shane's best friend. They were both on the university's hockey team together. Shane was the captain, despite only being a junior this year, but he'd led them to record breaking seasons every year since he'd started. Hayden was on the starting line with him and living together seemed to only make playing together easier. They knew each other so well they could anticipate the other's thoughts almost as they were occurring in real time. Shane didn't like to brag, but he knew he was the best hockey player in all of Canadian university hockey. There were statistics to prove it, which, even in the off season he checked regularly. His only goal was to get drafted into the MLH after graduation. And he knew that he could do it if he kept his head down and focused.

He was also focused on his degree, he was maintaining a 4.0. He found it was easy to do because he cared so much about nutrition and he knew what he was learning would help him throughout his career and throughout the rest of his life. Shane had decided pretty early on into his education that a macrobiotic diet would help him the most. It would keep him mind and body sharp so he could continue to play the best hockey he was able. He headed to the kitchen from the bathroom, using the flashlight on his phone to guide the way. It would still be dark for several more hours but he didn't want to turn on the big lights just yet. He put his prepped breakfast of steel cut oats and broccoli into the microwave and made sure to grab it out before the timer went off. He added some kimchi to the bowl and sat at the kitchen island. He opened up his phone to YouTube to find something to watch while he ate. He finally settled on something he knew would bring him some joy, unlikely animal friends. He smiled as he ate, he loved going down these rabbit holes. He very rarely let himself, knowing he could usually be spending his time on something productive, but it was the last day of the semester, he figured he could indulge a little.

After he ate he went to his room to change into something to run in. He hadn't planned on going on a run this morning, usually Fridays were weight training days, but he had some time to kill, it was only 6 after all. While Shane ran, he went through his mental notes of

everything he'd studied for his exam. He felt confident he would ace it, but it never hurt to study a little extra. Shane loved that it was warm and dry enough to start running outside again. He much preferred it to running on a treadmill. It was easier to push himself when he was able to look at all the pretty things outside rather than seeing other guys in the gym. For whatever reason he could never focus on the run as much when he was inside. Shane chalked it up to him being generally more comfortable on his own.

It wasn't that Shane didn't have friends, he had Hayden and the other guys on his team, but Shane just wasn't super social. While his teammate's idea of celebrating a win was going out to the bars near campus, or finding a party to crash, he would have liked to go home and get a good night's sleep. He found crowds overwhelming, and the music at these parties or bars were always so loud it was almost impossible to think. He always felt like he got sweatier at parties than he did playing hockey. He really didn't get how people made meaningful connections there. Hayden had met Jackie at a party he dragged Shane to freshman year.

Shane had also met a girl that night, Jessica. She'd dragged Shane to a bedroom and given him his first ever blowjob that night. Shane thought it was very nice of her to do, but he'd felt so awkward afterwards, and she could tell, she said she didn't need anything and they'd rejoined the party. They'd gone out a few times after that, and met up at a couple more parties. Shane enjoyed the times they'd eaten together at the dining hall, or studied together, but things always seemed to escalate and Shane got so stressed out each time, one time he couldn't even get hard for her and he'd wanted the floor to swallow him whole. That had been during the season though, so it was easy to tell her he was just under a lot of stress. But there was only so much Jessica could tolerate, especially since the one time Shane had tried to reciprocate she'd ended up doing most of it herself. So she broke up with Shane, and he didn't have any hard feelings about it. To be honest he was relieved not to have another thing to stress about managing. Hayden had been more upset about it than Shane had been. And he was still constantly trying to set him up with other girls, desperate for them to go on double dates.

He was happy for Hayden, it truly seemed like he'd found his person. Shane wouldn't be opposed to finding someone like that, but every time he introduced Shane to a new girl, Shane just couldn't make himself feel excited by the prospect. He did really want what Hayden had with Jackie though. They seemed like they were two halves of the same whole. So he wasn't even mad when Hayden asked if she could move in with them after having disagreements with roommates of her own. Shane was a little uneasy at the fact that their landlord technically didn't know an extra person was living in the apartment, but it was nice to have some help with the bills. Plus, Jackie was a great cook, and even would indulge Shane and cook meals they could all eat together every once in awhile. She was a net positive to the apartment for sure. It only sucked at night when Shane could hear them having sex. He knew they tried to be quiet for his sake, but the walls were thin and there was only so much they could do. Shane also suspected Hayden wanted him to get a girlfriend so that he didn't have to as feel bad about being loud in the apartment because he would presumably also be having regular sex.

Shane shook his head to dislodge the confusing thoughts on the subject as he reentered their apartment. He would need to take another quick shower, so he headed straight for the bathroom after toeing off his running shoes and putting them into his organizer by the door.

He wished Hayden would use it, he was tired of having to kick them away from the door every time they needed to open it. His second shower of the morning was quick and utilitarian, he just needed to make sure he didn't smell bad for the rest of the day. By the time he was out, he saw Jackie in the hall, clearly waiting to be let in.

"Oh shit, sorry, Jackie" Shane apologized quickly, running out and ushering her in. "Didn't think you guys would be up yet, my bad."

"No worries, Shane," she called as she closed the door. If Jackie was awake, Hayden might be too. He walked into the living room to see Hayden in the kitchen, making coffee.

"Morning, buddy," He grinned, Hayden was clearly hungover.

"Shut it, Hollander," Hayden groaned. "Not in the mood."

"What? Is something wrong? Did you guys not have a good time last night?" Shane goaded.

"Too good of a time apparently. You want a cup?" he asked, pouring himself a large mug of coffee before reaching into the fridge to grab his creamer.

"Yeah, I could take one," He agreed. Hayden nodded and poured another cup, smaller than his own and leaving it black. Coffee wasn't technically allowed on Shane's diet, but there were sparse occasions he let himself indulge. He obviously took it black, and only had a small amount. It was the off season after all. As they sipped their coffees, Jackie came out of the bathroom looking much better than Hayden. Shane didn't know if she never got hangovers or if she simply didn't indulge at the same level Hayden did, but she always seemed in control of herself, which Shane could appreciate.

"When's your exam today?" She asked, making herself her own cup of coffee.

"It's not until one, but I think I'm going to head to campus and study some more here in a few. There's probably a few study rooms at the library empty that I could steal." He hummed. "I'm sure you'll do great!" Jackie smiled, moving to the fridge to start making breakfast for her and Hayden.

There were plenty of study rooms for Shane by the time he got to campus, he chose one with a window. He went over his notes and the study guide the TA had handed out. He knew everything back to front. So when he made his way to the lecture hall, he was calm. He knew he would do well on the exam and maintain his 4.0 GPA. Shane was often teased for being a perfectionist, which he didn't understand. Didn't everyone strive for perfection? And if they didn't, wouldn't they be the weird ones? What was the point of anything else?

An hour and a half later Shane walked out of the building smiling to himself. He was done with his third year of university. One year closer to joining the Men's Hockey League. He went back to his apartment quickly, not feeling the need to linger on campus any longer than necessary. Once he was back, he pulled his suitcase onto his bed and opened it. He wanted to make sure everything he needed for his 6 weeks at the cottage was in there. He'd had his bags packed for a few days, Shane was never one to leave things to the last minute. He couldn't

find anything he was missing which relieved him greatly. His parents would be by early tomorrow to pick him up and bring him home.

Shane was really looking forward to seeing his parents again. They had a really good relationship, better than he thought most people his age had with their parents. He and his mom texted almost daily, just keeping up with each other. And he called to talk to both of his parents at least once a week too. Shane was an only child and he knew he was so lucky to have parents who'd devoted a lot of their lives to helping him achieve his dreams. There was no doubt in Shane's mind that he wouldn't be half the hockey player he was without his parent's massive support, taking him to every practice, signing him up for extra camps and training sessions, paying to let him have extra ice time after practices were technically over. Shane was a hard worker, but he became one because of his parents. He knew his mom had taken a step back from her own career when Shane started playing hockey. She wasn't a stay at home mom or anything like that, but she definitely wasn't as far in her career as she probably could have been because she'd focused so much on Shane. She was also a naturally ambitious person, but she was still a mid level employee because she was unwilling to miss anything Shane had going on, even if his dad was able to show up for him. It was either her or both of them.

That night, Shane had dinner with Hayden and Jackie and played some videogames with Hayden into the evening. Shane saw the clock strike 10 and heard Hayden sigh as he also noticed the time. "Dude, it's okay to go to bed later every once in a while. You don't even have any reason to go to bed early tonight!"

"My circadian rhythm disagrees" Shane laughed. "Plus my parents will be here in the morning. I don't want to accidentally sleep in and keep them waiting or something."

"You've never slept in a day in your life, I don't think that's an issue. Plus you're gonna be gone for so long! You don't want to hang out a little longer?"

"It's only a few weeks, Hay. Plus, I don't think you'll miss me that much with Jackie here."

Both boys laughed as Shane put his controller away and headed to his room. "Good night!" He called as he closed his door.

Shane jumped up from his place on the couch when he heard a knock on the door. Hayden pushed Jackie into their bedroom, none of them wanting to hear anything from Shane's parents about living with a girl. Shane opened the door and smiled. "Hey guys," He said, allowing himself to be pulled into a hug by his mom. He'd been taller than her for many years now, but Yuna Hollander had a presence that extended much farther than her stature. She was able to make Shane feel little again, not in an infantilizing way, but in a protected way. She held him for longer than necessary, but Shane didn't pull away. He had missed her too. He hugged his dad right after, it was quicker but not less meaningful. Once they'd all gotten their fill of greeting each other, Shane stepped aside to let them in.

"Hey, Hayden," His mom called. "How was your semester?"

"It was okay. Passed enough classes to stay on the team, that's enough for me," Hayden laughed.

Yuna pretended to laugh and nodded. She turned to Shane “You packed and ready to go?” She asked.

“Yup,” Shane said, motioning to his bags next to the door. He had one roller suitcase, a duffle bag and his backpack. His dad, who still hadn’t said anything except a quiet hello to Shane while they were hugging, seemed glad to have something to do now. He reached for the bags and took all three in his hands.

“I’ll text you later, Buddy,” Shane said, waving to his roommate.

“Have fun, I’ll try not to burn down the apartment while you’re gone,” Hayden laughed.

Once they’d gotten into the car, Shane felt himself relax. He was one step closer to the happiest place on earth. Shane never understood how a theme park could ever claim to be that, too loud, too crowded, too much in general. The real happiest place on earth was his parent’s cottage. He had his happiest memories there. He learned to swim in that lake, his dad with saintly patience taught him how to tread water and not panic if he needed to hold his breath. Shane remembered one day, where the two of them went into town to get groceries but had forgotten a cooler that, mixed with the mid June scorching heat, let ice cream they bought for dessert had melt before they made it home, and his mom had pretended to be mad at them for it. He and his mom liked to watch nature documentaries while his dad cooked dinner, Shane was never as strict about his diet at the cottage. He still liked to eat healthy, nutritious food most of the time, but he indulged his dad and would eat pasta or burgers every once in a while. He’d even have a beer on occasion with his dad while his mom drank wine while they sat by the fire pit in the yard. He never drank during the rest of the year, but being at the cottage brought him a kind of peace that let him relax in every aspect of his life. For those six weeks, Shane’s brain settles in a way he doesn’t experience anywhere else. Once he’s signed to an MLH team, Shane wants to build a cottage of his own, not too far from his parents, but he wants to create a space like this for himself as well.

When the Hollanders arrive home, Shane beats his dad to his luggage and drags them up to his room. He doesn’t bother unpacking much, they’ll be leaving for the cottage in a few days and Shane doesn’t want to have to repack everything. His dad still has a few days of work left before his PTO, so Shane makes plans to go to the rink in town in the mornings, knowing his mom will want to see how he’s improved since she’s seen him last. They try to come to a lot of his games, but it’s not always possible to make the drive from Ottawa to Montreal, or the other schools he’d play during the regular season, so there was a lot they could catch up on. His mom never tried to be his coach, but she was a hockey fan before Shane was born and knew what she was talking about. She was able to see things Shane couldn’t always himself.

That night as his dad finished up cooking dinner, his mom asked him to set the table. It felt nice to be home, whenever he was here it was like he’d never left. Once they were all sitting down and eating, Shane could tell something was going on with his dad. David kept shifting in his seat, his mom seemed to notice too, sharing a look with Shane before speaking up. “David, out with it,” She said, one eyebrow raised.

“Well, honey,” His dad sighed. “You remember that kid I work with, Ilya?”

Yuna tilted her head but nodded. “Yeah, the one from Russia, right?”

“Yeah, he’s having a hard time right now. His wife, you remember her? She sells sports cars,” he rambled. “Well, she’s leaving him. He’s not taking it well it seems. I thought, maybe, we could invite him up to the cottage with us. I think it’d be good for him to get away for a little while, get out of their house and relax a bit. It’s not like we don’t have the room out there.” Shane felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up. He tried very hard to keep his face neutral. He really didn’t like the idea of some random dude his dad worked with joining them on their vacation. Why on earth would he suggest bringing a stranger to Shane’s happy place?

“Oh well, honey, are you sure that’s a good idea?” His mom asked, Shane thanked the heavens for her.

“I wouldn’t ask if I didn’t think so. I’ve been thinking about it all week. He’s a sweet kid. He looks up to me a lot, and I want to be there for him while he’s going through this. I don’t know what I’d do with myself if you left me.” He smiled sadly and reached across the table to hold her hand.

That seemed to crack something in his mom. She smiled and sighed. “Alright, I think it’s very sweet you want to help him out.” She relented.

“You don’t mind, do you, bud?” His dad asked.

Shane cleared his throat and shook his head. “Uh, no. ‘Course not.” He lied.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos appreciated :) <3

I'm posting this at the same time as the first chapter so don't be mad at me for not taking your suggestions into account because i haven't seen them yet lmao

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 3: Chapter 3- Ilya

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter, but I felt like it had to end where it did lol, you get it

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

Ilya dragged his hand over his face and groaned. His job was so boring. It was taking everything in him to stay awake as he read through this report. It didn't help that he hadn't slept well the past few nights. Svetlana was out of town in Boston, at a car show. Ilya had been in their house alone before, obviously. She went on business trips a few times a year, and she'd been back to Russia a few times as well, but this time felt different. It felt like Ilya was truly alone. A feeling he hadn't felt since his mother's funeral. It didn't feel like she would be home soon enough, it felt like the start of his life as a single man.

He took a deep breath and stood up from his desk, locking his computer. He made his way over to his floor's kitchenette and started to make himself a cup of coffee, praying it would at least help him stay awake if not alert. He checked the fridge and frowned. Sometimes their office manager stocked up on fun silly coffee creamers but it looked like that was not the case this week. Ilya had a sweet tooth and loved the ridiculous flavors he'd find in there sometimes. He grabbed the milk and took a handful of sugar packets and started the process of making the coffee drinkable. David came up behind Ilya, squeezing past him to get to the water fountain. "Hey Ilya, how was your weekend?" He asked cheerily.

"Was okay," Ilya lied, tasting his coffee and deciding it needed one more sugar packet. "Sveta is out of town for a car show in America." He wasn't sure why he added that, but he felt like he could be more honest with David now that he knew about the divorce. It was nice to get things off his chest. Something he'd learned in adulthood after he'd immigrated. Most Slavic people were not as open as Svetlana had taught Ilya to be. "How was yours?"

"It was really good actually. Yuna and I went to pick up Shane from Montreal where he goes to school. It's so nice to have him home for the summer."

Ilya nodded politely and tried to think of something polite to say or ask about, but he really wasn't in the mood to small talk with David.

"Well, bud, I've actually been meaning to ask you something," David started. Ilya took another sip of coffee to hide his sigh. He really did not want to help David out on whatever it was he was working. He had enough on his plate this week as it was.

"Would you like to come to my family's cottage this summer?" Ilya nearly choked as he tried to swallow. That was completely out of left field. So much so it took Ilya a moment to actually process what David had asked.

“I just figured you might want a change of scenery for a few weeks. It's really private up there, and the cottage is big enough that you won't have to hang out with us if you don't want to. The basement is practically its own apartment, it's got a kitchenette and a bathroom and everything.” He was rambling, but Ilya honestly found it kind of endearing. “I just know that you're going through a really big change right now, and it could help to just get away for a little while. We'll be there for 6 weeks, you could come the whole time, or just a few days. I talked it over with my family this weekend and they're totally okay with it.”

“I will think about it,” Ilya said, he wasn't super comfortable with the idea of crashing his friend's family vacation, but David seemed so hopeful he didn't want to let him down.

“Okay, that's great!” David beamed. “We'll head up there on Saturday, but you can come whenever you want. I'll text you the address,” he slapped Ilya on the shoulder and walked back to his desk. Ilya felt his phone in his pocket vibrate, sure it was David so he didn't bother checking it.

Ilya spent the rest of his day chained to his computer. Everything seemed to turn into an emergency all at once. Nothing actually was, but try to tell that to his managers. He didn't even get a chance to get up for lunch, instead ordering something to be delivered that he ate at his desk. He found it so hard to care about any of this nonsense. It was hard to really care about it on the best of days but right now, there was so much else on Ilya's mind that he had to reread every email he got two or three times just to understand what was being asked of him.

After he left the office Ilya needed to burn off some steam so he went to the gym. He and Svetlana had thought about putting one in their house when they were building it but had decided a two story deck in the back yard for an outdoor kitchen was a better use of the money. Plus Ilya liked going to the gym. It was a good place to boost his ego. Ilya knew what he looked like. He may eat like shit but he was ripped. He hadn't lost much muscle from his hockey playing days in college, his abs were still pretty well defined as well as his Adonis belt. Ilya wasn't afraid to admit that he was a little vain. He liked that he looked so good, and was even more pleased to see his genetics were a major factor in them so he didn't have to work quite as hard as some men did.

When he got to the gym he headed for the treadmill to warm up. He spent some time on various weights after that and even did a few reps at the rowing machine. He was getting so sweaty and he knew he'd be sore tomorrow, which was perfect. He was pushing himself outside of his brain and that was a nice reprieve. He wasn't thinking about work, or his divorce, or David's strange offer of going on vacation with his family. Ilya worked out regularly but he hadn't spent this long in the gym since his university days. He was smiling to himself when he gathered his things and headed for the communal showers. It wasn't very crowded, only a few other men at this point in the evening. The bright fluorescent lights bounced off the ivory colored tile making the whole place feel very sterile, which Ilya guessed was what they were probably going for in a shared shower space. Best to conjure thoughts of cleanliness and not necessarily cozyness. Ilya wasn't trying to look at anyone. He was promiscuous for sure, but he did have some common decency, and a pretty good gaydar to be honest. He'd needed it growing up in post Soviet Russia.

Ilya had never really been confused about his sexuality. He grew up appreciating every body, men, women and everyone in between. He'd been more shocked to learn that was not the case for everyone. He knew from an early age he would have to hide part of himself though. He'd counted himself lucky he didn't have to lie completely about who he was. And he'd been able to find like minded people to befriend eventually, who knew his secrets and him theirs. The danger used to excite him, now he thought it sounded exhausting having to hide like that again. He was forever grateful he was able to immigrate when he did. He'd only returned home twice after he moved to Canada. Once during his first summer break, the second for his father's funeral. His brother had made some comments vaguely threatening Ilya about his secret, and that was when he knew he would never be safe there ever again. He missed visiting his mother's grave, and he would always regret not being able to see his niece grow up, but Ilya knew it was for the best to cut his ties to his home country. On the occasions Svetlana had gone home to visit her own family, they'd always packed things for his niece. Andrei didn't have anything to hold over her head, and he was a greedy bastard, so he'd never say no to a hand out. Those trips might be coming to an end for her too, if her relationship goes public. Ilya hated to think about that. She didn't have the trauma he did with their country, but this might give her some.

At any rate, most men in Ottawa at his gym had no interest in him, and he was still not in the headspace for a hookup anyway. At least that's what he thought until a stranger walked into the showers. Ilya had never seen this guy before. He was younger than him, probably not an insignificant amount if he had to guess. He was Asian, but he had these striking freckles scattered across his cheeks. Ilya's hands slowed over his shoulders as the other man started washing himself. He couldn't help but notice how fit he was, and the slight silver tint of stretch marks across his backside. The other man must have sensed he was being watched, he looked up and met Ilya's eyes. Ilya cleared his throat and tried to keep himself in check, this was not the time or place to be getting hard. He maintained eye contact though. The deep brown eyes were framed by long, almost feminine lashes. He smirked when he noticed the other man gave him a once over too, it turned into an all out grin when the dark haired man blushed and turned away. The red flush made the freckles stand out even more. Ilya was disappointed when he rinsed off quickly and practically fled the showers. Ilya didn't think he'd been too brazen, and certainly didn't think the attraction was one-sided based on the other boy's body language but maybe he was wrong. He was sure he'd see him around at the gym some other time that week and he'd be able to apologize.

Ilya made it a point to go every day after work that week but he didn't see him again at all. The longer it went on, the more Ilya felt gross about what had transpired. Maybe he had completely missed the mark and scared the guy away from the gym. Maybe Ilya had lost all ability to read people. First his wife and now this random kid at the gym. Ilya felt like everything he'd ever known about himself was changing and he couldn't stop it.

Friday night when Ilya had finished dinner, he turned on ESPN, just looking for something to keep the quiet at bay. He sighed and pulled out his phone, opening Instagram and starting to scroll mindlessly. He was desperate to keep his mind occupied. He didn't want to think about the gym or his ex wife, who'd just informed him that she would actually be gone from the house an extra week to spend some time with Rose now that she was done filming her current project.

He switched over to his texts and took a deep breath and looked at David's message again. It was simple, just the address to the cottage. He looked back up at the empty house, it seemed eager to remind him of how absolutely alone he was. He guessed he could call Cliff, but he felt like Cliff would just remind him more of what his life used to be like. Not intentionally of course, but he was sure Cliff would make more off handed comments like he had at work the past few days. Singing the praises of the "bachelor life" or about how he'd noticed Ilya still wore his wedding ring, which wasn't going to help him pick up someone new. Ilya was technically still married, so he didn't feel like it was the most ridiculous thing he could be doing. And Ilya had no interest in picking up women with Cliff anyway.

Ilya steeled himself and opened the text from David.

"You are leaving tomorrow?"

It was almost funny how quickly David responded. He was clearly not concerned with seeming too excited. "Yes! we will be making the drive early in the morning, we'll be there for 6 weeks, so if you decide you want to come we'd love to have you!"

Ilya looked up to the ceiling and took a steadying breath before responding to the text. "Ok. I'm coming to the cottage."

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos appreciated :) <3

Okay, this is all I have written at this point. Let me know what you're thinking so far and I'll try to update soon!!

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat :)

Chapter 4: Chapter 4- Shane

Chapter Notes

Wrote 90% of this watching the PWWL games that were on this afternoon, so I'm sorry if there's more mistakes than usual haha! They were great games!!

(Go Fleet )

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

Shane closed the car door and buckled his seatbelt. This used to be one of Shane's favorite parts of the year. The drive up to the cottage, his anticipation built up like that of a roller coaster. But this year felt different for obvious reasons. The anticipation wasn't exciting, it was dread. Shane was so stressed out about his dad's co-worker, some apparently Russian man, named Ilya. A part of Shane knew it was wrong of him to hate a man he'd never met before, who his dad said was really going through something, but he did anyway. Why was this man's midlife crisis his family's problem? God bless his dad for wanting to help him, but couldn't he have just sent a fruit basket or something? Why did he have to invite him to the one place Shane never had to hide.

Shane guessed he would just have to endure. He'd probably just spend more time in the lake. They had a few jet skis that Shane didn't usually use too much but that was a solid excuse to be alone. There was an ice rink in town, he was sure his parents would let him take the car in the mornings if he asked. He went to the rink a few times during their vacation usually but with the draft coming up so soon for him, he knew he'd be able to convince his mom at least. He'd wanted to get some good workouts in while he was at his parents' this past week but he couldn't bring himself to go back to the gym after what happened on Monday.

He couldn't believe he'd gotten hard in a communal shower, just from some random guy looking at him. It was the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened to Shane. He'd been so mortified that he'd practically ran out of the shower, hoping he was quick enough no one saw. He'd not even finished rinsing out his hair so he'd had to get back in the shower when he got home. He'd not been able to calm himself down on the drive home and he just couldn't help himself as he felt his hand wrap around his dick once he was under the spray of the shower again, this time alone.

He could imagine he was back at the gym, but this time it was just him and the man with the blonde curls. He hadn't had time to get a close look at his eyes but he thought they were light, a green or blue maybe? But Shane had seen his body. Shane had never seen a man like that in Ottawa before. He looked like one of those Greek statues you'd see at a museum. Every muscle in his body so defined it made Shane's mouth water. And his cock, Shane had never thought to call any genitalia beautiful before but there simply was no other word for it. Shane

felt his cock start to leak precum as he imagined it. What it would feel like to hold it in his own hand, what it would feel like to hold it in his mouth.

The thought was a little shocking, Shane had never thought about giving someone else a blow job before, his own experience with them being lackluster. But Shane felt his mouth open in his shower as he tried to picture what it would be like. He's sure it would feel heavy on his tongue, it was huge. Shane put two fingers in his mouth to simulate the other man and sped up his other hand. He had to hold back a moan as he flicked his wrist and accidentally gagged himself. He was getting lost in the idea of dropping to his knees in the gym shower, seeing those eyes look down at him, pulling his hair a little. He bucked his hips to meet the thrusts of his hand. He pulled his fingers out so he could bite down on his wrist to stifle his moan as he came.

He slumped forward, resting his forehead against the cool tiles. After his breath evened out he opened his eyes and groaned. His body trembled with the aftershocks of his orgasm and he sighed. He finished washing quickly but stayed in the shower, turning the water as cold as it would go to try and ground himself a little.

The rest of the week Shane mostly ran around his parents neighborhood, not daring to even think about going back to the gym on the off chance he'd run into that man again. But he couldn't stop thinking about him. Shane hadn't masturbated this much in his entire life, not even when he'd first learned what it was when he was a teenager. He did it occasionally, sure, but he never really thought about it much, and he certainly never pictured real people while he did it. He felt a little creeped out by himself. He was obsessing over a stranger.

And now, he was headed to his family's cottage, horny as a teenager, and he'd have to share his space with a stranger. He wasn't even sure when Ilya was supposed to show up at the cottage. He'd given his dad no real indication other than he was coming. And his dad, never one to press for details, hadn't asked when they should expect him. As they drove the two hours, Shane couldn't help but to think of the man from the gym. Not all of his thoughts were completely filthy. He'd tried to imagine who he was as a person, what he did for work to get a body like that, if he had any kids, he looked like he could have been the age to have some little ones around, what his wife was like. Shane's current theory was that he did some sort of manual labor, like a construction job, and that he played some kind of recreational sport as well, because how else do you maintain a body like that? Shane would know, he was very built himself but even he had to admit he didn't have the same kind of definition the other man did. He also saw him with a beautiful wife, she was probably some kind of model to get with someone who looked like that, but because she was a model, they didn't have any kids. She didn't want to risk her body. So the two of them just had a pack of dogs they took hiking on the weekends.

Shane rolled his eyes at himself, he didn't know where half of that came from or why he was so fixated on this made up scenario about a stranger he made eye contact with once in public. But he let his mind wonder, it made the time go by faster. His parents stopped in town to stock up on groceries and Shane followed behind them like a little duck, not really paying attention to what they were doing, just staying close behind them. He knew his mom wouldn't let Shane go hungry and would stock up on his favorites.

By the time they got to the cottage, it was already almost time for lunch, so after they'd unpacked the car, Shane headed to the kitchen with his dad. Shane prepped the veggies for a salad while his dad threw chicken breasts in the oven. The three of them ate on the patio, they chatted about various things, just enjoying the weather and each other's company. Shane loved how tranquil it was out by the lake.

But that peacefulness was split with the sound of an outrageous car engine. Shane looked up, confused. "What in the world?"

"Oh," His dad laughed. "That must be Ilya, he's got some fancy sports cars, I guess he brought one with him!"

Shane and his mom shared an unimpressed look and stood with his dad to go inside to greet their guest. Shane shuffled in behind his parents with his hands tucked into his shorts pockets. He tried his best not to cross his arms over his chest, his mom said it wasn't polite and even though he was very annoyed at the intrusion, he knew this was important to his dad so he schooled his features into what he hoped was a neutral expression. His dad went to the front door and pulled the man into a hug. From what Shane could see, he was a tall man, taller than his dad at least. He looked broad too, easily filling the doorway. Shane opened his mouth to greet him, but as his dad stepped aside to let him inside Shane felt his heart drop out of his ass.

The man standing in the doorway to his family's cottage was the same man from the gym that Shane hadn't stopped thinking about for a week. He felt his face get red as he gasped. He raised his hand over his mouth and coughed to try and hide his reaction.

"Ilya, you've met Yuna a few times," His dad said. "But this is my son, Shane." Shane could hear his dad speaking but he felt like he was a million miles above his body. This couldn't be real. This couldn't be Shane's real life.

"Yuna, good to see you again," Ilya said, stepping into the room and giving his mom a quick side hug. He turned to Shane and extended his hand. "Nice to meet you, Shane."

Shane reached out to shake Ilya's hand, praying to every divine pantheon he could keep himself from shaking. The way Ilya said his name felt like he was petting him. The way it just slid off his tongue and over Shane. His accent wasn't as strong as Shane would have assumed when his mom mentioned he was Russian, but Shane guessed that he'd been in Canada for a while so it made sense it wasn't as thick as it probably used to be. "Hi, Ilya."

Shane licked his lips and fought to hold eye contact, but his instincts won out. He looked down as he pulled his hand back, shoving it back into his pocket. He stepped back a half step, he could feel Ilya still looking at him. His smile was bright and he felt like he was burning Shane with it. It was too much, and Shane couldn't keep his mind from wondering to when he'd seen him at the gym. All hard muscles glistening under the spray of the shower, the reality of what he saw bled into his imagined fantasies and Shane was suddenly half hard. He cleared his throat and turned back to the patio.

"We were just finishing up some lunch," His dad said. "I can make you a salad if you're hungry?"

“Oh, no thank you. I stopped by McDonalds on the drive up here.” Shane couldn’t help it when his face scrunched up at the thought. Not only was just the idea of eating fast food foreign to him at this point in his nutrition degree, but also the idea that this man could eat fast food and look like he did.

“Okay, well, we’ll clean up in here, and Shane can show you to your room downstairs,” his mom offered, already moving to the kitchen. He watched his dad head for the door to the patio to gather their dishes, and then he was alone with Ilya.

“I can um, get your bags,” Shane said awkwardly, reaching for the suitcase next to the door. “You’ll be staying downstairs.” He was still looking at the floor and kicked himself for repeating what his mom had just said. He was so embarrassed that the guy he’d ogled at the gym was now in his house, and was apparently friends with his father. He started walking towards the staircase, not looking back, just assuming Ilya would follow him.

Shane kept the suitcase tight against him down the narrow staircase and as he opened the door to the bedroom. He set it down and turned around, feeling even more awkward now that Ilya crowded into the space beside him. “Is nice down here.” He said casually, looking around.

“Yeah, for sure. The bathroom is through that door, and down the hall there’s like, a little living area with a fridge and a microwave and stuff. The TV is kinda old but it works fine. We don’t usually hang out down here too much, but the laundry is in your bathroom, so..” Shane trailed off, looking at everything except the man in front of him.

“Look,” Ilya started, Shane did. He saw him sitting on the edge of the bed. He was leaning back casually with his arms out behind him. “Let us not dance around the bush.”

“Beat.” Shane corrected before he could stop himself. Ilya raised an eyebrow, apparently in confusion. “The saying,” He clarified. “It’s ‘beat around the bush’. Not dance.”

“Ah. Sorry. Long drive early in the morning, English still a bit rusty.” Shane was thankfully able to hold his tongue to keep himself from correcting Ilya again. It couldn’t have been an early drive for him, because Shane and his parents had made the drive, gone shopping and ate lunch all before he got there. He couldn’t have left earlier than 10 o’clock.

Ilya was smiling and Shane really couldn’t figure out why. He chewed on his lip as he waited for Ilya to continue with whatever it was he was going to say. “I wanted to apologize,” He said after a moment. “It was you in the gym on Monday, yes?”

Shane looked at the carpet and nodded. He could feel his flush return. “We can just forget that happened,” he said quickly. He wished more than anything for the ground to open up and swallow him. Despite his embarrassment, or possibly in part because of it, Shane was still half hard. He focused on an imaginary spot on the carpet and kicked at it gently. He tried to take deep breaths to calm himself down.

“Is that what you want?” Ilya asked. Shane wasn’t looking at him so he couldn’t be sure, but it sounded like he was still smiling.

“Yeah, for sure,” Shane said, almost too quickly. He wanted to run upstairs and hide in his room, but something kept him rooted in place. He looked up from the floor when he heard Ilya stand up from the bed. He gasped as he stalked over to where Shane was still standing in the doorway.

“Wow. You are a really bad liar,” Ilya chuckled. He wasn’t much taller than Shane but it felt like he was looking down on him. He placed a hand on Shane’s hip and crowded him towards the wall. Shane had no idea what was happening, but he did feel his cock swell even more. Before he knew it though, Ilya was walking back up the stairs. He’d apparently manhandled Shane into a corner just to get him out of his way. He watched Ilya’s back as he climbed the stairs, when he reached the top the asshole turned around and winked at Shane. And he laughed! Shane felt his blood boil. What the fuck was up with this guy?

Once Shane’s body caught up with his mind he stormed up after him. He was going to say something to him, tell him to fuck off or something but he was already outside with his parents. He didn’t want to make them think anything was wrong so he stalked to the bathroom instead. He ran some cold water and splashed it on his face and looked at himself in the mirror. The water helped the flush on his cheeks a little but he was still so hard. He didn’t know how that was possible given how mad he was. He did not understand why his body was betraying him like this.

But being that close to Ilya, breathing the same air as him, even for just a short amount of time had affected Shane more than he thought possible. He could still feel the light touch on his hip, smell the overly powerful cologne, like he’d put it on to cover up the scent of something else. He’d really thought he was about to kiss Shane for half a second. He was glad he hadn’t, Shane didn’t know what he would have done if that had happened. With how hard he was just from a few seconds of mild contact, Shane thought he might have come in his pants.

He couldn’t imagine facing Ilya like this, let alone his parents. He splashed another bit of water on his cheeks and turned off the faucet. He dried his face and went to his bedroom. He quickly found some running shorts and a loose t-shirt. He waited a few minutes for his boner to go down a bit more before he braved the outside world. He opened the sliding glass door to the patio and peaked his head out.

“Hey, I’m heading out for a run. Be back later.” He called, avoiding looking at Ilya like it could kill him, and honestly he wasn’t sure that was an impossibility.

“Oh, honey, no, come and hang out,” His mom frowned. “You need a rest day anyway,” She added.

“I feel stiff from the car ride,” he lied. “I won’t be long.” He brought his head back inside and closed the door before his mom could argue more. He hated the idea that he was letting Ilya win by refusing to go out but he needed to clear his head.

He already felt better once his feet hit the gravel in the driveway. He set a moderate pace. He did want to push himself, to try and get out of his head a bit, but he also wanted to drag this run out for as long as possible. Or as long as he thought his mom would allow before chastising him for being rude. But honestly? He didn’t want to be anything but rude to Ilya.

That's all he's been to Shane so far and he's been at the cottage for less than an hour. Shane just couldn't get over the fact that Ilya not only acknowledged their first meeting earlier in the week, but had laughed at Shane for suggesting they forget about it. And then he'd grabbed onto him and pushed him up against a wall, which was definitely not confusing for Shane at all.

He'd really never thought about his sexuality before that past week. He just assumed he was straight and hadn't found the right girl yet. He didn't think he embodied what he usually associated with gay men. He was a jock, he didn't have any interest in fashion or musical theater or anything like that. Now that he thought about it, Shane guessed he had been unfair in characterization of gay men up until this point. He didn't think he looked down on any of those things, or the people who liked them, but they just weren't him. And he definitely wouldn't have thought of himself as homophobic, but he just really hadn't thought he was gay. All that went out the window this past week though. He really couldn't explain away his desire for Ilya in a straight way.

Shane started to feel the burn in his legs and lungs and looked down at his watch. He'd been gone for 20 minutes, meaning if he turned around now, his run would be less than an hour, and that felt like something his mom could be okay with. Plus he'd be able to sneak into the shower and give himself even more time to avoid Ilya without raising suspicion from his parents. So he made a wide turn in the road and started back towards the cottage.

"Back!" He called as he opened the front door. He wasn't sure if they were inside, but he wanted to announce his return just in case. He headed straight for his bathroom to clean off before rejoining his parents and Ilya. He did feel a lot better than he did when he left. He was pleasantly sore in a way that made him feel connected to his body. He had made up his mind to ignore Ilya as much as he could. He wouldn't give him the satisfaction of reactions anymore. This afternoon was humiliating enough and Shane just wouldn't let that happen again. He wasn't hard anymore and he planned to keep it that way for the rest of however long Ilya stayed with them.

Ilya appeared in front of him, opening the door to the bathroom just as Shane reached for it. Shane jumped back slightly, startled and pulled his hand back from where it was reaching for nothing now. Ilya smirked at him, eyes flicking down his body. "Nice shorts," He said, basically purring with how low his voice was.

"Fuck you, they're running shorts," Shane responded. His eyebrows furrowed and he crossed his arms over his chest. He refused to give Ilya a reaction this time. He was ready for this. Or at least he thought he was until Ilya spoke again.

"Relax, Shane. Was a compliment. You should show off your legs more often." Shane couldn't describe his grin as anything other than predatory. Like how a cougar sneaks up on a deer.

Before Shane was able to respond, Ilya was brushing past him, hand on his hip again, and was halfway down the hall. Which Shane had to be grateful for because he was sure there was a tent in his pants again.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos appreciated :) <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat!

Chapter 5: Chapter 5- Ilya

Chapter Notes

when i said "gratuitous show call backs and references" in the tags, i meant it. like 90% of the dialogue from the second half is ripped straight from the source material. it's a combo of the show and book, i kinda just used whichever i thought felt more right.

speaking of the second half of the chapter, please be nice to this lesbian. i am open to constructive criticism always but writing about something i have no interest in ever doing again and hated doing before i came out was hard lmao but i tried my best 🧡

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

Ilya knew he was being mean, but he couldn't help himself. Shane's reactions were just too precious. He really had meant to apologize to him in the basement, but the beautiful blush on Shane's cheeks stopped him in his tracks. He needed to see more of it like he needed air to breathe. He couldn't believe that it was so easy to get it, either. All Ilya seemed to have to have done was get sort of close to him. Ilya hadn't felt this kind of joy since before he'd been presented with divorce papers. He felt like his cheeks might start hurting from smiling so much.

He left Shane stuttering outside the bathroom and made his way back out to the patio.

"Shane is back," he hummed, sitting in a high backed chair facing the lake. The weather was just beautiful. It was hot but the breeze off the lake made it comfortable and the citronella candles the Hollanders had lit on the table to his right kept the bugs away. Ilya reached over for the Coke David had gotten him and took a sip.

"Oh good," Yuna smiled. She was a beautiful woman, Ilya had to admit. He could see where Shane got his looks. She wasn't wearing any makeup that Ilya could tell but her skin was flawless. Her thick, straight hair was pulled into a low ponytail which showed off the cheekbones she shared with her son. "He's never been the most social kid, but he is very sweet."

Ilya didn't doubt that one bit, but he was sure he was thinking of a different scenario entirely. He kept his mouth shut and crossed his ankle over his knee. He could picture it, Shane was already so easy to work up, what would he be like if Ilya actually tried to rile him up? But Ilya knew he shouldn't be thinking about things like that. Not only was Shane obviously very

young but he was also David's son. Ilya couldn't even think about how sweet Shane would look under him. How sweet he would sound as Ilya fucked him.

No. No, Ilya could definitely not think about those things. It was completely inappropriate. No matter how hot it was, Ilya knew he couldn't do more than he already was. A little light teasing could be written off as Ilya just being overly friendly. He knew he needed to maintain plausible deniability. He didn't know if he'd be able to look David in the eye if he even suspected anything. And there wasn't anything. Not really. Yes, Ilya found Shane attractive, and yes, he had a lot of fun riling him up, but that was it. Ilya was an adult, he knew he could control himself.

Or at least he thought he could until Shane reappeared on the patio in another set of teeny tiny shorts. Ilya knew practically that they were just athletic shorts, probably something Shane wore regularly in the hot months, but holy hell. Shane had wide hips and thick thighs that made the shorts seem indecent. Ilya had to fight to keep his jaw off the floor. Even the sleeveless shirt Shane was wearing seemed slutty on him. The way his biceps were shown off was enough to make Ilya's mouth water. He watched as Shane found a seat next to Yuna and avoided looking at Ilya.

Ilya smirked to himself when he noticed he was being avoided. "Did you have a nice run?" He asked, a shit eating grin plastered across his face.

"Uh, yeah," Shane stuttered. "It's great to run up here. Really pretty." Shane seemed to get the courage to make eye contact with Ilya which did something to his stomach.

"Yes. I have been enjoying the views," Ilya said slyly, letting his eyes roam over Shane again before he remembered where they were and sat up a little straighter, taking a sip of his Coke.

"You have had this place long?" Ilya turned to his hosts, praying his change of subject seemed natural.

"Yes, we have," Yuna smiled.

"We bought it pretty soon after we were married," David added. "We bought this instead of going on a honeymoon."

“Now we can take our vacations any time we want,” Yuna said fondly, reaching over and patting David on the shoulder. Seeing them so happy together pulled at Ilya’s heart. It was a very bittersweet feeling. He was happy for his friend, that he had a family he loved and was so happy to spend time with. But he was also sad. Sad that his own family was never close like this, and sad that he now likely would never experience anything like it. He and Svetlana had discussed children, but because their marriage had never been very traditional it hadn’t ever felt like something they would seriously consider. Ilya thought he would like children someday, but he got the feeling that his wife only humored the hypothetical thought for his benefit. She liked the lifestyle they had with minimal responsibilities outside their own wants.

Ilya tried to keep his face neutral as his thoughts spiraled. He’d been so caught up in teasing Shane he’d momentarily forgotten why he was at this cottage in the first place. To get his mind off his divorce. Which, Ilya guessed, had been successful up until now. Shane had been very good as a distraction so far. He had initially thought it would feel awkward to crash David’s family vacation but he’d felt surprisingly comfortable. Conversations with David had always flowed easily, both in the office and whenever they’d met outside of work. And Yuna was a charming woman, she always made Ilya feel at ease.

And then there was Shane. Shane who was so pretty. Shane who blushed so easily. Shane, who had been the first person to make Ilya forget about his trainwreck of a life. Ilya was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth. He figured some light flirting would be harmless for the next few weeks. He was a big boy, he could control himself. He very rarely did, but he knew where to draw the line. And the line was definitely David’s, his co-worker and friend, son. If Ilya kept repeating this, he thought it might stick in his brain.

Ilya watched as Shane relaxed back into his lounge chair and pulled on some sunglasses. It was certainly sunny enough for them but Ilya couldn’t help but mourn the loss of Shane’s beautiful brown eyes from his field of vision. He turned his attention back to the view of the lake over the small dock. He noticed a shed out at the end of it, probably where they kept any gear for swimming or water sports. Ilya suddenly had the urge to get in the water. He’d not grown up around much of it back in Moscow but ever since immigrating he’d found it one of his favorite activities. Whether it was an indoor pool at the gym or a lake like the one in front of him.

“You go swimming a lot?” He asked it to the group but he locked his eyes on Shane. He knew Shane probably only owned a practical pair of swimming trunks. Probably that went down to his knees. In a boring color, like black. But Ilya was picturing him in something

little, maybe not quite a speedo, but something shorter than his running shorts. In red, maybe, that would stand out against his tan skin in a beautiful way, Ilya thought.

“Sometimes,” Shane responded. “I mostly just like to meditate on the dock, sometimes I do yoga out there.”

Ilya’s grin widened imagining how flexible the yoga made the boy. “Why do you work out so much? You training for something?” He asked.

“Shane’s a hockey player,” Yuna answered. “He’s the best player in the county,” She smiled proudly.

“Ah,” Ilya hummed. “I used to play. Was very good, but not that good.”

“Ilya played in college,” David added. “We actually both went to McGill! Small world, huh?”

“Was a good school. Felt very lucky to go, got me out of Russia,” Ilya said. He had a really good time in college. It was the first time he’d been out from under the thumb of his father and the general oppressive feeling of being himself in Russia. Once he’d gotten a taste of that freedom it was hard to imagine a life without it. Canada felt like a dream land compared to Russia, sure there were problems, but people weren’t being disappeared because of gay allegations or publicly disagreeing with the government.

He still got calls from his brother every once in a while, and on very rare occasions he answered. Sventlana had begged him to block his number years ago, but for whatever reason Ilya just couldn’t force himself to do it, so once or twice a year, Ilya was rewarded by getting berated by his only living relative and, although it was getting less frequent, sometimes he sent the money his brother thought he was owed.

He had always hated Ilya. Their mother had liked him more because he was sensitive, his father liked him more because he was better at sports, he had been more popular, both with friends and with bed partners. Ilya had lost his virginity too young, but at the time he was looking for love and affection anywhere he could get it. And because he’d found it, his

brother hated him. He'd hated him for other reasons as well, but this was the cherry on top. And now, Ilya had escaped that life and all the toxicity around it and Alexei was stuck in a shitty apartment, working a shitty job, with a woman he hated but had to marry because they weren't careful and a child he felt was a burden. And Ilya had spent the first 18 years of his life being the sole person responsible for his brother's feelings, and so even though he was all the way around the world, he still managed to guilt trip him.

"You came to Canada for college?" Shane asked, sitting up a little. He seemed genuinely interested in Ilya's response.

"Yes. Got scholarship for hockey. Did not have to pay for anything but plane ride. Did not know much English though," Ilya laughed. "First few months were very tough."

"I went to an immersion school, so they had us speaking French a lot from the time I was little. I'm fluent now, but I bet it was tougher for you since you were older."

"Da. Did not help English is so different. New alphabet, new grammar rules, lots of silly words and expressions. My accent was like a Bond villain for a long time," Ilya chuckled.

Shane smiled at that, something Ilya knew he would do anything to keep happening. "No, it's much better now. It's more like someone from an Indiana Jones movie. They're a lot less scary," he teased.

Ilya laughed, actually full belly laughed at that. He had always been self conscious about his accent. He felt so stupid for so many years when English words would fail him, or when the unfamiliar sounds got stuck on his tongue. He'd never really been confident enough to joke about it, but Shane had said it in an almost fond way that Ilya found endearing.

David and Yuna were also laughing, and Ilya forced himself to look away from Shane and pretend he was engaging with everyone, and not just the beautiful boy in the sunglasses.

They spent the rest of the afternoon in a similar fashion, just chatting and enjoying the weather. Ilya hadn't felt this light in years. He was genuinely having such a good time. He would never have expected to feel so content sitting still for this long. He wasn't even

checking his phone. He let David do most of the talking, like he did in the office. Ilya was content to chime in every once in a while, and a few of his jokes had made Shane laugh which Ilya couldn't have been happier about.

The early evening singled dinner time. David and Yuna went to the kitchen and left Shane and Ilya on the patio. He had offered to help, but he was quickly shut down by his hosts. Ilya lounged out under the sun and turned to Shane once they were alone.

"So you are in college, yes?" Ilya asked.

Shane hummed. "Next year is my last year. Then it's the MLH," He grinned.

"Cocky," Ilya smirked.

"Not cocky," Shane corrected. "It's just the truth. Based on every statistic available I'm the most likely number one draft pick."

Ilya looked over at him. He couldn't help but laugh a little. Not at Shane. He believed him about the statistics, but the blunt way he spoke them was endearing. Anyone else would have probably seen the correction as abrasive, but Ilya saw that Shane wasn't trying to be. He was just stating facts to give Ilya the reasons behind his confidence.

"And you are not mad at me any more?" Ilya asked slowly. He was enjoying the tentative peace they had made over the afternoon.

"Well, you're not being a dick right now," Shane said bristling.

"I am sorry I made you uncomfortable," Ilya said genuinely. "Here and at the gym. Normally I am better at reading people."

"What do you mean?"

“Back in Russia, consequences for making mistake like that... well let’s just say they aren’t nice,” Ilya grimaced. “So I got pretty good at recognizing when people were similar to me.”

“Similar how?” Shane asked, frowning and tilting his head.

Ilya raised an eyebrow and chuckled humorlessly. “Nevermind.” If Shane wasn’t already picking up what Ilya was talking about, he was not going to be the one to ruin his innocence. It wasn’t a pleasant topic anyway and he didn’t want to talk about it anymore. It was ruining his mood.

“Tell me more about your hockey. What position did you play?” He asked, trying to make his voice jovial again.

Shane’s frown deepened, clearly unhappy with the change of subject. “Center,” he answered after another moment of silence. It was clear Shane wanted to press the subject further but was trying to figure out how to.

Ilya fidgeted with his wedding ring as he watched the different emotions play over Shane’s face. The air had turned charged despite Ilya’s best efforts and the ease between the two was gone again. He let the silence drag on another moment before he stood up. “Think is late enough for a beer. You old enough for one?” He smirked, grabbing his two empty Coke cans to take inside with him. He was desperate to regain their earlier friendship.

Shane blushed and crossed his arms over his chest. “M 22,” he grumbled, looking very much like an angry kitten to Ilya.

“Such a baby,” Ilya purred. “Will let you taste mine when your parents aren’t looking.” Ilya winked as he headed inside. He could feel Shane glaring at him through the sliding glass door.

“You sure I cannot help?” He asked, once in the kitchen. He squeezed behind David chopping vegetables to open the refrigerator.

“No, no, of course not! You’re our guest,” David said quickly.

“Plus, it’s nice to see Shane talking so much to a new person,” Yuna murmured. Ilya saw David give her a *look*.

“He’s just a little shy,” David said defensively. Ilya could tell this was a conversation they’d had before and did not want to put himself in the middle of. He grabbed two bottles of beer out of the door of the refrigerator and started back towards the back door.

“Please let me know if you find a job for me. I want to express my gratitude for you opening your home to me,” Ilya said genuinely. He balanced the two bottles in one hand and slid open the door with the other. He was smiling when he sat down again, this time in the chair right next to Shane instead of the one he was previously occupying across the patio. He sat the beers on a side table between the chairs and smiled at Shane.

Shane was not smiling though, in fact he looked incredibly pissed off.

“What the fuck is your deal?” Shane asked, furiously but quietly, clearly wanting to keep this from his parents.

“You did not want beer?” Ilya asked cautiously, really not sure what was happening.

“Why do you keep making fun of me?” Shane demanded. “I thought we’d moved past it after this afternoon but you keep bringing it up! What’s the goal?”

Ilya frowned and tilted his head. “I have not made fun of you, Shane,” he said simply, even more confused than ever.

“I’m so embarrassed about what happened at the gym. I thought we’d agreed to move on, I don’t know why you keep, like, teasing me about it.” Shane was red again, this time it was

most of his face and spread down his neck to the tops of his shoulders. He also looked like he was starting to sweat, and not just from the warm weather they'd been in all day.

"Why are you embarrassed?" Ilya asked. "You did nothing at the gym except for shower."

"Oh my god, don't make me say it," Shane groaned, rubbing his hands down his face. "You know why, that's why you keep making the fake flirty comments or whatever."

Ilya couldn't help but chuckle a little. He took the top off of one of the beers and took a sip before he responded. "First, are not fake. I think you are very cute when you blush, and is easy to make you. Probably is mean since I apologized for making you uncomfortable earlier. Second, I do not know what you are talking about at the gym. All I know is I saw you and then you left the showers. Thought maybe you did not like me looking so you left."

"Wait, so you didn't see-" Shane cut himself off, he was now the color of a tomato.

"See what?" Ilya pushed, leaning forward to put his elbows on his knees. He was slowly trying to close more of the distance between them but he didn't want to spook Shane.

"I-I saw you and," Shane started. "I didn't even realize it had happened at first and then I was so freaked out someone, or you, would see," he was rambling now. And Ilya could guess what Shane was dancing around, but now that they were here, he wanted to hear him say it.

"See what?" Ilya repeated, firmer.

"That I got hard," Shane said through gritted teeth. His eyes squeezed shut and he took a deep breath.

Ilya reached over and took Shane's chin between his thumb and index finger, pulling it up so they were face to face. He leaned in closer, grinning like the cat who got the cream.

“Look at me,” He commanded softly. Shane’s eyes instantly opened. It took him a moment to really focus on Ilya though and maintain eye contact. Ilya waited him out, when Shane’s eyes finally met his own, he moved his hand so he was cradling Shane’s face in his palm. He ran a thumb over his cheek, doing his best to comfort the younger man.

“Looking at me made you hard?” He asked. Ilya was sure his face would hurt from how wide his grin was. This was incredible. Ilya had thought he was coming on to someone who didn’t reciprocate his attraction. Turns out, it was the opposite.

Shane only nodded, seemingly having lost his voice for the moment. Ilya took pity on him and didn’t request a verbal answer. “You want to do something about that?” He asked, eyes flicking to watch Shane lick his lips.

He nodded again. Ilya grinned and sat back in his chair. He noticed how Shane’s body followed him forward slightly at the initial loss of contact. God he was pretty. Ilya was so fucked, but right now he didn’t care. “You come downstairs to my room tonight. After your parents go to bed, da?”

Shane’s eyes were glassy, but he seemed to regain some of his composure at the mention of his parents. He cleared his throat but nodded. He reached for the beer Ilya had left for him. He struggled to get the cap off for a minute, fighting against the sweat on the side of the bottle.

“We will go inside, have nice dinner your dad cooks and act like normal for rest of the evening. I will go to bed first. You will stay up here and spend time with your family. When do they usually go to bed?” Ilya asked.

“Around 10,” Shane answered.

Ilya nodded. “You wait until 11. Then, if you still want, you come down to my room.”

Shane’s breathing was starting to be noticeably different. “No more of this talk for now,” Ilya said directly. “Go take a walk and calm down before dinner.”

“Fuck you, I’m fine,” Shane said a little too quickly.

Ilya just chuckled and took another swig of his beer. He needed to calm himself down. This kid was going to be the death of him.

Not too long after that, Yuna poked her head out of the house to call them in for dinner. Ilya ate the pasta David had served them, noting that Shane had a small plate of pasta but it was clear his main meal was the salad in the larger bowl in front of him. Ilya sat next to Shane at the table, David in front of him and Yuna next to her husband. He tried to behave himself, but if his fingers brushed Shane’s thigh under the table a few times, or if his foot nudged Shane’s, well, he couldn’t help it.

After they finished dinner the four of them moved to the living room. Ilya sat in an arm chair while Shane and Yuna shared the couch, David in the matching armchair across the room. David put on some nature documentary that Ilya tried his best to feign interest but couldn’t keep the yawn in his mouth about half way though. Which was as good an excuse as any to get up. “I think I’m going to bed early tonight,” He said, standing up.

“We’re not boring you to death are we, Ilya?” David chuckled.

“Ah, no. Just long day. Am surprised you are not more tired, old man,” Ilya teased as he made his way towards the stairs. “Goodnight!”

Ilya looked at his phone as he descended into the basement. It was just after 9. He had a little under two hours to wait and see if Shane would show up or not. He really hoped he would. Ilya took a shower and unpacked some of his clothes into the small dresser in the room while he waited. He changed into a pair of Adidas sweatpants but didn’t bother to put a shirt on. He wouldn’t sleep in one and if Shane did show up, well, Ilya wasn’t too proud to admit he wanted to put on a little bit of a show.

By the time he was finished with all the things he could think to do it still wasn’t 11 so he laid on the bed and scrolled his phone. He had a few texts. One from Cliff complaining about the work he’d left for him. One from Sveta that was just a picture of a cherry red

Lamborghini Temerario from the show she was at. He didn't respond to Cliff, but he did send a heart emoji back to Svetlana, it was a beautiful car after all.

Ilya looked down at his ring again, spinning mindlessly on his finger. He'd worn it for so long it felt like a part of him. It would be like taking off his mother's cross necklace. It was possible to do, but it felt wrong. He took the ring off anyway and set it on the nightstand. Maybe he'd be able to sleep without it tonight. As a test of what it would feel like not to wear it for an extended period of time.

Ilya was pulled from his thoughts by a soft knock on the door. He looked down at his phone, it was 11:00 on the dot. He grinned and strode to the door. "I thought you might chicken out," he said as a greeting, pulling Shane inside the bedroom.

"I'm not. I'm not a chicken," Shane said defensively. "But I think we should talk. Do you want to sit?" He asked, making a move to go sit on the bed.

Ilya blocked his way and herded him back against the door gently. "Mmm no. Not really."

"This is such a bad idea," Shane breathed. "My parents are right upstairs."

"What is? This?" Ilya asked, and pressed his lips to Shane's. He kissed him sloppily, forcing his tongue into Shane's mouth. He let one hand find Shane's waist and the other held the side of his face, maneuvering the other man to get a better angle.

Shane whimpered into Ilya's mouth and Ilya felt his cock harden. He pulled back slightly to kiss down his jaw. The other man was already panting and hard as a rock, Ilya could feel it through his shorts. Ilya nudged his legs apart and slotted his knee in between Shane's, giving him something to rut against. He made another beautiful sound as he finally had some of the friction he so clearly needed. Ilya took the moment to let his hands rove over the taught muscles on Shane's chest under his shirt. He braced one hand on the door behind Shane's head and kissed him again.

Shane opened his mouth easily, seemingly more than happy to let Ilya take the lead. His hands were roving over Ilya's bare chest and shoulders. Ilya was very glad he'd forgone the

shirt. He pushed Shane's face to the side and trailed his mouth down the other side of the younger man's jaw and neck. Shane moaned when he kissed the spot under his ear. Something about that must have spurred him into action because suddenly he shoved his hands down Ilya's pants.

Ilya groaned, cock hardening under Shane's touch. "Fuck, *malysh*," he breathed against his skin. Ilya pulled back slightly to look at Shane. He couldn't help himself from letting his thumb stroke the freckles that were once again flushed. He moved his thumb lower, tracing his bottom lip, and Shane took it into his mouth and started sucking on it greedily. Ilya couldn't help but moan at the feeling.

Seemingly encouraged by his reaction, Shane dropped to his knees in front of Ilya. He pulled his pants part way down to free his cock and immediately wrapped his lips around Ilya's tip. Ilya braced one hand on the door and let his other hand candle the back of Shane's head. The wet heat of Shane's mouth was incredible. Ilya gently guided him to take more into his mouth. Shane was sloppily trying to take more of Ilya into his mouth with every bob of his head, there was already drool pooling around his lips and he'd almost gagged a few times. This was certainly not going to be the best blowjob Ilya had ever received in his life, but goddammit Shane was earnest and that was hotter than skill.

"Look at you," He whispered, gazing down at Shane with hooded eyes. He could tell the younger man was trying his best to please Ilya and that made his cock twitch, causing another small gag and a moan. "So hungry for it."

Ilya let Shane suck him for another moment before taking a deep breath and pulling him off by the hair on the back of his head.

"Stop, stop, stop," he murmured, hauling Shane back up to his feet. Even the lack of any real technique paled in comparison to how eager Shane was.

"Sorry, I've never...was it...bad?" Shane asked sheepishly. Ilya almost came with how sad he sounded at the possibility. He wiped some of the spit off Shane's lower lip and kissed him firmly.

"No. Opposite. Was too much, too good," Ilya reassured him before kissing him again deeply. He moaned at the taste of himself on Shane's tongue and licked deeper into his mouth. Ilya

felt like he might explode from the sheer fondness he was feeling for the younger boy. Ilya would have to control himself in a way he'd never had to before, he had a feeling Shane would do just about anything he asked. And that was a heady feeling.

"Have you done anything before?" Ilya asked slowly.

"I've like, gotten a few blowjobs before," Shane mumbled, looking down at the floor again. He chewed his lip anxiously and Ilya used his thumb to pull his lip from his teeth.

"With girls?" Ilya asked, ducking his head down to catch Shane's eyes. He was smiling, he couldn't help it. Shane was precious when he was shy.

"With one."

"You, uh, what is the word? Reciprocate?" Ilya reached down and palmed Shane through his shorts with his free hand.

Shane whimpered at the contact then shook his head, embarrassed. "Not really. I tried once, but I was really bad at it I guess," He inhaled sharply as Ilya continued to lightly stroke him. "She did, uh, most of it herself."

Ilya chuckled and captured his lips in another kiss. "You were selfish, huh, *malysh*?"

"I just didn't like it very much," Shane said, head lolling back and hitting the door as Ilya added more pressure.

"Did you like sucking *my* cock?" Ilya murmured, dragging his tongue along that sensitive area under Shane's jaw.

Shane gasped and nodded. Ilya leaned back, smirking. "Would you like me to lie on the bed and let you do it some more?"

“Let me?” Shane asked, laughing. He brought his hands up to rub along Ilya’s chest again.

Ilya nodded, humming. “Yes, I am a nice guy,” he laughed. He put his hands on Shane’s waist and pulled him closer.

Shane surprised him by pushing him backwards towards the bed. Ilya took the opportunity to rid himself of his sweatpants so he was only wearing his Orthodox cross necklace. He tossed his pants towards some corner of the room and looked up at Shane who was still fully dressed. Ilya leaned back on the bed, watching how Shane’s eyes raked over his body. Ilya preened a little at the attention, his grin widening. He stretched his arms over his head and arched his back a little, putting on a show for Shane.

“Not fair,” Ilya hummed, motioning to Shane. “I want to see,”

Shane bit his lip. “You’ve already seen me...at the gym.”

“Mmm, no, did not a good look. I want to see you better,” Ilya pressed.

Shane bit his lip but nodded, more to himself than it seemed than to Ilya as he worked up the courage to strip. He pulled his shirt over his head and folded it into a quick square before setting it on top of the dresser. Shane hesitated a moment before pulling his shorts down as well, handling them in a similar fashion to the shirt, neatly putting it aside. Finally he was left in a pair of black briefs, which he took a second longer to remove. Ilya was smiling wide. Shane had just had his cock in his mouth but was getting bashful about being naked.

Once he was fully nude, Shane looked back at Ilya and shrugged. “Okay?”

Ilya patted the bed next to him. “Come here.”

Shane did as he was told and laid next to Ilya, panting a little. Ilya smiled at him and pulled him into another kiss. He reached for Shane's pec and squeezed it just a little, testing out what response he would get. Ilya was pleased when Shane moaned into the kiss and arched his back. Ilya gave it another squeeze before letting his hand trail down Shane's torso. Ghosting his fingers over Shane's toned abs as his fingers made their way to their destination. He gripped Shane's cock in his hand lightly. "Okay?" He asked.

Shane nodded and bit his lip to keep quiet. Ilya wasn't sure how well sound travelled in the cottage so he didn't press to hear Shane's moans like he wanted to. He moved his hand up and down the shaft a few times, gathering precum to make the glides smoother. Shane was leaking like a faucet and Ilya thought it was so hot how turned on Shane was from the smallest amount of contact.

Shane slowly pushed Ilya to lay on his back and slid down the bed so he was eye level with Ilya's cock again. He took a deep breath before wrapping his lips around his cock. Ilya inhaled sharply through his teeth and threaded his fingers through Shane's hair. He tugged at the hair at the base of Shane's neck, just a little, to help guide his movements. He moaned, probably too loudly when Shane brought his hand up to fist what wouldn't fit in his mouth. It was getting much messier than before. Shane was drooling openly and Ilya's cock was producing a lot of precum which was contributing to mess on Shane's chin.

Shane pulled off for a moment to catch his breath and gave Ilya's cock small licks up and down the side. He didn't seem to have a particular technique he was aiming for but Ilya found it sexy anyway. He tightened his hold on Shane's hair just a bit, and Shane moaned.

He took Ilya back into his mouth and hummed around Ilya's cock. Shane blinked his big, brown doe eyes up at him. And that was it. Ilya was going to come. He had just enough sense left in him to pull Shane off him. Shane looked up at Ilya, a string of spit still connecting his lips to Ilya's cock for a moment. Ilya moaned again and wrapped his own hand around his cock and pumped furiously. It only took a few more strokes before Ilya was spilling into his hand and onto his stomach. He bit his lip and threw his head back, doing his best to keep quiet.

"Fuck, Shane," He panted after a moment, looking back down at him again. He looked absolutely wrecked. His lips were swollen and pink. He had so much spit running down his chin it was glistening in the low light of the basement. Ilya reached over to the side table and grabbed a handful of tissues and cleaned himself up quickly. He tossed the trash back towards the nightstand and pulled Shane back up the bed, attacking his mouth. He'd just come but Shane looked diabolical. It should be illegal for someone to look like that.

He flipped them over so he was hovering over Shane and kissed his neck. He had to stop himself from sucking hard enough to leave any marks, but fuck he wanted to. He kissed his way down Shane's chest, stopping to pull a nipple into his mouth. He sucked lightly and looked up for Shane's reaction. He had an arm thrown over his face, eyes closed and jaw clenched tightly. Ilya kissed his way over to the other nipple and repeated the actions, really enjoying the reactions he was getting.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane whimpered, hips rocking up, looking for friction. Ilya decided to take pity on him and slid his body down the bed. He kissed the inside of Shane's thigh and grinned. "Let me show you how to do this, kid," He said before taking all of Shane in his mouth in a single bob of his head.

Shane was well endowed but Ilya had years of experience sucking cock. Giving head, no matter the gender, was one of Ilya's favorite activities. He could stay between legs for the rest of his life and be perfectly content. The taste of Shane on his tongue was heaven. It was so purely him. Clean but a bit musky from spending all day in the sun. Ilya bobbed his head quickly, hollowing out his cheeks to create suction. He reached up to play with Shane's balls in his palm.

Shane was trying his best to keep quiet but Ilya could hear him whimpering and keening. Both his fists were clutching the bedspread. He bucked his hips up into Ilya's mouth, which caught Ilya a little off guard and he chuckled around his cock. He placed one hand on Shane's hip to keep him still as he pulled off to lick long, slow stripes up his cock. He gave an open mouthed kiss to one of Shane's balls before pulling it into his mouth. He gave it a lewd suck before popping off dramatically and returning his attention to the head.

Ilya dragged his tongue flat across his slit and sucked a fresh drop of precum right from the source. He made his way lower slowly this time, giving special attention to the vein on the underside of Shane's cock with his tongue. Ilya wished he could have taken a picture of Shane like this. He was completely fucked out and he hadn't even come yet. Ilya took a deep breath through his nose before sinking all the way down on Shane, letting the tip of his cock touch the back of his throat. He swallowed around the intrusion and that seemed to do the trick.

"Fuck, Ilya, fuck, you have to, I'm going to," Shane stuttered, reaching down to try and pull Ilya off. Ilya only sucked harder and looked up at Shane, smiling with his eyes as his mouth filled with cum. Ilya swallowed all of it, working the other man through it. He pulled off only

once Shane whimpered from oversensitivity. Ilya gave another kiss to his thigh and crawled up the bed. He flopped down next to Shane and playfully slapped his stomach, laughing happily.

“You uh, you didn’t have to,” Shane panted, looking beautifully bashful.

“I do not mind,” Ilya smiled, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He laid on his back and looked at Shane. “Was fun,” he said.

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, sitting up.

“I want a cigarette,” Ilya hummed, following Shane to a sitting position.

“Smoking is really bad for you,” Shane frowned.

“Oh is it?” Ilya asked sarcastically. He rolled his eyes playfully at Shane.

The other man was silent for a moment before he stood up suddenly. He crossed the room in a few strides and started redressing. “You’re not going to say anything about this are you?” He asked.

“Me?” Ilya’s eyebrows rose to his hairline. “Yes, Shane. Am going to sit down with my friend tomorrow and give him report of his son’s oral skills,” he said flatly.

“Fuck off,” Shane said, turning towards the door.

Ilya rose off of the bed and followed Shane to the door. He wrapped his arms around him from behind and kissed his neck. “Relax. I am not going to say anything,” he soothed. He rubbed his hands under Shane’s shirt to pet at his stomach.

He pulled back after a silent moment and turned Shane around to look at him. He cradled Shane's face in his hand and thumbed over his freckles. "Okay?" He asked.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm okay," Shane nodded. "I should go though. Don't want anyone to get up for a glass of water in the middle of the night and see my room empty," he chuckled softly.

Ilya gave Shane one last long kiss before stepping away from him. "Goodnight, Shane."

"Goodnight, Ilya," Shane said with a smile spreading across his face. He reached for the door handle and poked his head out to make sure no one was upstairs before stepping through the threshold. He gave Ilya one last look before closing the door and leaving him alone.

Ilya was so fucked.

Chapter End Notes

Russian
Malysh- baby

And also here are [Shane's running shorts](#) if you were curious

Kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 6: Chapter 6- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane couldn't keep the grin off his face as he made his way quietly back to his room. He made sure he was silent as a door mouse as he closed his bedroom door. He bit his lip and leaned his weight against the door. Shane ran his hands down his face and sighed. He really couldn't believe that had just happened. Shane didn't think he could deny the voice in his head telling him he might be gay anymore. He'd just gotten the best blowjob of his life and while yes, Ilya had better technique than Jessica had (probably from being older and more experienced) he didn't think that was the only reason he enjoyed it so much. And that definitely couldn't be the reason he'd been so happy to give Ilya one first.

Shane thought maybe he should be more freaked out by this but he was feeling so giddy he couldn't. Those thoughts might creep in in the morning but for now Shane was happy to exist in the glow. He changed quickly and slipped into bed. He was going to be tired in the morning for sure but he couldn't get himself to care. He fell asleep with a smile on his face.

The next morning could not have felt more different. Shane was most definitely freaking out. He couldn't bring himself to leave his room. What the hell was he thinking? Why would he be so stupid and reckless? How was he supposed to face Ilya after he'd acted like that? He had practically attacked the man with his mouth. And if Ilya had teased him before, he couldn't imagine the kind of things he would say after what Shane had done last night.

He stood staring at his closed door for too long. He should have already been up, been on a run or something. It was almost 9:00. Way too late for him to still be in bed. His mom solved that conundrum for him by knocking.

"Shane, honey? We're about to make some breakfast. I can make you a smoothie if you want. You're not still asleep are you?" She asked, Shane could hear the frown on her face, probably worried.

"N-no, not asleep," he said, opening the door, probably too quickly. "I was just coming out actually." Shane cringed at his choice of words. That was actually the last thing he wanted to do. He hoped his face didn't betray him too much.

His mom smiled at him though, and he felt a little better. “You always did sleep better here,” She said, rubbing his shoulders as they walked towards the kitchen. “I do too. I always thought it was because it’s so much quieter here than in the city.”

Shane opened his mouth to reply but he looked up to see Ilya shirtless at the island and he felt his mouth dry up. Ilya was leaning casually onto the counter top, his feet dangling slightly, his long legs letting just his toes brush the floor. He was wearing basketball shorts and a smirk as he chatted with Shane’s dad over a coffee mug. They were both laughing at something and Shane’s heart skipped a beat.

Ilya looked over as they approached and his smile seemed to widen. Shane felt his cheeks heat up and he looked away, unable to maintain eye contact with the man.

“Good morning,” Ilya hummed, taking a sip of his coffee.

“Good morning,” His mom greeted, leaving Shane where he was standing in the threshold and moving to the refrigerator to start on breakfast. “I’m going to make Shane a smoothie,” she said. “But I think David and I are going to have eggs. Do either of those sound good to you, Ilya?”

“Oh, eggs please. I need real food. Thought I would go for a run this morning after. Need fuel,” Ilya said easily.

“Maybe you and Shane can go together then?” Shane’s dad suggested, eyes finding Shane, still standing awkwardly looking at the floor.

“Is good idea,” Ilya nodded, looking back over at Shane. “When do you want to go?”

Shane made the mortifying realization that he was being spoken to moments too late. His blush for sure deepened as he stuttered. “As soon as I’m done eating, probably. It’s already later than I would have liked to go. It’s going to get hot soon.” Shane was thankfully saved from his own ramblings by his mom starting the blender for his smoothie. He forced his legs forward and sat next to Ilya. He couldn’t wrap his head around the need to simultaneously be

as close and as far away from the other man as possible. He felt so awkward but didn't want to show it so he made it a point to sit down casually.

Ilya lightly brushed his fingers over Shane's thigh, so briefly that it could have been mistaken as an accident, but Shane knew it wasn't. It wasn't an accident but Shane didn't know what it was. Was it a flirty gesture? Was it reassuring? Was it simply Ilya being a menace? There was no way Shane could guess and obviously he wasn't able to ask him about it.

He took his smoothie from his mom and drank it silently as his dad plated the rest of their breakfasts. They all moved to sit around the table in the same configuration as they had the night before. Ilya's foot settled itself next to Shane's, just barely touching, but a solid presence beside him. He finished up his smoothie well before everyone else finished eating but he stayed seated until Ilya pushed his plate back.

"Me and Shane will do dishes, yes? Since you cooked," Ilya asked, looking at Shane's parents. "Then we can go on run."

Shane's parents pretended to put up a fight but were easily won over into letting the younger men clean up. They made their way onto the patio to relax while Ilya started to collect plates. Shane didn't know what to say so he just went to the sink and started running hot water. Ilya saddled up next to him, reaching for the frying pan he'd just finished washing and drying it off. They worked in surprisingly comfortable silence for a few minutes before Shane couldn't take it anymore.

"Are we just going to pretend it didn't happen?" He asked quietly, irritation clear in his voice.

"Thought you did not want me to give your parents performance review?" Ilya teased, bumping Shane with his hip. He dried the last dish and turned to face him. "What did you want to talk about?"

"I don't know," Shane admitted, rolling his eyes. "Just feels weird not to acknowledge it."

“You are having regrets?” Ilya frowned, eyebrows bunching together in the middle of his face. He looked genuinely concerned.

“What? No, that’s not what I said,” Shane said, trying to sound reassuring, but maybe sounding defensive. He wasn’t sure which came across more. “I just- I don’t know what to do. I’ve never done like, a one night stand thing before,” he grumbled.

“Why only one night?” Ilya asked with a small smile, reaching to hold Shane by his hip with one hand. His thumb gently sliding under the hem of his t-shirt to stroke his skin softly.

Shane did not understand how Ilya could be so calm and confident about all this, but he found it grounding. Something about the other man’s presence had turned from irritating to gravitational since he’d arrived yesterday. It was shocking Shane’s feelings for him had turned so completely in such a short amount of time. He leaned into the touch just a little, looking over his shoulder to make sure his parents were out of eyesight.

Ilya followed his glance and upon noticing his parents were nowhere in sight moved them so Shane’s back was leaning into the counter and Ilya’s arms bracketed him in. “Could be fun to continue,” he purred into Shane’s ear. “I want to hear more of those pretty little noises you make when you’re about to cum.”

Shane bit his lip to try and contain his gasp. He didn’t remember his eyes fluttering shut either, but he felt Ilya push a leg in between his own. Shane whimpered and ground into Ilya’s thigh. He couldn’t help it, he wasn’t even thinking. There was just something about Ilya that just turned his brain into horny mush. Shane had never felt like this about someone in his entire life. Now he guessed he understood why Hayden and Jackie acted like they did. Truly nothing in his life seemed to matter if Ilya was touching him.

“*Da*, just like that,” Ilya chuckled, his breath ghosting over the shell of Shane’s ear and making him shiver. He pressed a scorching kiss to the skin just below his jaw before stepping back causing Shane to frown at the loss. He opened his eyes to look at Ilya.

“But first,” Ilya grinned. “We go run, yes?”

“You can’t keep getting me worked up and then expecting me to be able to act like nothing happened,” Shane complained.

“You like it,” Ilya laughed, putting more distance between them. “You are ready or you want to change?”

“Uh, no,” Shane said, shaking his head in an attempt to clear it. “I’m ready whenever.”

“Lead the way,” Ilya said, making a show out of gesturing Shane towards the door.

Shane rolled his eyes and headed outside. He didn’t look back for a few minutes, he just assumed Ilya was behind him. “There’s not a real trail out here, but I’ve been running the same path for so many years it’s pretty clear.”

“Many other people around?” Ilya asked, jogging slightly quicker up to catch up. “I do not see many houses on the drive here.”

“No, not really. The next house is 7 miles down the road that way,” Shane pointed east. “But my parents own all the land surrounding the cottage but I don’t know how many square miles.”

“So alone out here,” Ilya hummed.

“It’s really peaceful,” Shane said, looking over at Ilya as they reached a steady pace. The path was worn, but after months of no one using it there were little bits of stay detritus they had to maneuver around but overall it wasn’t too bad. After another moment he felt Ilya’s eyes on him and looked over. He had a shit eating grin splattered across his face. Shane was just about to ask him what was so funny, but Ilya beat him to it by spreading up slightly. He overtook Shane on the trail, laughing.

Shane momentarily stopped, his mind taking a moment to catch up with what Ilya was doing. Shane started running to catch up. He bumped into Ilya’s shoulder as he passed him, causing

him to stumble a little. Shane gained the lead and pushed himself to keep it.

They continued in that fashion for the next couple miles, each over taking the other every few minutes. They were both laughing and panting the whole time. Shane had just passed Ilya again when suddenly he stumbled, Ilya grabbed him by the waist and was pulling him backwards.

“Hey! No fair!” Shane cried. “That’s cheating!”

Ilya slowed them down to a stop and turned Shane around to press his back against a tree. “I was going to win anyway,” He hummed, lips finding the sensitive skin on Shane’s neck.

“As if,” Shane scoffed, or at least he tried to, it turned into a moan as he felt Ilya’s teeth below his ear.

“I think the real cheater is you,” Ilya murmured as his hands roamed over Shane’s body. One hand came up and squeezed Shane’s pec. He pinched Shane’s nipple through his shirt and Shane felt his knees give out, grateful to be sandwiched between the tree and Ilya at that moment.

“Running in such slutty little shorts. Trying to distract me,” Ilya nearly growled. His other hand found Shane’s rapidly hardening cock. He pressed the heel of his palm into the head. Shane leaned forward and caught Ilya’s lips in a kiss. His own hands came up and tangled into Ilya’s curls. They were both sweaty and out of breath from the run, but Shane couldn’t bring himself to care. Ilya licked into his mouth and slipped his hand under Shane’s waistband to take him in his hand in earnest.

“W-we’re outside,” Shane said, pulling his mouth away from Ilya’s slightly, but rutting into his hand.

“You said is private area, yes?” Ilya asked, thumb working over Shane’s tip to collect precum before working it down the rest of his shaft. He kept a steady pace, not incredibly fast, but not slow either. He peppered kisses along Shane’s cheeks and jaw, leaving his mouth unoccupied to answer his question.

“I mean, yeah, I guess,” Shane breathed. “I’ve never seen anyone this far back from the road.”

Ilya hummed and licked into Shane’s mouth. “Then is safe?” He asked after a moment, pulling back to look Shane in the eyes. Shane could only nod in agreement. He really didn’t know what he was supposed to be doing with his hands. He tugged on Ilya’s hair with one and the other gripped his massive shoulder.

It was hot, and Shane had been hot from the run, but he felt his blood start to boil. He was so hard he couldn’t think straight. He snapped his hips, fucking up into Ilya’s fist, his early worry forgotten. “Such a needy little thing,” Ilya whispered, pulling Shane’s shorts down just enough to free his cock.

Shane’s cock twitched, he didn’t know why Ilya’s words affected him so much. Shane’s head lolled back against the tree trunk as he moaned. He scared himself with how loud he actually was. Shane was normally a pretty quiet guy, but something about Ilya made Shane lose all sense of control he was so used to having.

“*Da, ya vas slushayu,*” Ilya said. Shane had no idea what he was saying but he was trembling. Ilya left a filthy open mouthed kiss on Shane’s neck before dropping to his knees suddenly.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane sobbed as Ilya took him into his mouth. The hand in his hair tightened and he felt his other dig into the meat of Ilya’s shoulder. He was sure his nails were going to leave angry marks but Shane couldn’t even start to think about caring.

The tight circle of Ilya’s lips felt like a vice around Shane. He was already hollowing his cheeks and taking Shane deep.

“Ilya, Ilya, fuck,” Shane was fully chanting incoherent nonsense at this point but he couldn’t help himself. “I’m gonna cum, fuck!”

He meant it as a warning for Ilya to pull off, but much like last night it only seemed to spur Ilya on. He looked up at Shane. He reached up and gripped Shane’s ass with both hands,

pulling him deeper into his mouth. Shane moaned again and accidentally thrust forward further into Ilya's throat. Shane would have felt bad about it, but Ilya also moaned. The vibrations from Ilya was enough to push Shane over the edge.

"Ohh, Ilya, oh my god," Shane panted as his cum filled Ilya's mouth. Ilya didn't pull off, he worked Shane through his orgasm like he was drinking from a straw. Shane looked down and saw that not a single drop had escaped Ilya's lips which caused him to moan again. Shane was shaking as he started to feel overstimulated. He whimpered as the pleasure started to turn uncomfortable and Ilya finally pulled off. He smirked and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand as he stood up.

"*Prekrasnyy*," Ilya whispered as he leaned in to kiss Shane slowly. Shane tasted himself on Ilya's tongue which he distantly thought that maybe he should find gross, but really he just thought it was so fucking hot.

"I'm going to spend my summer vacation teaching myself Russian just to understand what you're saying when you get worked up," Shane teased. He took Ilya's bottom lip between his teeth and tugged gently.

"*Nyet*," Ilya grinned. "I will teach you. Only useful phrases though," He hummed, tucking Shane back into his shorts delicately.

"Yeah? Like what?" Shane laughed.

"I don't know, like: 'Harder please' and 'Yes, sir,'" Ilya responded, kissing along Shane's cheeks, chuckling.

Shane reached forward to take Ilya's cock in hand to return the favor but Ilya pulled away. "No, no, is okay," he reassured. Shane frowned and tilted his head.

"Later," he said, kissing Shane quickly on the lips before turning around. He looked over his shoulder and winked.

“After I beat your ass,” he said and started running back towards the cottage. Shane laughed in disbelief as he jogged trying to catch back up to Ilya.

Unfortunately Ilya did beat him back to the front door by half a second. Shane blamed his breathlessness on his recent orgasm and not that Ilya was actually faster than him.

“You fucking cheated and you know it,” He laughed as the walked into the cottage.

“Mm, no, am just much faster than you. Little Canadian boy is no match for big, strong Russian man,” Ilya teased.

Shane was about to respond with something about him not seeming that little when Ilya was choking on his cock a few minutes earlier but he saw his dad appear behind Ilya and his smile faltered a little.

“Sounds like you two have had a good morning,” He said in way of a greeting.

“Yes, very good morning,” Ilya said, eyes still on Shane. “Got my heart rate up nice and high.”

“We were thinking about grilling out for lunch today,” His dad said, completely unaware of Ilya’s mischievous grin still trained on Shane. “You have a preference for hotdogs or hamburgers for the afternoon?”

“Hotdogs today, I think,” Ilya said, winking at Shane before finally turning to the other man in the room. “Unless you have other preferences.”

“Nope, that’s why I asked,” he smiled, turning towards the refrigerator. “We should be ready to eat by the time you two are done cleaning up.”

“Yes, Shane is very stinky and sweaty. Is what happens when you are so unathletic,” Ilya snickered, pushing past Shane to walk downstairs. As he passed Shane, he pinched his hip. Shane made sure to not react too obviously, because his dad was literal feet away from them, but his stomach flipped, even at the brief contact.

Shane bit his lip and turned around to go to his own bathroom. Normally, Shane took his time in the shower, not only did he want to make sure he was clean, but it was also a place where he could think and process his day. Sometimes it felt like he couldn't think with people around, and in the shower he was able to get in his head without the fear of seeming rude. But he rushed through this one. It wasn't even entirely intentional, but something in him yearned to get back to Ilya's side. His fingers were burning to touch him again. This was eventually going to be a problem for Shane, he thought distantly. He and Ilya wouldn't always be under one roof, he would eventually go back to school and Ilya back to his own home. And these feelings would probably fizzle out before then anyway. This was just a bit of summer fun, right? And Shane was just feeling the pull towards Ilya because it was new and exciting. They would both move on before too long. But for now, Shane was eager to finish his shower and get back to the same space as Ilya.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Da, ya vas slushayu: Yes, let me hear you

Prekrasnyy: Beautiful

Nyet: No

thanks for the support on the last chapter!! i was really nervous to post it, hope you like this one too!!!

as always kudos and comments are appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 7: Chapter 7- Ilya

Chapter Notes

this chapter is dedicated to the boston fleet but mostly to aerin frankel you are the love of my life.

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

Ilya had a wonderful rest of the day with the Hollanders. They ate lunch in the living room with a Formula 1 race on the TV, which Ilya loved seeing Shane and Yuna get a little too invested in. Ilya liked fast cars, but he liked driving them, not watching other people do it. However, he found himself willing to watch a million hours of the boring sport if he got to see Shane smile excitedly like he did when his favorite driver eventually won.

“Let’s go!” He cheered, jumping up from his seat on the couch. Yuna laughed along with him and David looked up from the book he’d been reading.

“I know you think my nature shows are boring, but I’d argue they’re a bit more exciting than watching a bunch of cars drive around a track,” David teased, a very fond smile on his face.

“Is no hockey, I will give you that,” Ilya smiled. His eyes never leaving Shane’s face. This was the most relaxed he’d seen the younger man. He was hoping his intrusion into his life had become less stressful and more fun over the past two days. Ilya was certainly having fun.

Ilya had slipped his ring back on after Shane left his room the night before. When he was laying in bed, alone, he’d reached for it. It was a comfortable, familiar weight on his hand. It grounded him, made him feel real when he was feeling too big in his body. His emotions threatening to overflow. And he didn’t really know why he’d felt that way after Shane left. He’d had a good time with the other man. But after the door closed and Ilya was alone again, the bed felt too empty, too cold.

The faint scent of Shane on the sheets was almost cruel. A reminder of someone who wasn’t there. Ilya usually wasn’t this sentimental about hookups. He’d had a lot of them in his life,

they were always just a bit of fun. But Ilya was in a sentimental place in his life, he guessed. Everything made him think about the fact that the one person he'd thought he'd rely on for the rest of his life had left him alone, *again*. First there'd been his mother's "accident," and now Svetlana's divorce.

Ilya knew, logically, that there wasn't anything he could have done to prevent either of those people from leaving him. But there was another part, a part that seemed to get louder by the day, telling him that there was something fundamentally wrong with him. That those leavings were somehow results of his own failures as a son and a husband. So he put the ring back on and twisted it around his finger until he'd fallen asleep.

He hadn't felt the pull to play with it much throughout the day though. Shane and the rest of the Hollanders had kept his mind busy, to which he was very grateful. Even the F1 race hadn't actually been as boring as he and David teased. Existing with this family felt easy, something Ilya wasn't used to.

"Should we light a fire tonight?" Yuna asked, looking over towards her husband who'd turned back to the book in his lap.

"Sure," He nodded. "We might even be able to convince Shane to have a s'more," he grinned.

"All I was saying at the store was I know the vegan marshmallows are more expensive, but they're better for you!" Shane said, rolling his eyes.

"They're all mostly sugar," Yuna said, standing up from her place on the couch and heading for the kitchen. "Tapioca syrup versus gelatin can't make that much of a difference in your gut."

"I disagree," Shane argued, crossing his arms.

"You just ate hotdog," Ilya pointed out, raising an eyebrow and smiling. "I think maybe gelatin is not the worst thing you will eat today."

“They were all beef,” Shane grumbled, frowning.

“You don’t need to eat any s’mores tonight if you don’t want to, bud,” David said, clearly over the circular conversation. Ilya had guessed this wasn’t the first time they’d talked about this, and it probably wouldn’t be the last.

“I will eat enough for both of us,” Ilya reassured. He reached over and patted Shane’s knee. The gesture itself was innocent enough, but Ilya had been dying to find a reason to get his hands on Shane again since they’d come back from their run. But they’d been with David and Yuna the whole time, and Ilya couldn’t think of any excuse to get them alone again, not even a bad one.

Ilya had thought about jerking off in the shower early but he couldn’t get himself really into it. Not when Shane was right up stairs. He hadn’t turned down Shane in the woods because he wasn’t horny, Lord knows there was something about Shane that could get Ilya going at any time, but because he could see that Shane was still in his head about the night before. Ilya wanted to make sure he hadn’t regretted anything.

Ilya felt almost drunk on power though, knowing that Shane had never been with a man before him. Ilya wondered if Shane would want to do anything else with Ilya. He’d been so eager to get on his knees, would he be so eager to do other things? Ilya needed to slow himself down. Shane was basically a virgin until the day before, Ilya couldn’t rush him into things he wasn’t prepared for. But he couldn’t keep his mind from drifting there whenever Shane looked at him.

“We probably didn’t buy enough marshmallows to satisfy your black pit of a stomach,” Shane said, rolling his eyes.

“I am growing boy,” Ilya shrugged, grinning. “I like to eat.”

Shane blushed a little at that which made Ilya’s stomach do somersaults. He looked up quickly to make sure David was once again busy with his book, and winked at Shane quickly. He loved the way the deepening blush traveled down his neck slightly.

Yuna reappeared with a wine glass in hand. “You boys want anything before I sit back down?” She asked. Everyone declined and she took her spot back between Ilya and Shane.

“Actually, I was thinking about going down to the dock for a bit,” Shane said, standing.

Ilya frowned, they weren’t exactly spending any quality time together at the moment, but he was sad to see Shane leave.

“Do you, uh, wanna come?” Shane asked, turning to Ilya.

He tried to school his features and not let the wide grin threaten to overtake his face out. He raised an eyebrow instead. “You will drown me?”

“Yep, no witnesses for miles,” Shane chuckled.

Ilya pretended not to notice the glance Yuna shot her husband as he shrugged and stood. “Should have brought my good vodka,” he sighed. “Would have been good last meal.”

“Vodka is not a meal,” Shane frowned as he led the way out of the house.

“You did not grow up in Russia,” Ilya countered, maintaining his straight face as he slid the door closed behind them.

“No, but I am getting a nutrition degree, so I feel pretty confident,” Shane countered.

“Mr. Smarty pants,” Ilya teased. He was aware that they were still in full view of Shane’s parents so he didn’t move to close the distance between them like he ached to.

Shane led them down a short trail from the patio to the dock. They passed the shed Ilya had noticed previously, but the door was closed so he couldn't check to see if his guess was right about what was housed inside. He watched as Shane toed off his shoes and sat down, letting his feet dangle into the water. Ilya followed suit, sitting close enough that their shoulders brushed. He didn't want to push it, but he wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to touch if it was granted to him.

"You know, you're not as awful as I thought you'd be," Shane said, eyes trained on the lake in front of them, decidedly not looking at Ilya as he spoke.

"Eh, you have only just met me. Do not discredit me yet," Ilya hummed, bumping their shoulders together.

"I've been having fun," Shane said, ignoring Ilya. It seemed like he'd been thinking about what he was going to say, so Ilya didn't interrupt again.

"Do you," Shane took a deep breath and Ilya smiled softly at the blush that was starting to form under his cheeks. "Hook up with, like, guys, often?" He asked, still looking at the water.

"Sometimes. Not as much as with women, but sometimes." Ilya answered honestly. "Do not have strong preference either way, but I have found, is easier to pick up women."

"So you're not gay then," Shane said like he was stating a fact.

"No, not completely," Ilya conceded.

"Oh," Shane said simply. He chewed on his bottom lip like he was thinking too hard about something. Ilya moved his hand slightly, slowly running his thumb over the back of Shane's hand where they were resting next to each other on the dock. He wanted to let Shane figure out what he wanted to say on his own time, but he also wanted to offer some sort of support or comfort for him.

“I’m going to ask you something and you have to promise not to be an asshole about it. Like, don’t laugh at me,” Shane said, finally turning to meet Ilya’s gaze. Ilya shrugged, sort of non committally in an attempt at humor which fell flat. “I’m being serious,” Shane said, frowning.

“Okay, yes, no laughing,” Ilya promised, putting his hands up in surrender.

“Would you ever, like, want to do stuff with me? Like, more than what we already did,” Shane asked so slowly, like it pained him more with each new word he spoke. He turned back away from Ilya.

Ilya couldn’t help himself, he did chuckle a little at how Shane had asked the question. He leaned in so that his chin was resting on Shane’s shoulder and brushed his lips against the shell of his ear. “You are asking if I want to fuck you, *malysh*?” He asked, his voice low.

Shane shivered and gave a jerky nod.

“You sure this is what you want?” Ilya pressed. If this was anyone else, Ilya wouldn't have asked a second time. He would have pounced at the opportunity. But there was something different about Shane. Maybe it was the fact that Ilya knew he was inexperienced, maybe it was because he could tell Shane didn’t often ask for what he wanted, or something else entirely. But Ilya couldn’t risk pushing too hard too soon.

Shane gave another single nod. Ilya reached over and grabbed his chin gently, to pull Shane to look at him. “How could I say no to such a pretty little thing?” He hummed, using his thumb to pull Shane’s bottom lip from between his teeth. “But we can’t,” Ilya said gently.

Shane looked like he’d been shot with the hurt expression that twisted with shock across his features.

“At least not tonight,” Ilya added quickly. “I did not exactly bring lube and condoms on vacation with co worker and his family,” he explained. Ilya patted Shane’s cheek lightly and pressed a firm kiss to the corner of his mouth. “I will have to make the long, hard, harrowing

journey to the nearest town from out here in the wilderness,” Ilya said with mock seriousness. “But I will do it for you.”

“My hero,” Shane laughed, rolling his eyes but leaning into Ilya’s side, seemingly a bit more relaxed now that he’d gotten the answer he was looking for.

“I will make an excuse to go tomorrow. Maybe you can guide me, hmm?” Ilya asked. “Back to civilization?”

Shane nodded. “I can do that,” he hummed, closing his eyes. Ilya reached around the back of him and grabbed him by the waist, pulling him in closer.

“Want to see you in my car,” Ilya said lowly, pulling Shane impossibly closer to him. “Want to see you over it too, but think maybe that will have to wait.” Ilya put his lips on Shane’s neck and did his very best not to actually bite him. “Would you like that, *malysh*? Me bending you over the hood of my car? I bet you would look so pretty. The way you blush set against the blue? *Velikolepnyy*.”

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane breathed. “You can’t say shit like that.”

“Why not?” Ilya pouted. “*Ty vyglyadish' tak milo, kogda smushchayesh'sya*,” he whispered against Shane’s ear. His hand found its way under Shane’s shirt and he traced abstract lines across the skin there.

Shane took a deep breath and wiggled away from him. “I’m serious. I can’t cum in my pants and then walk by my parents,” he said firmly.

Ilya’s grin widened. “You think you could cum just from me talking to you?” He asked, leaning forward to close the distance again.

“I don’t want to find out,” Shane said, finally looking him in the eye. “I’m serious,” he repeated.

“Okay, okay,” Ilya laughed. “I will behave,” he promised.

“I don’t know that you’ve ever done that a day in your life,” Shane said, shaking his head and laughing.

Ilya pushed himself away from Shane and raised his hands in surrender. He used a pointer finger to draw a halo over his head which caused Shane to laugh. “Best behavior,” he said seriously.

Shane took a second to look behind them at the house before throwing a leg over Ilya’s lap and kissing him. Ilya’s hands found Shane’s waist, steadying him so he wouldn’t fall backwards into the water. “You are setting me up for failure,” he complained against Shane’s lips.

“I’m very competitive,” Shane murmured between kisses. “I’m not above cheating.”

“Yes, I can tell you are a *bad boy*,” Ilya grinned, nipping at Shane’s bottom lip. “Give me rules but you do not follow them.”

Shane kissed along Ilya’s jaw as he spoke. Though he couldn’t see him, Ilya was sure the boy was smiling. He liked this side of Shane, less restrained, more confident. It seemed like he had a weight lifted off his shoulders now. Ilya let both his hands wander down Shane’s torso until he had handfuls of Shane’s ass. He squeezed and heard Shane gasp. “I can play dirty too, *rodnoy*.”

“I’m buying a fucking Russian to English dictionary tomorrow,” Shane muttered, pulling back. He was gorgeous like this, flushed and a little annoyed.

Ilya smiled up at him, fondness in his eyes. “Is just term of endearment,” he shrugged. “Not worth the effort.”

“Still, it’s hot when you speak Russian but I’d like to know what you say,” Shane said, running a hand through Ilya’s hair.

Ilya pecked his lips. “You think is hot?” He grinned.

“Obviously,” Shane rolled his eyes. “We should probably go back up to the house,” He said, climbing back off of Ilya’s lap.

“Any longer they will think you made good on your promise to drown me,” Ilya teased. He stood up and reached a hand down to help Shane up as well. He didn’t immediately let go once he was upright though. He brought Shane’s hand up to his lips and placed a small kiss on the back of his hand. He held Shane’s gaze for a moment longer before dropping his hand and reaching down for his shoes.

The rest of the day went by without much incident. He and David worked on a jigsaw puzzle while Shane went off and did something with Yuna. By the time they were all sitting around the fire, Ilya was 2 beers and 3 s’mores deep. He was laying down on his back on one of the 4 “benches” (Ilya didn’t think slightly whittled logs counted as benches but that’s what the Hollanders were referring to them as) surrounding the fire pit, sprawled out on his back. He had his third beer dangled in his fingers as he looked into the flames. He was so content. He was listening to Shane and Yuna discuss the other MLH draft candidates who would be eligible at the same time as Shane and what the prospects for the teams each of them could be drafted to was. Ilya didn’t really follow college hockey much, more interested in the professional league himself, but he could already imagine himself tuning into Montreal games next season.

David stood up and stretched his arms above his head. “Think maybe it’s time for bed, huh?” He asked his wife. She didn’t seem to be entirely finished with her conversation with Shane but she nodded. She kissed Shane on the temple and stood as well.

“Please make sure it’s completely out before you head inside,” She said, looking at Shane seriously.

“I’ve got it, Mom,” Shane said, rolling his eyes.

Ilya smiled at the two of them lazily. “I don’t know, Yuna. Shane is very irresponsible.”

Shane kicked his shin where it was draped off his seat. “Shut up.” Ilya wasn’t looking at him but he was sure Shane was smiling anyway.

Ilya didn’t look up until he heard the door close. “You think you can handle it? Mr. Fire safety?” Ilya smiled, raising up to his elbows.

“Could you even start a fire?” Shane challenged.

“Mm no. Am city boy, not, what are they called? Boy scout.” Ilya said. He sat up and opened his arms. “Come here.”

Shane’s smile couldn’t be called anything other than foud as he stood up. He shuffled his way over to Ilya and sat beside him. Ilya put his arm around Shane’s shoulder and pulled him into his chest. He carded his fingers through Shane’s hair.

Shane settled into Ilya’s chest, one of his hands finding Ilya’s thigh. He curled in slightly. Ilya let his eyes shut and enjoyed the moment. Ilya sat there, just breathing in Shane’s scent and enjoying the heat of the fire. He wasn’t sure how much time had passed but when he opened his eyes again the fire had gone down significantly. When he felt Shane eventually stir, Ilya looked down at the younger man with a soft smile.

“We should probably go in soon,” Shane mumbled quietly.

“Did you fall asleep?” Ilya asked, smiling.

“Fuck off,” Shane said, voice still quiet and heavy.

“Let’s go, *malysh*,” Ilya said, pressing a kiss to the top of Shane’s head. “Let’s make sure the fire is out though, yes? I do not want to see your mother angry,” he chuckled. He patted

Shane's knee to try and rouse him.

"Yeah, yeah, I got it," Shane groaned, standing up. Ilya watched him put out the fire and double check that the coals weren't still burning before turning back to Ilya.

"I don't want to go to bed yet," Shane said, looking at his feet.

"You were just asleep," Ilya chuckled, standing up and pulling Shane back into his chest. The two were basically the same height but Shane fit himself into Ilya's side so easily. Ilya guided them inside slowly. He also wasn't anxious to go back to his room but he walked Shane to his room, stopping at the closed door.

"Let's go downstairs," Shane said, somehow looking up at Ilya through his eyelashes. His beautiful brown eyes and long, doe-like lashes made Ilya's stomach flutter.

Ilya pinched his side. "You are insatiable," he chided, smirking.

"No, not like, for that," Shane whispered. "I just want to lay with you for a bit. If you want," he added quickly, suddenly bashful again.

Instead of answering verbally, Ilya pulled Shane back and headed towards the bedroom in the basement. Once they were safely behind a closed door Ilya kissed Shane fully. Not in the interest of doing anything further, he could tell Shane was too tired for that, and quite frankly he was too, but there was something deep in him that needed to press their lips together. Shane kissed him back slowly, hands resting on Ilya's waist for a moment before pulling back.

"I can't sleep down here," He said, sounding sad.

"No," Ilya agreed. "But we can relax for a bit." Ilya ridded himself of his shirt and sweatpants before sliding into the bed and opening his arms. Shane followed close behind him and settled under the covers.

They should have set some sort of alarm on either of their phones for Shane to go back upstairs. They were both tired and way too comfortable to be trusted to get out of bed. But they didn't. And Ilya fell asleep for the first time in months with a small smile on his face. He was laying on his back, and Shane was a satisfying weight over his chest. He listened to his breathing even out as he drifted off to sleep. Ilya was lulled into a peaceful, dreamless sleep. Probably the best sleep he'd gotten since before his wife decided to leave him, who Ilya hadn't even thought about all day.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Malysh- baby

Ty vyglyadish' tak milo, kogda smushchayesh'sya- You look so cute when you get embarrassed.

Velikolepnyy- magnificent

Rodnoy- darling

i'm so glad yall liked the last chapter! it was so much fun to write! this chapter is pretty dialogue heavy and kinda boring probably but i felt like they needed to chill for a second. but i hope you like this one just as much! next time ilya is going to embarrass the shit out of shane at a cvs i can't wait to write it 😁 😊

Kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 8: Chapter 8- Shane

Chapter Notes

There's a lot of Russian in this one towards the end, translations as always in the end notes 

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

Shane woke up slowly. He was warm, and the arms wrapped around him made him feel safe. He snuggled into the chest beneath him. He was draped over a broad chest, one of his legs settled between two others. His face was nestled just under the jaw of the other man. He smelled like Ilya's after shave which made Shane smile. Shane's eyes flew open and he sat up abruptly. Fuck. They'd fallen asleep and Shane had spent the night downstairs. Fuck! Shane could tell it was morning by the soft light coming in from the small window in the corner of the room, the only natural light that was able to seep into the basement.

Ilya stirred slightly but didn't seem to actually wake up. Shane punched his shoulder, probably a little too hard but he was panicked.

"*Khuy!*" Ilya hissed, eyes opening slowly. When they met Shane's, he seemed to fully wake up and understand why Shane was upset. "We fell asleep," he said flatly.

"Yeah no shit," Shane whispered angrily. "What the fuck am I supposed to do?"

Ilya sat up and took a deep breath. He reached for his phone and Shane saw it light up with the time, 8:17. His parents would probably already be awake. This was so bad. Shane raked his hands over his face. He could feel his heart race rising and his breath started to come in short bursts. Fuck!

"Hey, hey," Ilya said gently, pulling Shane into his chest. "Is okay," Ilya's voice was still rough with sleep.

“It’s not fucking okay!” Shane said. “What the fuck am I going to do?” he repeated.

Ilya was quiet for a moment, he pressed a kiss to Shane’s head, which did admittedly make him feel a bit better. Ilya rubbed long lines across Shane’s back. “Okay. Here is what we do,” he said finally. Shane pulled back to look at him.

“I will go upstairs, make sure coast is clear. If it is I will come back down and get you. If it is not, you will hear me start to make conversation with whoever is up there. You sneak up stairs, open front door and close it, pretend you just got back from run or something. You can scurry into shower and get ready. No one knows,” Ilya said reassuringly.

Shane nodded. “Yeah, that’s not a bad idea,” he admitted. He took another deep breath and extracted himself from Ilya’s arms and out of the bed. “We should do that as soon as possible. What if they come down here?”

Ilya stood up and slipped on some pants. “Relax, *malys*h,” He said, kissing Shane’s temple. “I am going.”

Shane watched Ilya slip out the door and Shane pressed his body as close to the door as he could so he could hear better. For a blissful few seconds Shane didn’t hear anything. He got his hopes up that they were fine and Shane wouldn’t have to lie to his parents. And then he heard Ilya.

“Good morning, Yuna,” he said, probably a little too loud, but Shane couldn’t help but appreciate he wanted to make sure Shane could hear him.

Shane took a deep breath as he tried to figure out what he was going to do. He was still wearing his clothes from yesterday, which his mom would undoubtedly notice. And he knew he didn’t look like he’d just come from a run. He looked around the room and spotted some of Ilya’s clothes sticking out of a dresser drawer. He and Ilya were probably the same size, he could just return the clothes later. He was pretty sure Ilya wouldn’t mind. He changed quickly into a T-shirt and a pair of joggers. They were Adidas, which wouldn’t have been Shane’s first choice but he didn’t think his mom would look too closely at them; the plan was just for him to walk past her on his way to the bathroom anyway. He did a few pushups and jumping jacks to try and mimic the effects of a run and felt like an idiot.

Shane took a deep breath and quietly made his way up the stairs. Luckily the front door was only a few feet away from the stairs and he was able to reach it quickly. He could hear his mom and Ilya talking in the kitchen. He opened the door quickly and as loudly as he could and basically slammed it shut. He made his way through the front of the house, trying to head to his bathroom quickly.

“Oh, hey honey,” His mom called, stopping Shane in his tracks.

“Hey,” Shane said, slowly turning around. He could feel his ears start to blush from stress, which he guessed would help sell the run lie. His mom was so perspective, Shane never got away with anything as a kid. He didn’t know if he was just a bad liar or if Shane’s mom had a super power specifically designed to catch him.

The one time in his life he skipped hockey practice he was 11. He had just started on a new travel team and he knew most of the kids on the team from other leagues and games throughout the years but one new kid, for some reason, had it out for Shane. The whole first practice he’d picked on Shane. He slammed into the boards with very unnecessary force, and Shane had heard a few slurs thrown his way as well. But it was always out of earshot of the coach. Shane knew that if he “tattled” it would only make it worse for him so he stayed quiet. But the next day he just couldn’t muster up the courage to go back. So he let his mom drop him off at the rink and walked to the park a block away to wait. His plan was to walk back to the rink 15 minutes before his mom was set to pick him up but she showed up at the park instead.

When she got out of the car he cried so hard he almost threw up. He was so ashamed that he’d been caught in a lie. It took him ten minutes to calm down enough to talk to her. They had a really long talk about how bad lying was and about how it was important to stand up for yourself and not like bullies get the better of you. Yuna had been comforting but more than anything she had wanted to impress how unacceptable his behavior had been. And it worked. He’d never skipped another practice.

It was only years later that he found out that the coach had called his mom when he didn’t show up and that’s how she’d known he skipped, and she saw him sitting on the bench in the park as she drove back to go look for him. He never even thought about lying to her after that. Until now.

“I didn’t hear you get up this morning,” She said. “You must have gotten up pretty early.”

“Uh, yeah, I guess,” Shane shrugged, trying to sound casual and knowing he was utterly failing at it. “I didn’t look at my phone.”

“I would not have heard anything,” Ilya cut in, to which Shane was very grateful for. “I slept like a baby last night. Fire is very good way to relax apparently.”

“Those three beers probably didn’t hurt either,” Yuna smiled, looking back at Ilya. “You want some breakfast?”

“Yes please,” Ilya grinned like a child.

“Do you want a smoothie, Shane?” His mom asked. He could tell by the tone in her voice she was suspicious of something but couldn’t quite make out what.

“Yeah, sure, thanks. I’m gonna go shower,” Shane said and practically ran out of the room.

Shane hurried through his shower routine for the second day in a row. He almost didn’t want to shower though. He knew he smelled like Ilya and he wanted to bask in that for a bit. But he couldn’t, he needed to shower and get back to the kitchen. He knew Ilya wouldn’t say anything on purpose to his mom, but Shane was so anxious that he would slip up. And his mom was so smart, there was no way she wouldn’t pick up on the littlest little thing.

Shane made his way back to the kitchen, changed back into his own clothes and felt a little proud of how he’d pulled off their lie. He smiled and grabbed his smoothie off the counter and joined Ilya and his mom. They were both eating eggs and toast, Ilya didn’t have much left on his plate because even though they’d only met a few days ago, Shane knew he ate like a toddler: messy and way too fast.

“Where’s dad?” Shane asked, looking around. He’d been so focused earlier about acting normal that he hadn’t noticed his dad was missing.

“He drove into town to get a few things,” His mom said between neat bites of her own food.

“Oh, shame he went so early. I saw last night I am out of shampoo,” Ilya said. Shane’s heart fluttered, remembering their conversation from yesterday. “Guess I will have to make my own trip.”

“No, no, you don’t have to do that,” Shane’s mom said quickly. “Shane, call your father, he might not be on his way back yet.”

Shane felt his heart skip a beat. He didn’t realize it until now but he’d left his phone in his shorts from yesterday, which were currently downstairs in Ilya’s bedroom. He hadn’t realized he didn’t grab it out of his pocket. He scrambled around feeling his empty pockets, frowning. “Um, I must have left my phone in my room,” He mumbled, looking everywhere but his mom.

“Is okay,” Ilya said quickly. “No need, I will just go myself. I am picky anyway. You don’t get these beautiful curls with just any shampoo,” he grinned easily.

Shane didn’t know if he was grateful that Ilya was such a good liar or not. It was obviously helping him out in this scenario but would Shane be able to trust what he told him? He didn’t want to think about that. His mom was already looking at him weird but she shrugged and let the subject drop. Ilya was smiling and he gently nudged Shane’s foot under the table. Shane returned the gesture, trying to thank him for how he’d helped this morning.

They heard the front door open and Shane looked up. “Too late anyway,” he said, relieved.

“Home!” His dad called as he walked through the house. He was carrying a few shoppings bags and a Tim Hortons to go bag. “Got my own breakfast,” he smiled, setting everything down on the kitchen island. He brought the Tim’s bag to the table and started to eat his sandwich.

“Shane, I left the firewood in the trunk, can you bring it around to the patio?” His dad asked.

“Yeah sure,” he responded. He got up and started towards the door. He could hear but not make out Ilya speaking to his parents. He wasn’t as worried anymore. They’d done it. Shane had snuck upstairs and no one had figured out he slept with Ilya. And now, Ilya was going to go buy condoms and fuck him. They were getting away with it! Shane couldn’t keep the grin off his face as he walked outside. And if his hips swished a bit with excitement, well, no one needed to know that either.

He got back inside to see Ilya going downstairs. “I am getting ready to leave. Your dad suggested you be my GPS,” he said, smiling softly. Ilya left him to go down the stairs and Shane forced himself to go back into the living room.

“Hope you’re okay to go with Ilya,” his dad said, not looking up from where he’d finally started to unload what he brought home. It looked like a few things of fresh produce, Shane was happy to see a new bunch of bananas in the mix, and some more beer. Apparently his dad hadn’t known Ilya was as big a drinker as he was, Shane tried to resist a smile.

“What?” He asked, feigning ignorance.

“He needs to go into town, I told him you’d show him the way. You know how the signal gets spotty in some places. I didn’t want him to get lost. He doesn’t seem like he’d do well,” His dad laughed. Ilya returned then, wearing a shirt and a pair of sneakers.

“I guess I’m coming with you,” Shane said, trying to sound at least a little annoyed.

“You ready?” Ilya asked in response.

Shane shrugged and nodded. “As I’ll ever be,” he said, heading for the door.

Once they were outside Shane saw Ilya digging in his pocket and revealed his phone.

“Oh fuck, thank you,” Shane said quietly, taking it from Ilya’s outstretched hand.

“Put your clothes in with my dirty laundry. Do not think your parents would go through that even if they came down stairs,” Ilya said as he unlocked the car.

Shane didn’t know much about cars but he could tell this one was Fancy. He felt kind of guilty getting his finger prints on the handle as he opened it. The leather seats were warm but not scalding from the shade the trees provided. The interior was black with blue accents that matched the paint on the outside. It almost seemed too small for both of them to be in together. They fit, yes, but they were both large guys and the car seemed small.

“This can’t be good in the snow,” Shane said as he buckled himself in.

“What?” Ilya asked incredulously.

“Your car,” Shane said dumbly. “It can’t be good in the snow.”

Ilya snorted and rolled his eyes but didn’t respond. Instead he started the car and revved it loudly. Shane jumped and he was sure any wildlife beyond the treeline were running for their lives. Ilya shifted gears and started down the driveway way too fast. He let his hand rest on Shane’s thigh. He was a little on edge from the way Ilya was driving but he couldn’t help but lean into the touch a little.

“You do not trust me,” Ilya said, grinning over at Shane.

“It’s not that,” Shane said, trying to force himself to relax.

“I got you, *malysh*,” Ilya said, patting the inside of Shane’s thigh. “Would not let you get hurt on my watch.”

“I don’t know that you can make that promise driving like this,” Shane laughed, a little breathless with how close Ilya’s hand was to his cock. Ilya either didn’t notice or didn’t care because for once he didn’t comment on it.

“We need to go to a drug store,” Ilya said. “I will buy what we need,” he hummed.

Ilya didn’t turn on the radio, and Shane gave directions when needed but they spent most of the 30 minute drive in a comfortable silence. After the stress of the morning it was nice to simply relax together. They were alone, they didn’t have to worry about Shane’s parents and Shane felt like he could breathe. The drive should have taken them 40 minutes but Ilya acted like going the speed limit would kill him. Shane was able to stop flinching every time Ilya did something that should have gotten him pulled over half way there. By the time they reached the Pharmaprix, Shane had almost gotten used to the way Ilya drove.

Ilya got out of the car and Shane laughed as he jogged around the car. He just beat Shane to the door handle, smirking. “No, no, I will open your door,” Ilya said, reaching in to help him out of the car.

“And they say chivalry is dead,” Shane laughed as he was pulled out of the vehicle. Ilya kept their hands intertwined as they walked into the store and Shane tried to keep his face neutral.

“I do not think I know that word,” Ilya admitted, rubbing his thumb along Shane’s hand.

“What, chivalry?” Shane asked and Ilya nodded, looking around for the correct aisle.

“Oh it’s like, men having good manners or whatever,” Shane struggled to define the word. “Like, most of the time women talk about it, like paying for the date and opening up doors for them and stuff. It’s not really important. I was just making a joke.”

“No, I like it,” Ilya said, finally looking at him again. “I want to be chivalry for you,” he smiled.

"You would be chivalrous," Shane corrected.

Ilya's smile widened and he kissed Shane's nose. "Chivalrous," He said slowly, like he was trying to commit it to memory.

He dragged Shane down another aisle until they were in front of the lube and Ilya could scan the shelves. Shane shifted his weight between his feet as he tried not to look as embarrassed as he felt. He knew this was an essential perchance but he felt like every eye in the building was on them.

They were two men, holding hands, looking at lube. What else could anyone else think about what they were doing other than preparing to have sex with each other. The thought was mortifying. Shane felt his face getting hot and he pulled his hand free. He wrapped his arms around his chest and took a deep breath.

Ilya let him take a moment for himself as he picked up a bottle finally. "I like this one," he said. Douches were also in that same aisle and Ilya guided him further into the store. "I will admit to not knowing much about these though, so you will have to choose, *malysh*." He said it almost apologetically. Shane nodded. He was really grateful that Ilya wasn't making fun of him in that moment. Shane didn't know what he would do if Ilya was ribbing him when he was already feeling so vulnerable.

"I am going to get the condoms," he said softly. "They will be locked up, so it will take a little while. I will come back for you, okay?" Ilya asked. Shane nodded and looked up at the other man. "Maybe online has reviews," Ilya said before kissing the corner of Shane's mouth and walking away.

Shane was immensely glad to be alone for the moment. He felt like this decision was the biggest one he'd ever have to make. Regardless of the truth of that statement, Shane was nearly shaking. He looked across the shelves at the different brands and packages. He didn't end up pulling out his phone but he did pick up a few and read over their packaging before deciding on one. It seemed generic enough and the instructions on the back of the box were clear. He felt like he would be able to follow them easily.

He didn't have to wait long after that for Ilya to return with a box of condoms in his hand. "You ready?" He asked gently, placing a hand on the small of Shane's back.

Shane didn't trust his voice so he nodded. He wasn't scared and he didn't want Ilya to think he was, but he was nervous and seeing all of the products they were getting made him feel like an exposed wire. It wasn't theoretical after they checked out. It was happening. Shane didn't know exactly when, but it would definitely be soon. Shane was immensely grateful that Ilya wanted to be safe and be prepared, but he was only able to process so much at once. And he was feeling so open and bare under the bright fluorescent lights. Ilya seemed to be good at reading him so far, so he hoped he was able to now. He leaned into Ilya's side as they walked towards the front to check out.

"Gimme," Ilya said softly. "Go wait in the car."

"Are you sure?" Shane asked, biting his lip.

Ilya nodded and reached into his pocket, handing Shane his keys. "I will be right there, *moya lyubov'*," he said gently, kissing Shane's forehead.

Shane didn't argue further and traded the douche for Ilya's keys. He walked quickly to the car and unlocked the passenger door. He instantly felt better in the confines of the car. It didn't feel like everyone in the world could see him and he sighed, feeling relieved. The feeling didn't last long however, soon he started to feel embarrassed that he'd been so embarrassed. It was a totally normal thing to buy condoms and stuff. People do it all the time. That's why there was a whole section of the store dedicated to it. They probably weren't even the first couple to come into the store that day!

Shane's thought spiral was interrupted by Ilya getting into the car. He set the bag in the backseat of the car and looked at Shane seriously. "You okay?" he asked, frowning. In that moment Shane felt his heart melt a little. He had never had anyone check in with him so much in his life to make sure he was okay. Not even his parents seemed as invested in his comfort as Ilya did. All of his shame and embarrassment left his body. Shane leaned over the center console and kissed Ilya firmly.

"I'm perfect," He said, honestly. "Thank you."

That seemed to relax Ilya instantly, Shane saw the tension leave his shoulders. He nodded and started the car. Shane got an idea and grinned.

“I’m going to take you a slightly different way back,” he said. Ilya nodded noncommittally and followed Shane’s directions down the road. He didn’t question anything until he was pulling into a clearly abandoned parking lot. They were a few miles off the main road and there was a place where a restaurant used to be before it burned down three years ago and no one bothered to rebuild it. Ilya looked around, brows furrowed as he looked to Shane.

“Park the car,” Shane said, launching over the console and attaching his lips to Ilya’s. Shane heard the engine shut off and threaded both hands in Ilya’s hair. Ilya didn’t take too long to respond after that, holding Shane’s face in one hand and licking into his mouth.

Shane pulled back after a moment and looked into Ilya’s eyes. “Please let me suck your cock,” he breathed. Shane’s own dick was starting to stir in his pants but that was the last thing on his mind. He needed to have Ilya in his mouth more than he needed air.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya groaned. “You are a greedy little thing. Can’t even wait.”

Shane was past bashfulness at this point. “Yep,” he agreed. “Please,” he repeated. He reached down to palm at Ilya through his pants. He was already half hard just from hearing Shane beg for it. Ilya nodded and did his best to get out of Shane’s way. Shane bent down and mouthed at Ilya through his pants a bit. The angle of his body was weird in the car but he didn’t care.

Shane heard Ilya moan and he reached down to push Ilya’s pants down. Ilya lifted his hips a little to help out in getting his cock free. Once it was finally in front of him Shane wasted no time in taking him into his mouth. Shane swallowed as much of him as he could, which still wasn’t as much as Shane had hopped so he used his hand to stroke what he didn’t fit in his mouth.

Ilya’s fingers found their way into Shane’s hair and he tugged lightly, causing Shane to moan at the sensation. He gagged himself as he tried to take in more, but he didn’t let that discourage him.

Shane knew he wasn't skilled in blowjobs yet but he was nothing if not a quick study. He mimicked a few of the tricks Ilya had used on him the day before with his tongue. He pressed into Ilya's tip and sucked a little harder. He was rewarded for his efforts when he heard Ilya groan. He couldn't look up at him from his angle very well, which he was a bit disappointed with, he remembered how much he'd loved it when Ilya looked up at him.

"Bozhe, nu i shlyukha zhe ty," Ilya breathed. *"Ty zhazhdesh' etogo."* It drove Shane insane that he didn't know what Ilya was saying but he did really turn him on to hear Ilya so gone he slipped back into his mother tongue.

Shane hollowed his cheeks and sucked hard. He let his hand reach up and cradle Ilya's balls in his palm. He tried to emulate what he did on himself when he masterbated. Shane tasted Ilya's precum and moaned.

Much to Shane's frustration he couldn't get a good breath in his lungs with Ilya's cock in his mouth so he pulled off briefly. He let his hand work over the shaft for a moment and looked up at Ilya.

"Bozhe moy," Ilya groaned when they made eye contact. Shane hadn't realized he'd started crying until Ilya brushed away tears with his thumb. "You are so beautiful," he whispered.

"Finally something in English," Shane teased, surprised by his own voice. He was a bit horse from Ilya hitting the back of his throat.

And because Ilya was nothing if not contrary he grinned down at Shane and said *"Ty menya okoldovyyvayesh'."*

Shane rolled his eyes. "Don't pull me off this time," he said. "I want to swallow."

"Who am I to deny such a request," Ilya said breathlessly, thumb gently caressing Shane's bottom lip. Shane nodded and took Ilya's cock back into his mouth quickly. He bobbed his head swiftly, chasing Ilya's orgasm. He was preparing himself for the taste, he really didn't know what to expect. He didn't think it would be worse than the precum, which Shane actually found himself enjoying quite a bit.

“Shane,” was all the warning Ilya gave him before he erupted into his mouth. Shane was so in his head about not wanting to gag from the taste he’d been completely surprised with how fast his cheeks filled up. He tried to swallow as much as he could, but he did end up choking and having to pull off. He coughed as he tried to catch his breath. After a second he dove back into Ilya’s lap to clean up what he hadn’t swallowed the first time, making sure to clean Ilya off completely.

Ilya’s hand tightened in his hair as he pulled Shane off and up to his mouth. He licked into Shane’s mouth, groaning at the taste of himself. “You are perfect,” he told Shane when he finally pulled back. Shane preened a little under the praise and smiled contentedly.

“We can go back now,” Shane said. “I won’t lead you to any more scary places,” he promised.

Ilya laughed as he tucked himself back into his sweatpants. “You cannot just kidnap me every time you are greedy for my cock,” he mocked teasingly.

“I don’t think you’re actually that upset,” Shane chuckled.

“No,” Ilya admitted. He reached over and grabbed Shane’s face again. It was like he couldn’t help but pet Shane’s cheeks, and Shane couldn’t find it in himself to think it was anything but endearing.

“We should probably get back though,” Shane said, almost sadly. “Mom is already suspicious of me from this morning.”

“Maybe of you, I do not think she thinks it has anything to do with me though,” Ilya said as he started the car.

“Let’s keep it that way,” Shane hummed, reaching over and holding Ilya’s hand. Their fingers stayed interlocked until they pulled back into the driveway to the cabin.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Khuy- curse word, literally meaning “dick” but it's used like “shit” or “fuck” in English

Malysh- baby

Moya lyubov',- my love

Bozhe, nu i shlyukha zhe ty- God you're such a slut

Ty zhazhdesh' etogo.- I typed in ‘you’re hungry for it’ but the literal translation is ‘you crave this’ which i think is *hot*

Bozhe moy- My God/Oh my God

Ty menya okoldovyvayesh'- You bewitch me

Eek this chapter took a lot out of me but I was very inspired by all your comments on the last chapter, they really fueled me! tysm i love you all!! 

Kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 9: Chapter 9- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Ilya parked the car, he gave Shane's hand one last squeeze before steeling himself to get out. He was a very physically affectionate person, and with how much he was starting to like Shane, it was getting harder and harder for him to keep his hands to himself. But they both knew the risks of anyone finding out about them were. They hadn't spoken about it out loud but there was no need. Shane was 22. Ilya had been in secondary school when he was born for fuck's sake. He really didn't like to think about that. When Ilya looked at Shane, he didn't see some kid in college. He saw a charming, kind, smart, and sometimes *very horny* man. A man who was able to help Ilya get out of his head and focus on the here and now.

After feeling so stuck for so long, it was such a relief to find the joy in something again. And there was so much joy to be found with Shane. His laugh, his enthusiasm, his seemingly incurable need to correct Ilya. He shouldn't have found that last one as endearing as he did. Ilya had always been a sucker for someone who was smarter than him. Svetlana certainly was and he could already tell Shane knew he was as well. Ilya was also incredibly charmed by just how earnest Shane was in everything he did. Ilya wasn't used to people outright saying what they were feeling or what they wanted.

It made Ilya a little uneasy at first, his father made sure Ilya was stoic. Showing any kind of emotion in his childhood home was the last thing anyone wanted to do. Ilya remembered how upset his father had been that he'd cried during his mother's funeral. It was an "outlandish display" and "incredibly disrespectful to demand attention" at a time like that. That hadn't been the first time Ilya had been hit, but it was the first time the lesson really stuck. Without his mother there to comfort him, Ilya finally truly understood what a Rozanov man was. He never cried under that roof ever again, even when he was alone.

Shane on the other hand, you could tell every thought he was having just by looking at him, and most of the time you didn't even have to do that. After they'd gotten over their initial awkwardness, Shane hadn't shied away from telling Ilya what he wanted and what he was thinking about. Until they'd gotten to the convenience store, Ilya hadn't had to guess what was going on in his head for days. Luckily Ilya was able to interpret why Shane had shut down and been able to help him.

That was the first time he'd been reminded of Shane's age since meeting him. He'd been so lost in their little bubble that it hadn't even occurred to him, other than the fact he knew

Shane was a virgin. Which also came with its own weight attached. Ilya, to his knowledge, had never actually been with a virgin before. The girl he'd lost his virginity to certainly hadn't been, and he was pretty sure everyone after her had also had some prior experience. The first boy he'd slept with, Sasha, was his hockey coach's son. He'd been a nervous wreck going into it, but Sasha had already made his way through a few other members of Ilya's team. He wouldn't tell him who, which Ilya did respect and understand, but he had always wondered. It was way too dangerous to try and ask anyone outright. The risk of being wrong was too high, and Ilya hadn't quite honed his gaydar at that point.

So needless to say, Shane being a virgin was really messing with Ilya's head. He wanted it to be perfect for him. Ilya's first time was anything but. He'd been 14, looking back on it, he could see now that it was way too young. He'd just been so lonely, and when one of his teammates' older sisters had approached him he just couldn't say no. He was so embarrassed with how quickly he'd finished and he really hadn't known what to do with her, but Ilya had never been a quitter. He'd taken that experience and used it as fuel to never embarrass himself like that ever again. And he hadn't. He hooked up with that girl a few more times and really found his rhythm both metaphorically and literally.

He'd been so desperate for connection at that point in his life, and that was a pretty easy way to get it. It made him feel wanted. Something that he hadn't felt since before his mother had died. And when he and Svetlana had hooked up for the first time when they'd both been 16 and drunk, Ilya was so afraid they'd ruined their friendship. But they hadn't, neither of them had made it awkward the next morning, and they'd just continued on with their relationship as it had been. They fell into bed together occasionally but never got jealous when they slept with other people. That was the special thing about them, Ilya thought. They were always on the same page, and on the rare occasion they weren't all Svetlana had to do was tell Ilya he was being an idiot and he'd usually come around pretty quickly.

Which was why the divorce had felt so sudden and out of the blue. It was truly the first time in their decades-long friendship that they'd been unaligned on something. Like they woke up one morning speaking different languages. But regardless of how he felt about the situation, he could tell his best friend was happier than he'd seen her in a long time. The way she held herself was lighter, she was smiling more and there was no way Ilya could deny her. They were best friends first, and spouses second. Ilya was honestly surprised at himself for his reaction but his amazing best friend has given him so much grace and patience to deal with his emotions.

When he and Shane reached the door of the cottage, Ilya held it open for Shane but stopped himself from doing anything else. He made eye contact with the younger man briefly before winking and heading downstairs with the bag from Pharmaprix. He knew everything would

be safer down there. He didn't know how much Shane's parents dug around in his things, but he was relatively sure they weren't rummaging through his.

Ilya stayed in the basement for a while after that. He felt like he needed some space to clear his head. His feelings towards Shane were getting far too intense too quickly. He chalked it up to his brain feeling desperate for connection again, similar to when he was young and clinging to the first person who was showing him affection. But he knew he couldn't let himself get too attached. Shane was not only a completely inappropriate person for Ilya to be pursuing at all, with his age and limited experience, but Ilya liked David too much to risk their friendship as well. Ilya knew he should pump the brakes. He hadn't really meant anything serious with all the physical affection, that was just who he was as a person, but he didn't want to be misinterpreted. He didn't want Shane to feel like he was coming on too strong, or pressuring him into more than he was ready for.

Ilya sighed and flopped down onto the bed. He scrolled mindlessly for a few minutes before his phone started ringing. He was so shocked he jumped a little and almost dropped the phone on his face. He rolled his eyes on himself and answered the call.

"Ey, ty kak," he greeted Svetlana as he brought the phone up to his ear.

"I'm bored," she answered back in Russian. Ilya chuckled lightly, he could hear the pout on her face.

"I'm so sorry to hear that, Sveta. What? Your girlfriend isn't exciting anymore?" he found it wasn't as hard to tease her about Rose anymore. The space from the situation loosening the tightness in his chest over the circumstance.

"Don't be a dick," She laughed. "She's filming. What are you doing? You're not home."

"No, I'm not home. You remember my coworker, David?" Ilya waited for her hum of agreement. "He invited me to come stay at his cottage for a little while with his family. It's nice, been here a few days now. Peaceful."

“Sounds boring,” Sventlana teased. “Is there anything to even do? Or are you sleeping with David now? Isn’t he married?”

“Oh my god, Sveta,” Ilya groaned. “His wife is here!”

“So you are having threesomes!”

“Gross, no,” Ilya laughed. “I would not sleep with either of them!”

“Then what are you doing all the way out in the woods in a cottage? Is it just you three?”

Ilya paused, chewing on his lip for a moment before answering. “No, their son is also here.”

If he had hoped for her not to notice the hesitation he knew he’d been wrong.

“A son?” Svetlana asked, he could hear her sit up. “Tell me about him.”

“Svetlana,” he said in a warning tone.

“What? I am just asking!” She said defensively.

“He’s *nice*,” Ilya said. “I don’t want to gossip about him.” It was a weak excuse. He knew it, he knew Svetlana knew it. But he was hoping for a little mercy from his wife at that moment.

“Okay, okay,” She sighed and then after a moment she added “Have you fucked him yet?”

“Svetlana!” Ilya nearly yelled. “Why would you even ask that?”

“Sorry, sorry!” Svetlana apologized quickly. “I just know sometimes you think with your little head and not your big one. Especially when you are sad. And I know the past few months haven’t been easy on you.”

“He is 22,” Ilya admitted, groaning.

“Good,” She hummed, “A 22 year old is probably very fun! And for the record, I want you to have fun! I know it’s my fault, but I hate knowing how upset you’ve been.”

“It’s not your fault. I know I’m dramatic. My father always said I got that from my mother,” he laughed bitterly.

“Listen, as long as everyone is on the same page, I think this is good for you! Best way to get over someone is to get under someone else, yes?” She giggled.

“Goodbye, Sveta,” Ilya said, laughing despite himself.

“I love you,” She said before hanging up.

Ilya stayed in bed after that until his stomach growled. He wandered up the stairs to find the living room empty. He foraged around in the fridge and pantry to make himself a sandwich. He wrapped it in a paper towel and headed out the backdoor in search of his hosts. Thankfully it didn’t take him long to find them. They were all splashing around in the water off the dock. He slipped off his shoes and sat down at the edge of the dock, dipping his feet into the cool water.

“Oh hey, Ilya,” David greeted, waving from a few feet away as he bobbed in the water.

“Hello,” Ilya chuckled, mouth full.

“I came down to tell you we were headed out here but you were on the phone,” Shane said.

“Ah, yes, my wife called,” Ilya said as he finished his lunch.

“How is she?” David asked.

“Okay,” Ilya said, stomach churning at the memory of what they talked about. “We didn’t talk much.”

Ilya was just about to turn and try to talk to Shane but he suddenly wasn’t in the water. Ilya didn’t see him do it, but it seemed that he’d gotten out of the lake and was walking back to the house. Ilya frowned but couldn’t figure out a way to go after him and make it seem natural. So he stayed out with David and Yuna, sunning himself on the dock. He felt a bit like a lizard but in the best way. He felt his skin start to brown slightly and smiled. His Russian complexion was usually pretty pale, but he loved the golden hue it turned when he was able to get in the sun for a bit.

Yuna eventually announced it was time for David to start up the grill for dinner and Ilya offered to help. Shane still hadn’t reappeared, and Ilya tried not to get in his head about it. He was sure it wasn’t anything. Ilya had taken time for himself today, so that’s probably what Shane was doing. But Ilya couldn’t help but miss his presence. He was getting used to being around him so much.

David put Ilya in charge of starting the grill while he cleaned up and Ilya felt happy to meaningfully contribute. He added a new propane tank and started it up, making sure the grill was getting nice and hot. He waited out on the patio until David reappeared changed, with a tray of burgers and a couple of beers.

“I know you said you didn’t talk about much, but was there a reason she called?” David asked. Ilya didn’t blame him for being curious.

“No, not really. Like I said, divorce is not a messy one,” Ilya shrugged. “Told her I would be out of the house but not where so she was just calling to check in.”

“You didn’t seem upset, I was just wanting to make sure. You’ve seemed better the past few days,” David grinned. “I was right about the change of scenery being good for you,” He teased, shooing Ilya out of the way so he could place the burgers on the now hot grill.

“Yes, yes,” Ilya laughed, David was unaware of just how right he was. “You are very smart man. Comes with old age I hear,” he teased.

“Hey!” David objected, also laughing.

After a few minutes they’d lapsed into a comfortable silence before David spoke up again. “I was wondering if you’d be okay if I took Yuna and we went out one night this week? Take her into town and have a nice dinner. It’s her birthday in a few days.”

“Of course,” Ilya said quickly. “Do not let me get in the way of your plans. I’m sure she will love it.”

“And you’re okay to stay here with Shane?” David asked, looking up.

Ilya was a little taken aback by that, he’d assumed Shane would go with them to celebrate, but this was great news! He and Shane would have an evening alone! Ilya had to actively keep his face neutral, his mind flooding with ideas. “Yeah, should be fine,” he responded, shrugging.

Ilya was buzzing with excitement to tell Shane that they’d have some actual time alone together sometime soon, but he didn’t get a chance that evening. He’d gone to bed early, citing a headache after not having said much at dinner. Ilya had waited up for him in the basement for a few hours, hoping maybe Shane would come down to cuddle even if he wasn’t feeling well, but he didn’t. And Ilya hadn’t been able to catch a moment with him the next morning either.

By lunch Ilya was starting to suspect he was being ignored. Shane declined his offer to go run after they’d eaten, barely even bothering to give a proper response. Just a quick, “No thanks,” that he didn’t even look at Ilya to say. Ilya went by himself if only to pass the time and calm himself down. He was starting to get annoyed. Just the day before Shane had

begged to suck him off and now he was avoiding Ilya like the plague. And Ilya couldn't even figure out what he'd done wrong! And he couldn't get Shane alone to confront him about it.

He ran until his legs threatened to give out and his lungs burned. But even that wasn't enough to fully get his mind off of Shane as he made his way back to the cottage. He stumbled down the stairs to take a shower and change, but when he went into the bedroom to grab his clothes, he was surprised to see Shane sitting on the bed.

"Can I help you?" He asked, tone sharp. He couldn't help it.

"No, you don't get to be the one that's mad," Shane responded, standing and crowding Ilya against the wall.

"What the fuck did I do?" Ilya whispered with furrowed brows, conscious of if anyone could hear them.

"You're fucking married!" Shane spat, clearly he didn't have the same concern, his parents must have been outside.

Ilya couldn't help the relief that flooded his body. "Technically, yes, as of now," He said, a small smile spreading across his lips.

"What the fuck does that mean?" Shane demanded, seemingly even more annoyed now.

"I am in the middle of a divorce," Ilya explained. He took the risk to reach out to brush his fingers alongside Shane's waist.

Shane flinched away and crossed his arms over his chest. "You didn't think that was something I'd like to know? Given everything that's going on?" he uncrossed his arms and gestured between the two of them.

Ilya tilted his head in confusion. “No?” He said honestly. “Did not think it mattered.”

“Why wouldn’t it matter? You’re fucking married!” Shane repeated.

“Is not a big deal,” Ilya said, baffled. “We were open even before we started the divorce.”

“What?” Shane asked, seemingly suddenly stunned. His arms dropped limply to his sides.

“My wife, Svetlana, and I always had an open relationship,” Ilya said, reaching back out to try and pull Shane into him. This time, Shane let himself be touched. Ilya thought that was a good sign but didn’t push it. “But now she is leaving me, so it doesn’t matter anyway. You are not my mistress, *malysh*,” Ilya teased gently, smiling.

He reached up to take Shane’s chin between his finger and thumb to force to meet his gaze. “This is why you were mad? You thought I was cheating on my wife?”

“Well, yeah,” Shane said lamely. “Kind of would have made you a shitty person if you were a cheater,” he said, leaning into Ilya despite himself.

“Is good thing I am not then, yes?” Ilya asked, running his thumb gently along Shane’s jaw. Shane nodded slightly, hands finding Ilya’s chest. Ilya finally felt the air in the room shift back to the way it usually did.

“This is why you’ve been avoiding me?” Ilya hummed.

Shane nodded again. “I just couldn’t look at you, thinking I was in some way helping you cheat. Didn’t even notice the ring until you said it.”

“I just wear it out of habit,” Ilya responded. It wasn’t a lie, but he didn’t want to tell Shane it felt more like a security blanket than a ring at that point.

“I’ve been taking it off more,” he added, slipping the ring off as he spoke. “Wore it for so many years feels like second skin,” he admitted.

“Why are you getting a divorce?”

“She met someone new. Better for her, I guess,” Ilya sighed.

“I thought you said you were open,” Shane frowned.

“New girlfriend wants monogamy with Svetlana,” Ilya said, shrugging.

“Is that...very upsetting?” Shane asked, looking back down at the floor.

“Yes,” Ilya admitted. “We are still on good terms, though. Marriage was mostly for passport. But it is a big change for me.”

Shane nodded, and after a moment of hesitation leaned in and kissed Ilya briefly. “I’m sorry I made assumptions.”

Ilya smiled and kissed him again, deeper this time. “And I am sorry for not telling you,” he breathed as they pulled apart.

Shane nodded, eyes fluttering shut and he leaned back into Ilya’s space. Ilya threaded his fingers through Shane’s hair and pulled him back slightly. “I need to shower,” Ilya said, scratching gently at Shane’s scalp.

“You need help washing your back?” Shane grinned, blinking his big doe eyes at Ilya.

“Your parents won’t notice you’re missing?” Ilya asked.

“They went on a walk, probably won’t be back for awhile,” Shane said, biting his lip. He looked at Ilya through his lashes, which was totally unfair. How was Ilya supposed to say no when he looked like that?

He leaned in and kissed the corner of Shane’s mouth and nodded. “Okay, if you’re sure they won’t be back,” he relented.

“I know my mom,” Shane chuckled. “A walk out here is at least two hours. She stops and makes Dad tell her about all the different birds.”

Ilya chuckled and nipped at Shane’s jaw. “David tell you about her birthday surprise?”

“What?” Shane asked breathlessly, slotting a knee between Ilya’s starting to rut directionless.

Ilya gripped his hips to guide him, rolling his hips into Shane’s. “You dad, he is taking your mother out to dinner for her birthday. Asked me if it was okay for me to be alone here with you. He didn’t want me to feel awkward with just the two of us in the house,” he said, breathing hotly over Shane’s ear. “Which means, we’ll have the house to ourselves for a while.”

Shane leaned back to look in Ilya’s eyes. “Wait, really? When?” his hips stopped moving, his focus suddenly serious.

Ilya reached up and brushed his thumb across Shane’s bottom lip. “Do not know when they’re going. He told me last night. Would have told you sooner if you would have talked to me,” he teased.

“Sorry,” Shane said again, frowning slightly.

“Is okay, we already apologized, yes?” Ilya said, kissing the corner of Shane’s mouth. “Is good news though. We can take our time while they’re at dinner. And it means I get to hear you,” he said lowly, kissing along Shane’s jaw. “Want to hear all the pretty noises I know you can make while I work you open.”

Shane’s hips stuttered against Ilya’s and his eyes fluttered shut. “Fuck,” he whispered.

Ilya grinned and pulled back. “Let’s go take a shower now, yes?”

“You’re such an asshole,” Shane groaned, stepping back and taking a deep breath. Ilya could see how hard he was through his pants.

Ilya quickly grabbed a change of clothes and pushed Shane towards the bathroom, laughing. He locked the door once they’re in the bathroom and attached his lips to Shane’s again, licking into his mouth.

Shane pushed his hands under Ilya’s shirt and pushed it up, breaking the kiss briefly to throw it off him. Ilya took the opportunity to do the same with Shane’s shirt before pulling him back into a deep kiss. He reached into Shane’s pants and stroked him a few times, spreading the precum that had already gathered on the tip down his length.

“Fuck, *malysh*,” Ilya whispered.

Shane whimpered and bucked into Ilya’s hand. Ilya kept up his ministrations for another moment, drinking in Shane’s reactions before stepping back to turn towards the shower. Shane gave a short cry at the loss of contact and glared at Ilya. “Am sweaty, just got back from run,” Ilya laughed. “You will thank me once I am clean again.”

Shane rolled his eyes and pushed past Ilya to quickly start the shower. He rid himself of the rest of his clothes and raised his eyebrow for Ilya to do the same. Once they were both naked, Shane pulled him under the warm running water. He kissed Ilya instantly, his hands running all over his body, seemingly just needing to touch him. Ilya groaned under Shane’s attention and pulled him close, his hand found Shane’s cock again and began stroking him lightly.

Shane bucked his hips forward, fucking into Ilya's fist. He pulled back from the kiss, his forehead resting on Ilya's shoulder as he tried to catch his breath. Ilya reached around and grabbed his ass, taking a handful and squeezing roughly. Everytime when he was with Shane, Ilya felt like he was drunk or high on something. All his senses heightened, his own cock currently wasn't being touched but he felt like his whole body was on fire. Ilya felt every little sound, every little twitch from Shane wash over his body. He felt like a horny teenager again, he just couldn't get enough of this other man.

One of Ilya's fingers reached down and rubbed gently over the tight ring of Shane's hole. He didn't push in, just teased the sensitive skin there. Shane let out a pitiful whine, trying to decide if he should push back against Ilya's finger or thrust into his fist. He bit down on Ilya's shoulder, causing Ilya also to moan.

Suddenly, without warning, Shane bucked his hips one last time and came into Ilya's hand, spilling onto Ilya's chest. He groaned lowly as he slumped against Ilya's chest. Ilya pulled his head back by his hair gently and kissed him again, licking into his mouth. "Always so eager," he said, pulling back. The words came out like praise as the cum washed off his hand under the spray of the shower.

Shane didn't respond verbally, he instead dropped to his knees in front of Ilya. He took Ilya into his mouth almost hungrily. Ilya's head fell back, groaning softly as he was enveloped in the tight, wet heat of Shane's mouth. Shane sucked Ilya's cock like he was starving and the only thing that could satisfy him was Ilya's cum. Ilya had never met anyone who loved sucking cock as much as Shane seemed to, especially considering he was so new to it.

Ilya felt himself hit the back of Shane's throat on one particularly eager bob of his head and cursed, the sound of Shane gagging making his cock twitch in his mouth. That seemingly only egged Shane on, trying to get more of Ilya into his mouth. Both of his hands were busy, one working Ilya's balls the other stroking what he couldn't fit in his mouth despite his best efforts. Ilya would have to be some kind of super human to last long under Shane's enthusiastic attention. He groaned again and forced himself to open his eyes, looking down at Shane.

"Close, *malysh*," Ilya warned, moaning lowly.

Shane opened his eyes, water beading on his lashes as he redoubled his efforts, intentionally gagging himself one last time before Ilya was spilling into his mouth. He watched as Shane worked quickly, trying to swallow all of it, but a few drops escaped out the side of his mouth, quickly getting washed away by the shower spray.

Ilya pulled Shane to his feet and crowded him against the tile wall of the shower to kiss him. Ilya tasted himself in Shane's mouth and gripped his chin, probably a little too tight. "Too good for only sucking cock for a few days" he panted into Shane's mouth. "Only explanation is you were born for it," he hummed, running a hand up Shane's side.

"I'm a quick learner," Shane chuckled breathlessly.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Ey, ty kak- Hey how are you

Malysh- Baby

Ugh, so sorry this chapter took so long! Getting ready for the holiday last week (happy late easter to those who celebrate 🐰) and i had a job interview today that i had to prepare for (it went well! they moved me along to the final stage!!) so i've been super busy. and i really am not super happy with this chapter. i've rewritten it too many times to count, and i think this is as good as i can make it. thank you so much for all your wonderful comments on the last chapter tho! they're truly the only reason i was able to push though and get this one written! 💕

anyway, kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 10: Chapter 10- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane felt like he was floating through the rest of the day. He was so relieved that Ilya wasn't actually a huge piece of shit who was using him to cheat on his wife that he felt a bit drunk with it. Hearing his dad mention her so casually had made Shane want to crawl out of his skin. Which, honestly, was ridiculous. It's not like he had any right to be jealous. He and Ilya weren't anything. They were just hooking up while he was staying with Shane's family. They'd literally just met. There was no reason Shane should feel anything at the idea of Ilya with other people. But just because there wasn't a reason for it didn't mean he didn't feel it.

He felt so stupid after he confronted Ilya. It didn't help that Ilya had practically laughed at him, or that, even if his wife wasn't currently divorcing him, Ilya would probably have still pursued Shane because they weren't monogamous. Shane was sure that worked for some people, and clearly it had worked for Ilya for a while, but he didn't think he could really wrap his head around the idea. Of having someone, but also sharing them. But none of that even mattered because he and Ilya weren't together so his opinions on monogamy weren't any of Shane's business! But it felt like his business anytime Ilya let him suck him off. It felt like his business knowing that there was a Pharmaprix bag hidden somewhere among Ilya's things. He had to keep reminding himself it wasn't though, that he and Ilya didn't really mean anything to each other outside the walls of the cottage.

He was a little unsteady on his feet after their shower so he let Ilya wrap him in a towel and sit him on the bed while he changed. Shane watched him with a small smile on his lips. He thought about what Ilya had told him earlier, about their night alone, about what that meant for them. Shane was nervous, for sure, he'd seen Ilya's dick and was dubious about how it would fit inside him, but he was also extremely excited.

Coming to that realization had sent Shane into another mini spiral. He'd never questioned his sexuality before, just assumed one day he'd find a girl he didn't have to feign interest in. With how homophobic hockey culture was, being gay wasn't something Shane ever thought about, let alone considered he could be. The night he'd spent Ilya, Shane was alone in his bed doing one of the most embarrassing things he thought possible. He Googled "am i gay quiz" on his phone and worked his way through the first 2 pages of results. Yes, they were all stupid online quizzes, but they all came back with the same terrifying result. A result that had Shane doing some serious reflecting on his life up until that point and his feelings towards Ilya. Well, no, not towards Ilya, towards what he was doing with Ilya. And how much he enjoyed it, and how much he was looking forward to them taking that next step together.

It was a bit mortifying for him to realize something so monumental at 22. Shane remembered the one out kid he'd gone to secondary school with. He seemed like he'd always known. And he seemed so different than Shane, it was hard to believe they were similar at all.

Once Ilya was dressed he sent Shane upstairs to make sure his parents were still out of the house, and once that was confirmed for him, he met Shane at the top of the steps and kissed him briefly but deeply. Shane couldn't help but melt into the kiss, something about the way Ilya kissed him made Shane's brain momentarily shut off.

"I will find out more about your mother's birthday surprise when they return," Ilya promised.

Shane nodded and walked over to the living room. He plopped down on the couch, satiated and relaxed. He grinned up at Ilya as he followed him and sat at the other end of the couch, bringing Shane's feet into his lap and smiling softly. Shane turned the TV on and started channel surfing. It felt normal; to be with Ilya like this. The casual touch of Ilya's hands on his calves, the comfortable silence between them and the TV humming in the background. Shane could almost let himself pretend they were something real. But no, he absolutely could not let himself start thinking like that. That would only lead to more complication than there already was in their relationship.

Shane shifted slightly, suddenly very aware of all the points of contact he had with Ilya. He tried to force himself to relax again, this shouldn't have felt more intimate than sucking his dick but for some reason it did. He felt himself start to blush and was thankfully rescued from the situation by hearing his parents walk through the front door. He quickly sat up, putting his feet on the floor and scooting slightly further away from Ilya. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed Ilya also moved a little, reshaping his body to a different kind of casual.

"Was afraid you ran away," Ilya called, turning around and grinning.

"It's such a nice day," his mom smiled. "Thought we could take the scenic route back."

"Every route is the scenic route out here. You just took the long way home," his dad teased, smiling and kissing her cheek.

His mom's smile widened when she saw Shane on the couch. "Feeling better, honey?"

Shane cleared his throat and nodded, trying to fight the blush as he remembered faking a headache to avoid Ilya. "Yep, much better now."

"Good," she nodded. "I was thinking, you haven't been down to the rink since we got here. You might want to, now that you're feeling better."

"Yuna, he's on summer vacation," his dad sighed, rolling his eyes.

"The draft is in less than a year, David. Shane *wants* to stay in shape. He *likes* to practice."

"She's right," Shane interjects quickly. "It's been two weeks since I've done any sort of practice. That's way too long."

"I mean we had the rink built on our property for a reason," his mom added.

Shane saw Ilya perk up at that. "You have ice rink here? On your property?" he asked, looking between the three of them.

"Well it's a practice rink but yes, we had it put in when Shane really started taking hockey seriously, we wanted to give him a place to practice in the summer while we were here," his mom said.

"I wish you would have told me," Ilya said, almost pouting. "Would have brought my gear."

"You still play?" Shane asked, trying not to sound too excited at the idea.

“On a rec league,” Ilya nodded. “I have invited your dad to play with us, but his old bones cannot take the rough housing,” he teased, looking back at David.

“I’m happy to watch you and Cliff play,” he laughed. “Ilya’s captain of the team.”

“Really?” Shane asked, fully grinning at that point.

Ilya shrugged, feigning nonchalance. “No one else had enough experience to do it,” he said, flashing a smirk at Shane. “You want me to give you some pointers?” He teased.

Shane scoffed. “As if.”

And thirty minutes later he was showing Ilya to his practice rink. It was a one-story building set off a little ways away from the main cottage with a large synthetic plastic rink inside, two nets with automatic shooting targets, and passing targets. Shane led Ilya around, showing him where he kept all the gear. They grabbed sticks and Shane brought out a bucket of pucks and moved the second goal to this side of the rink so they could start hitting goal targets together.

Ilya watched him for a few minutes before heading over and hitting some targets of his own. Shane had to admit he was sort of impressed by Ilya’s accuracy and speed. For someone who didn’t play hockey other than a few times a week a couple months a year, it was really amazing. Shane had to remind himself that Ilya had gotten an international scholarship so he had to have some skill. But he’d been out of school for so long-- no, Shane did not need to go down another rabbit hole about their age difference.

He’d missed two targets due to his run away thoughts and he started to get frustrated with himself. He took a deep breath to center himself and took another shot, this one he made. He smiled to himself.

“You are good at target practice, but if we played real game I would beat you,” Ilya teased. He’d fully stopped shooting and was now just watching Shane.

“What the fuck?” Shane laughed. “No way.”

“Only one way to find out,” Ilya shrugged, smirking.

Shane moved the targets out of the way and moved the second goal to the other side of the rink. It was a little awkward since they were in sneakers on the plastic rink, but they were both giving their little pick up game their all. Shane was in awe that the older man was actually keeping up with him. Ilya had even shoulder checked him a few times trying to get to the puck. Shane and him were both out of breath at the end of their agreed 20 minutes. Shane had won (obviously) but Ilya wasn't too far behind, the final score was 5-3.

They were laying on their backs, panting and laughing. Ilya turned over to him grinning. “Good first period. I will catch up in second.”

Shane rolled his eyes and shook his head. “No way, we said one period, asshole. You lost, fair and square.”

“Ugh, Shane you are so boring,” Ilya groaned. “Who only plays one period of a game? What you are too tired? You are so young you should have so much more energy than me!”

Something ugly wormed its way into Shane's brain at yet another reminder of how much younger than Ilya he was. He pushed the thought away to deal with later and rolled over on top of Ilya, straddling his hips. “Oh I've got energy,” He said, chuckling down at him.

Ilya reached up and gripped his hips, smirking. “Oh yes?” he asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes,” Shane whispered, leaning over and capturing Ilya's lips in a kiss, nipping at Ilya's bottom lip. He rolled his hips, whimpering softly when he felt Ilya's grip tighten. Shane felt Ilya's tongue slip into his mouth at the same moment he heard the door to the building open. Shane flinched away and rolled off of Ilya. Ilya sat up quickly and scooted away from Shane, putting as much distance between them as he could in the short amount of time they had. Shane looked up as his dad made his way across the plastic rink.

“How’d it go?” he called, Shane quickly looked back down at the floor, knowing he was blushing and really not wanting his dad to see.

“Shane cheated,” Ilya said, saving him. “He will not play second period! How do you decide score after only one period?” Ilya complained.

“We agreed for one period!” Shane challenged, unable to help himself.

“Well I came to tell you guys we’re getting ready to start dinner, so clean this up and make your way inside,” his dad laughed. “I’m making pizza on the grill, it should be pretty good,” he said, turning and walking back towards the door.

Once they were alone again they were both silent for an extra beat before Ilya started laughing. Shane didn’t last much longer after that, joining him in a fit of giggles. Ilya flopped onto his back and looked up at the ceiling. “Close call,” he chuckled.

“I’m just glad it wasn’t my mom,” Shane said after they’d both calmed down a little. “She already is giving me weird looks. I don’t need to give her any more amo.”

“You think she suspects?” Ilya asked, frowning.

“I don’t know,” Shane admitted. “But she keeps giving me these *looks*, and I can see her giving looks to my dad too, but I can’t figure out what about. And I just don’t want to push it. They can’t find out about this,” he said seriously.

“She is acting normal to me,” Ilya said, shrugging.

“Look, I know my mom. I’m just saying we need to be careful.”

“Okay, okay, yes. I agree. We will be more careful,” Ilya agreed, standing up and reaching out to Shane. Shane let himself be pulled to his feet, his hand lingering in Ilya’s. He couldn’t

help the small smile that split his face, even at such small contact.

Ilya leaned down and kissed him briefly. Even the small contact left Shane breathless. Ilya pulled back and smirked at Shane. “Congratulations on your win,” he said, his voice low and sultry. “Your prize is to clean up by yourself,” he said, face breaking out into a mischievous grin. Shane was struck dumbfounded for a moment as he watched Ilya start to sprint towards the door. “Have fun!” He called, leaving Shane alone in the rink.

Shane rolled his eyes but he couldn’t help but laugh. He got to work gathering the scattered pucks and putting the targets away. It didn’t actually take him that long, and when he was here he usually had to clean up himself anyway. The time alone was good, regardless. It gave him some time to think, something that was getting increasingly difficult to do around Ilya.

After the building was clean and neatly put away he made his way back up to the main house. He entered through the sliding glass door in the back to find his dad and Ilya laughing in the kitchen. He didn’t see his mom initially so he went further into the house to look for her. It didn’t take long, thankfully. She was emerging from the bathroom and she smiled when she saw him. “How was it? Is he actually any good?” She asked, her voice low and conspiratorial.

Shane laughed and nodded. “Yeah, actually,” he chuckled. “I was surprised.”

His mom hummed and looked a little impressed before leaving him in the hallway. Shane took the moment to himself to take a few deep breaths. He knew he needed to be less interested in Ilya around his mom, and honestly probably in general. He thought that maybe if he ignored Ilya for most of dinner that could help. There wouldn’t be anything for his mom to pick up on if there wasn’t anything at all. He nodded to himself. This was a good plan.

He headed back to the dining room and sat down at his place just as his dad was putting the dishes down. He tried to subtly move his chair away from Ilya a few centimeters but he ended up dragging the chair across the floor and making a horrible scratching sound. He did not look at Ilya but he could feel his eyes on him. But he was going to stick to his plan, and get his mom off his back. He picked at the single slice of pizza he had in front of him and ate bites of his salad while his parents and Ilya spoke.

“So I was thinking we should celebrate your birthday next week,” his dad said, looking at his mom who raised her eyebrow.

“We usually do,” She quipped, smiling.

“Yes but I was thinking we could do something a little special this year. It’s a big one.”

“Ah so you are finally 21,” Ilya teased, eyes crinkling from his wide grin.

His mom laughed and rolled her eyes before turning back to his dad.

“So what did you have in mind?” She asked, one eyebrow hiking.

“Well, I may have made us reservations at that nice steak house in town we pass on the way in every year but have never actually gone in,” his dad said, a sheepish smile on his face. He reached for her hand over the table and rested his own on top.

“Oh,” Yuna said, seemingly genuinely shocked. She blinked her eyes at him a few times, as if that would help her process what she’d just heard.

“I thought it could be a nice evening. Just the two of us,” he dad continued.

That broke his mom out of her stupor. She looked at him and frowned. “Just the two of us?”

“I will make sure Shane goes to bed on time,” Ilya teased, bumping his shoulder against Shane’s. He bristled at the implication, even though he knew Ilya was teasing. It seemed like the universe was eager to remind him of his age a lot today.

“Fuck off,” he mumbled, quiet enough he hoped his mom didn’t hear it. He looked down at his lap, worrying his lip between his teeth.

“I guess we could go,” She finally said, shrugging. “We don’t really ever go on dates anymore,” she admitted. Shane looked up to see his mom smiling fondly at his dad. His heart clenched a little at the sight. Even after all these years they still loved each other so much. It was so nice to see.

Shane felt Ilya shift next to him and when he looked at him he saw him frowning at his plate. He noticed Shane’s eyes and quickly morphed his face back into his easy going smile. He looked away again, back at his parents as they discussed details. Shane picked at his food, not really saying much else the whole dinner.

He didn’t look at Ilya anymore either, even when he was being charming and funny and it felt like Shane might start having physical withdrawal symptoms. But he kept to his plan, and his mom seemed too wrapped up in making plans for her birthday to really notice anyway.

Once they’d finally finished eating and cleaning up, Shane found himself trying to figure out the most strategic place to sit in the living room to keep his mom’s mind off of him and Ilya. He ended up having to sit in his normal seat anyway because while he was standing in the threshold over thinking everything, everyone else had already filed in and sat down.

He sat on the couch next to the armchair Ilya occupied but he angled his body slightly away from him, turning more towards his mom at the other end of the couch. It was her turn to pick what they watched and in a surprise to absolutely no one she somehow managed to find a hockey documentary playing on one of the sports channels.

Shane obviously didn’t mind, and it seemed like Ilya was interested at least a little but his dad pulled out a book.

“Your book about birds cannot possibly be more interesting,” Ilya teased.

“I like hockey, in fact I would go so far as to say I love it. But there are only so many of these things you can watch before it starts to become repetitive,” his dad said, smiling.

“It’s important that Shane learns from these, David. These are going to be his peers soon,” his mom said, sighing.

“If you say so, honey,” his dad smiled, turning back to his book.

Ilya watched the show with wrapt interest, but Shane spent most of the hour watching Ilya despite himself. After it was over Ilya stood and wished everyone a good night. Shane did not watch him leave the room. Instead he stared at the TV, hoping some of the noise coming from it would penetrate his ears and he would be able to talk to his mom about it when she inevitably brought it up.

Shane watched his parents go to bed a little while after that, but he stayed out in the living room. He waited 20 minutes after they left the room to sneak his way down the stairs. He knocked gently on the door. He smiled at Ilya as he pushed himself inside.

“Did not think you would come,” Ilya said, frowning slightly. “Thought maybe I made you angry again.”

“What?” Shane asked, tilting his head.

“I don’t know, you have been ignoring me again. Thought maybe you were angry about me leaving you to clean by yourself!”

Shane laughed and shook his head. “No, no,” he said quickly, reaching out to run a hand down Ilya’s toned arm. “I just thought that if I didn’t interact with you much my mom wouldn’t be as suspicious.”

Ilya laughed and pulled him onto the bed, kissing his temple. “I think maybe is more noticeable when you start acting completely different out of nowhere.”

Shane rolled his eyes but let himself cuddle into Ilya's side. "Fuck off," he grumbled, because Ilya did have a point but he wasn't going to let him get the last word.

"Hey, can I ask you something?" Shane asked after a moment of comfortable silence.

"Sure," Ilya agreed easily, one of his fingers drawing lazy shapes across his back.

"At dinner, you seemed...upset? Maybe? When my parents were talking about going to dinner. Do you...not want to have sex with me anymore?" Shane asked, his voice getting quiet and fast towards the end.

Ilya sighed and didn't look at him. "No, no *malysh*. That is not the case at all. I only sometimes get..." he trailed off, searching his brain for the correct English word. "Maybe bitter is too strong, but jealous is not right either. Either way, I get sad when I see your parents sometimes. Reminds me of my divorce."

"Oh," Shane said dumbly.

"I told you, me and my wife, Svetlana, we are still close, it is not a messy break up. I understand her reasoning. I am not necessarily heartbroken over that. I am not losing her, just her money," Ilya said, trying to lighten the mood a bit. "Just, it makes me feel like I have failed since we are divorcing."

"Oh," Shane repeated, not really knowing what else to say. He felt a little lighter knowing that Ilya still wanted to sleep with him, but this knew knowledge made his insides feel weird.

They laid there, Ilya on his back and Shane curled into his side, their legs intertwined for a while. They didn't really speak, just gentle murmurs every once in a while until Shane heard Ilya start to snore softly. He chuckled to himself and shimmied out of the bed. He was not going to make the mistake of falling asleep down here again. Especially not when they were so close to being alone in the house.

Shane held his breath as he climbed the stairs but thankfully the house was still quiet. He slipped into his own room and grinned. His anticipation for his mom's birthday had never been quite so high before.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:
Malysh- baby

thank you all so much for your kind words on the last chapter! and your well wishes on my interview! it went really well!! i'm in the top 3, so I'm liking my odds but it's just a waiting game now!

anyway, sorry about the fade to black hockey, i tired really hard to write something more about their practice game but it all felt so cringy and stilted so, i just cut it lmao. also, i took the description of the cottage's practice rink almost word for word from HR so if you can't picture it in your head blame rachel not me!

and as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3
[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 11: Chapter 11- Ilya

Chapter Notes

new added tags 👁👁

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

The next three days were a blur of sunshine and Shane and anticipation. David seemed off in his own world, planning the birthday date and Yuna seemed a little less up tight as well. Shane even took a full rest day and she hadn't made a single comment. It seemed like everyone was excited for Yuna's birthday. Ilya had spent most of the days laying out and turning his skin golden. Shane spent a few hours with him each night in the basement and he'd heard more than a few lectures about skin cancer. Ilya didn't remind him that he still smoked on occasion which was probably a much greater risk to his health than his tanning.

The night before Yuna's birthday Shane gave Ilya a blowjob with such enthusiasm that Ilya thought he was trying to suck his brain out through his dick. Afterwards Ilya wrapped him up in his arms and licked into his mouth, grip on his chin probably a little too possessively for their casual relationship.

"You are getting very good at this," he teased, panting a little.

Shane's eyes fluttered shut, a beautiful blush appearing under his freckles. Ilya liked this version of Shane so much. He was so soft and shy after an orgasm. His usual fire fizzled out for a few moments. He smiled and nuzzled under Ilya's chin, laying on top of him like a weighted blanket. This was quickly becoming something that Ilya was increasingly worried about losing at the end of the summer.

"I think Dad said they're leaving here at six tomorrow night," Shane whispered. His body was still fairly relaxed but Ilya could hear the slight tension in his voice.

"Nothing has to happen tomorrow if you are rethinking things, *malysh*," Ilya said gently, kissing the top of his head.

“What? No!” Shane said quickly, sitting up and looking down at Ilya, his eyebrows furrowed and a deep frown splitting over his face. “Unless...you were having second thoughts?”

Ilya chuckled and reached up, cupping Shane’s face in his palm. “No, nothing like that. I just know this is big time for you, want to make sure you are not feeling...” Ilya trailed off as he searched for the right word in English.

“I don’t,” Shane shook his head. “Feel pressured, if that’s what you’re getting at. I’m like, nervous but also... excited,” he finished, biting his lip to fight the grin that was threatening to overtake his face. He wasn’t meeting Ilya’s gaze anymore, instead he was watching his fingers trace patterns over Ilya’s chest.

Ilya brought Shane’s hand up to his lips and kissed his knuckles. “I will make you feel very good,” he smirked and was pleased to see Shane’s blush deepen even further. He pulled him down into another kiss, slower and softer.

Ilya was trying to be reassuring, but truth be told, Ilya was trying to calm himself down with this kiss as well. He had miniature heart attacks every time he thought about what tomorrow night would mean for Shane. Ilya knew he had to take such careful care of the situation, he wanted to make sure it was perfect for him. He was putting too much pressure on himself probably, but Shane was putting so much trust in Ilya. He couldn’t let him down with anything less than perfect.

“I should probably head back upstairs,” Shane whispered against his lips, pulling back just enough so that their lips still brushed as he spoke.

“Yes, probably,” Ilya agreed, his grip around Shane’s back not loosening at all.

Shane leaned down and kissed him again, his lips moved slowly, almost sleepily. Ilya’s mind drifted to the next night again, how different Shane’s lips would feel once he was inside him. If Ilya was a few years younger he was sure his cock would already be hard again from that thought alone. They made out lazily for another few minutes before Shane had to pull back to yawn. Ilya couldn’t keep the fond laughter from escaping him even as Shane frowned down at him.

“Don’t laugh at me,” he pouted, pulling back and trying to sit up despite Ilya’s tight hold on him.

“Am not laughing, *malysh*. You are just very cute,” Ilya hummed, leaning up and kissing the tip of his nose. “Like little baby kitten. So feisty but needs many naps.”

“Fuck off, you’re an ass-” Shane was cut off by another yawn.

Ilya sat up and pulled Shane with him. He slid his hand up and down Shane’s back as they moved. “If it were up to me you could stay here,” he said gently. “But I think is probably still safest to go upstairs, yes?” He asked, bringing a hand up to hold Shane’s jaw.

Shane nodded and finally detangled himself from Ilya and started to redress. “You still have the..thing, down here right? I should probably get it. So I can use it. Tomorrow,” he mumbled, looking at his feet.

Ilya grinned but decided to have pity on the boy and held in his laugh. “Uh, yes, bag is in dresser. Second from top.”

Shane moved over to the described location and shuffled through the drawer until he got the bag and pulled out the box containing the douche. Ilya got up and wrapped him in his arms again, sensing the tension in his shoulders return. “Nothing to worry about. Probably don’t even need it with all the rabbit food you eat.”

“It’s not rabbit food, it’s a performance improvement diet. I’m literally studying nutrition, I know what I’m talking about,” Shane muttered.

“Yes, yes, I remember,” Ilya smiled, ducking so he would be in Shane’s line of sight. He wanted Shane to see how little he was worried about this aspect of the next day at least. “Will be okay. Okay?”

Ilya finally saw the faintest smile grace Shane's lips as he nodded. "Okay," he whispered.

Ilya kissed him quickly and then started to push him towards the door. "Now go to sleep, *kotonok.*"

He watched Shane sneak out the door and listened to his socked feet pad up the stairs and across the house. He made his own way back to his bed and pulled out his phone. He opened his text thread with his wife.

Ilya: do you remember the first time we had sex?

Svetochka 💖 : I am not sexting you, Ilyushka

Ilya: i'm not trying to sext 😬

Ilya: i'm being serious

Svetochka 💖 : Barely. We were drunk, remember?

Ilya: but it was good, right?

Svetochka 💖 : Had to have been. That's why we kept doing it. Certainly was good by the end 😊

Ilya: thought you were not sexting me 🤔

Svetochka 💖 : I'm going to bed. Goodnight, Ilyushka

Ilya groaned and put his phone on the nightstand. He turned over on his side and tried to sleep. His mind kept drifting to Shane. What he would feel like, what sounds he would make. How many times could Ilya get him to come before he tapped out? What would all those hockey trained muscles feel like flexing under his touch? Ilya needed to stop or he'd get himself hard again and Shane was already upstairs.

He flopped onto his back and threw his arm over his face, covering his eyes. He could do this. He could get through the next day and he would still be able to look David in the eyes even after he'd fucked his kid. Ilya reprimanded himself, he needed to stop thinking of Shane that way. He wasn't his coworker's random kid. He was, first of all, a grown man. And yes, he did happen to be the child of his coworker but that didn't have to mean anything else. It was just how they met. Ilya didn't know why he felt the need to defend himself...to himself. It's not like he was going to have to explain this situation to anyone. Except maybe Sveta. She will probably pry him for details when he gets home since he'd already accidentally alluded to her that they'd been hooking up. And it's not like she would care anyway.

He had noticed though that he spent a lot of his alone time now reframing his and Shane's relationship. Trying to convince himself it wasn't a completely fucked up thing to continue persuing. When he was with Shane, nothing else mattered. It was just the two of them making each other feel good. But when Shane left him, he couldn't stop his mind from spiraling. That was how he knew he'd fucked up. If this was normal and okay he wouldn't be fixating on all the ways he could manipulate the situation to make it sound better.

He rolled onto his other side and looked at the dresser where the box condoms and bottle of lube were hidden. Shane had said he was excited. And Ilya could tell that he was, the anticipation seemingly buzzed under his skin the whole time they'd been together that night. Shane was always eager to get his lips around Ilya's cock, but tonight it felt less eager and more restless, like his body knew something more was coming and soon. And Ilya didn't know if he could deny Shane now. Not with all the talk around it, how much *he'd* built it up.

But tomorrow would be a one time thing. It had to be. Ilya didn't know if he'd ever be able to stop if he let himself think about wanting anything more. They only had 5 more weeks of Ilya's stay at the cottage and then they'd both go back to their normal lives. Shane would find someone more appropriate for him in every way and Ilya would go back to his house with his ex wife and her girlfriend. Maybe he would take Cliff up on the offer to go out when he got back. He would need somewhere to put all this energy if he didn't have Shane.

“Bye! Love you! Have fun!” Shane called after his parents as they left for their night out. He closed the door and walked back into the living room where Ilya was sitting. He was standing just at the threshold of the room, his hands in his pockets looking at Ilya, the nervous tension back in his shoulders.

“Come here,” Ilya said from his seat on the armchair he’d basically claimed since that first night. He opened his arms and was pleased when Shane didn’t fight him, just walked over and settled into Ilya’s lap. He had both of his legs tucked to one side and his back nestled against the arm of the chair. Ilya wrapped his arms around him and kissed his cheek.

“Should I go take a shower now?” Shane asked, a blush creeping across his cheeks.

“We have time *malysh*,” Ilya hummed. He leaned in and kissed Shane slowly. He explored Shane’s mouth slowly, deliberately. One hand rested on the back of his head, the other slowly dragged up and down his side. He was pleased to hear Shane start to moan softly, relaxing into the kiss.

After several long moments Ilya forced himself to pull back. There was a small string of spit that connected their lips for the briefest of moments, the sunlight catching it beautifully before it snapped. Shane didn’t open his eyes right away, his mouth still chasing after Ilya’s. He found Ilya smiling at him when they did finally flutter open.

“Let’s go for a walk,” Ilya said, voice just above a whisper.

“But-” Shane tried to protest but Ilya stopped him with another gentle kiss.

“We have time,” Ilya repeated and Shane nodded. He stood up slowly and shuffled towards the back door, Ilya guiding him by the small of his back. They put on their shoes in silence, Ilya peppered kisses along any skin in reach of his mouth as they moved outside. He grabbed Shane’s hand and tangled their fingers together.

Ilya guided them along the lake's edge. It was still sunny, the wind off the water was a nice contrast to the humidity of the early evening. Ilya rubbed the skin of Shane's hand with his thumb and smiled at him. "Is nice day, yes?" He asked, looking out at the water as they walked slowly.

"Yeah," Shane agreed, biting his lip.

"Will get even better," Ilya grinned, bumping his shoulder into Shane's. He was delighted to see Shane laugh a little.

Ilya pulled Shane into his side and kissed his temple. He stopped them on the shore of the lake a little ways away from the house. They stayed like that, looking out at the water and watching the birds for a while. Ilya wanted to relish the whole evening they had together. He didn't want to drag the anticipation out for Shane too much but he didn't want to rush. He wanted to savor the time they had together while they had it.

Shane pulled away from him, a determined look on his face. "I'm going to go take that shower now," he said. He kissed Ilya's cheek before walking away, not giving Ilya any chance to respond. He watched Shane walk back to the house, a small smile on his lips. He let Shane get inside before he started to make his own trek back.

He went to his basement room and grabbed the single pack of cigarettes he brought with him. He brought it out to the deck with him and lit one. He'd cut down on his smoking a lot since he was a teenager but he indulged every once in a while. When he needed to slow down and think like now. He took a long drag as he watched the sun over the lake. Shane was in the house, getting ready for him and the thought alone was enough to get Ilya's cock stirring in his pants.

He finished the cigarette and took a few deep breaths, knowing he needed to keep it together for Shane's sake. He couldn't vary well fuck Shane if he came in his pants. He threw the butt on the ground and extinguished it under his shoe before pocketing it to throw away. He slid the glass door open just as Shane was coming out of the bathroom, he had a towel tied loosely around his hips and there was a bit of steam that briefly surrounded him as the door opened.

"I can smell the cigarettes from here," Shane said, smirking.

“I had one!” Ilya argued, rolling his eyes.

“You shouldn’t be smoking.”

“And *you* shouldn’t be talking,” Ilya said, his voice lower. “Come here.”

“No you come here,” Shane grinned, already walking towards Ilya.

“No, you come here,” Ilya repeated, meeting Shane halfway and pulling him into a kiss.

Shane melted into Ilya instantly. His skin still warm from the hot water and his hair still damp as Ilya raked his fingers through it. “Downstairs now, yes?” Ilya murmured against Shane’s lips.

“Yes,” Shane breathed, his eyes still closed as he nodded.

Ilya guided them down the stairs and sat Shane on the edge of the bed while he went and grabbed the Pharmaprix bag. He sat the lube down on the nightstand and fished a condom out of the box. Shane watched him through heavy lids. Ilya kissed him again, feeling like his heart might explode with how soft Shane looked in that moment.

Ilya laid Shane down on the bed and kissed along his neck. Shane let him for a few minutes but eventually pulled Ilya up, tugging on his shirt. Ilya got the hint and pulled his shirt over his head as Shane shoved his pants down. Ilya laughed lightly as he almost fell onto the bed as he divested himself of the rest of his clothes. Once he was naked he reached down to open the towel on Shane’s hips. Ilya was greeted with Shane’s cock, already wet and weeping for him.

“So pretty,” Ilya crooned, leaning down and kissing along Shane’s jaw. Shane gasped, his blush darkening as he moved his head to give Ilya better access. Ilya worked his way down to

Shane's chest and he couldn't help but to bite down a little too hard at the toned skin he found there. Shane let out a breathy moan which only encouraged Ilya to do it again, this was going to leave marks for sure but Ilya couldn't bring himself to care.

He brought his hand up and pinched one of Shane's nipples while he kissed and nipped at the other. Ilya was breathless at the sounds Shane was making, little whimpers and cries that went straight to Ilya's dick. He was so so glad they were alone so Shane could make as many of these sounds as he wanted. Ilya would be so sad if was deprived of hearing Shane so uncensored.

"Fuck, Ilya, please," Shane moaned, hands scrunching up the sheet below him. Ilya looked up at him, smirking.

"What do you want, *malysh*," Ilya hummed, a wicked grin splitting his face.

"You know," Shane whined, throwing one arm over his face. "Please!"

Ilya snaked his way back up Shane's body and grabbed his wrist, pulling his arm back to expose his face. "No, no, do not hide from me," he said, his voice low and gruff with arousal. He leaned down and licked into his mouth. This kiss was even messier than before, Ilya licked along his teeth, using his tongue almost more than lips, like he was fucking his mouth instead of kissing him. He pulled back once Shane was breathless and he was barely holding on himself. "Tell me," he whispered.

"You," Shane finally admitted. "I need you," he begged. And who was Ilya to deny him.

He kissed a line down Shane's torso and pushed Shane's knees up to his chest. "Hold these for me, yes?" Ilya asked, kissing the underside of one of his thighs. He released his grip on them once he felt Shane's hands grip under his knees. Ilya gave his cock a few tiny kisses but his destination was lower.

He left sloppy kisses over Shane's balls and taint before running his tongue over his entrance. Shane flinched and looked down at Ilya like he'd grown an extra head. "Relax," Ilya breathed, hot air tickling the sensitive skin in front of his mouth. Shane took a deep breath

and let his head fall back onto the pillow. Ilya licked him again, firmer this time and relished in the broken moan that escaped Shane's lips.

Ilya spread Shane's thick, muscular asschecks further apart with his fingers as he lapped at his hole, moaning as though he was tasting the best thing in his life. And Ilya didn't know that that wasn't true. Shane's hips jerked slightly and Ilya could feel him start to relax as he got more used to the feeling, letting himself enjoy the new sensation. Ilya flattened his tongue and licked a broad stripe up over his hole, tongue gliding over the fluttering skin.

Ilya eventually felt Shane relax enough to push his tongue inside gently. Shane yelped in surprise but it quickly turned into a moan. Ilya fucked his tongue in and out of Shane, droll gathering on his chin. Ilya thought he could die happy in this exact moment. Everything about it was perfect. Shane was making such lovely noises and Ilya was perfectly content, his mouth busy and his cock aching below him, nearly forgotten.

"If you don't—oh god, fuck—Ilya I'm gonna—" Shane choked out.

Ilya took pity on him and reluctantly pulled his mouth away, looking up at Shane. And even though he literally told Ilya to stop the frustrated huff he greeted Ilya with almost made him laugh. He kissed Shane's cheek sloppily and reached for the lube. He drizzled a generous amount on his fingers and reached down. He rubbed his finger over the already slightly loosened muscle, gauging Shane's reactions before slipping one inside.

Watching Shane took Ilya's breath away. He was lying on the bed, so open and flushed and *desperate*. Ilya used his other hand to squeeze the base of his cock, doing everything in his power to hold off his own orgasm as he slowly thrust his finger in and out of Shane. It didn't take long for Ilya to add a second, Shane was taking him so beautifully already. Ilya couldn't wait to sink into him but he knew he couldn't rush this. Shane was trusting him and he wouldn't hurt him.

He pushed the second in with the first, feeling Shane tense at first at the stretch. He let his fingers still for a moment, looking at Shane's face for any sign of distress. He took a deep breath and then nodded, opening his eyes to look at Ilya. "I'm fine," he breathed. "Please."

Ilya nodded and started to use both fingers to open him up, after another moment scissoring them apart and trying to find the angle he was looking for. He knew he'd found it when Shane's eyes snapped open and his back arched, his mouth open but no sound escaped. "There it is," he hummed, mostly to himself as he watched Shane. He made sure to brush his prostate with every thrust of his fingers, smirking as Shane's cock leaked like a fountain. Ilya was sure his own was in a similar state.

Ilya was able to add a third not long after that, and Shane didn't even wince this time, just sucked in his fingers like he needed them. Ilya made quick work of it after that, his own need reaching previously unknown heights.

Once Shane was open, Ilya wiped his fingers on Shane's towel from earlier and reached for the condom, slipping it on and adding some extra lube. He lined up, hovering over Shane and looking at him intensely. "You still want?" he whispered.

Shane looked at him, eyes full of something Ilya couldn't name and nodded. "I still want."

And that was all it took for Ilya to guide himself into Shane. He moved as slowly as he could, feeling Shane flutter around the intrusion. Ilya rested his forehead against Shane, already panting from the effort to stay steady. Once he bottomed out he forced his eyes open to look down at Shane. "Is okay?" he hummed.

Shane nodded, his head falling back as he choked out a moan. Ilya started to thrust, slowly but deeply. He pressed his lips to Shane's, needing as much physical contact as possible. He felt like he was outside of his body at that moment. It was too perfect, Shane felt too good.

He started to pick up his pace, nipping at Shane's lips as he did. One hand by his head, the other holding tight to his hip. Shane was taking him so beautifully, like he was made to be full of him. Shane brought his hands up and cupped Ilya's face, his legs coming up to wrap around his back, pulling him in closer.

"Holy shit Ilya," He grunted as Ilya found his prostate again, driving into it fully now. He knew he could get better leverage if he sat up, but he couldn't keep his lips off of Shane's. He groaned as Shane let out another beautiful whimper and closed his eyes.

After another moment Ilya felt his balls start to tighten and he grunted. “Are you?” He asked, his voice low with arousal.

“Oh god, fuck, I’m—” Shane moaned right before his back arched and he came. It was the most beautiful thing Ilya had ever seen. He scrunched up his face and his mouth fell open, a high broken sob escaping his beautiful, kiss swollen lips.

Ilya didn’t last another two thrusts before he was bottoming out and filling the condom. “Fuck, Shane,” he moaned as he did.

Ilya did his best not to completely collapse on top of Shane, panting. Shane wrapped his arms fully around Ilya. Ilya buried his face in the space between Shane’s neck and shoulder, peppering kisses on any skin he could reach as he caught his breath. Once he got a little bit of his energy back he raised up on his elbows to look at Shane, grinning.

“You have killed me. I am dead,” He chuckled, pressing another kiss to Shane’s mouth.

“That was so fucking incredible,” Shane sighed, looking at Ilya with his wide, stunning brown eyes. Ilya had to hide his face in Shane’s shoulder again, feeling like he might combust from the sight.

After another long moment, Ilya pulled out slowly, careful not to jostle Shane as he did so. He kissed his shoulder before standing up and tying off the condom, tossing it to the small trashcan in the corner of the room. He laid back down next to Shane and pulled him over his chest, kissing the top of his head. “Okay?”

Shane nodded, and though Ilya couldn’t see it, he could hear the smile in his voice when he responded. “Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Malysh- baby
Kotonok- kitten

eek! thank you all for all the lovely comments on the last chapter and well wishes! i still haven't heard back about the job, but i'm taking the "no news is good news" mentality until proven otherwise for now haha. more blatant plagiarism in this chapter with some of the dialogue, i'm sorry i just think some things simply cannot be improved on! also my inner 2012 came out with the last lines. it came to me naturally and i just couldn't not keep it. i hope you all like this chapter! i worked very hard on it, i felt like i had a lot building up to it and was so worried i would let you all (and myself) down with it. but i'm pretty happy with how it turned out, let me know what you think tho!

kudos and comments always appreciated <3
[my tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 12: Chapter 12- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane didn't think he'd ever been more content in his entire life. Laying here, tangled up with Ilya under a thin sheet with his ass sort of sore but in a pleasant way he wouldn't have thought possible an hour ago. Ilya kept laying small, soft kisses on his head as he played with his hair. Shane thought that if it was possible, he'd be purring.

He wasn't sure how long they laid there but eventually Ilya sat up a little, jostling Shane as he did. Shane blinked his eyes open that he hadn't realized were closed. "We should get up," He said, rubbing Shane's back. "Go upstairs and put on movie. I will cook dinner." He kissed Shane's temple.

He grumbled but nodded, extricating himself from Ilya's grip. He stood and winced a little as he took his first few steps but was able to straighten himself out after a few more. He wrapped the basically now dirty towel around his waist and headed back up the stairs. He went to his room and changed into a loose pair of sweatpants and one of his old hockey camp shirts that had been washed and worn so much the fabric was thin and soft, feeling perfect against his skin after such an intense evening.

He turned into the kitchen to see Ilya standing over a pot of boiling water. "Thought pasta would be good," he said, turning and smiling fondly at Shane.

"Pasta is not part of a macrobiotic diet," Shane grinned. "But I'll allow it tonight."

"Wow," Ilya laughed. "I fuck you so good you cum untouched *and* I make you dinner and you are critiquing my kindness!"

"Shut up," Shane mumbled, cheeky confidence deflated as he felt a blush return to his cheeks.

Ilya snickered and turned back to the stove, stirring the noodles in the pot. “Go find something on TV, *kotonok*.”

Shane left the kitchen wordlessly, taking a deep breath. He tried to get a hold of himself as he grabbed the remote. He mindlessly flipped through channels, eyes looking more through the TV than at it. He bit his lip to wrangle in the grin still wide across his face. He couldn't believe what had just happened. He had never expected it to feel so good. He'd figured it would be fun, he trusted Ilya to make it nice, but the absolute raw pleasure Ilya had pulled from him was unreal. Shane finally understood why Hayden and Jackie couldn't keep their hands off each other. Now that he'd experienced this he wasn't sure what he would do without it.

He was honestly impressed that he hadn't jumped Ilya in the kitchen and they'd just finished. How was he supposed to act normal around his parents? He didn't know if he could look at Ilya without thinking about what it felt like to be full of him. He bit down on his lip causing a sharp, stinging pain to bloom. It was a relief to think about that, even for a moment to just stop his thoughts from circling Ilya. His parents would be home in a few hours, he couldn't think like this when they arrived. He'd die if he was walking around with a constant semi in front of his mom.

Ilya appeared with two bowls of bowtie pasta and red sauce. He kissed Shane's temple and pressed a bowl into his free hand. He sat on the couch and patted the cushion next to him and Shane complied. They ate in silence for a while, both pretending to watch the sitcom rerun on the TV Shane landed on earlier. When they finished Shane insisted on doing the dishes since Ilya cooked. Ilya made his way to his room, presumably to change the sheets on his bed that were certainly filthy. Thinking about that made Shane start to grin stupidly all over again.

By the time they'd made their way back to the couch, all the necessary chores done for now, Shane still couldn't keep his face from beaming. He cuddled into Ilya's side as he flipped through channels.

“We are going to have to find more excuses to get your parents out of the house,” Ilya hummed, poking at Shane's side. Shane looked over at him to find him smirking. Shane tried to push Ilya's hands away from his torso which only spurred Ilya to try and grab his sides harder. Shane was able to grab one of Ilya's wrists and pushed Ilya onto his back. Ilya immediately fought back, the two wrestling to get the upper hand while balancing on the couch. They were both laughing as they battled. At one point, Ilya had Shane pinned beneath him, his hands trapped by his sides. Ilya looked down at him, his light easy expression quickly being replaced by one that was more hungry.

“I want to fuck you on every surface in this place,” he said, leaning down to kiss Shane. Shane immediately kissed him back, his hips bucking a little up against Ilya’s hip at the idea. He could picture it, waking up one morning and Ilya bending him over the kitchen counter while breakfast was cooking, or pulling him into his lap while they were laying out in the lounge chairs on the patio. The options were truly endless and Shane was almost angry that they wouldn’t be able to fulfill all of his new fantasies.

Shane struggled against Ilya’s grip, wanting to touch him while they kissed but Ilya grinned against his lips and tightened his hands. Shane nipped at Ilya’s bottom lip, groaning as the kiss deepened. Ilya chuckled and slotted his knee in between Shane’s. Shane couldn’t help the small whimper that escaped him as he desperately tried again to wiggle out of Ilya’s hold. He just needed to touch him, to feel his skin or his hair or his clothes, just something. He got a needy surge of strength and was able to squirm his way to freedom. He wrapped his arms around Ilya’s waist and pushed him up and back, pinning his arms above his head as he was laid out on the couch. Shane looked down at him, panting and grinning in victory.

“Is not fair, you cheat,” Ilya complained, smiling up at him.

“What are you even talking about?” Shane laughed.

“Pretty little sounds you make, very distracting,” Ilya said, whining dramatically.

“You just aren’t as strong and agile as me,” Shane countered, smirking.

“Yes, I know, you use this against me. A poor, old, defenseless man. Unable to resist sexy young sports star,” Ilya groaned, sticking out his bottom lip in a pout.

Shane tried not to let his face show the discomfort he felt with Ilya again reminding him of their age difference. “You’re not that much older than me,” he grumbled, looking down and biting his lip.

Ilya did seem to pick up on the mood shift though and frowned. He was able to easily free his hands and cupped Shane's face between them. He forced Shane to look at him, which he only resisted for a moment. "Hey, what is wrong?" he asked, voice soft but clearly laced with worry.

Flushed, but this time with embarrassment Shane bit his lip. "Nothing," he mumbled. "I'm just being stupid. Ignore me," Shane said, sitting back and crawling off of Ilya.

Ilya followed him, brows creasing as his frown deepened. "No, tell me," he insisted, running a hand through Shane's hair, essentially petting him.

Shane brushed Ilya's hand off his head and put some more distance between them. "I said it's nothing. Just drop it, okay?" he said, voice a little more firm this time. "My parents are probably going to be home soon anyway." He settled on to one side of the couch and crossed his arms, eyes straight forward and locked on the TV.

Shane's heart broke a little as he saw out of the corner of his eye Ilya finally retreat to the other side of the couch, eyes still on Shane and frowning. "Okay," he relented, voice so small coming out of the large man.

Shane didn't like that he had so clearly hurt Ilya's feelings but he just couldn't help being completely turned off and uncomfortable with being reminded, yet again, of how young Ilya thought he was. It wasn't something he could control, and it's not like he was a child. He was a full grown adult. He was about to get drafted into the MLH for Christ's sake. He took a deep breath and opened his mouth to apologize to Ilya when the door opened, signaling his parent's return.

He watched as Ilya's face completely transformed into an easy, lazy grin as he looked up towards the entrance. "Welcome back! Good dinner?" He asked from his spot on the couch.

"Even better than I'd imagined," His dad grinned, walking into the living room and plopped down in his chair. He tugged at his tie to loosen it and unbuttoned a few of the top buttons of his shirt.

His mom stopped at the threshold and leaned against the wall, smiling. "It was very nice," she smiled. Shane could see her shoes dangling from one hand.

"Maybe you have new tradition," Ilya said. He yawned, and Shane couldn't tell if it was real or if he was just an excuse to leave the room.

Shane couldn't help but watch as he stood and said his goodnights. He tried not to watch extra closely when he kissed his mom's cheek, complementing her dress again. He didn't like the pang of jealousy he got watching the easy physical contact and flirty teasing. He knew Ilya didn't mean any of it but the fact that he was able to do it with his mom at all and not him made his already bad mood turn foul. None of his thoughts made any sense or had any logical reasoning behind them and that only served to piss him off even more. As soon as he was able to without drawing too much attention Shane also said his goodnights and practically stalked to his room, pouting like the child everyone seemed so eager to call him.

He tossed and turned, unable to find sleep. He was so mad at himself. Tonight was perfect until he'd fucked it up. If he would have just been able to keep his emotions under control he's sure he would have been down to Ilya and cuddling some more before they went to sleep. Maybe even they'd have gone for a second round. Hell, they'd been close before he'd ruined everything. Shane shattered their perfect night because he couldn't get over the fact that Ilya was older than him. That was literally just a fact, he didn't understand why it bothered him so much. He just didn't like the idea that Ilya looked at him as some kind of kid.

He'd never really had to deal with these feelings before. He had grown accustomed to being the strongest, biggest, most athletic person in any room. He hadn't felt childish since before he'd hit puberty, probably several years before that. He was physically imposing to almost every person he'd met in recent memory. Not that he was violent, or had any inclination to use his physicality like that, but no one was condescending to him or treated him like he was immature. And it wasn't like Ilya had actually said anything like that, he was making a self deprecating joke but the fact of the matter still stood. Ilya saw Shane differently because he was younger than him. And Shane didn't like the idea that everything could be different between them if he'd been born a few years earlier.

When the first hints of daylight seeped through his blinds Shane got out of bed and changed for a run. He needed to clear his head. He was able to slip out without seeing anyone and only looked down the stairs towards the basement bedroom for a second before escaping into the trees. He ran for two whole hours. By the time he returned to the cottage his whole body hurt, his legs were like jello and his lungs felt like they were being stabbed. But his physical

pain was the only thing on his mind, so he figured it was a win. He practically limped inside and to his bathroom.

He took a nice, long, hot shower. The water relaxed his muscles and he was starting to feel like a person again by the time he reemerged. He changed into some shorts and a t-shirt before heading to the living room, assuming that's where the rest of the family would be. He was surprised to discover only his mom laying out on a lounge chair on the patio. He opened the door slowly so as to not startle her by his intrusion and walked out.

"Morning, Shane," she smiled at him.

"Morning," He responded, taking a seat in the chair next to hers.

"Your father and Ilya took the kayaks out and went fishing for the afternoon," she said casually, but Shane could tell there was something else in her voice.

"That's nice," he shrugged, looking out to the lake to see if he could spot the two.

"It is," she agreed. "Gives us some time to talk."

Here we go. Shane knew he'd been slacking about training since they'd arrived but it wasn't like he wasn't doing *anything* he just wasn't in the practice rink all day this year. He sighed and opened his mouth to defend himself when his mom looked over and cut him off before he could even start.

"I'm... worried about you," She said slowly, as if looking for the right words even though Shane knew she'd probably spent the whole morning going over this conversation in her head.

"Mom, look-"

“Let me finish,” She said quickly, raising an eyebrow at him that signaled she was being extra serious. He was really not looking forward to being lectured right now but he sighed and nodded.

“I’m worried about you,” she repeated. “I love you so much, Shane. I only want what’s best for you. And I want you to know that I don’t care that you’re gay.”

“What?” Shane squeaked. He was sure if he’d had a drink he would have spit it all over himself. This was certainly not the conversation he thought they were having. How did they even get here? Why on earth was his mom saying this? Shane hadn’t even really come to terms with everything himself yet, let alone get to a place where he could talk about this with other people, but his mom was just telling him that she loved him anyway? Isn’t this a conversation that happened after he came out? He felt like they were skipping over important steps in this process.

“I’m not finished,” his mom said firmly before continuing to try and kill Shane from embarrassment. “I don’t care that you’re gay. I will love you no matter what. You’re my entire world. I would do anything to protect you. Which is why we’re having this talk. I’ve seen the way you look at Ilya.”

She paused for the briefest of moments and Shane thought right then and there he felt the world stop spinning. Had she figured it out? How? They’d been so careful! And she didn’t seem to act differently towards Ilya the night before. Is that why his dad had taken him out on the lake? To have this same conversation? To confront him about sleeping with his son? He wouldn’t hurt Ilya, Shane was relatively certain his dad wasn’t capable of that but what if he threatened him? With his job or something? Shane didn’t think his dad was Ilya’s boss, but he was more senior than him, if he put in a complaint could they fire Ilya over that?

His mom continued before he could spiral anymore. “He’s married, Shane. To a woman.”

“He’s getting a divorce,” Shane said before he could stop himself and cringed at how pathetic that made him sound.

“Look, having crushes is fine,” his mom said, her voice gentler now. “And I want to reiterate that I love you no matter who you have a crush on. Just, maybe don’t spend so much time pinning after straight men.”

And what was Shane supposed to say to that? Inform his mom that bisexual people in fact do exist? That he wasn't some pathetic kid with a crush in fact Ilya had literally been inside of Shane less than 12 hours ago? Or would it have been better to agree with his mom that he did have some one sided crush to protect their secret? Thankfully his mom didn't wait for an answer, she patted his shoulder and went inside. Her speech given, she dismissed herself. Shane laid back on the chair and prayed the sun would catch him on fire so he could die and be free.

Now not only did he have to find a way to apologize to Ilya and explain himself, he also had to figure out how to keep his mom off his tail. If she could see how much Shane liked Ilya there was only so long they could keep the rest of it from her. If Ilya still wanted anything to do with him that is. And with how he'd acted last night, Shane wasn't sure. He didn't know if he'd be super forgiving if the roles were reversed. They'd had an amazing time, only for it to get ruined because Shane couldn't take a joke. And it wasn't even a joke at his own expense!

He really just needed to speak with Ilya. He wasn't doing himself any good by rehashing the same 4 thoughts in his head over and over again. He knew Ilya wouldn't lie to him, not about something like this. If he was turned off and didn't want anything to do with Shane after how he'd acted, he would tell him. But if there was a way for Shane to salvage what little time together they still had, he needed to know.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Kotonok-kitten

I've had this scene with Yuna in my head for weeks! I'm so happy to finally share it with you!! I didn't get the job btw, thank you all for your well wishes, but hey, it gives me more time to write this i guess lmao.

and as always kudos and comments are appreciated <3
[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 13: Chapter 13- Shane

Chapter Notes

extra shane chapterrrrr

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

Shane hated thinking of himself as a coward, but he couldn't find any other words for him spending the rest of the day in his room. He just couldn't face his mom after what she'd said to him, and knowing him and Ilya were still on shaky ground made everything worse. He knew he needed to talk to Ilya but trying to get him alone was impossible to do casually. Shane was saved from himself with a text from his best friend.

Hayden Pike: Yo! Good news!

Shane 🖊️: ?

Hayden Pike: Jackie said yes!

Shane 🖊️: To what?

Hayden Pike: Oh my god dude

Hayden Pike: To marrying me!

Shane 🖊️: Oh, I didn't know you were asking her. That's cool. Congrats.

Hayden Pike: So we're having a party to celebrate! Tomorrow night! At home. I know you're out at your wilderness retreat with your parents or whatever but please! It would mean

a lot to us if you came!

Shane 🍷: Maybe. I'll see if I can get the car to drive out.

Hayden Pike: You're parents like me! Just tell them it's important! Please bro!!!!

Shane 🍷: I'll see what I can do. Congrats again though.

Hayden Pike: I'll see you tomorrow, bro 🥳🕶️💍

Shane sighed and put his phone down. He ran his hands over his face and through his hair. He was happy for Hayden, he really was, but he didn't know how he was going to convince his parents to let him borrow the only car they had to drive over three hours to his shared apartment for a party tomorrow night. He also didn't even know if he really wanted to go. He was so happy for Hayden and Jackie, obviously, but parties were never really his scene. They were often very loud and people got touchy when they drank and Shane *hated* when people touched him out of nowhere. But he knew this was important to Hayden, and Hayden was important to Shane, so he knew he'd do everything he could to get to the party.

It meant even less time spent with Ilya though and that part made Shane's stomach churn a little. He would have to figure out a way to talk with him before he left. He didn't want to leave for that long with things still weird. He didn't think he'd be able to convince himself to sneak downstairs tonight, but maybe they could go on a run together before he left. Shane felt good about this plan, and that helped settle his nerves a little. Not enough to leave his room before dinner, but enough so that he didn't tear his hair out while he was in his room.

His mom knocked on his door when they were ready to eat. She didn't wait for a response before poking her head in. She smiled and Shane felt like a little kid. He loved his mom so much and she'd done so much for him, was even considering leaving her job once Shane was drafted to be his manager. He knew she meant well by their earlier conversation, and while he was a little annoyed about how she went about talking to him about it, he couldn't stay mad at her. He smiled back and sat up in bed.

“Dinner’s ready. Your dad and Ilya caught a few fish. He made some rice and broccoli so we’re all eating the same meal tonight,” She said, a fond expression on her face. He knew she knew that he felt weird about always having a different meal than the rest of his family or friends even if they never actually talked about it. But his diet was very important to his training and they both knew that. He and his mom were aligned on how important hockey was to him. His dad was supportive, obviously, but he wasn’t as obsessed with it like they were. They were just connected in a way he wasn’t with anyone else. Other than maybe Ilya at this point. Ilya seemed to intuit Shane’s thoughts and feelings in a similar way to his mom. Which is why he needed to repair what he’d broken the other night before it was too late and the summer was over.

He smiled at his mom and nodded. “Sounds good,” he said, slipping out of his bed and following her into the dining room. He took his usual seat and waited for everyone before starting to eat. The walleye was incredible. The fresh fish was one of his favorite parts of coming out here. His dad usually fished a few times a week, but he’d been on land more to entertain their guest, Shane assumed.

“Fish is good,” Ilya said. “But I do not think I will look at them the same every again.” Ilya was taking small bites and moving the grilled meat around with his fork. Shane couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Did he make you descale them?” He asked.

Ilya shook his head. “No, but I had to watch. Plus the gutting,” he frowned.

Shane and his parents all burst out laughing at that. They just couldn’t help it. They were a big outdoorsy family and the city boy in Ilya was a fish out of water (pun intended) was humorous to all of them. “Have you ever been fishing before this?” he asked, trying to catch his breath.

“Have been out on boats where people say they are fishing but is mostly just excuse to drink and tan,” Ilya said, a fake pout on his lips. Shane could see the smile threatening to expose just how not upset he actually was. “But have never held actual, alive fish until today.”

“We’ll make a country boy out of you before the summer’s end,” his dad promised, eyes twinkling. It was really nice to see his dad so happy. The cottage had that effect on everyone.

It was just the energy this little piece of paradise exuded. Shane would give anything to be here forever. Well, not anything. Not his hockey career. Which he guessed was the only real thing in his way. One day, once he'd made it big and he'd earned a bunch of money, he was going to build his own cottage, hopefully not too far away from here.

"You can take the boy out of Moscow but you cannot take Moscow out of the boy," Ilya responded, his beautiful smile finally breaking through the fake frown. "Ottawa is already country to me. Small, sleepy little town."

"You love it, admit it," his mom goaded. "You wouldn't still be there if you didn't."

Ilya nodded, his smile turning tender. "Has been very good to me," he admitted.

"Montreal's a pretty good city," Shane hummed.

Ilya turned to him and gave him a look that made Shane blush a little. He knew his mom would read into this but he didn't care in the moment.

"Is where you go to school, yes?" Ilya asked, foot gently bumping into Shane's. Shane pressed his foot back firmer, trying to communicate more with that hidden touch than he could say out loud.

"Yeah," he nodded. Then, suddenly remembering Hayden, he turned back to his parents. "Speaking of actually. I was hoping maybe you'd let me borrow the car tomorrow?" he asked sheepishly.

"Why?" His mom questioned, frowning.

"Hayden and Jackie got engaged. He wants me to come to their party tomorrow night."

"And how long would you be gone then?"

“I don’t know,” Shane admitted. “I guess I could drive back after the party so you all could have the car back in the morning?”

“No.” Ilya said suddenly, eyebrows furrowed in concern. “Would be very late, dangerous for you to drive. You will be too tired after drive there plus party.”

“I appreciate your concern,” Shane said, bristling slightly. “But I have to go support my best friends. I’ll be safe. I won’t drink and I can leave early.” He didn’t know why he was getting so defensive. He knew it wasn’t the best idea but it was the only one he had and he wasn’t going to miss Hayden’s party for something as silly as being tired. Shane had been tired before and he survived.

“No, Shane, Ilya is right,” His mom said, still frowning. “You guys can celebrate after you’re back in Montreal. It’s just a few weeks, I’m assuming they’ll still be engaged by the time you get back.”

“Mom!” Shane groaned. He was on the verge of throwing a tantrum, but this truly wasn’t fair! He was able to drive himself to his own apartment and back! He’d done it before!

“I will drive. We take my car,” Ilya said, looking at Shane like he was searching for something, but Shane couldn’t figure out what. “If you want. Then is no rush to get back. Sleep there, then come back in the morning.”

Shane felt his heart stutter at the idea of Ilya coming with him, of meeting his friends, of seeing his apartment. He couldn’t decide if it was a good or a bad feeling, but then Ilya nudged his foot again, an olive branch. Shane looked over the table at his parents and shrugged. “If you guys are okay with that,” he said, eyes flicking between his parents.

“I don’t know, Shane. That’s an awful lot to ask of Ilya,” his mom responded, giving him a *look*.

“Is fine,” Ilya said, probably a little too quickly to be considered casual. “I do not mind. Seems this is important for Shane, and is more safe this way. You can keep your car, and Shane will not drive so late at night,” he continued, then looked at Shane. “I assume you have a couch at this apartment, yes?” he teased.

Shane nodded and looked down at his lap to try and keep his face from giving his mom any more ammunition.

“If you’re sure. That’s very nice of you, Ilya,” his dad said, apparently not on the same page as his mom for once. He was surprised she hadn’t said anything to him, but he was grateful regardless.

Ilya nodded and finally took his eyes off Shane and turned to his dad. “My car has been sad out here, all alone, only drove to store once,” he smirked. “She needs more attention than that.”

Shane rolled his eyes and turned back to his food. Once they’d finished and moved to the living room to watch TV, Shane pulled out his phone.

Shane 🖋️: I’ll be there

Hayden Pike: Whoo Hoo!!!! 🎉🎉🎉

Shane 🖋️: I’ll be staying the night.

Hayden Pike: Even better! So happy you can make it man!

Shane 🖋️: Also someone will be coming with me. My parents didn’t want me to take the car so I have someone driving me.

Shane didn't know how else to introduce this topic. He didn't know what to call Ilya, calling him his dad's friend would definitely be weird, but was he Shane's? They spent a lot of time together this summer, and they were hooking up (were they still? Or had Shane ruined that? God he really needed to talk to Ilya). Maybe this is what people called friends with benefits? Shane hated that he had to second guess this.

Hayden Pike: You find a girlfriend in the woods, Hollander? 🤪

Shane 🖊️: No, he works with my dad. But he's chill. We've been hanging out. You'll like his car. It's something stupid you like.

Hayden didn't respond for a few minutes after that and Shane thought he was going to die from anticipation. He was trying to play it cool but what if Hayden thought it was super weird he was bringing a stranger to his engagement party? Was it super weird? Shane hoped that he understood that this was the only way could make it.

He was also secretly excited to show Ilya his apartment. Prove he wasn't some kid. He was an adult. With an apartment. He paid bills. He cooked his own meals and did his own laundry (in his in unit washer, which only a few units in the building had and cost extra!). Hayden pulled him back from his thoughts a little while later like there hadn't been a pause in conversation.

Hayden Pike: Cool! The more the merrier! Tell him to bring booze!

Shane 🖊️: See you tomorrow Hayd.

Shane was too nervous to sneak down stairs to see Ilya that night. He just couldn't get out of his own head. He didn't know what he wanted to say anyway. He couldn't quite articulate his own feelings to himself, let alone say them to Ilya. And he didn't trust himself not to try and tackle Ilya the second they were alone anyway. His only thoughts the past two days had been Ilya's cock and the look on his face when Shane had pushed him away. He was on the verge of giving himself emotional whiplash.

By the time they'd gotten into Ilya's car the next afternoon, Shane wasn't feeling much better. He kept thinking about what he wanted to say to Ilya and he couldn't come up with anything that didn't make him sound like a brat. He just wanted things to go back to how they were.

Ilya came around the car after shutting the trunk and slid into the driver's seat. Shane couldn't look at him.

"You can just text me when party is over and I will come back then," Ilya said as he started the car. "You need to stop anywhere before I drop you off?" His arm was stretched out behind Shane's headrest as he looked out the rear windshield to back up. Shane could tell he was trying to be casual. It made Shane a little happy that he was starting to be able to read Ilya, but not that he was feeling like he had to put on a brave face for Shane.

"What?" He asked, head snapping over to look at Ilya, frowning.

"I don't want to intrude," Ilya shrugged, pulling on to the main drive as the GPS started spitting out directions.

"The party is at my apartment. I'm allowed to invite people. Plus I already told Hayden you'd be coming," Shane said.

"You want me to come?" Ilya asked, the words coming out of his mouth slowly, his eyes flicking between Shane and the road.

"Yeah," Shane admitted, blushing a little. Ilya must have noticed because a grin started to spread across his face. "You uh, you don't have to sleep on the couch either. If you don't want to," he added quickly, before he could chicken out.

Ilya's smile turned into a smirk and his right hand found Shane's thigh. He didn't say anything, just let his hand rest there and drove with his other. Occasionally his thumb gently brushed Shane through the fabric of his jeans. He settled into his seat and looked out the window. At some point Shane rested his hand over Ilya's but kept his gaze on the world passing outside.

About an hour into the drive Ilya finally broke the silence. “I keep upsetting you,” he murmured, head turning to look at Shane briefly a few times.

“Huh?” Shane asked, he’d been half asleep and Ilya’s words caught him really off guard.

“First with Sveta, and now I do not know what. But you were upset with me. Seems like maybe not now, but can you tell me why?”

Shane groaned a little and rubbed his hand over his face. “No, you’re fine. I was being stupid the other night. I’m sorry. It was such a good night.”

“I thought so,” Ilya agreed.

“It’s so stupid,” Shane repeated. “I don’t even want to really talk about it.”

“Yes, but I think I would not like to upset you again if I can help it. So would be good for me to know what it was?”

“It wasn’t even anything you did. Well, kind of, but not like, really. I was being dramatic over nothing.”

“Shane. Please no more of this. Just tell me what I did so we can avoid in future, yes?”

Shane groaned and bit his lip, his head in his hands. “I just, ugh this is stupid. But I just kind of really hate it when you bring up how much younger I am than you. It makes me feel like you think I’m some kind of kid and not like, an adult who’s like, an active participant in this like, relationship or whatever it is.” He was rambling, and he knew his words were slurring together a little as he spoke quicker than he should have.

Shane heard a sharp inhale from the other side of the car and he finally looked over at the other man. Ilya was frowning, but his hand was still on Shane's thigh, and he felt his grip tighten a little.

"I understand," he said finally, eyes flickering over to Shane for a moment. "I will not say anymore about your age. Is weird for me too, yes? I think maybe I make jokes to make myself feel better, but I will not again."

"Feel better? Does that mean you feel bad?" Shane asked, voice getting quiet.

"Not bad," Ilya said quickly. "Just, this is a first for me. You say you don't want to feel like a kid, but I do feel like old man sometimes. When I look at you, I cannot help but think I am being inappropriate. Corrupting you."

"Don't you think that who I spend my time with should be up to me? We just agreed that I'm an adult, so shouldn't I be able to make those decisions?"

Ilya was quiet for a moment but eventually nodded. His face was blank but Shane could practically hear the gears turning in his head. He thought he'd made a good point, he just hoped Ilya could see what he was saying.

"You're right," he said finally. "I was not thinking like that, but you are right." Ilya turned to him quickly, his usual cocky grin back on his face. "No more age jokes. Sluts can be any age."

"Oh my god," Shane groaned.

"You disagree with that? You should have seen yourself the other night *malysh*. No other words for it," he teased.

"It was good," Shane agreed, his smile as bright as his blush.

“Mm, I think your exact word was ‘incredible,’” Ilya hummed, hand moving slightly higher on Shane’s thigh. He kept his eyes on the road ahead of him and Shane was thankful because he knew his cheeks were bright red at this point. He felt his cock start to stir in his pants and if Ilya moved his hand anymore, he would feel it too. But he didn’t. He kept his hand just out of reach on his leg and continued the drive.

Once they were just outside of the city Ilya pulled over to grab a few bottles of the vodka he liked and a couple cases of beer.

“You’re getting way too much,” Shane complained as they loaded all of it into the car.

“What college kids do not drink anymore?” the older man laughed.

“No, like, they do but,” Shane couldn’t really come up with an acceptable response so he let his voice trail off as they started to drive again.

“How should I act around your friends?” Ilya asked, voice a little quieter than he had been a few moments ago.

“I hadn’t really thought about it,” Shane admitted, biting his lip. He wasn’t out to anyone, except his mom he guessed, but he also didn’t know that he wanted to be in the closet. He didn’t think his friends were homophobic, anymore than the usual use of slurs around all sports players. He was sure his friends would accept him once he told them.

But he wasn’t sure how they’d feel about Ilya. Even though Shane and Ilya had agreed to set aside the age difference from here on out, that didn’t mean everyone else would. He also had introduced Hayden to the idea of Ilya as his dad’s coworker. Not the easiest way to transition from that to the guy he’d been hooking up with for the past few weeks.

“I do not want to overstep, but if I am sleeping in your room, they might assume...” Ilya said gently, hand finding Shane’s knee again.

“No, you’re right. And I do want you to sleep with me,” Shane said, ignoring Ilya’s snickering from across the car. “But like, I guess we don’t have to say anything specifically right? Like I can just say ‘This is Ilya’ and they can draw their own conclusions.”

Shane looked over and Ilya nodded. “Okay. I will just follow your lead, yes? I do not know these people, their opinion of me does not matter to me. So if you decide is too complicated to deal with you can send me away any time. I can go sit in your room or drive around, find a bar to hang out at until you are ready for me. Or if you want to sit in my lap all night that is okay too,” he smirked, winking.

Chapter End Notes

Russian

Malysh- baby

hiiiiiiii i'm so sorry this took me so long! not getting that job really hit my mental health in the worst way. but i had another interview this week so fingers crossed! yall's comments really helped me out the past week and a half you have no idea. this fic would probably have been abandoned so long ago if it weren't for you all so thank you so much!!! the sun is out and i am trying to force myself to be cheery about it lmao. i'm actually writing this (and the next chapter because i'm hyped) in my backyard! i may still be unemployed but life is beautiful!

ALSO thank you all for coming with me on the yuna clocking shane journey i'm taking us on! ik it's super far removed from the source material but i firmly believe that if she was around them as much as she is in this fic she'd notice! she's smart and can read shane like a book!!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 14: Chapter 14- Ilya

Chapter Notes

TW: homophobic slur used in this chapter

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

Ilya pulled into the parking garage under Shane's apartment building and looked over at the younger man. He truly had no idea what to expect from this party. He hadn't expected for Shane to want him to attend. He was so happy they'd been able to talk things through. He wasn't exactly sure where they stood on everything, but he was feeling a million times better than he did that morning.

He grabbed some of the alcohol and Shane carried their bags into the elevator. Ilya kept a respectable distance between them, wanting to give Shane every opportunity to choose how they were seen. He followed Shane down the hall and to the door, watched him fish his keys out of his pocket and walk into the small apartment.

"Hey!" Shane called out as Ilya looked around. He had no idea how they were expecting to throw a party in this small space. The front door led straight into a small galley style kitchen with a peninsula on one side and some bar stools. There was a small living room with a brown leather sectional that was way too big for the space. It was pressed between one wall and a sliding glass door that led out to a small balcony that appeared to be unfurnished. The coffee table was littered with water rings and scuff marks. The TV hung on the wall opposite the couch, and was also way too big for the space it occupied but seemed like the newest thing in the apartment. There were LED strips framing it and they were the only lights Ilya could see aside from the ones on the ceiling.

A man and woman came out of one of the doors in the hallway smiling. Ilya had a case of beer on one shoulder and a tote bag full of vodka in his other hand. He stood slightly behind Shane because he'd followed him, but he wasn't trying to hide by any means. The young couple's eyes quickly found Ilya and it was the woman who spoke first.

"Hi! I'm Jackie! Oh my god let me help you with that!" She said, coming to relieve Ilya of the bag. He let her take it from him and followed her to the kitchen, setting the beer on the

counter. "We have another case in the car," he said, trying his best to make sure his English was correct. "I will go get it."

"It can wait," Shane said, stopping him with a hand on his shoulder. "Guys, this is Ilya. Ilya this is my best friend Hayden and his girlfriend, or wait, no, fiancée, Jackie."

Jackie squealed and shoved her left hand in Shane's face. Shane took a step back and chuckled, looking at the ring for a second before looking at Hayden. "Nice, dude."

Jackie held her hand out to Ilya, offering to let him see as well. He could tell the young woman was excited to show it off so he gently took her hand in his and nodded as he appraised it. "Very pretty," he said softly, and he saw her blush. Ilya wasn't trying to flirt with her, but he did enjoy the way Hayden bristled watching them interact. Ilya could probably have more fun tonight than he'd originally thought.

Hayden stepped forward and wrapped an arm around Jackie's waist and pulled her into his side, probably rougher than he meant to but she didn't seem to notice. Ilya dropped her hand and stepped back, smirking but looking over at Shane.

"We're going to go unpack," Shane said and nodded towards the hallway and towards what Ilya assumed was his bedroom. He followed him easily, looking around a little more as they walked through the small space. The walls were an unsettling white and bare, but Ilya noticed the ghosts of small holes, previous tenants must have had a better eye for decorating than the current ones. Shane opened the door to his bedroom and Ilya smiled. Same color walls as the rest of the apartment, a full bed in one corner with a navy blue duvet. There was a desk and a dresser pressed up against the opposite wall. A stack of books on the night stand and a single lamp with a matching navy blue lamp shade.

"Bed's small, I didn't think about that, sorry," Shane mumbled, not meeting Ilya's eye as he sat their overnight bags on the desk.

"We do not need much space," Ilya shrugged, sauntering over to him to close the distance. He could hear the other couple speaking in the kitchen so he knew they were out of sight.

Shane blushed like he always did and bit his lip, trying to hide his smile at Ilya's confident words. He looked up once Ilya was just an inch away from him. His eyes flicked to the door for just a moment before he leaned over and kissed Ilya on the cheek, his blush deepening. "Let's go get the rest of the stuff from the car," he said softly.

Ilya nodded and walked behind him back down to the car. He noticed Jackie watching them as they passed them again but Hayden seemed to be inspecting the vodka bottles. Ilya assumed he didn't speak Russian and was trying to figure out what it said.

They hurried down and grabbed the other two cases, each carrying one up to the apartment.

"Jesus, did you bring enough?" Hayden laughed, watching them reenter the kitchen.

"I told him it was too much," Shane said, also laughing.

"Is party, no?" Ilya asked. "What is saying about the birthday horse?" He looked at Shane, feeling a bit frustrated at the English saying escaped him.

It was worth it though to see Shane light up even more. "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," he supplied, body moving slightly closer to him.

Ilya resisted the urge to reach out for him and just nodded instead. "Yes, that. Thank you." He almost added *malysk* but shut his mouth just in time. He smiled at Shane and then turned towards the other man in the room. "That is good, Russian vodka. If you mix it with anything I will confiscate it," he hummed, nodding to the bottle still in his hand.

Jackie laughed and took the bottle, twisting the top. "Should we all try some? Have a little pre game before everyone else gets here?"

Hayden didn't respond verbally but turned to one of the upper cabinets and grabbed four shot glasses, setting them on the counter. Jackie poured the clear liquid to the top of each glass,

Ilya was pretty impressed at how little she spilled of it. Once they were all full, Hayden pushed them towards everyone.

“Oh, um, no thank you,” Shane said, scooting the one in front of him back.

“Oh come on, Hollandar. You can take *one* shot,” Hayden groaned, sliding it back to him.

Ilya looked at Shane, watching him think through his response. Ilya was torn between wanting to tell him he didn’t have to take one if he didn’t want one and encouraging him to let loose a little. He’d seen Shane have a couple beers at the cottage but nothing stronger and certainly never enough to get him drunk. Ilya couldn’t imagine the younger man like that, and he was very curious as to how he would act.

“Okay, okay,” Shane relented, pulling the shot glass back towards himself. “One.”

Ilya grinned at him and raised his own glass. They all cheered and tapped the glasses back on the counter before downing the drinks. Ilya didn’t flinch but he saw Shane’s whole body shake as he swallowed.

“Fuck,” he breathed.

Hayden looked a little better, clearly more experienced in shot taking but his fiancée was looking just about the same as Shane. Ilya couldn’t help but laugh at the younger group.

Shane rolled his eyes at Ilya as he tried to get the taste out of his mouth through sheer will power. “What time did you tell people to come over?” He asked his roommate.

“Nine,” Hayden answered.

Ilya looked at the clock on the stove. That meant they had just about an hour and a half before people started arriving. He wanted to freshen up a bit after the drive. He tried to catch

Shane's eye to indicate that. Shane nodded and started to head back towards his bedroom. Ilya closed the door when they were alone and went for his bag but before he could grab his toiletry bag Shane was on him.

The younger man turned him around and shoved him up against the desk, hands wrapping around his neck to bring Ilya into a messy kiss. Ilya let out a small surprised noise but his hands quickly found Shane's hips and started kissing him back. Ilya could taste the leftover vodka in Shane's mouth and he groaned, hands starting to roam down to his ass. After a few minutes Ilya pushed himself off the desk and walked them to the bed, mouths still attached. In this one moment he was glad the room was so small.

The back of Shane's legs hit the bed and he fell on to it, looking up at Ilya. He had an almost sweet smile on his face. The blush on his cheeks spread down his neck and the top of his chest. "So pretty," Ilya whispered, more to himself than to Shane.

Shane reached up for him, making little grabby motions with his hands and Ilya laughed. "Needy too," he chuckled, leaning over and slotting himself between Shane's legs and hovering his face just centimeters above his. The bed was much too small for both of them to fit on comfortably. Both of them were easily over 200 pounds of muscle and six feet tall, but somehow they made it work well enough to make out for a few minutes. Ilya knew that if they were both going to sleep there one of them would likely have to be mostly on top of the other, but he didn't see that as necessarily a bad thing.

They'd not gotten a chance to actually share a bed for more than a few hours at a time, and even if it was cramped and he would wake up with weird aches in his neck or back, Ilya was excited about the possibility. Having this much unrestricted access to Shane was thrilling. Yes, they were technically together most of the time at the cottage, but they were always looking over their shoulders, waiting for someone to catch them. Here, in Shane's bedroom, they were free to do whatever they wanted.

That was until there was a knock on the door and Shane in a moment of panic, pushed Ilya so hard he fell off the bed and onto the floor.

Through the door Ilya heard Jackie start to speak. "Hey, just letting you know I'm about to get in the shower, so if you need the bathroom do it quick please!"

“Thanks,” Shane called, eyes wide and panting. Ilya hated the idea that it was from fear and not from how good of a kisser Ilya knew he was. After a moment of silence Shane finally looked down at Ilya on the floor and grimaced.

“Sorry,” he said, biting his lip.

“Is okay,” Ilya said, chuckling. “Probably better not to get too worked up before party anyway,” He teased, motioning to the tent in Shane’s pants.

“Fuck off,” Shane mumbled, sitting up and adjusting his jeans.

“I am going to go to the bathroom,” Ilya said, finally picking himself up off of the floor. He opened the door and walked into the small, cluttered bathroom. There were two sinks, one with a bottle of soap, a bottle of lotion and an empty toothbrush holder. The other sink had a few scattered makeup and skincare products, a toothbrush laying haphazardly to the side of the sink and one electric toothbrush standing on a charger. The bathroom was clean but it wasn’t hard to guess that it didn’t always stay that way. Ilya pissed and threw some water over his face and his hair, trying to calm the curls a little. Once he was through, he peaked his head into the kitchen and caught Jackie's eye.

“All yours,” he smiled. He heard Hayden huff and Ilya laughed as he made his way back to Shane’s room.

He closed the door behind him and leaned against it. “I do not think Hayden likes me,” he chuckled, watching Shane dig through his bag for something.

“Why do you think that?” He asked, looking up after he found his deodorant. “You’ve barely said two words to each other.”

“Just a feeling,” Ilya hummed, keeping his thoughts to himself for now. He didn’t want Shane to read into anything he didn’t already notice. He watched Shane change and get ready for the party. He let himself indulge in simply taking in the man. He was so athletic, that Ilya had to stop himself from drooling when he was showing any kind of skin. The definition in his muscles spoke of tireless dedication and all Ilya wanted to do was pin Shane to his bed and

lick and kiss his way across all of them, watch them glisten with his spit in the dim light from the bedside lamp.

Shane wore a white t-shirt and black jeans. Nothing spectacular on their own but Shane looked delicious. Ilya changed out of his sweatpants and into a dark pair of his own jeans and a silk, blue button down. Maybe a bit too dressed up for a college party in an apartment, but he wanted to look nice for Shane, maybe provoke him a little bit. So he only buttoned the bottom half of the shirt, letting his chest hair peak out. He squeezed a bit of hair gel into his hands and ran his fingers through his own hair. He finished off his outfit with a heavy dose of his favorite cologne because even though he'd been in Canada his entire adult life, he was still Russian.

Ilya took the last few moments they would have together for a while and pulled Shane into him. They were basically the same height but Shane melted into him so easily Ilya was able to kiss the top of his head.

"I will follow your lead, *malysh*," He said, repeating his words from earlier. "No one knows anything if you do not want them to."

Shane nodded into his shoulder and kissed his neck. "I still haven't decided. Sorry," he mumbled, lips tickling Ilya's skin.

"No sorry," He said firmly. "Is okay whatever you choose. And can change your mind and send me away any time too."

Shane just nodded again and took a deep breath before stepping back. "Alright, let's go."

Ilya pulled him in for one last, lingering kiss before following him out into the living room. The lights were all turned off except the LEDs around the TV which were cycling between a few colors. The only other light in the room came from the city outside the sliding glass door to the balcony. Hayden and Jackie were in the kitchen again. Hayden opened a beer and Jackie a bag of chips over a large bowl.

“How many people did you invite?” Shane asked, sitting on one of the bar height chairs nestled under the peninsula. Ilya stood behind him, but kept his hands to himself, just listening to the conversation unfold.

“Obviously all the guys on the team and their girls, some dudes from a couple classes. And then the neighbors,” Hayden answered, handing Shane an open beer bottle. He took it into his hand but didn’t sip from it.

“You think it is big enough apartment for all those people?” Ilya asked, smirking.

“Well, all of them won’t all be here at once,” Hayden said, frowning.

Ilya raised an eyebrow but didn’t make a further comment. Instead he walked around the peninsula and grabbed a plastic cup and poured himself two fingers of vodka, adding one ice cube to it before returning to his previous position behind Shane. He took a sip and watched as Hayden watched him. He was fun to rile up.

“Is nice to have so many friends to celebrate your engagement,” He finally said, taking another sip of his vodka.

“I invited some of my friends too,” Jackie said, smiling at Ilya. “A bunch of the girls from my sorority said they’d come. I’m the first of us to get engaged so it’s a pretty big deal,” she beamed.

“I bet,” Ilya indulged, his smile easy. Jackie seemed like a lovely girl and he didn’t want to be patronizing but the more they spoke it seemed as though they were celebrating a child marriage that night. Shane was so different from his friends, it was hard for Ilya to believe they were the same age sometimes. It’s not that he was necessarily more mature than his peers, though he probably was, he was just *different*.

Shane leaned back a little in his chair, so his back was just barely brushing Ilya’s chest. He froze, not wanting to draw attention to it, or to startle Shane if he hadn’t meant to do it. He watched the three friends talk for a few moments, Shane relaxing a bit more into Ilya as they did.

Eventually the spell was broken with loud knocks on the door. Jackie rushed the few feet to the door and opened it. Ilya couldn't see who was at the door, but based on the squealing and giggling he heard, he assumed it was the sorority girls. Jackie led them inside and grabbed shot glasses for each of them, all while moving her left hand as much as possible to show off her ring. The girls had brought a bottle of Pink Whitney and they were eagerly pouring it out.

After they'd all taken their initial shot, one of the girls looked over and finally noticed the stranger in the apartment. Ilya smirked as the girl blatantly looked him up and down, or as much as she could with Shane in the way. "And who are you?" she asked, her eyes sparkling.

"Ilya," he answered, letting his accent wash over the single word. He knew people thought his accent was sexy, exotic. He obviously wasn't actually trying to seduce the poor girl, but he didn't think there was any harm in having a bit of fun. And seeing her and her friends practically melt at just him saying his name was definitely fun.

"Did you, like, transfer here recently? I don't think I've seen you around," another girl asked. She was being much more blatant in her flirting. He was sure all of the guys she met on this campus fell instantly for her fluttering eyelashes and plump lips but it really wasn't doing anything for Ilya.

"Ah, no," he chuckled. "I graduated many years ago."

"I brought him," Shane interjected. Ilya noticed then that Shane's back was a little straighter, his shoulders back and out, like he was trying to block Ilya from view. Ilya didn't know if Shane even realized what he was doing, but it made Ilya want to eat him alive. He'd never had anyone be protective over him like that. He and Svetlana were never monogamous and that was the only real relationship he'd ever had. He'd enjoyed the freedom at the time. But something about seeing Shane get possessive over him was really doing something to Ilya's insides.

Since he still didn't know how Shane wanted people to interpret their relationship, he moved his hand subtly, shielded by Shane's wide chest, to his hip. He rested it there as a gentle bit of reassurance of his intentions. He wasn't going anywhere. He was here, with Shane. He felt Shane lean into the touch and saw him let out a breath he probably hadn't even known he was

holding. Hayden was watching Ilya over the mouth of his beer bottle, clearly trying and failing to figure out what was going on. He must not be very bright, Ilya concluded.

More people arrived steadily after that, and soon the small apartment was packed full of undergraduates. Ilya even thought he heard someone mention the apartment across the hall was now also open for their guests. Shane and Ilya had moved to the couch at one point but quickly relocated to the balcony because Shane needed fresh air.

“Would love a cigarette right now,” Ilya sighed, looking over at Shane and frowning playfully.

“You’re going to kill yourself,” Shane said, rolling his eyes and taking a sip of beer. This was his second of the night, and Ilya could tell they were helping him relax a little. They weren’t alone on the balcony but it was far less crowded than the living room. There were a few people nestled into the other edge, passing around what Ilya could only assume was a joint but the wind was blowing the smoke the other way so he couldn’t really smell it.

“Is a party!” Ilya responded, laughing. “Think I should be allowed *one* at a *party*.”

“You’re *allowed* to do anything you want,” Shane huffed, grinning over at him. “I just won’t kiss you if you taste like lung cancer,” he shrugged.

He said it loud enough that if the other folks on the balcony were listening they could have heard what he said. Ilya raised his eyebrow, grin widening. “Well I guess is good thing I left cigarettes in the car,” he hummed, leaning ever so slightly closer to Shane. He wanted to give him an out if Ilya was reading him wrong but he was rewarded with Shane closing the distance between them.

Shane kissed him softly, Ilya could feel his hesitation. He held his drink in one hand but gripped Shane’s hip with his other. That seemed to give Shane the confidence he needed to kiss him fully. He ran his tongue along Ilya’s lips which made the older man groan. Shane reached up and draped his arms over Ilya’s shoulders, his beer still dangling from his fingers on one hand.

They made out lazily for a while out there on the balcony, at some point they'd both set their drinks down so they could hold each other properly but they didn't move much other than that. Just stood there, holding each other and letting their lips and tongues explore each other. Every kiss they'd shared thus far had been either leading up to or during something else. It was nice, Ilya thought, to not be rushed.

They made their way back inside eventually, Ilya refilling his own drink in the kitchen and Shane was handed another shot by someone who must have been another hockey player in the living room. He had a thick Quebecois accent, sounding like he spoke French more often than not. He had dark skin and was more than a few inches taller than Ilya. Shane was a little tipsy, giggling as the other boy ribbed him for being a light weight. If Ilya didn't know any better he'd think Shane had a crush. But the way his body kept seeking out Ilya's, even with people and furniture in between them calmed any of his own jealous thoughts.

Ilya kept an eye on Shane as he spoke with his friends in the living room but was cornered in the kitchen by a few of Jackie's friends. The two girls had very clearly had a lot to drink, but Ilya wasn't immune to having his ego stroked. He liked the attention, he couldn't help it. The girls were giggling at all of his stupid jokes and he didn't push them away when they touched his arms or his shoulders. He wasn't really flirting back but he wasn't discouraging their attempts either. They told him about the charity their sorority sponsored and about their majors and Ilya nodded, listening but not very closely. His attention was split between the girls in front of him and Shane as he took more shots in the living room.

As Shane finished another shot and moved to set the glass down he seemed to notice the girls around Ilya for the first time. Ilya made another dumb joke about something meaningless and was rewarded with far too much laughter than he deserved. He saw Shane out of the corner of his eye frown, his eyebrows scrunching together in an adorable way. Ilya tried to keep his eyes off of Shane though, wanting to see what he'd do without any interference from him.

Shane stayed still another moment, but seeing one of the girls reach over and brush Ilya's shoulder again must have been his last straw. He stalked into the kitchen and shoved his way past the girls and to Ilya. He didn't say anything, but fit himself into Ilya's side. Ilya felt a hand slide into one of his back pockets and smiled. He let himself wrap his arm around Shane's hip, eyes still on the girls talking.

Shane let them speak for a whole extra sixty seconds before he was fidgeting against Ilya's side. Ilya chuckled and brushed his thumb under Shane's shirt, trying to calm him but it didn't seem to do anything. Ilya was able to excuse them from the conversation a moment

later and guided Shane to an opening on the couch. A shocked laugh was pulled from him when Shane dragged Ilya down with him and settled himself in Ilya's lap.

Shane wiggled himself into a comfortable position with his legs on one side of Ilya's lap and his face in his neck. Ilya rubbed a hand up Shane's back, under his shirt and hummed. "Feeling okay?" He asked soft enough that only Shane could hear.

Shane nodded into his neck and hummed "Am now," he mumbled.

"I've got you *malysh*," Ilya reassured him. "How many drinks have you had?" he asked, having gotten distracted by the girls and not kept up after awhile.

"Too many," Shane whined.

"Oh, Shane," Ilya cooed, trying to hide his laughter. "Feeling like you are going to be sick?" he asked, gently pulling Shane's head back so he could look at his face. He was bright red and his eyes were droopy. He was pouting because Ilya pulled him away from where he was cuddling him, but he didn't look nauseous, at least not yet. He cradled Shane's face in his hand and rubbed his thumb over his cheek.

"No," Shane said, eyes falling closed as he leaned into the touch.

"Do you want to go to bed?"

"No," Shane repeated. "M okay. Just need a minute."

Ilya put his hand on the back of Shane's neck and guided him back down to his shoulder and held him close.

"Yo! Hollander!" Ilya heard someone call from somewhere in the crowd of people, but Shane only groaned into Ilya's skin.

The tall man from before suddenly appeared before them. He gave Ilya a weird look as he took in the scene. “You okay, *Capitaine?*” he asked, frowning.

“Good,” Shane hummed, cuddling into Ilya further. He could feel the smile on his lips against his neck. “JJ, this is Ilya. He’s the best.”

Ilya couldn’t help but chuckle at how sincere Shane sounded in that moment, even if his words were slurred from alcohol.

“Is that right?” JJ asked slowly, still trying to put together what he was seeing. He’d also clearly been drinking so he was having trouble thinking it through. Ilya didn’t like to make assumptions but he didn’t think Shane would be too happy with his teammates seeing him like this. He didn’t know how or if Shane wanted to come out to these people and thought it would probably be a conversation best had sober.

“Maybe we should get you to bed, Shane,” Ilya suggested, his voice more firm this time.

“Noo,” Shane protested. “Don’t wanna. Wanna cuddle.”

“We can,” Ilya shushed. “Just maybe not here, so when you go to sleep I don’t have to carry you, hm?”

“If he says he doesn't want to then he doesn’t have to,” JJ said, chest puffing up a bit.

Ilya rolled his eyes. “You think tomorrow he will be glad he fell asleep on me on the couch? Or do you think he will be happier that I took him to bed?”

“You’re not taking him anywhere,” JJ said suddenly, voice low and full of drunken bravado. The turn in the conversation must have gotten Hayden’s attention as well because he was suddenly standing next to JJ.

“What’s going on?” Hayden asked, frowning and crossing his arms across his chest.

“Shane is shit faced. I am taking him to bed,” Ilya said flatly.

“Don’t wanna go,” Shane whined, hugging Ilya closer.

“Shane,” Ilya sighed, looking back down at him. He rubbed his hand over the back of his neck.

“You fucking heard him,” Hayden slurred. “He said no. So he stays. You want another shot Hollzy?”

Shane shook his head and mumbled something unintelligible.

“You think he needs more to drink?” Ilya asked, growing frustrated. “Look at him!”

“Listen you old fucking pervert, you don’t get to decide what he does or doesn’t do!” JJ said, voice getting louder.

Ilya took a few deep breaths to try and calm himself down. He was not going to get into a fight with some dumb, drunk, college kids. But they were really testing his fucking limits.

The shouting seemed to draw Jackie’s attention though and suddenly another person was standing in front of them.

“Everything okay?” She asked, clearly used to defusing drunk fights her partner got involved in.

“This fucking faggot’s got his hands all over Hollzy and is trying to take him to bed,” Hayden spat, chest puffing out.

“Woah, woah, woah,” Jackie said quickly, putting her hands on Hayden’s chest and rubbing soothing circles over his pecs. “Looks like Shane is exactly where he wants to be. Ilya’s been nothing but nice since he got here, remember?”

Jackie’s words seemed to wash over Hayden and ease some of the tension out of his body. “Whatever,” Hayden mumbled, turning to the other man. “Let’s go, JJ,” he said, pulling JJ with him back towards the kitchen. Jackie ushered them away but looked over her shoulder at Ilya, smiling apologetically.

Ilya sighed and really wished he had his cigarettes. He suddenly realized he hadn’t heard anything from Shane in awhile. He looked down and saw Shane’s eyes closed, his mouth open slightly as he puffed out sleepy breaths. Ilya couldn’t help the fond smile that spread across his face as he took in Shane’s sleeping face.

Since Shane was so adamant about not getting up off the couch, Ilya dug into his pocket and pulled out his phone. He settled into the couch and rearranged Shane ever so slightly to keep his legs from falling asleep and pulled up Instagram. He was prepared to stay in that position for as long as Shane was asleep.

It wasn’t that long however, because someone yelled and there was a bunch of loud laughter that startled Shane awake. He made a small upset sound as he sat up. “Wha’ happened?” he slurred.

“Nothing, *malysh*,” Ilya reassured. “Do you want to go to bed now?” he asked hopefully. The party was starting to wind down anyway, the living room far less crowded than it was a few hours ago.

“You’re coming?” Shane asked, biting his lip and looking at Ilya with his huge brown eyes.

“Of course,” Ilya said, helping them both to stand. “Let’s get you into something comfy, yeah? Then you can go back to sleep.”

“You can get into something comfortable,” Shane said, stumbling into Ilya’s side and smirking.

“None of that,” Ilya chuckled, pinching Shane’s side as he herded the drunk boy into his bedroom. He closed the door behind them and started towards Shane’s bag, rooting through it to find his sleep clothes. He was interrupted by Shane’s hands wrapping around him. He felt sloppy lips on his neck and Shane’s hips pressed against his back.

“No,” Ilya repeated, laughing. He turned around and gently removed Shane’s hands from his body. “You are far too drunk for that.”

Shane pouted but didn’t try to grab at him again as Ilya turned back around and found some pants for Shane to change into. “Do you need help changing?” Ilya hummed.

Shane didn’t answer but after a few minutes of struggling with the button on his jeans Ilya stepped in. He got Shane into his pajama pants and sat him down on the bed before changing himself. He moved the small trash can from under the desk to beside the bed before tucking them into bed. He was on his back and Shane was draped over his chest. His face was buried in Ilya’s neck and his deep breathing was a little ticklish, but Ilya didn’t have the heart to wake him up again. He tried to make sure Shane was as comfortable as he could be before closing his own eyes. The sounds of the few stragglers left at the party lulled him into a light sleep, his body still attuned to any movement or sound the younger man made.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

malysh- baby

extra long chapter to make up for how sporadic the updates have been the past few weeks! i had a lot of fun reminiscing on the house parties me and my roommates had in college. thinking about the pink whitney really brought me back! a wonderfully horrific combination of nostalgia and nausea lmao! thank you so much for all your lovely comments on the last chapter!! you all seriously don't know what they mean to me!! i can't wait to hear what you all think about this one!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 15: Chapter 15- Shane

Chapter Notes

TW: homophobic slur used in this chapter

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

Shane woke up and instantly regretted it. His eyes were still closed but he already felt dizzy. His head felt like it was filled with cement and also like a rat had crawled into his mouth and died. Shane was usually so self disciplined so he'd never actually been hung over before and he knew he'd never been that drunk before either. He wasn't sure why he felt so comfortable letting loose like that last night, but he didn't think he'd said no to a single drink anyone shoved at him. He rubbed his eyes and sat up, instantly regretting it when his stomach churned. He took a few deep breaths and thankfully was able to keep everything down. He felt so horrible it took him a few minutes to realize he was alone in the bed. He didn't really remember much from the night before, but he was pretty sure Ilya had been in the bed when he'd fallen asleep.

Even though every cell in his body was begging him to lay back down, he struggled to his feet and shuffled to the bathroom. He ran a cold shower and suffered through it. He brushed his teeth and did the rest of his morning routine in a haze. Things didn't feel good now, but he knew he'd be glad to have done them later. He made his way slowly to the kitchen, gagging a little at the smell of spilled vodka on the counters. This was going to be a nightmare to have to clean later.

Shane jumped as he heard the front door open but smiled when he saw it was Ilya with a takeout bag in one hand, and a tray of coffees in the other.

"Oh, you're awake," Ilya said, sitting down the food on the counter. "I am sorry I was not here. Thought you'd be asleep for much longer."

"No, it's okay. I think having some alone time to get myself together was nice," Shane said, flinching at the sound of his own voice, head still much foggy than he'd thought.

"Got you egg white omelet and black coffee," Ilya hummed, nodding to the bag on the counter. "Are you hungry?"

“Not even a little bit,” Shane groaned, reaching for the coffee. He saw one with a lot of writing on the side and one with none. He picked up the blank cup and took a big gulp of the hot liquid. Ilya stood there watching him for a moment before tearing open the bag and grabbing one of the containers. He sat down on one of the barstools and revealed a huge stack of pancakes. He opened up a package of plastic cutlery and dug in. Shane got a little nauseous watching him eat so he just took another sip of his coffee.

“How do you feel?” Ilya asked after he’d taken a few bites.

“Like I got hit by a fucking bus,” Shane moaned, slumping into the bar stool next to him.

“You are handling this much better than I would have,” Ilya chuckled, knocking their shoulders together and taking another bite.

“I can’t believe I drank so much last night,” he sighed.

“Think you had a good time, no?” Ilya asked, frowning a little.

“From what I remember, yes,” Shane admitted, chuckling.

Shane noticed Ilya stiffed a little at that which made his stomach churn for an entirely different reason. “Did I do something super embarrassing?” He asked slowly.

“Not you,” Ilya said quickly, reaching over and patting his knee. “You were very cute,” he hummed, shooting a grin in Shane’s direction.

“Did...something else happen?” Shane pressed, frown deepening.

“Do not worry about any of that now,” Ilya said, turning back to his food. “You should eat. We can talk later, okay?”

That made Shane feel even worse but he didn't press it. He grabbed his own box of food and started picking through it slowly. He appreciated Ilya getting him something filling but that still followed most of Shane's eating preferences. He knew if he'd had something overly sweet like Ilya's pancakes he would have only felt worse. Ilya gathered their trash once they'd both finished and grabbed a glass and filled it with water and shoved it towards Shane. He drank it all without question, knowing he needed it.

The other bedroom door opened then and Shane saw his best friend slink out. Ilya crossed his arms over his chest but didn't move from his spot in the kitchen, watching Hayden. Shane frowned and looked between the two men. “Did something happen last night?” He asked, the tension building in the room.

“What?” Hayden asked, completely ignoring Ilya as he started moving around the kitchen. “I don't know, I don't remember anything from last night,” he chuckled, flinching.

Ilya rolled his eyes and left the kitchen, sitting on the couch and pulling out his phone. Jackie appeared, looking much better than Shane or Hayden.

“Morning,” Shane said to her, still frowning as he tried to figure out what was happening.

“How long have you been up?” She asked, sitting next to him.

“A little while,” Shane said. “I showered and Ilya went and got us breakfast.”

“That was nice,” Jackie smiled and Hayden scoffed. “Hayd,” She sighed, rolling her eyes.

“What happened last night?” Shane asked again, looking between his two friends.

“I don’t remember anything,” Hayden repeated, starting the coffee maker.

“Right,” Shane said slowly, his disbelief evident in his voice.

“What? You can black out after 4 shots but it’s unreasonable for me to?” Hayden shot back.

“Oh so you remember how many shots I had last night but anything else?” Shane asked, really starting to get frustrated.

“I don’t want to fucking remmeber what I saw,” Hayden spat, finally turning back to look at Shane. “That weirdo was feeling you up all night. Excuse me for not wanting to talk about it.”

“Hayd,” Jackie repeated, sighing.

Ilya finally stood up, he looked like he was trying very hard to remain calm. “That is not what happened and you fucking know that.”

“What I *know*,” Hayden started. “Is that Shane only brought you here because he needed a ride but once he was drunk enough last night, there you were, hands all over him, trying to get him alone.”

“I was trying to take him to bed because he was too drunk to know what he was doing. So drunk he fell asleep while you were hurling slurs at me for no fucking reason,” Ilya seethed.

“Woah, woah, what slurs?” Shane asked, looking at Ilya, eyebrows furrowing. He chewed on his lip nervously, this is really not how he wanted this morning to go. His head was pounding from the hangover and the increasing volume at which everyone was talking wasn’t helping. He really thought the two men would get along, they were both outgoing and sarcastic. They both had so many interests in common. He was already feeling so sick physically, and this fight was making him feel even worse.

“He was drunk, Shane,” Jackie said. “You know how he gets. He thought he was protecting you.”

“No, don’t do that. What fucking slurs?” Shane demanded.

“It’s not a big deal,” Hayden said, looking at his feet. “It was the heat of the moment. Like Jackie said, I was just drunk.”

“Go on, tell him,” Ilya goaded. “Was no big deal so should be fine to tell him what you said.”

“Fuck off,” Hayden said, stalking out of the kitchen and towards his bedroom, but Ilya stood in front of the archway that led to the hall, blocking his path.

“Tell him,” Ilya said, voice low and commanding. He was standing in the threshold with his arms crossed over his chest. Ilya maybe had an inch or two on Hayden but he seemed to tower over him. Shane had never been scared of Ilya, but in that moment, he thought if he was in Hayden’s position, he thought he could be.

Hayden shrunk into himself a little and mumbled something at the floor.

“What was that? You said it so loud last night, say it again,” Ilya demanded.

“I called you a faggot, Jesus,” Hayden said, finally pushing past Ilya. He slammed his door and Jackie sighed, she got up to chase after him and Ilya stepped to the side, letting her through without any issue.

Shane felt like he’d just been slammed up against the boards. The air practically knocked out of his lungs. He’d heard Hayden say shit like that for years, but it felt so different now, and hearing it thrown at Ilya made it a million times worse. Ilya was looking at Shane but Shane couldn’t read his expression.

Shane didn't know what was happening and he didn't know what he was supposed to do. It felt like his brain, which was already running at half capacity, had fully shut down now. He couldn't think and he couldn't breathe. He sunk back down into his seat and put his head on the counter. He'd been overwhelmed like this a few times but not in years. He knew he'd be okay in a few minutes, he just needed to breathe. The only problem was that his lungs were refusing to work. He squeezed his eyes shut and he clenched his fists as he took shallow, gasping breaths, trying desperately to force air into his lungs.

And suddenly he was engulfed in strong arms and a scent that had become so familiar to him in such a short amount of time. Shane felt himself lean into the embrace, breathing already starting to get a little easier. A wide palm rubbed his back and soothing words were whispered against his head.

After a few more minutes Shane finally took a full breath, and then another until he felt fully back to himself. He sat up and turned towards Ilya, pulling him into a hug. Ilya held him, and Shane thought he would continue forever if Shane let him. But he knew he had to get up, get out of the apartment. He knew he'd have to talk to Hayden and Jackie about all this at some point, but he couldn't imagine doing that now.

"Let's just get packed up and go," Shane said eventually, pulling back. He took another deep breath and ran a hand over his face.

Ilya nodded and stepped back, giving Shane the space to slide off the bar stool. He walked into his bedroom and started throwing his and Ilya's things into their bags. He wasn't paying attention to whose things went in what bag, he just wanted everything packed quickly. Ilya gathered the bags once Shane finished filling them and led them back down to his car. Shane felt like he was kind of floating above all of this. Not like he felt when he couldn't breathe, but he just couldn't make his brain figure out what was happening. He didn't say anything until they were on the freeway.

"I'm sorry," he finally mumbled, not completely sure what he was apologizing for. Was it for Hayden's behavior? Was it subjecting Ilya to that in the first place? Was it for reacting the way he did? Was it for doing whatever it was when he was drunk last night? Shane guessed it was probably a combination of all of that, but he figured Ilya would understand.

“Absoluetly nothing to be sorry for,” Ilya said quickly, reaching over and squeezing Shane’s knee. “I shouldn’t have acted like that this morning. *I* am sorry for putting you in that position.”

“I can’t believe he said that to you,” Shane sighed, placing his hand over Ilya’s.

“I have heard worse things,” Ilya chuckled, but Shane thought it sounded a bit forced.

“That’s no excuse.”

“No,” Ilya agreed. “But I will be okay. I am sorry it upset you so much, though.

“I don’t really know why it did,” Shane admitted, looking over at Ilya. “Like, it’s not like I’ve never heard that before, or him say it. But I don’t know, this just felt...different.”

Ilya was silent for a few minutes, his thumb stroking Shane’s knee as he thought. “Maybe was different this time because even though he was saying to me, maybe you felt it was about you too.”

Shane chewed on his bottom lip as he let Ilya’s words sink in. He’d never cared about anyone saying things like that because they never felt that close to home. His parents had raised Shane not to say things like that, even in locker rooms where no one else could hear him, but he knew that slurs of all kinds were rampant in his sport. He’d heard his fair share of anti-Asian slurs thrown at him, but he’d gotten used to those. And his best friend had certainly never said anything like that. And Hayden hadn’t said it to Shane, or even about him. But it felt like it was about him all the same.

“He shouldn’t have said it,” Ilya said after a while. “But he wasn’t trying to hurt you when he did, only me. So maybe it would be good to reach out to him once you feel a little better?”

Shane only nodded and sighed again. “Yeah, but not today. I don’t even know what I’d say to him right now.”

Ilya hummed in agreement and gave his knee a few gentle pats. “You have a lot of time to think about it before you’re back for school.”

“That’s definitely not how I thought last night was going to go,” Shane laughed bitterly.

“It will be okay, *malysh*,” Ilya hummed. “How did you think night would go?” He asked, flashing a smile over at Shane. No matter how many times he saw it, Ilya’s smile still gave Shane a stupid amount of butterflies. He was so handsome it was stupid.

“Well I didn’t think I’d fall asleep on you like that,” Shane laughed, chest feeling a little lighter.

Ilya laughed too, his eyes crinkling a little at the edges. “I have to say, you were very cute before you fell asleep.”

Shane cringed and groaned dramatically, hiding his face in his hands.

“No, no, was so cute. You sat in my lap and wanted to cuddle. Was like little *kotonok*!”

“Oh my god,” Shane groaned, looking up at Ilya. “Do I even want to know what that means?”

“Kitten,” Ilya translated, laughing.

Shane whined and pushed at Ilya’s shoulder. “Fuck off,” he said, rolling his eyes.

“Is true!” Ilya protested. “You were being so sweet to me. Much different than normal,” he teased.

“I’ve never heard any complaints!” Shane argued.

“No, never complaints,” Ilya hummed, suddenly more serious. He looked over at Shane and moved his hand from his knee to the back of Shane’s neck. Shane leaned into the touch and let his eyes close. Things were weird with Hayden but he had time to patch that up. And he would, he and Hayden had been together through so much, some drunk fight wasn’t going to ruin their friendship. They both just needed to calm down.

He hated that he’d let himself get so drunk he couldn’t protect Ilya. He shouldn’t have been left alone to deal with Shane’s drunk friends, who were assholes at the best of times. He couldn’t believe he couldn’t remember anything from that fight at all. The last thing he really remembered was getting jealous about some girls flirting with Ilya and pulling him away from them, which he also couldn’t believe he’d done. But he’d just felt so free. It felt so nice to just exist with Ilya, not really caring what people thought when they saw them together.

“You should let your parents know we’re on our way back,” Ilya said after a few minutes.

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, but didn’t pull out his phone.

Ilya must have noticed because he looked over with an eyebrow raised. “Unless you do not want to go back?”

“It’s not that,” Shane sighed. “I just, I don’t know.”

“We can go somewhere else for a while if you want,” Ilya offered.

“No where else to go,” Shane shrugged.

“We could go to my house,” Ilya offered, looking over at Shane briefly a few times. “Sveta is in Toronto visiting her girlfriend for the next few days.”

“Go to your house?” Shane asked dumbly, blinking at Ilya.

“Yes, would not be directly on the way back, but I do not mind. Like I said, house is empty,” Ilya hummed. “I got to see where you live, you can see where I do.”

Shane couldn’t help but smile a little bit at that. “Okay,” he agreed softly.

Ilya grinned at him and nodded. He removed his hand from his neck and Shane couldn’t help but to chase his hand a little, missing the warmth. Ilya must have noticed, but he didn’t say anything, just placed his hand on Shane’s thigh instead as he continued to drive.

For the next two hours they sat in comfortable silence, the soft sound of the radio and Ilya’s obnoxiously loud engine filling the space. Shane even drifted to sleep for a few minutes, still recovering from the night before. He blinked his eyes open as Ilya pulled up to a gate and keyed in a code. The gate chimed and opened, leading to a winding driveway that was so long you couldn’t even see the house. Didn’t Ilya work with his dad? How the hell did he afford to live here? His expression must have been written all over his face because Ilya laughed as he looked over at him.

“My wife sells sports cars, she makes *a lot* of money,” Ilya chuckled.

Shane tried not to feel weird about Ilya still referring to his “wife.” He knew that he was just saying the truth, but it still made his stomach churn. The idea of Ilya with someone else was quickly becoming something Shane couldn’t think about. At all. He knew he didn’t have the right to want Ilya to be only his, he wasn’t even only his wife’s. And maybe that was Shane’s immaturity speaking. How he couldn’t imagine a world in which he was okay with knowingly sharing Ilya was someone, or multiple someones.

Shane knew that these were irrational thoughts. He and Ilya weren’t even technically anything. He had no claim over him, and probably wouldn’t see him again in a few weeks. But just because his head knew something didn’t mean his heart did. He was starting to regret the offer to see the house Ilya shared with his wife.

But it was too late to say anything as Ilya pulled into the driveway of a beautiful house. It was a two story modern home, all clean lines and sharp angles. Most of the exterior walls were black but some others were a warm, orangey wood with huge windows lining the house. Shane couldn't imagine what his face looked like taking it all in.

Ilya parked his car in the large paved area in front of what Shane could only assume was the massive garage and walked around to open Shane's door and help him out of the car. "Is nice, yes?" He smiled. "Is shame I will have to move out soon," he sighed, leading Shane inside.

"Why do you have to move?" Shane asked, frowning as they walked up the immaculately landscaped path to the front door.

"I mentioned she was the one with the money, didn't I?" Ilya laughed as he pulled out a key and finally opened the door.

If Shane thought the outside was nice, the inside was nearly indescribable. The massive wood double doors led into the living room. It was enormous. There was a black leather couch and a few matching arm chairs surrounding a stone fireplace. The floors were a dark wood and the walls were a warm cream color that matched the plush rug in the center of the room. It was all very expensive looking, but in a tasteful way rather than a gaudy one. There was also a staircase in front of the door leading to the second floor that was made entirely of glass it seemed like.

"Come, I will give you tour," Ilya said, hand on the small of Shane's back. Shane let himself be led around to the kitchen, the all black cabinets and appliances that contrasted the white marble flooring and counters made the space feel luxurious. There were two bathrooms and an office on the first floor as well, all just as impeccably decorated. Shane couldn't help but notice that although the house was beautiful, it was also devoid of any pictures or personal items from the people who lived there. There were a few large abstract paintings on the wall but nothing with Ilya or his wife.

That same trend extended to the upstairs as Ilya showed him the guest rooms (one of which he was currently occupying) and the other bathrooms. He didn't let Shane see the primary suite since that was fully Svetlana's space now and it felt like an invasion of privacy. Shane couldn't help but be curious as to what lay behind the gorgeous french doors, but he did understand. He wasn't sure if it would make him feel better about the whole situation or worse, seeing where Ilya had spent so much time with his soon to be ex wife.

Ilya finally led them down to the basement which was a home movie theatre. Several comfy arm chairs lined up facing a wall that was almost entirely TV screen. It was even equipped with a popcorn maker and a slushy machine. Shane almost wished they had more time to hang out so he could really enjoy all the house had to offer. They made their way back up the stairs and settled on the couch in the living room.

“Are you hungry?” Ilya asked, putting his arm on the back of the couch behind Shane. “Not sure what food is in the kitchen but I’m sure I could find something.”

Shane shrugged and just leaned into Ilya further. Ilya turned on the TV and flipped to the sports channel. Some mindless documentary about an athlete’s second home was on. Shane didn’t really care about it, but it was good background noise. Shane pushed his body further into Ilya’s and nosed along his neck. Ilya let his arm slip from the couch to his shoulders and pulled Shane closer. He started sprinkling kisses along Ilya’s jaw and neck, suddenly very horny.

Shane didn’t know why he felt the sudden desperate urge to have sex with Ilya in the home he shared with his wife, but he needed to. The idea of claiming Ilya in this space that was so clearly a part of his life outside of Shane and their summer together was all consuming. Ilya’s hand was in his hair now and he moved his head to give Shane better access to his neck. Which he didn’t use for long before his lips were making their way down his chest and to his crotch.

Shane felt Ilya start to harden in his sweats as he nuzzled his face against him and he heard Ilya whisper his name. Shane straightened up then, pulling his own shirt off before straddling Ilya’s hips and kissing him deeply. Ilya’s hands were all over him, running up and down his sides, squeezing his ass, thumbs ghosting over his nipples. Shane moaned into his mouth and started to grind his hips down onto Ilya.

“I have, fuck, condoms upstairs,” Ilya panted against Shane’s lips, his grip tightening on his hips.

Shane shook his head and pushed Ilya’s pants down enough to free his cock. Ilya pulled off his own shirt as Shane started to pump his hand over him, gathering precum on his thumb and using it as lube. Shane watched Ilya’s face as his hand moved over him faster and faster. Ilya

was pulling on Shane's pants then, exposing his ass and freeing his dick. Shane took both of them into his large hand and moaned.

Ilya was kissing all over Shane's face and thrusting into his hand slightly. He groaned when he felt Shane next to him, their sensitive skin hot and wet. Shane didn't think he was going to last very long like this, his emotions heightened and Ilya looking up at him through hooded eyes. Shane bent over and kissed Ilya sloppily, moaning into his mouth.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya breathed.

"Are you gonna come for me, Ilya?" Shane asked. He wasn't sure what came over him at that moment but he was feeling such a primal need to claim Ilya was overwhelming. To make him say that Shane was the one that made him come, that he was the reason Ilya was feeling this pleasure. It was Shane who was giving all this to Ilya, not his stupid wife or some sorority girl, *Shane*. And that must have done it for Ilya because he finished, shooting his release between them. Shane followed only a second after, the mixture of their cum on his hand and Ilya's chest making him moan.

Ilya kissed all over Shane's chest and neck, everything he could reach from their position and ran his hands up and down his sides. Shane pulled back a little bit, overly aware of the mess they'd just made and looked around for something to clean it up with. Ilya must have noticed and grabbed his own discarded t-shirt and wiped himself down before taking Shane's hand into his and doing the same.

"Now your shirt's all dirty," Shane mumbled, frowning.

"This is my house, remember, Shane?" Ilya chuckled. "I can go get a new one," he said, pulling Shane down into a kiss. After another few minutes of them catching their breath, Shane slid off Ilya's lap and pulled his pants back up. Ilya grabbed his shirt and stood up, kissing the top of Shane's head as he stood.

"I'm going to go throw this in the laundry and then find us something to eat," he said, handing Shane the remote before disappearing into the house.

Chapter End Notes

i'm so glad you all liked the party so much!! it was so much fun to write! our boys are finally getting a taste of the real world outside their little bubble! and unfortunately shane's world is full of normalized bigotry! but have no fear, this is literally heated rivalry fan fiction, it will have a happy ending we just need them to earn it a bit more :D if you're in the states i hope you're having a lovely long weekend! also [here's a reference](#) for ilya's house, it's not 1:1, but it's the same style i was trying to describe!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 16: Chapter 16- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya dropped his shirt in a hamper in the laundry room but didn't bother grabbing a replacement. He didn't know how long Shane would want to stay before returning to his parent's place, but he figured he could probably entice Shane into at least one more round before they left. Especially if he was half naked. So he sauntered back through the living room briefly on his way to the kitchen. He poked around in the fridge and pantry and located a package of frozen salmon and some rice. He didn't know if it exactly matched Shane's diet but this was the best he could do with what he had. He put the rice in the rice cooker and set the fish in a bowl of water to start defrosting. He chopped up a cucumber he found in the crisper drawer that needed to be used and an avocado on the counter Sveta was probably going to be upset at him for stealing.

He spent awhile in the kitchen, wanting to make the meal the best he could for Shane. He thought the bowls looked pretty good by the time he was finished, maybe not like a restaurant would but good for a home kitchen. He brought the food out to the living room and smiled at Shane. "Order up."

Shane laughed at him and took what Ilya offered, looking like he was trying not to inspect it too closely. "Looks good," he hummed.

"Hope it is okay, not much to work with," Ilya chuckled slightly nervously.

"No, it's great," Shane said quickly, looking up at him with his beautiful brown eyes. "Thank you."

Ilya smiled and sat next to Shane on the couch and started to eat. Shane pulled his legs up to the side of him and leaned against Ilya's side. He didn't know if Shane was always this touchy-feely and just hadn't gotten the opportunity to be before now or if something had triggered this behavior, but Ilya wasn't complaining. They ate quickly and Ilya collected the dishes. Shane followed him into the kitchen and sat at the island while Ilya quickly cleaned up.

"We can stay here tonight," Ilya said, loading the last of the dirty dishes into the dishwasher. "If you want. Or we can go back to your cottage whenever you are ready."

Ilya hated to admit it but he was really enjoying the alone time they were getting. Once they were back at the cottage David and Yuna would be around all the time again, and while he enjoyed spending time with his friend, having to keep his hands off Shane for any length of time was becoming increasingly difficult for him.

"I'm sure I could make the excuses for one more night away," Shane grinned, sliding off the bar stool and coming around to hug Ilya from behind. Even though he was younger than him,

Shane was just about the same size as Ilya, so leaning back into him was nice. He liked the feeling of Shane's toned arms wrapped around him, his large hands resting on his hips.

Ilya smiled and hummed, turning his head to kiss Shane. "You do that. Do not want anyone thinking I kidnapped you," he teased. He turned around in Shane's arms and pulled him forward by his neck, licking into his mouth. Shane opened himself to Ilya easily, small sounds escaping him as their tongues slid past each other. "Especially when you make sounds like that," he groaned, nipping at Shane's bottom lip.

Shane whimpered and bucked his hips forward. Ilya let one hand grip his waist as he kissed a line down his jaw to his neck. Shane leaned his head to the side to grant Ilya access to the space he was seeking and Ilya nearly growled against the other boy's skin. "God I wish I could mark you up," he breathed. "Let the whole world see how crazy you make me."

Shane let out a broken moan and gripped the fabric of Ilya's joggers in a tight fist. "One," he let out. "Y-you could do one."

His voice sounded so small but so eager, Ilya pulled back to look at him. He brought the hand on Shane's neck forward to his chin, gripping it to force Shane to look at him. "You sure about that?" he asked, his heart threatening to beat out of his chest.

Shane nodded eagerly. "W-we were at a party last night. Anything could have happened, right?" he said breathlessly. "My parents probably wouldn't question it."

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya groaned, all the air feeling like it was sucked out of his lungs. He didn't wait any longer though, attaching his lips to the spot of Shane's neck just below his ear. It wouldn't be the most noticeable place in the world, someone would have to be looking pretty hard at Shane from the right angle to really see what it was. He held Shane still with one hand at the base of his neck as he nipped and sucked at the skin while his other hand wandered up his chest to pull at one of Shane's nipples.

Shane was practically thrashing against Ilya under the onslaught of sensations but Ilya couldn't help himself. Shane had given him explicit permission to do this and he was going to revel in it. Some animalistic need to stake a claim on someone who wasn't even really his. But Ilya didn't care about that at the moment. All he cared about was watching the hickey on his skin for the next several days, visible proof that what they were doing was actually happening. It was real, not something Ilya was imagining in his lonely, desperate state. Shane wanted him, at least for now, and that had to be enough for Ilya.

Ilya mouthed at Shane's neck for longer than necessary, making sure the bruise would bloom nice and dark before he pulled away. Shane gasped and frowned once Ilya finally pulled back and Ilya couldn't help but chuckle fondly. He stepped back to look and hummed in satisfaction, it would be dark in a few hours and would last for days, Ilya was unreasonably pleased about that.

Ilya was mostly hard again but he forced himself to put an arm's distance between himself and Shane. He patted Shane's cheek and smirked at how utterly fucked he looked. He still didn't have his eyes open, face trying to nuzzle into Ilya's palm. "Go text your parents," he said before turning around to start the dishwasher.

Shane huffed and shuffled out of the kitchen to do what Ilya had told him, leaving Ilya alone with his thoughts. He was so fucked. There was no universe in which a college kid should have this much sway over a man's Ilya's age, and yet here they were. Ilya didn't know what he was going to do with himself once Shane was back in Montreal and Ilya was here in Ottawa. Well, not here, not exactly. He'd be in some apartment. He'd have those same lifeless beige walls he'd seen in Shane's, but he'd be alone. He wouldn't have roommates to eat dinner with, or throw parties for. Not that Ilya was a huge fan of either of Shane's roommates, one was blatantly homophobic and the other enabled it, but the point still stood.

Ilya had never done well being alone. There was always Cliff, and maybe the two of them would hang out more outside of work and their beer league. Both of them would be bachelors at that point. But Ilya didn't think he'd ever be content like that, maybe Cliff was alright going home to his empty house every night, but Ilya knew it would start to kill him. And even though it had only been three weeks, he didn't know if he could ever make himself forget Shane. There would probably always be a little part of his heart that longed for the boy with the big brown eyes and freckles.

Ilya shook his head to clear his thoughts before they spiraled much further and pushed himself to the living room. He stopped in the hallway though, seeing Shane in one of the bathrooms. The door was wide open, but Shane was bent over the sink with his neck twisted uncomfortably. It took Ilya a moment to realize he was trying to look at the hickey. Ilya let himself grin and watch Shane, getting, probably too much, satisfaction out of watching him contort himself in front of the small mirror, so caught up in it that he didn't notice Ilya watching.

"I can take picture if you want," he said, finally announcing himself. Shane jumped a little and turned around, blushing.

"Need to get you a fucking bell or something," Shane laughed, turning back to the mirror. Ilya could tell he was a little embarrassed at having been caught, but not enough to stop trying to look at Ilya's work.

"I tried to put it in less noticeable spot on purpose," Ilya hummed, walking towards Shane and wrapping his arms around his middle. He rested his chin on Shane's shoulder and kissed his ear. "Could give you another one if you want something to look at," he grinned.

Shane rolled his eyes and looked at Ilya through the mirror. "You just want another excuse to chew on me."

"Oh but I think you like when I chew on you," Ilya challenged, voice getting lower. He took Shane's earlobe in between his teeth and tugged a little, eyes never leaving Shane's.

"Fuck," Shane breathed, clearly fighting to keep his eyes open.

"Is what I thought," Ilya grinned wickedly, hands gripping Shane's hips a little tighter.

"If you're going to work me up again and then not fuck me I'm going to kick your ass," Shane grunted, grinding his hips back against Ilya's, sure to feel his own hardness.

“Always so needy,” Ilya said, reaching his hand under Shane’s waistband and pinching the sensitive skin there.

All of Shane’s bite was suddenly gone as he nodded, eyelids heavy as he looked at Ilya. “Always,” he agreed, hips rutting back more earnestly.

It was Ilay’s turn to have the breath knocked out of him. He bit down on Shane’s shoulder and let his hand wander further into Shane’s pants until he was holding onto his cock. He stroked it slowly. His other hand kept the tight grip on Shane’s hip, preventing him from moving. “Always what?” Ilya prompted. Maybe it was cruel but he needed to hear it.

Shane answered quickly. “Always need you,” he mewled.

“Blyat,” Ilya groaned, turning Shane around so he could kiss him properly. Shane whined at the loss of contact to his dick but kissed Ilya back desperately. Ilya wasn’t much better, he held on to Shane like he was the only lifeboat left in freezing water.

“Upstairs,” Ilya breathed, pulling Shane with him towards the stairs. They stumbled a little as Ilya walked backwards. They broke apart only enough to safely make their way to Ilya’s bedroom. Shane pulled Ilya down onto his bed but flipped them over so Ilya was on his back and Shane was straddling his hips.

He bent forward and captured Ilya’s lips in another searing kiss, his hips moving in a small figure eight causing Ilya to thrust up against him. Ilya reached with one hand to the nightstand. He grunted in frustration when he had to break the kiss in order to look over and reach inside. He retrieved the bottle of lube. Shane used that time to pull his shirt over his head and slip out of his pants. He looked down at Ilya for a moment before wiggling down the bed, taking Ilya’s pants with him.

Shane wasted no time taking Ilya into his mouth. He sucked Ilya down almost to the hilt, only gagging a little. Ilya couldn’t help but be impressed with how quickly Shane had learned to take him so beautifully. “Da, Shane, just like that,” he praised. “It’s like you were born to take my cock.”

Ilya could see Shane preen at the praise. Ilya put his hands behind his own head and just let Shane work at his own pace, which turned out to be really fucking fast and deep. Ilya didn’t know where Shane was sneaking in breaths; he was bobbing his head so fast. He pulled off after a few minutes of will power Ilya didn’t know he possessed as he kept his hips still and didn’t come down Shane’s throat. So he did groan when Shane pulled back, but it was in relief as much as it was in frustration.

“Can I ride you?” Shane asked, voice hoarse from what he’d just put his own throat through.

“Yes Shane, fuck.”

Shane reached for the bottle on the bed and sat up. He moved back up Ilya’s body so he was straddling him again and poured some of the lube onto his own fingers. Ilya’s dick twitched as he watched Shane reach behind himself. Shane was opening himself up to ride Ilya. They were in his house, in his bed. Ilya didn’t want to let his thoughts drift too much because he

could see it, this being their new normal. Ilya bringing him home, making him food and fucking in his bed. But Ilya knew he couldn't tie Shane down, not at this point in his life, not when he had so much in front of him and Ilya's life was largely behind him.

Shane was whining above him, eyes closed in concentration as he fingered himself. Ilya knew the angle had to be awkward for him, but he could tell Shane wanted to do it himself, so he let him be. Ilya ran his hands up and down Shane's sides and legs, murmuring encouragements. He didn't think he'd ever been this hard in his life. Shane must have gotten a good stroke to his prostate or something because a huge drop of precum landed on Ilya's belly making him moan loudly.

"Fuck, Shane," he groaned for what was probably the hundredth time that day. But he just couldn't make his brain work any better. Something about seeing Shane so turned on for him turned Ilya into mush.

Shane pulled his fingers out and stroked Ilya's cock, coating it in the excess lube from his palm. Ilya bit his lip as he watched Shane's hand move behind his back, unable to see him but feeling it. "Need you inside me," Shane begged.

"Condom, baby," Ilya said, reaching for his nightstand again. He was able to feel around for a condom packet and opened it with his teeth. Shane took it from him and slid it onto Ilya and it was so much hotter than it should have been, seeing Shane look at his cock with such concentration. But before he was able to dwell on that thought for too long, Shane was on his knees lining up.

"So pretty," Ilya breathed, both hands on Shane's hips to keep him steady as he started his descent. He was still so tight, like a fucking vice around him. Ilya had to fight every urge his body had to thrust up into him, knowing it would hurt the other man. Shane took deep breaths as he slowly took more and more of Ilya into himself. His cock was still leaking like a faucet above Ilya and it made his mouth water, seeing how turned on Shane was even if he did look like he was struggling a little bit to take all of him. The few minutes of opening himself up probably didn't loosen him enough to make it easy. But he kept going until he was fully seated in Ilya's lap, a few beads of sweat at his hairline and panting.

"Okay?" Ilya asked, one hand reaching up to brush over Shane's cheek with his thumb.

Shane nodded instantly. "Yeah, yeah. Just need a second."

"Take as much time as you need."

Shane nodded again and took another deep breath before starting to rock his hips forward. He was keeping Ilya buried inside of him, getting used to the sensation as he moved. His mouth had fallen open and Ilya couldn't help himself, he let his thumb drift from its spot on Shane's cheek to his bottom lip. Shane wrapped his lips around it instantly and started sucking on Ilya's thumb. His eyes drifted closed, seemingly lost in the sensation.

Ilya thought he might explode right then and there. Shane looked like a vision above him. So muscular and toned, on top of him, riding his cock and suckling on his thumb as if it were the

only place in the world he wanted to be. “That’s it, malysh,” Ilya encouraged. “Take your time. Takaya, okhuyenno krasivo.”

Shane started to lift his hips then, just a little bit at a time before slamming back down. His mouth opened with his moans and Ilya brought his hand back down to his waist. After that, Shane really started to bounce in earnest, lifting his hips up so high he almost let Ilya slip out of him before slamming back down. There wasn’t a defined rhythm and his movements were a bit jerky at times but Ilya thought this was perfect. He’d never been a huge fan of this position before, but seeing Shane on top of him like this he thought it might be his new favorite.

Shane was whimpering, swearing under his breath as his pace quickened, chancing his release. “Yes, Shane, take what you need from me. Want to see you come,” Ilya groaned, fingers digging into the soft skin around Shane’s hips.

Shane’s head fell back and his hips started moving even faster. His thighs were shaking from the effort and Ilya watched as a bead of sweat dropped from his forehead to his chin; he wanted to lick it off of him. He watched his cock disappear inside of Shane over and over, his own climax getting closer.

Shane let out a broken shout as he came, hole clenching around Ilya as he continued to fuck himself through it. Shane came so hard that some of it almost hit Ilya’s chin. His downward thrusts didn’t slow down however, he opened his eyes and looked down at Ilya. “Please,” he begged, tears in the corner of one of his eyes from overstimulation. “I want to feel you come.”

And that did it, Ilya grabbed Shane’s hips and pulled him down roughly, emptying into the condom. Shane moaned again loudly and finally collapsed onto Ilya’s chest. Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane and held him for a long while, both of them needing ample time to come back to themselves. Ilya peppered kisses along the top of Shane’s head and ran his hands up and down his back, whispering praises for him.

Once Shane finally sat up he grimaced at the mess that was now on both of their chests. He rolled onto his side, wincing as Ilya slipped out of him. “Fuck,” he chuckled, blinking his beautiful eyes over at Ilya.

Ilya grinned and nodded, kissing Shane deeply for a moment. When he pulled back he couldn’t keep his hands from continuing to trail over Shane’s skin, anywhere he could reach. His cheeks, down his arms to his hips, his ass and thighs, back up his chest. He stayed silent and just watched his hands move over Shane’s gorgeous body covered in his own cum. “Tak krasivo,” he said, voice just barely above a whisper.

“What are you saying?” Shane asked, biting his lip.

“So pretty,” Ilya grinned, propping himself up on one elbow to get a better angle to look.

He was rewarded by Shane blushing again and rolling his eyes. “Fuck off,” he said, turning his head away from Ilya.

“No, no,” Ilya whined, pulling Shane’s head back towards himself. “Don’t do that. Want to see you.”

“You’ve seen so much of me,” Shane countered, rolling his eyes again and chuckling softly.

“Will never be enough,” Ilya said before he could stop himself.

Shane’s breath hitched and there was a horrible silent moment where Ilya thought maybe he’d said too much, been too honest. But then Shane was surging forward and kissing Ilya, wrapping his fingers around Ilya’s curls to pull him closer. They kissed for a few minutes but Ilya was starting to get uncomfortable, still wrapped in the condom filled with his cum. When he pulled away he sat up and slid it off, tying the end. He leaned down and kissed Shane’s shoulder. “Want to shower?” he hummed as he stood.

Shane stood and followed Ilya into the bathroom across the hall. Ilya tossed the condom into the small trash can next to the toilet and grabbed a couple of towels from the linen closet before turning to start the shower. Once the water was warm he pulled Shane through the tall glass sliding door.

Ilya bullied Shane into letting him wash his hair, claiming he’d already done enough work. When Shane relented, Ilya spent too much time lathering up his hair and kissing the back of his neck and shoulders, making a real meal out of the act. He was playing it up as a joke but he did really enjoy taking care of Shane this way, making him feel good in every way. He wanted to savor the time they had together and do everything Shane would let him.

They took their time in the shower, Ilya almost sad that he’d already come twice that afternoon and he wasn’t as young as he used to be. Once they’d both cleaned up, Shane kissed him, deep and through. He licked into Ilya’s mouth and backed Ilya against the tiles. Ilya let himself be man handled, enjoying seeing Shane take charge a lot that afternoon. He knew Shane liked him and wanted him, but it was a nice reminder that Ilya wasn’t the only one pursuing this thing between them. Made him feel less like a cradle robber and more like they were on equal footing.

After they were pruneey and out of breath and all the water had gone cold they exited the shower. Ilya wrapped Shane up in a towel and kissed the tip of his nose. As Shane dried himself off and wrapped a towel around his waist Ilya’s eyes kept returning to the ever darkening spot on his neck. He couldn’t help but grin. “You sure you don’t want a few more?” Ilya teased, poking Shane in the side.

Shane rolled his eyes and laughed. “Maybe somewhere not visible,” he mumbled after a minute, a soft blush returning to his face.

“Want me to mark up your ass?” Ilya grinned.

“Fuck off,” Shane chuckled, leaving Ilya in the bathroom.

Ilya finished drying himself off and followed, a bright smile on his face.

Shane was standing in the middle of the room, hands on his hips and bottom lip between his teeth. “I forgot I don’t have any clean clothes with me,” he frowned.

“We are same size,” Ilya shrugged, making his way over to his dresser and pulling out two pairs of joggers and two t-shirts. He threw one set at Shane and changed into the other. Watching Shane change into his clothes really did something funny to his insides, something he wasn’t ready to grapple the magnitude of.

“Thanks,” Shane said once he was clothed, running a hand through his damp hair.

Ilya stood and looked at him silently for a moment, heart almost hurting with how fond he was feeling. Then he was struck with an idea.

“Let me take you out to dinner tonight,” he said, crossing the small space between them and resting his hands on Shane’s waist. “You can wear even more of my clothes,” he added, kissing the corner of his mouth.

“Okay,” Shane agreed, nodding.

“Good,” Ilya hummed, giving his lips a proper kiss. “We’ll find somewhere you can eat your rabbit food.”

“It’s not rabbit food,” Shane argued, pulling himself out of Ilya’s embrace laughing.

“Whatever you say malysh,” Ilya relented, raising his arms in surrender.

“Can I throw the rest of my stuff in your washing machine while we’re here so I have something to wear tomorrow?”

“Of course, here I will show you,” Ilya said, leading Shane back downstairs to the laundry room. They tossed in Shane’s clothes from earlier as well as Ilya’s shirt.

The two men spent the rest of the afternoon on the couch with Ilya’s copy of the latest MLH Playstation game. Ilya couldn’t remember a day when he’d had this much fun and been this content. His heart felt full for the first time in longer than he could remember, even before he was served with divorce papers.

When they went upstairs to get ready to leave, Shane went to the bathroom to finish and Ilya looked down at his hands for the first time in a while. He saw his wedding band on his left hand. He hadn’t felt the need to play with it in weeks, he’d almost forgotten it was there entirely. He took a deep breath and removed it, sitting on top of his dresser, finally feeling ready to leave it behind.

He felt very silly for feeling proud of himself for finally taking it off, but it was a huge step for him. It felt like the final piece of physical evidence he was holding on to of his life from before. He would still have to deal with moving out and finding somewhere else to call home, but even that felt less daunting now that his finger was naked. There was a small tan line around the base of his finger from all the time he’d spent in the sun the last few weeks, but that, like his feelings, would dissipate over time until they were just a fond memory.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Takaya, okhuyenno krasivo - So fucking pretty

idk how i feel about this chapter to be honest, it feels kinda like filler but also i just really wanted to have a nice fun chapter of them being domestic before things get dramatic again with the hayden stuff and everything else they've got going on! we've also reached the halfway point! tysm for being here so for so long, i hope you'll ride out the rest of this fever dream with me hahahaha

ALSO one of my friends (s/o karin if ur reading this) asked what i was going to do after i wrap this fic up and at first i said probably nothing but we got talking and started bouncing ideas around and i kind of became obsessed with the idea of rival vampire gangs, sort of a mix of vampire and mafia AUs lmao. i really can't stop thinking about it, so lmk if any of you would be down to read that after i get through with this. ik it's like a total 180 tone shift but i think it could be fun!

as always thank you all so much for your lovely comments on the last chapter, it truly helps me so much to see them!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat!

Chapter 17: Chapter 17- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane couldn't help but roll his eyes at Ilya. He was really being ridiculous. He wouldn't let Shane open any doors, the front door to his house as they left, the car door (getting in and out of it) or the door to the restaurant. He kept his hand on the small of Shane's back as they walked up to the host stand and gave his name. He must have made a reservation at some point because he gave his name and the hostess nodded.

"Right this way Mr. Rozanov," She smiled cheerily.

Ilya kept his hand on Shane as they walked through the dimly lit dining room. It was filled with small tables covered in crisp white table clothes. Each had a taper candle nestled into gold candlestick at the center which mixed with the dim sconces on the walls to give the room a nice warm glow but kept the atmosphere intimate. Their table was near the back of the space, tucked away from most of the other dinners but they weren't secluded.

Shane was glad then that Ilya had picked out an outfit for him from his own closet, anything he'd brought with him would have been way too casual. Ilya looked incredible as always in a black slacks, a white button down and a black blazer with thin white stripes. He'd picked out a similar outfit for Shane but opted for all black everything. Shane already hated the idea of being in dress clothes (his usual athletic wear much more in his comfort zone) but he appreciated Ilya hadn't given him anything that would draw more attention to him. His arms were slightly bigger than Ilya's, his biceps just a bit more toned, so the blazer was a little tight, but Shane couldn't bring himself to care when Ilya looked at him the way he did.

Ilya pulled out Shane's chair for him, and Shane rolled his eyes again but let Ilya push him up to the table. "You're doing too much," he teased after the hostess left them with their menus.

"I told you I was taking you out. This is me taking you out," Ilya said simply, looking at Shane over the flickering flame of the candle.

"I'm just saying you like, don't have to do all this stuff," Shane shrugged, looking down to skim the menu.

Ilya's foot brushed Shane's under the table gently and it caused Shane's heart to swell. He couldn't help but smile. "No have. Just want to," Ilya said softly, reaching over and grabbing one of Shane's hand in his own.

There was a tiny voice in the back of Shane's head about them being seen in public acting like this, but he was too happy to care. Ilya felt *his* in that moment. Shane hadn't said anything but he did notice that Ilya had taken his ring off before they left. Shane didn't know if he took it off just for their... date? Is that what this was? Shane didn't want to get ahead of himself but that's what this felt like. But Ilya hadn't said he was taking Shane on a date, just that he was taking him to dinner. But not seeing the ring made everything feel a bit more real. Shane was a little ashamed at how much he smiled when he noticed Ilya's naked finger. He couldn't stop looking at his hand. He hoped Ilya didn't notice.

Ilya looked down at the menu then, opening it for the first time as their waiter appeared. He had a really thick Québécois accent and Shane could see Ilya slightly struggle to understand him. Shane took a chance and asked the waiter in French if they could have a few more minutes with the menu before they ordered. The waiter grinned widely and answered back in French before walking away.

Ilya looked at Shane with raised eyebrows and a smirk. "Mr. Fancy," he teased. "Did not know you spoke French."

"Yeah, learned it in school. Went to an immersion school for a few years before I transferred somewhere it was easier to get to hockey practice from. My mom thought it would be a good skill to have," Shane shrugged, blushing slightly under Ilya's gaze.

"Very sexy," he hummed. "You will order for us then?"

Shane nodded. "Yeah, I can do that."

"Thank you *moy lyubimiy*," Ilya smiled, his voice going a bit soft.

Shane shifted in his seat, suddenly very aware of the butterflies in his stomach and how much he needed to control them. He didn't want Ilya to think he was being weird, so he turned his attention to the menu, frowning slightly at the options. He found a sea bass that didn't look too bad so he decided on that. He was eating a lot of fish today but *if needs must*, he thought.

"Oh, I know what I want!" Ilya said suddenly. "Lobster mac and cheese please," he grinned. "And a glass of the Sauvignon Blanc," he laughed, in an exaggerated French accent.

Shane giggled, he couldn't help himself, Ilya made him lose all his self consciousness. He felt like he could do anything, be anyone, and Ilya wouldn't reject him like so many people in the past had. He didn't have to hide his true self from Ilya.

The waiter reappeared then, causing Shane to have to stifle his laughter.

"Are you ready to order?" He asked in English, looking between the two of them.

"*Oui*," Shane answered and rattled off his order for a sparkling water and the grilled sea bass in French.

"And for your boyfriend?" The waiter asked back in French, writing Shane's order down.

Shane coughed to cover up the gasp he almost let out at the question. If Shane thought about it, it was a perfectly reasonable assumption to make, they were both dressed up at this fancy restaurant and they'd been touching and flirting pretty obviously. And Shane hated the fact that he liked it so much. Ilya didn't speak French, there would be no way he would know what he'd said. He didn't look any different, just watching Shane with a pleased look on his face as Shane spoke with the waiter. So Shane decided not to correct him and just gave him Ilya's order before handing over their menus.

"I'll get those started for you," the waiter said in English before disappearing to the kitchens.

“You looked so sexy,” Ilya murmured once they were alone again. “Speaking to the waiter like that.”

“Shut up,” Shane laughed and kicked Ilya’s shin under the table lightly.

“Am being serious!”

“I know you are, but we’re in public,” Shane admonished. “I’m not letting you get me hard at this nice restaurant.”

“Fine, fine,” Ilya sighed, a wide grin still across his face. “What did you get?”

“Sea bass.”

“Is what I thought you would get when I looked at menu online.”

“Does that make me boring?” Shane asked, biting his lip.

“No, no,” Ilya said quickly, reaching over and grabbing Shane’s hand again. “I like that you are predictable. Makes my life easier,” he added the last part like it was an after thought but Shane could tell Ilya was being sincere. And that fucked with Shane’s insides even more.

It didn’t take too long after that for their drinks to arrive and Shane grimaced at Ilya’s wine. “I can’t even look at alcohol right now,” he chuckled.

Ilya laughed, probably a little too loudly for the kind of place they were in but that sound was better to Shane than any song he’d ever heard. Their food was brought out and the waiter came by to check on them. Shane reassured him everything was fine and they were finally left alone again.

“Ugh, Shane, is so sad you won’t eat cheese,” Ilya whined. “Is so good!”

“I can have cheese sometimes,” Shane chuckled, rolling his eyes.

“You will take a bite?” Ilya asked, holding his fork out to Shane with a curved noodle and a small piece of lobster covered in the cheese sauce. Shane reminded himself it was the off season and that one bite of something wouldn’t derail his diet anymore than drinking last night did. He leaned forward and took the bite Ilya was offering him, letting the other man feed him. He did feel a little self conscious but the sparkle of joy in Ilya’s eyes overrode all of that. He wrapped his lips around the fork and pulled back slowly, keeping eye contact with Ilya while he did.

“Now who is trying to work who up in public?” Ilya grunted, sitting back in his seat.

Shane didn’t know when he’d ever laughed this much in his life. He’d had friends and teammates who were all, Shane guessed, technically funny. But no one understood him the way that Ilya did, no one before had ever been able to press all the right buttons to make him feel so much like himself. They’d only properly met three weeks ago, but Shane felt like he’d known Ilya his entire life. There was something fundamental about their connection. It wasn’t surface level, there was something in Shane’s bones that knew something in Ilya’s. Shane knew then, that he’d do anything he could to protect whatever this thing was with Ilya. It was too important now to let go. He’d figure something out. Even if Ilya never wanted to move past where they were right now, Shane would be okay with that. As long as he was able to keep Ilya in his life.

The rest of the meal was amazing. Shane enjoyed his fish and laughed at Ilya moan about his pasta. The waiter came back with their cheque and Ilya put down his card, seeming like he didn’t have a care in the world. He again led Shane by the small of his back and opened all the doors. He placed his hand on Shane’s thigh as he drove, the smile never leaving his face.

“I wonder if you will be as cuddly in bed tonight now that you’re sober,” Ilya teased, sneaking a glance at Shane out of the corner of his eye as he swerved through the light traffic. Shane couldn’t believe he’d gotten used to the way Ilya drove so quickly. While he did still tense up every once in a while, he was learning to trust Ilya.

“Fuck off,” Shane giggled, looking out the window as they left the city proper to go towards Ilya’s house.

Ilya squeezed Shane’s thigh and hummed. “You were like nice, heavy blanket last night. Was nice,” he laughed.

“For the record,” Shane said, looking back at Ilya. “I am really sorry about last night. I never get like that, I don’t know what came over me. And I’m sorry that I was so messed up that I put you in a bad situation. I wish I could actually remember more of what even happened.”

Ilya peeked over at Shane again, frowning slightly. “Is okay, *lyubimy*,” he said. “Please do not beat yourself up anymore about it. I am not upset at you. You had fun, that is good thing! You felt safe enough to let loose, that is also good. Please believe me, you have nothing to apologize to me for.”

Shane took a deep breath but nodded, resting his hand on top of Ilya’s. “If you say so.”

“I do,” Ilya said firmly, thumb brushing the fabric over Shane’s inner thigh.

For the rest of the drive Shane tried to get himself to really believe Ilya. He didn’t think Ilya was lying to him, but he couldn’t help but think about how upset Ilya had been that morning. Not directly because of something Shane had done, but what Shane hadn’t or couldn’t have done because he was so drunk. Shane made a silent promise that he’d never leave Ilya alone and unprotected like that. He would do all he could to keep Ilya safe in the situations he brought Ilya in to.

They pulled into the wide paved area in front of the house and Ilya cut the engine before reaching over and pulling Shane into a deep kiss by the back of his neck. Shane melted into it, opening his mouth and letting Ilya lick his way through it. Before Ilya, Shane had thought kissing was sort of gross. Having someone’s tongue in his own mouth felt unhygienic and uncomfortable. But with Ilya, it didn’t feel that way at all. It felt like Ilya was claiming him in a way that Shane only wanted more of. Feeling Ilya’s tongue swipe over his teeth and push his own tongue out of the way to get where he wanted to go was something he didn’t think he’d ever get enough of.

Sometimes Shane fought back a little, pushing his own tongue along Ilya's and into his mouth, but sometimes, like this night, he was content to just let Ilya take and take from him. Shane whimpered and clutched at Ilya's shirt, trying to pull him across the center console and get him closer. Shane didn't know how long they made out in the car but by the time Ilya finally pulled away they were both out of breath. Ilya's lips were wet and swollen and he looked at Shane, eyelids just barely staying open enough to do so. His lips were so shiny and red Shane leaned forward to try and kiss them again. Ilya placed a hand on his chest, preventing him from getting close enough and Shane whined. He felt almost drunk again just from how thoroughly Ilya had kissed him.

"Let's go inside, malysh," Ilya whispered, looking like he had to force himself to move away from Shane as well. He made his way over to Shane's side of the car and pulled him out, hand roaming over Shane's body as they walked to the front door. Shane felt like his skin was buzzing and he couldn't stop smiling. The day had started out so poorly but it had turned into one of the best days of his life. He was so lost in his own giddiness that he didn't notice the lights on inside the house.

Ilya hadn't noticed either, he opened the door and immediately pushed Shane up against the door as it closed, covering his mouth with his own. Shane fisted Ilya's shirt and pulled him impossibly closer, moaning as Ilya gripped his ass. He pulled one of Shane's legs up around his hip and Shane took the hint, he jumped and wrapped both legs around Ilya's hips. Ilya put his hands under Shane's thighs to hold him and kissed down his neck, nipping at the mark he'd made earlier.

Shane threaded his fingers in Ilya's hair and tugged him back to his mouth. Ilya groaned and tightened his grip on Shane's ass, grinding into him against the door. All Shane could think was *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya*. He didn't know how he was ever going to go back to normal knowing that pleasure like this existed. It was so overwhelming, Shane didn't want anything other than Ilya all the time. He was so focused on Ilya that when he heard a feminine giggle from the stairs his head jolted back hard enough for him to hurt it on the door. Ilya nearly dropped him as he turned around towards the noise. Ilya let him down and Shane had to force himself to not rush out of the door and hide under a rock for the rest of his life.

"*Ublyudok*," Ilya spat out at the beautiful woman. She was wearing a short, black night dress with lace along the edges. It was so shiny Shane guessed it had to be silk. She wasn't wearing any makeup and her curly hair was pulled back away from her face. It looked like she was getting ready for bed.

“Nu, i vam zdravstvuyte,” she laughed, making her way down the rest of the stairs so she was on the same level as Ilya and him. Shane hated that he couldn’t understand them. The woman walked closer and looked around Ilya’s shoulder to Shane. He hadn’t really noticed in the moment but Ilya had moved his body, nearly hiding him. “Hi,” She beamed in English.

“What are you doing here?” Ilya asked, stepping to the side, once again obscuring her view of Shane.

“I live here?” she said, laughing.

“You said you would be in Toronto,” Ilya huffed, crossing his arms.

“Plan’s changed. Didn’t think that would be a problem,” She said, sounding like she was starting to get annoyed.

“You should have told me you were coming home,” Ilya said, sounding a little bit like he was about to throw a tantrum. It would have been funny if Shane wasn’t currently trying to quell his boner and his anxiety at the same time.

The woman rolled her eyes and peaked around Ilya again to Shane. “I am sorry he is being so rude. I am Svetlana,” she introduced.

Shane knew that he should have seen that coming, everything about her screamed she lived there. And the only other person who lived here besides Ilya was his wife. She was so much prettier than he had imagined. It made sense that Ilya would be married to someone so beautiful, he was the most beautiful person he’d ever seen. But he felt his insides were tying themselves in knots now that he could actually see her. See the two of them together in their home.

“You must be the boyfriend,” she continued, looking between them and smirking.

Boyfriend? That was the second time someone had said that word that night. But Shane had been able to play off the first time because Ilya hadn't understood. But this was in plain English, right in front of Ilya. And that wasn't something they'd ever talked about. They'd basically talked about everything else, but never this. Shane didn't know how Ilya felt about that word. What if naming whatever their situation changed it? Would Ilya even like that? He was in the middle of a divorce, and he hadn't ever been monogamous with her. Shane clenched his fists at his side as he tried to calm himself down, but the more he thought about it, the more he panicked. The night had been so perfect and she was ruining everything he had to do something to try and save it.

"Not boyfriend," he said before the word could sit in the air any longer.

Ilya stiffened slightly in front of him but recovered quickly. "Not that it's any of your business," he mumbled.

Sventlana frowned and stepped away. "My apologies," she said. "I'll leave you to the rest of your evening. But come talk to me before you leave tomorrow, okay, *Ilyushka*?" she asked, making her way back up the stairs.

"Sorry about that," Ilya mumbled once she was gone. He turned towards Shane but he was looking at his feet. "She can be...too much at times."

"S'okay," Shane said, suddenly feeling very awkward. He so desperately wanted to go back to how things were just minutes before but Ilya wasn't looking at him and had put more distance between them than he had since the first day at the cottage.

"We can, um, go to bed now. If you want," he said, turning to the stairs.

Shane didn't respond but followed close behind him. Now his skin was buzzing for an entirely different reason. He could tell something was wrong, but he couldn't tell if Ilya was just annoyed at his wife, or if Shane had done something wrong. He'd only spoken two words to her, and he'd only said anything in order to protect them, but maybe he'd gotten it wrong? Maybe Ilya hadn't wanted him to say anything. Maybe speaking to his wife had crossed some kind of line, maybe he'd wanted to keep them completely separate and Shane answering the question she'd clearly asked Ilya had been too much. Shane didn't know. And he probably never would because Ilya still wasn't looking at him by the time they reached his bedroom.

Shane saw his clothes from the laundry folded on the bed waiting for them. Sventlana must have seen them and thought they were Ilya's. Shane changed out of Ilya's nice clothes and into his pajama bottoms and a t- shirt. They smelled like Ilya now since they'd been washed in his detergent and laid on his bed for the last few hours. It was all Shane could do to not just lift the shirt to his nose and inhale.

Ilya still hadn't said anything and Shane didn't know what to do, so he made his way to the bathroom and brushed his teeth in silence. When he was back Ilya was already in the bed laying down, so Shane laid down too. In the past whenever they'd laid down like that Ilya had instantly pulled Shane into him but he didn't this time. He was so stiff and Shane didn't know what to do with himself. Ilya hadn't said more than a few words since they'd been interrupted and Shane couldn't figure out if it was because he was mad at Svetlana or Shane. Or both of them. Ilya had been pretty good about talking to him so far but he'd just completely shut down. Shane sighed and turned over so he was facing away from Ilya and closed his eyes, trying to at least pretend he could fall asleep while his mind was racing.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

moy lyubimiy -my beloved

lyubimy - darling

ublyudok - bastard

nu, i vam zdravstvuyte - well hello to you too

...hey...how yall doing? 😊

i was listening to honey by taylor swift on loop while i was writing the first part of the chapter, it made me so giddy to see shane so in love and so happy. it's a shame i had to do the rest of that to him lmao. but i promise we just a little bit more shit to wade through before our boys can ride off into the sunset! writing angst is so hard for me lol i had to turn off my phone and go sit in a dark room to power through it so i could post this update lmao.

thank you for all of your encouragement about the vampire fic! one of the things that's gotten me to write a lot the past few days is wanting to finish this fic so i can focus on that one sooner lmao! in other news: i finally got a job offer! it doesn't start until middle of july but boy is it nice to not have that looming over me! thank you all again for your continued kind words, sometimes when i'm feeling particularly shitty i go back and read them, even on pretty old chapters because you all are so lovely.

i'm off to write the next chapter immediately because i want to get back to them being happy and horny again!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

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Chapter 18: Chapter 18- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Not boyfriend.”

“Not boyfriend.”

“Not boyfriend.”

Those two words kept replaying in Ilya’s head as he laid in the dark. He felt like he was about to cry, or vomit, or possibly both. Ilya felt like such a fucking idiot. Just because they’d had a nice day and a fun date didn’t mean anything, and Ilya was foolish to think anything else. Shane was a young man, a future professional hockey player. There was no reason he’d want to be tied down to Ilya, especially after only knowing Ilya for a few weeks. Not to mention how much of a nightmare it would be for him to come out and explain their relationship to his parents. God, what would David think if he knew what Ilya was doing?

No, Shane was right to correct Sveta. They weren’t boyfriends. And Ilya was stupid to think they could have gotten there some day. Ilya chewed on the inside of his cheek as he laid in the dark, feeling Shane so close but so far away from him. There was nothing more that Ilya wanted to do was pull Shane into his chest and hold him like they’d talked about. But he couldn’t do that, not when he needed to start pulling back. He couldn’t let himself get further into these feelings when Shane had made his position crystal clear.

Ilya had been feeling so good after feeling so down for so long. And all of that progress felt like it was flushed down the drain with *two stupid words*. Ilya had never felt like this before, he should have known it wouldn’t, *couldn’t* last. But Ilya had always been all in on feelings. It’s why his mother loved him so much and why his father hated him. It’s why the kids picked on him in primary school and why Sveta had swooped in to save him before he learned to save himself. Ilya had never known how to spare his own feelings. He was good at one night stands because there wasn’t enough time to develop the feelings into anything other than mutual pleasure, but the second someone stayed around any longer Ilya couldn’t help himself. And Shane had been around too much. He’d made Ilya care and then shattered his already broken heart with *two fucking words*.

Ilya didn't sleep at all that night, his brain refusing to settle down even a little bit. And the worst part was he could tell Shane hadn't slept much either. His breathing hadn't slowed down the way it normally did when he slept. And Ilya hated himself for noticing. He shouldn't know so much about someone who was just going to be around for a couple more weeks. And the worst part about all of this was that, just like with Sveta, he couldn't blame Shane for his feelings. He wouldn't want to stick around for Ilya either if he'd been in their shoes.

Who wanted to date a man who had nothing to offer? He had a steady but low paying job, he was about to lose the house he designed in a divorce, and his wife was leaving him for a C-list actress. He only had a handful of friends, and he'd met most of them through his boring job. And he was probably betraying the trust of one of his closest friends by sleeping with his son. He'd exposed Shane to an awful situation and caused a riff with his best friend. He was nothing more than a tornado, leaving disasters wherever he went.

Ilya slid out of bed when he saw the first rays of sunlight and padded downstairs. He was unsurprised to see Svetlana already in the kitchen. She was still wearing the black babydoll nightgown he'd bought her years ago, but she'd put on the matching robe.

"*Svetochka*," Ilya sighed, plopping down onto a barstool. He rested his elbows on the counter and buried his face in his palms. "What am I doing?" he asked her in Russian. He didn't think Shane would eavesdrop on him, but he was just too tired to translate his thoughts.

Svetlana turned from the open fridge door and frowned, sighing as well. "Oh, *Sladkiy*," she hummed. "What happened?" she asked, taking Ilya's cue to use their mother tongue. Svetlana was much more fluent than Ilya was, having spent half her childhood here speaking English. Even after so many years in the country and having so much exposure to it, Ilya still felt like it was an effort most of the time when he spoke in English. She used to tease him about it, but she hadn't in a while, clearly knowing what Ilya needed from her.

"I've only known him for three weeks," Ilya whined, rubbing his hands over his face and finally looking at her.

"But you already love him, don't you?" She said, more of a statement than a question. She walked around the island and pulled him into a hug, slotting herself between his thighs. He

wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her closer, burying his face in her neck. One of her hands ran up and down his back and the other gently scratched at his scalp. It was such a practiced move between the two of them, he'd needed her a lot when he was younger, and was ashamed that he still needed her, even now. "Why don't you tell him?"

"Don't be ridiculous," Ilya scoffed. "I am a fun summer fling for him. An experiment so he can test out his sexuality. You heard him last night!" Ilya pulled back to look at her. "I don't want to make things hard for him."

"*Ilyushka*," Svetlana sighed, stepping back and putting her hands on her hips. "You think skulking around the house and not speaking to him is making things easier?"

"What am I supposed to say?" Ilya asked exasperated. "I know you just said last night that we are not boyfriends and you seemed utterly disgusted by the mere mention of it, but I love you and thought you should know?"

Svetlana tilted her head to the left and right a few times. "I mean I wouldn't put it exactly like that but that is the basic idea yes."

"I won't make myself look like an idiot."

"You don't think you already have?" She teased, grinning and poking at his side.

"What do you mean?" Ilya frowned.

"You were acting like a little boy who didn't want to share his new toy last night," Svetlana laughed. "I've never seen you act like that before with someone."

"I don't know that I've ever felt this way before," he admitted, sighing again.

“You should tell him that,” she insisted. “You have to stop deciding what everyone else is thinking and feeling for them. You get in your own head too much and make things up. You don’t know what he’s thinking until he tells you.”

“He said enough last night,” Ilya argued.

“Fine, be miserable,” Sveta said, rolling her eyes and stepping away from him and back towards the refrigerator. “I can’t help you if you won’t help yourself.”

“What would I even say?” he relented, biting his lip.

“Just tell him how you feel and ask what he wants to do about it. It’s really not that complicated,” she teased.

Ilya nodded and stood up. “We will probably leave either late morning or early afternoon. Are you staying?”

She nodded and turned back around to him. “Yeah, Rose had to do some reshoots so she’s busy, no reason for me to be there. I’ll probably go to the dealership later,” Sveta hummed as she looked around at the counter top. “Did you eat my avocado?”

“Sorry,” Ilya called cringing, making his way out of the kitchen and back up the stairs.

Shane must have already woken up because he heard the shower across the hall. Ilya quickly changed out of his sleep clothes. As he did, he looked at the ring still on the dresser, fully committed to keeping it off. He felt really good about that decision.

Shane emerged in new clothes and wet hair. He looked at Ilya, frowning a little, and that broke Ilya’s heart. “Morning,” he mumbled.

“Do you want to go for a walk? I can show you some more of the property,” Ilya said, the English feeling heavy on his tongue with his nerves.

Shane just shrugged and looked back down at the floor.

Ilya felt his heart pounding in his chest as he started walking towards the bedroom door. He felt Shane follow him after a minute and felt his chest tighten at his hesitation. Once they were outside Ilya slowed down so they were walking side by side. He took Shane down a gravel path towards the garden. They had a landscaping team that came every other week so the flower beds were nice and pristine, especially now that the summer was in full swing.

Ilya took a deep breath and looked over at Shane. He was clearly very nervous and Ilya hated that he'd done that to him. He needed to just get this over with so they could both stop feeling like this. It might break Ilya's heart, but Svetlana was right, he couldn't just make himself miserable by keeping everything in his own head.

“I am sorry for how I acted last night,” he started. “I was not expecting Sveta to be here and I did not behave like I should have.”

“It's fine,” Shane started, trying to cut Ilya off.

“No, please, Shane. Let me finish before you say anything else.”

Shane nodded and chewed on his bottom lip, clearly struggling to keep his eyes on Ilya as he spoke.

Ilya took another deep breath and reached out for one of Shane's hands. “I like you, Shane. More than I should. And after such a nice time at dinner, I was very...sad is probably not best word but you get what I'm saying, to hear you say we are not boyfriends. Which I know is true, and I don't want to ask that of you. I know I am not a good person for that, for you at this point in your life. And I know that I have a lot going on, none of it good. But I have never felt this way about anyone before. I feel like you understand me in a way no one else has, except for maybe Sveta, but even then is different feeling. I know is too soon, and I know that you can do so much better than me, but I just had to tell you. That way you can tell

me to fuck off and I can try to start to move on,” Ilya said, trying to laugh a little at the end despite how unfunny he felt about the whole situation.

Shane’s eyes were watery and his cheeks were pink. “Are you done?” he asked softly.

Ilya forced out another nervous laugh and nodded.

“Good,” Shane said, smiling. It was only another moment before he was launching himself at Ilya and kissing him deeply. Out of every response to his confession, this was not one Ilya even let himself think about. He stumbled backwards a little before Shane caught him by the waist. It took another second for Ilya’s body to properly respond to Shane, but his hands found Shane’s face, one resting on his cheek and the other the back of his neck. Ilya opened his mouth and deepened the kiss, pulling Shane closer.

Shane pulled back only when he was desperate for air and panting. “Fuck,” he breathed, beaming.

Ilya laughed a little, eyebrows furrowed though because he wasn’t exactly sure what was going on.

“I like you too, you fucking idiot,” Shane giggled, hands coming up to cup Ilya’s face. “I only said that last night because I thought if I didn’t you’d freak out. I-I thought that you wanted to keep things causal, but fuck Ilya, I’ve been going crazy thinking about when you’d get bored of me and want to go back to more like, mature, exciting people.”

“No, *malysh*,” Ilya shook his head. “Never could get bored of you,” he said, thumbs running over Shane’s cheeks. The younger man was smiling so wide and his eyes were sparkling with unshed tears. “Are you sure this is what you want? That I am what you want?” Ilya asked, voice soft, afraid of the answer but needing it none the less.

“I’ve literally never been more sure of something in my life,” Shane said, leaning forward to rest their foreheads together. “Well, maybe except for hockey,” he chuckled.

Ilya leaned forward to press their lips together again, heart feeling so big it almost hurt. “I am so happy,” he murmured against Shane’s lips.

“Me too,” Shane said, nipping at Ilya’s bottom lip. “Fuck,” he laughed, pulling back just a enough to make eye contact with Ilya. “I thought you brought me out here to break up with me,” he confessed, laughing a little.

“Sorry,” Ilya hummed, pressing their lips together again. He let his hands drift down to Shane’s hips and pulled him closer, licking into his mouth. Shane groaned into his mouth, hands tangling up into Ilya’s hair.

“Before we do this though,” Shane said, suddenly pulling back and looking very serious.

“What is wrong, *malysh*?” Ilya frowned.

“I-I know you said you and Svetlana were never monogamous, but I really don’t know if I can do that. If we are going to do this,” Shane said, gesturing between their bodies. “I don’t think I can share.”

“Oh,” Ilya laughed. “Is that all? Of course, Shane. No one but you. Only you,” he repeated, leaning back in to press their lips together again.

“Really?” Shane asked, pulling away again, stunned. “Just like that? You aren’t even going to try and convince me?” he laughed.

“Why would I do that? You say I can be with you and your only stipulation is only that I don’t sleep with other people? Is easy decision.”

“Really?” Shane asked again in disbelief.

“Yes,” Ilya confirmed, leaning and kissing him deeply.

They made out in Ilya's garden for long enough that Ilya's lips were swollen and almost sore. When they finally detangled themselves Ilya pulled Shane back to the house. Both men were grinning ear to ear as they walked with their fingers intertwined. Ilya kissed Shane's cheek again as he opened the door and led Shane inside. And just like the night before they were greeted by Sveta on the stairs but this time she was dressed ready to head out to the dealership. She grinned and raised her eyebrow at the sight of them.

"You must be the boyfriend," she said, repeating her line from the previous night.

"Yes," Shane smiled and nodded. "I'm the boyfriend."

Ilya felt like he could fly. He had never heard words more beautiful in his entire life.

"Good," Sventlana nodded, patting Shane on the shoulder before kissing Ilya's cheek. "I'm off. But I hope to see you again soon, Shane," she said, turning back to him. She slipped past them and out of the house.

"She seems nice," Shane said, chewing on his bottom lip.

"She is my best friend," Ilya hummed, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist. "Is that okay?"

"Of course," Shane answered immediately. "I was just nervous last night because you seemed upset, and I also didn't really know where we stood," he admitted. "But now, I'm good," he smiled and leaned forward to peck Ilya's lips.

"You don't know how happy you make me," Ilya said, feeling like an absolute sap but not caring one bit. "Are you ready to get going? I'm sure your parents are going to start to wonder where you are."

“Yeah,” Shane nodded. “I think I don’t want to tell them yet, though, if that’s okay? I just, I don’t really know how I’d explain this to them,” he chuckled nervously.

“We don’t have to tell anyone if you don’t want to, *malysh*,” Ilya said, brushing his thumb across Shane’s lips, unable to stop looking at him. He actually couldn’t believe what the past hour of his life had brought him. He felt like he was dreaming.

The two packed up the rest of their things quickly, Ilya pointedly leaving his ring behind and feeling lighter for it. Once they were back in the car, Ilya grinned as the engine roared to life. He put his hand on the back of Shane’s neck as he backed out and kept it there while they drove. Ilya even intentionally drove the speed limit most of the way there to prolong their time in the car.

“I told them we were still at my apartment by the way,” Shane said, fiddling with his phone. “So don’t mention we went to your place.”

“Got it,” Ilya nodded, running his thumb along the skin at the base of Shane’s neck.

“Think I’m going to text Hayden,” Shane mumbled. “See if he’s cooled off enough to talk.”

“If he is still being an ass you don’t have to talk to him,” Ilya said, eyes darting away from the road for a second.

“I know. And I won’t. But, he’s my best friend. I want to at least give him the chance to be a decent person.”

Ilya hummed but didn’t say anything else. He knew Hayden meant a lot to him, and he wanted more than anything for things to work themselves out, but Ilya just had a bad feeling about that kid. He guessed it probably wasn’t entirely fair, he’d only seen Hayden at his worst and Shane knew him way better. Ilya was trying very hard to trust Shane’s judgement on this. He was an adult who could choose his own friends. Ilya didn’t say much else as Shane typed away on his phone, letting him focus on that for now. He kept his eyes on the road but rubbed his skin every once in a while, more to soothe himself than anything else.

Chapter End Notes

Russian

sladkiy - sweet

i literally couldn't leave this alone so two chapters in 2 days lmao. thank you all for your wonderful comments on the last chapter! it's nice to know yall are also emotionally invested in these two idiots! so hopefully this quelled everyone's anxiety! they're boyfriends!!! surely nothing else will go wrong and it's all sunshine and rainbows from here on out 🙄🙄

also i'm sure there's probably more typos than usual since this was kind of a rush job (affectionate) so please let me know if you find any grammatical errors or things like that and i'll fix them 🧡

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3
[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 19: Chapter 19- Shane

Chapter Notes

TW: homophobic slur used in this chapter

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

Shane leaned into Ilya's touch as he looked down at his phone, struggling to figure out what to say to Hayden. He didn't know if Hayden was mad at him still and he didn't know if texting him too soon would make it worse. But Shane knew he wouldn't be able to settle down until he at least sent him something. He took a deep breath and opened their text thread.

Shane 🖋️: Hey man, how are you and Jackie doing?

Shane's eyes were locked on the screen but his stomach was in knots as a few minutes passed with no response. He thought that a day would have been enough for both of them to cool off but maybe Hayden needed more time? Did it make it worse that Shane had texted at all? He closed his eyes for a moment to try and center himself. He opened his mouth to say something to Ilya, but his phone vibrated in his hand. He let out a small breath and opened his eyes.

Hayden Pike: we're good. she's kinda pissed you guys left without helping clean up tho...

Shane rolled his eyes but responded anyway.

Shane 🖋️: Sorry about not cleaning, but you do understand why we left when we did thought, right?

Hayden Pike: yeah i guess

Shane 🖋️: Is that all you have to say?

Hayden Pike: sorry things went down like that. he's probably nice

Shane 🖋️: Thanks for your apology. He is very nice.

Hayden Pike: you can see why i was concerned tho right? like i've never seen you...act like that before

The knots in Shane's stomach got tighter. He hated when people weren't direct. Especially when texting. You had all the time in the world to come up with a response and make sure it said exactly what you wanted, but people still managed to make them confusing. It was frustrating for Shane, who at the best of times had trouble reading people, let alone when he

couldn't see the other person. But he was feeling brave and a little inspired by Ilya. He'd finally said what he wanted to Shane and things had turned out amazing for them. This obviously wasn't the same situation but maybe he could still get a positive result if he forced Hayden to actually talk to him about what happened.

Shane 🖊️: Like what?

Hayden Pike: well drunk for one thing

Hayden Pike: and being with a guy...like /that/ for another

Shane 🖊️: Does that change how you feel about me or our friendship?

Hayden Pike: no dude! idc if you like guys...was just surprising i guess

Shane was relieved that Hayden seemed tolerant at least, and he couldn't really blame his friend for being shocked. It probably did seem out of the blue for him because he hadn't seen everything that had happened at the cottage. But as much as he was thankful that Hayden wasn't immediately writing off their friendship because he was gay, he was now even more annoyed at how he'd acted towards Ilya if he didn't have a problem with queer people.

Shane was well aware that a lot of hockey players held certain biases and weren't always the best at censoring their language, but he hadn't heard that particular slur thrown at anyone with such vitriol before. Usually it was a playful insult thrown around in locker rooms when someone had a bad game. And what he'd heard Hayden say was the morning after, he couldn't imagine what it sounded like in the moment. If Hayden wasn't actually bigoted like he claimed, he wouldn't be throwing around words like that. He didn't say anything about Shane or JJ's races, but he felt comfortable enough to say that about Ilya's sexuality. And while Jackie hadn't said it, now that Shane was thinking about it, she did make excuses for it. Shane knew he had to actually respond to Hayden and not get caught up in his head before he made himself even more angry.

Shane 🖊️: And the way you showed how surprised you were was by calling Ilya a slur?

Hayden Pike: you know i didn't mean it like that

Shane 🖊️: Then what did you mean?

Hayden Pike: you know that's just something people say when someone's acting weird

Shane 🖊️: Hayden, I am willing to give you the benefit of the doubt because we're friends, best friends even, and you've never done anything to hurt me before. But if you ever say that shit around me or my boyfriend ever again you will not like the consequences.

Shane smiled to himself and glanced over at Ilya. He'd just told someone they were boyfriends. Maybe it wasn't the best circumstance, but it felt oddly freeing. He wasn't just "Ilya" anymore, he was Shane's boyfriend, Ilya. Shane knew that the label didn't necessarily equate to any material changes to their relationship, but it filled him with joy nevertheless. And even though he didn't protect Ilya earlier, he was more committed to doing so now than

ever. He really didn't want to lose his friendship with Hayden over this, but he knew he couldn't have people in his life that didn't accept him for all of him, and that included the fact that he had a boyfriend and who his boyfriend was.

Hayden Pike: shit man, sure. won't say that word anymore

Hayden Pike: but...boyfrined? when did that happen??

Hayden Pike: i didn't even know you were gay and you're just dropping boyfriend out there?

Hayden Pike: i mean i'm happy for you, don't get me wrong! just...wow man

Shane 🍷: Thank you. And I didn't even really know about my sexuality until a few weeks ago, so it's all pretty new. But yes, I am gay and Ilya is my boyfriend. I'd really like your support as my friend.

Hayden Pike: yeah man, 100% whatever makes you happy, i'm happy

Hayden Pike: he does still seem a little bit like a dick tho

Hayden Pike: not cause he's gay!!!! just like...his personality

Shane 🍷: Ilya is actually bi, but I think you two could get along if you tried. I think you're pretty similar in a lot of ways. It's probably why I get along with both of you so well.

Hayden Pike: whatever you say man. oh also, jackie isn't actually mad, i lied cause i was still pissed and acting stupid

Hayden Pike: fyi she gave me an ear full after you left. she put 2 and 2 together like the moment you guys walked in i guess. i just didn't want to listen to her. i'm sorry again, man. won't happen again!

Shane 🍷: Thanks, Hayd. And I'd appreciate it if you didn't spread this news around to anyone yet. I would like to decide when and how people find out about this.

Hayden Pike: you got it bro 😊

Hayden Pike: but you guys weren't exactly being subtle at the party so like...other people might already know...

Shane ✍️: Thank you, and yes, I can deal with all of that later, I just want to keep the gossip at a minimum for now at least.

Hayden Pike: understood, cap!!

Shane locked his phone and tucked it under his thigh so he didn't have to hold it anymore. He smiled over at Ilya, another huge weight lifted off his chest. "Hayden apologized," he hummed.

Ilya looked over at Shane briefly and nodded. "Good. He was a dick to you."

"You too," Shane said.

"Yes, but he is your friend. What do I care if some random, poorly dressed kid thinks I am a fag?" Ilya chuckled, but Shane thought it was a bit forced.

Shane flinched a little, still not used to hearing the word out loud. "Stop that," he frowned.

"What?" Ilya asked, looking over at Shane again.

"Pretending you're not upset for my sake. You can be mad at him. Just because he apologized to me doesn't mean you have to pretend it didn't affect you, clearly it did."

Ilya sighed and removed his hand from the back of Shane's neck and put it on his thigh, patting it gently. "You are not wrong, it did upset me, but I don't want to burden you with that. I think I am already causing enough stress, I don't like to add to it."

Shane picked up Ilya's hand and interlocked their fingers, bringing them up to his lip to kiss the back of Ilya's hand. "It's more stressful for me when you try and pretend you're fine when you're not."

Ilya was silent for a moment, eyes on the road and clearly deep in thought. Shane wasn't trying to stare at him, but he was so beautiful and Shane felt like he finally had permission to look his fill. Even with his brows furrowed and a small frown on his lips as he thought through his response, Ilya was still the most beautiful man Shane had ever seen.

"I will try to be more honest," he said finally. "I am not very good at talking about my feelings like that, especially if they are bad ones."

"Yeah," Shane agreed. "I understand, and all I can ask is that you try. And I will too."

The rest of the drive was spent with sparse, casual conversation. The silences never felt awkward and the conversations relaxed. Shane couldn't stop smiling the whole time. His heart felt very full and his mind content in a way he didn't know he'd ever experienced. His mood didn't even dip any when Ilya removed his hand from Shane's as they pulled onto the road that led to his family's cottage. Ilya gave him an intimate smile as he parked the car next to his parent's Jeep.

It took a minute for Shane to realize that Ilya wasn't going around to open his door for him. Shane hadn't even realized it was something he was waiting for, but he'd gotten so used to it over the past few days. He stumbled out as Ilya unpacked the trunk. The older man must have noticed his hesitation because he threw a smirk at Shane as he shouldered his bag.

Shane opened his mouth to say something but he was interrupted by his dad's form in the doorway. "You couldn't sneak up on anyone with that car," he laughed as Ilya headed for the cottage.

"No," Ilya agreed, chuckling. "I am not known for my subtlety either. Me and this car are good for each other in that way."

Shane's dad laughed some more and clapped Ilya on the back as he passed him.

“Hey, kiddo!” he grinned at Shane. “You guys have fun?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, nodding. “I’m really happy for them.”

“Good, good. Glad you’re back though.”

“Me too,” Shane hummed, watching Ilya disappear into the basement with his things. All he wanted to do was follow him and curl up in his bed together, but now that they were back with his parents he knew there was no way for them to do that. It sucked sneaking around before, but now that they’d finally admitted their feelings, it felt one hundred times worse. He just needed to figure out a way to broach the subject with his parents. If he could ease them into the idea, maybe they wouldn’t freak out.

“Hey, sweetheart,” his mom called as she came through the door to the back patio.

“Hey, Mom,” Shane answered, closing the distance between them and kissing her cheek.

“Did you have a good time? How’s Hayden?” She asked, crossing the room to the kitchen and grabbing a water bottle from the fridge.

“Yeah, it was good to see them. And he’s good,” Shane said, trying his best not to let his complicated feelings from the past few days seep into his voice. “He’s just happy she said yes, I guess,” he chuckled.

“What does the ring look like?” she asked.

Shane frowned and tried to remember. He knew that Jackie had shown him, but he really hadn’t paid that much attention. He was much more focused on Ilya and how he was reacting to Shane’s apartment when all that happened. “It’s pretty,” he shrugged.

Yuna laughed. “You are very observant on the ice at least,” she teased.

Shane rolled his eyes and made his way over to the couch, flopping down on it. He looked over at his mom as she walked into the living room as well. She seemed like she was in a good mood, maybe the alone time with his dad was good for her too.

“Do you want to take a walk later?” He asked her, biting his lip. “Maybe after dinner?”

“Sure, honey,” she agreed easily.

Shane nodded and turned on the TV. His mom was always the best with advice, and he was being brave today. He knew he had a lot of decisions he had to make and he knew his mom would have an opinion, hopefully one that was helpful. He knew he couldn’t tell her everything, but he was sure he could say just enough to get the picture painted to figure out what he should do.

Shane tried not to let the pending conversation overshadow the rest of the day. It was a really good day, they spent a lot of time out on the loungers on the patio, soaking up the sun. Ilya had a few beers with his dad and Shane and his mom swam in the lake for awhile, she made sure it was a good workout for Shane since he’d not done much activity in the past few days. He couldn’t even be mad at her for pushing him because swimming in the lake was something Shane loved so much, and he only got to do it for a few months every year.

By the time they wrapped up dinner, Ilya was in the kitchen with his dad cleaning up the dishes and Shane was more than ready to talk with his mom.

“You still want to go on that walk, sweetie?” she asked, nodding towards the door.

Shane nodded and stood up from his chair and slipped on his shoes. His mom led him outside and towards one of the informal trails they had around the property. It wasn’t the same one he’d run with Ilya all those weeks ago, but he still felt his stomach flip remembering it.

“What’s on your mind?” his mom asked after they’d walked for a few minutes in silence.

“Well, I just,” Shane started, biting his lip, suddenly very nervous. “I kinda came out to Hayden and Jackie at their party,” he said. It wasn’t the whole truth but it was close enough.

“That’s nice,” his mom said, looking over at him.

Shane paused for a second, his feet stopping along with his brain. “You...you’re not upset about that?” he asked slowly.

His mom stopped in her tracks and turned around to face him. She frowned and took the few steps back to close the distance between them. “Of course not, honey. Why would I be upset?”

“Well, I just, I don’t know what the best way to deal with all of this is. Like, with the draft next summer. I’m just not sure if...*this*...getting out would be bad like optics or whatever,” Shane mumbled, looking at his shoes.

His mom gripped his shoulders in her small hands for a second before running them up and down his arms. “Oh, Shane,” she sighed.

“Like, I know it shouldn’t matter, but we both know how some people can be,” he said, still unable to meet her eyes.

“You are the best hockey player alive today, Shane,” his mom said and Shane shrugged. “Don’t do that,” she admonished. “You know that’s true. And it will continue to be true if you keep pushing yourself and working as hard as you have.”

“I will,” Shane said softly.

“Look at me,” she said, he did. “You have managed to prove everyone wrong who had any negative assumptions about you because of things out of your control. This might be another obstacle you have to overcome and that’s not fair. But you’ve been able to get by with your hard work and dedication so far. Whatever you decide you want to do, I’m here to support you one hundred percent. Understand?”

Shane felt the tears in the corners of his eyes finally fall down his cheeks as he nodded again. He hadn’t realized how much he needed to hear his mom say that. His mom reached up and wiped his cheeks with her thumbs, just like she did when he was younger. It was so silly, but hearing his mom’s support for him and his decisions meant so much to him. “I understand,” he said weakly.

His mom pulled him into her chest and held him tight. He was so much bigger than her now, but in that moment he felt like he was little again, and she’d just picked him up from the park after the one and only time he’d skipped practice. He buried his face in her shoulder and sniffled. He really was trying not to break down but a few tears did escape his eyes onto the fabric of his mom’s shoulder.

His mom gave him a moment to cry before she pulled back and wiped at his cheeks. “Okay,” she said, nodding. “Enough of this, yes?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, wiping at his cheeks. He took a deep breath and looked at her. “Yeah, I’m good.”

“Alright, good,” she smiled, taking a deep breath herself. “Okay, so what’s the plan? How do we want to tackle this?”

“Well, I kinda really don’t want to be in the closet,” Shane started. “I feel like hiding so much of myself for my entire career would be exhausting. But I also know that there aren’t any out players in the league, so I don’t know if that’s something that will turn teams off in the draft.”

“Well, you’re right that there’s no out players, but that doesn’t mean there aren’t gay players. But you are a generational talent, I think that will matter more than your personal life. But if we want to be safe, maybe you can be out, but you don’t have to *come out*,” she suggested.

“You just live your life, and if you end up with a boyfriend then you end up with one. But you don’t owe anyone an explanation about it.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Shane said, nodding. “I like that. There aren’t many Asian guys in the league, but I didn’t have to come out as half Asian, why should I have to about this? It’s nobody’s business but my own. My talent will speak for itself next season and then at the draft.”

“Exactly,” His mom smiled, nodding. She started to walk again further down the trail. Shane followed her as she continued. “That just means you’re going to have to work even harder. Make it impossible for them to find a reason not to sign you. You have to really lock in, Shane. I know you know this, but it’s more important than ever.”

“You’re right,” Shane said. “I won’t slack off. I’ll train extra hard. Make not choosing me first impossible.”

“Good,” she said, nodding once. “I know you’ll do it, honey. I have every faith that you’ll succeed.”

“Thanks mom,” Shane said, smiling over at her. She reached over and patted his shoulder as they walked, turning her focus back towards the trail in front of them.

“I love you, sweetheart.”

“Love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

more hard conversations!!! things are looking up for our boys! what do yall think about how hayden responded to all this? and shane and yuna's plan! do we think it'll work?? honestly idk how much background checking teams do before they sign players in the NHL and i refuse to learn more about men's hockey lmao.

i've been reading and seeing a lot of movies the past few weeks and really trying to fill my creative cup with amazing art! if yall are into horror movies i'd 10000% rec Backrooms, i think it was a good stand alone movie but i think it built on the creepy pasta well. i haven't read any reviews so idk if people hate it but i loved it lmao. i also just finished buffalo hunter hunter and it's making me want to write this vampire fic even more!!

i hope yall have a good week!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3
[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 20: Chapter 20- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Cheating cheater who cheats!” Ilya called, laughing as he splashed around and spit lake water out of his mouth. Shane laughed as he continued to swim further away towards the shore. David and Yuna were on the patio, out of ear shot but if they were looking they could definitely see them. Which is why it was so shocking to Ilya when Shane had leaned in to kiss him before shouting “GO” in his face and racing away.

Shane turned around once he’d made it to land and was doubled over in laughter. Ilya swam, pouting the rest of the way in. Shane still hadn’t stopped laughing, and it was taking everything in Ilya not to also start. He crossed his arms as he stood in front of the younger man. “That was not nice, *Hollander*,” he said, frowning deeply.

Shane was holding his sides from how hard he was laughing. “D-don’t care,” he wheezed. “I won.”

Ilya huffed and looked Shane up and down. He was still dripping wet, the water glistening off his defined muscles. He was wearing what Ilya would have considered indecent swim trunks. They had a 5 inch inseam but were ridden up slightly from the swimming and were clinging to his thick thighs. Ilya wanted to bite him. For more reasons than one, now.

Ilya surged forward and grabbed Shane by the waist, trying to wrestle him to the ground. Shane grunted in surprise but grabbed Ilya back quickly. They were both pretty strong, so it took awhile for them to get to the ground. They were both laughing and out of breath, but still trying their best to tackle the other.

Ilya ended up getting the better of Shane and pinned him on his back in the grass shore of the lake. He had his thighs bracketing Shane’s hips and his hands pinned above his head. Shane was looking up at him, grinning and out of breath. Ilya wanted so badly to lean down and kiss him, but he knew he couldn’t. He did want to see Shane like this again at some point though, and from the look on his face, he got the feeling Shane might agree. His pupils were blown out and Ilya noticed his eyes flicking to his lips.

“I won,” Ilya said lowly, subtly moving his hips over Shane’s.

Shane gasped and bit his lip. Ilya could tell he was working extra hard not to respond how he wanted to. “Ilya,” he said, warning clear in his tone.

“Shane,” Ilya said mockingly, his eyes flicking up to the patio, making sure they weren’t being watched. David and Yuna both had their backs to them at that moment so Ilya took the opportunity to pinch Shane’s side before sitting back. Shane wiggled his way out from under him and shoved playfully at his chest.

“You’re an asshole,” Shane said, rolling his eyes but laughing.

“Oh don’t pretend you don’t love it,” Ilya scoffed, standing up. He reached a hand down to help pull Shane to his feet and relished in the brief contact.

The day so far had been so lovely. He was worried how Shane would act once they’d gotten back into the presence of his parents, but Ilya was so thankful it wasn’t much different. The only real difference being the lack of physical affection which Ilya had already anticipated.

After returning from the cottage, Ilya had spent a while alone in his room, really only coming up for dinner. He’d made the excuse that the drive had worn him out, but he was trying to give Shane some space to spend time with his family. He’d had a pretty intense few days and Ilya could tell it was starting to wear on him.

So Ilya had made himself scarce the rest of that day, but by breakfast time he was ready to rejoin the group, and it seemed like Shane was happy about that. He’d asked Ilya to go on a run with him after they ate and Ilya agreed easily. They’d kept a pretty even pace for most of the time they ran, but once they’d spotted the cottage they both got the same idea and started sprinting towards the door. Ilya insisted he’d won, but Shane claimed he’d touched the door first. They’d been forced to agree to disagree when Yuna had stepped outside to see what all the shouting was about.

They’d swam for the rest of the afternoon, and Ilya’s bones felt nice and heavy with fatigue in the best way. He was perfectly happy to flirt with Shane out of ear shot of his parents and

get him riled up, so when he'd suggested racing to land when they'd been called in for dinner, Ilya hadn't thought anything of it. But he should know better by now. Shane Hollander was probably the most competitive person Ilya knew besides himself.

"Come on," David called down to them. "Dinner is going to get cold!"

"Yeah, Ilya," Shane teased. "You're going to make us late for dinner."

"Would not be if you were not cheater," Ilya grumbled, following Shane towards the house, grabbing both their towels from the deck chairs as they passed them. He threw one at Shane and wrapped his around his shoulders.

Ilya dried off the best he could before sitting at the outdoor table, smiling at yet another beautiful meal David had prepared them. The plate in front of him had a pile of pasta and grilled chicken on top. He noticed Shane had a bed of greens on his plate in place of the pasta, but was drinking a ginger ale instead of water.

Ilya nudged his food up against Shane's under the table as the four of them started to eat. "Perfection as always," he smiled at David, feeling Shane bump his foot in return without looking at him.

"You are the only one who appreciates my cooking," David teased, looking at his family pointedly. "I'm going to start inviting you over more often."

"How could I say no?" Ilya chuckled.

After dinner they watched a DVD from the Hollander's collection which Ilya tried to pay attention to, but all he could think about was Shane being so close to him and not being able to touch him. Ilya was in an arm chair and Shane was on the couch, just a few feet of empty air between them. Once the movie ended, Ilya stood up and stretched his arms over his head.

“Such a nice night. Think I am going to go outside for a bit,” he hummed. He didn’t expect Shane to follow him so he was surprised when he stood as well.

“Want me to start a fire?” Shane asked. “You’re right that it is nice out tonight.”

Ilya grinned and nodded. “That is nice idea. David? Yuna? You want to join?” He didn’t particularly want the other two to come with them, but for the sake of keeping up appearances he felt the need to ask.

“No, that’s alright,” David said. “You kids have fun.”

“I’ll grab the fire wood,” Shane said, already making his way outside. Ilya followed quickly after him, feeling like a cat that got the cream. The fire pit was mostly out of view from the living room windows, so he’d be able to hold Shane as much as he wanted.

Ilya sat on one of the benches and watched Shane stack the wood and light it. “You are very good at that *malysh*,” he hummed. “Big macho man. Very sexy.”

Ilya saw Shane blush in the dim glow of the flames and grinned. He pulled Shane basically into his lap and kissed his neck several times. The younger man wiggled in his arms, laughing and playfully pushing at Ilya’s chest. “Shut up,” he grumbled despite the bright smile on his face.

“No,” Ilya smiled, peppering more kisses across all the skin he could reach.

Shane giggled and struggled to get out of Ilya’s tight hold on his waist. Ilya knew that he could break free if he really wanted to, he was not stronger than Shane, but he enjoyed the playful fight regardless.

“You’re impossible,” Shane laughed, turning around and threading his fingers in Ilya’s hair.

“Maybe,” Ilya hummed, pressing a soft kiss to the tip of Shane’s nose. “But I think you like that.”

“I do,” Shane said earnestly, expression softening. “I kind of like you a lot, actually.” Shane’s eyes weren’t meeting Ilya’s but he was holding on to him a bit tighter. He was chewing on his bottom lip, probably nervous to have shifted the mood. Ilya felt like his heart was about to explode out of his chest.

“Well that is good,” Ilya said after a moment, one hand coming up to hold Shane’s chin, forcing him to look at Ilya. “Because I like you too. A terrible amount. Probably is bad for my health. My doctor will be very upset with you,” he teased, pleased to see Shane smile again.

Shane turned himself around so they were both facing the fire now and settled more comfortably into Ilya. He held Ilya’s arms around his torso, thumb brushing over the hair on Ilya’s arms. He was silent for a moment and Ilya pressed a kiss to the top of his head.

“I talked to my mom yesterday,” he said.

“Yes, I remember. You left me and your dad to clean up after dinner all by ourselves,” Ilya chuckled.

“We talked about me coming out, and what that would mean for the draft,” Shane continued as if hadn’t heard Ilya.

“Oh,” Ilya said, genuinely surprised. “What did she say?”

“Well, I don’t think I actually ever told you, but she kinda confronted me about having a crush on you that day you went fishing with my dad,” Shane started.

“What?” Ilya laughed, “What did she say?”

“Basically she was trying to tell me it was okay that I was gay but to not put too much into my crush on you since you’re straight,” Shane chuckled, turning his head to look at Ilya again. “Because of your wife,” he clarified.

“Ah, right. Having a wife means I am straight,” Ilya nodded, practically giggling.

“Well I wasn’t about to argue with her! That would have been even more suspicious!”

“No, no, you are right, is just very funny,” Ilya agreed.

“Well anyway, so that’s how I came out to her, or well, how she came out for me. So she knows I’m gay. So basically I was telling her about how I came out to Hayden and Jackie. I didn’t give her any specifics obviously, but she said she was happy for me. And then I was like, I don’t want to be in the closet for my whole career because that sounds like torture. But also, obviously I’m worried about it affecting me in the draft because there’s no one else out right now in the league. And what we decided was that I can be out, and I don’t have to *come out*, ya know? Like I’m just going to live my personal life how I want to. I’m going to work extra hard to make sure no one can say I’m not the best player for their team. Just make sure no head coach or general manager can pass me over for that number one spot because of what they might hear about how I spend my time off the ice.”

Shane was rambling, but Ilya didn’t even think to interrupt him. He knew that once Shane had something to say and he knew how he wanted to say it, he needed to get it out as soon as he could. Ilya thought it was very endearing. So he sat in silence as he waited for him to finish. He rested his chin on Shane’s shoulder and hummed a few times to indicate he was listening. Once Ilya was sure Shane didn’t have any more to say he kissed the side of his face again and nodded. “Sounds like a very good plan, *malysh*.”

“You think so?” Shane asked, sounding a little worried.

“Yes, of course! I think is very smart. Is no one’s business who you want to date. Except for me,” he teased. “I am very interested in who you want to date.”

Shane chuckled and turned his head to press their lips together. “You’ll be the first person to know if there’s an update on that front.”

They spent the rest of the evening cuddling in front of the fire, Ilya content to stay like this for as long as Shane let him. They made out a little, and Ilya would have loved to take things further but Shane said he was too tired so Ilya didn’t press it. Honestly, he loved having sex with Shane, but if he could just hold him for the rest of his life, Ilya would be content with that too. There was just something so fulfilling about being able to just be with him, it made Ilya wonder how he went so long without having someone like this in his life. Even his marriage to his best friend had never felt anything like this.

Ilya was sort of struck with how absolute his feelings were for Shane even after so little time together. While Ilya was still wrapping his head fully around the idea of the divorce, he got his best friend now more than ever. If she felt even a fraction of this way towards Rose, Ilya understood why she was leaving. If Shane asked Ilya to move to Alaska tomorrow, Ilya would drop everything to do it for him, no questions asked. He didn’t know how he’d lived so much of his life without Shane in it. He couldn’t let there be any more.

Ilya thought idly, as they stared into the flames, about what life would look like once Shane was back at school. Ilya supposed Montreal wasn’t too far away from Ottawa. It wasn’t close, but it could be worse. Shane would be busy, of course, but if Ilya made the drive he was sure he’d be able to find time for him. And once he was in the off season he’d have more free time. Shane had mentioned wanting to work extra hard now that he didn’t want to hide his sexuality. But that didn’t mean working 24/7, surely. Ilya was sure they would figure all that out. They’d already had the hard conversations, all they needed to do now was figure out the logistics.

Shane yawned and rubbed his eye with the back of his hand as the embers started to die and Ilya grinned. “Come to bed with me,” he murmured, pressing a kiss to Shane’s shoulder.

“I already said I was too tired, pervert,” Shane laughed, yawning a second time as if just to prove his point.

“No, I just mean come lay with me. We set an alarm and you can sneak back upstairs before anyone knows.” Ilya was practically whining, but he didn’t care. He had been deprived of holding Shane as they fell asleep the night before because of his own foolish actions and he didn’t want to do that ever again. “Please, *malysh*,” he begged.

Shane pulled away from Ilya and he reacted dramatically, pouting and reaching his hands out for the younger man as he made sure the fire was all the way out. “Fine,” he chuckled. “You big baby,” he teased, pulling Ilya up and ushering him back inside. They made sure David and Yuna were already in bed before Shane changed into his sleep clothes. They snuck down to the basement hand in hand and Ilya couldn’t help the grin on his face.

Shane closed the door to the bedroom and before he even looked at Ilya he fished his phone out of his pants pocket and set an alarm for 2:00 am. Enough time for them to cuddle and maybe sleep a little bit but with a lot of allowance for Shane to sneak back up to his own bed without getting caught. Ilya let him finish before pulling him onto his lap in the bed.

“Yes, yes, you are very good. Very smart, making sure we don’t get caught,” he teased, pressing his lips to Shane’s. Despite his earlier protests, Shane kissed him back eagerly, opening his mouth for Ilya so quickly and wrapping his arms around his neck. Ilya kept his hands on Shane’s waist though, fighting his every instinct to let them wander. He would respect that Shane didn’t want to do anything tonight.

After a few minutes they were interrupted by yet another yawn from Shane and Ilya couldn’t help but laugh. “Come here,” he said, laying down on his back and bringing Shane with him. He laid his head on Ilya’s chest, wrapping his arm across his stomach and slotting one of his legs between Ilya’s.

Ilya ran a hand up and down Shane’s back, holding him close with the other. He kissed the top of his head, but he soon heard his breath even out. Shane must have really been tired, it seemed like he fell asleep almost as soon as his eyes closed. Ilya felt himself start to relax as he listened to Shane. Ilya felt like he could see the rest of his life in this moment. Falling asleep holding Shane after a whole day of being with him. He couldn’t imagine anything better.

Ilya hadn’t even realized he’d fallen asleep himself until he was woken up by an annoying beeping sound. It took him a second to realize it was the alarm Shane had set. He felt Shane detangle himself from Ilya’s limbs before he opened his eyes. He rubbed them with the heel of his hand and groaned.

“Sorry,” Shane whispered.

Ilya frowned and opened one eye. "Five more minutes?" he frowned.

"Ilya you know I can't," Shane sighed, looking genuinely upset that he had to leave.

"Yes, yes, I know," Ilya hummed, sitting up. "Am glad we had the time together we did."

"Me too," Shane said, smiling softly. He leaned down and pressed a firm kiss to Ilya's lips before standing up. Ilya watched him walk out of the room and close the door behind him softly.

He sighed and flopped back down on the bed, already feeling the cold of the bed now that it was missing Shane. He closed his eyes and hoped he'd be able to get more sleep.

Chapter End Notes

yall have no idea how much fun i had writing ilya sickly in love like this. ugh it was so sweet!! i hope you like it as much as i do! I spent a good chunk of time plotting out the rest of the chapters of this fic which i think will help me get them written quicker for you all! i'm planning on 30 regular chapters and an epilogue in case you were curious lmao.

i have to go in and fill out some paper work for my new job tomorrow so i wanted to get this posted so i would hopefully have some comments to read while i was waiting around all day so please let me know what you're thinking! any predictions about what might happen between here and chapter 30? any fears? i love all of your comments so please keep them coming!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 21: Chapter 21- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Oh fuck,” Shane whimpered, biting his lip. Ilya smacked a hand over his mouth to keep him quiet since Shane was obviously doing such a poor job at it himself. But he couldn’t help it, every time Ilya thrust into him it was a direct shot at his prostate. It was like the head of Ilya’s cock was magnetized to it, and it just felt so good. He was so full of Ilya but he couldn’t get enough. Shane’s hands were clawing at Ilya’s back in a way that was probably a little painful but again, he couldn’t help it. He had to get his feelings out somehow and Ilya was preventing him from vocalizing.

This was the first time they were having sex with his parents in the house. Ilya had been a little hesitant to actually fuck Shane, but Shane had put on the preformance of a life time. He batted his eyelashes like he knew Ilya liked and begged for so long Ilya had to give in. “Please, Ilya,” he’d pouted, sitting in the older man’s lap and running his hands up and down his chest. “It’s been over a week. I need you.”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea, *malysh*,” Ilya sighed, running his thumb along Shane’s freckled cheek.

“I can be good. I promise,” Shane countered, resting his forehead against Ilya’s. “Please.”

And it hadn’t been long after that before Ilya was sliding into Shane again for the first time since they’d been at his house. The stretch felt new again, and Shane relished the feeling, knowing he was going to feel it tomorrow too.

“Thought you were going to be good boy for me,” Ilya breathed into Shane’s ear as he hovered above him, hips pistoning into Shane. He might not have been making much noise with his mouth, but the wet sounds coming from between them felt like they were schooling off the walls. He didn’t move his hand to give Shane a way to respond but continued anyway. “Need you to be good for me, you can do that can’t you? Be so quiet, like mouse.”

Shane nodded the best he could and looked up at Ilya, a stray tear falling from one eye from the amount of overwhelming pleasure he was feeling. Shane had only been with Ilya a few

times, but he already knew there was no better place for him to be than split open on Ilya's cock. They fit together like puzzle pieces, it was like they were made for each other. Ilya's cock the perfect size to split open Shane in the best possible way.

Ilya removed his hand to bend down and kiss him, covering his mouth in a new way. His hand soon found its way to Shane's cock and started to stroke it in time with his thrusts. Shane knew he wasn't going to last long. He'd been leaking precum since Ilya'd grabbed the lube. He wasn't exaggerating when he told Ilya he was desperate for him. Ilya's hand slid easily up and down Shane, the precum making him slick. Shane dug his fingers harder into Ilya's back, kissing him sloppily and doing everything in his power to keep any sound from escaping his mouth.

Ilya grunted and sped up a little, pulling his mouth away from Shane's so he could sit up. He was holding onto his hip with one hand, grip so tight Shane wasn't convinced there wouldn't be bruises and the other was fisting his cock. Shane's hips were lifted off the bed a little and his legs were wrapped around Ilya, his heels digging into his glutes. Ilya was squeezing his cock in just the right places, flicking his wrist at the perfect places, and he was looking down at Shane as if he was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. The new angle allowed Ilya to get just a bit deeper, and that was all he needed. Shane's mouth fell open in a silent scream as he came, body convulsing as he arched even more off the bed.

"Fuck," Ilya breathed, snapping his hips twice more into Shane before burying himself deep. Shane felt him come, even through the condom, his body shuddering at the intensity. Ilya collapsed forward onto Shane's chest, letting his entire body weight fall on Shane's chest, like a weighted blanket, as he panted. Shane laughed a little as he wrapped his arms around Ilya's back, holding him close as they both came down.

After a moment Ilya was able to lift himself up onto his elbows to look at Shane, smirking.

"You are going to be the death of me," he hummed, pressing a kiss to the corner of Shane's mouth.

"You don't sound all that upset," Shane pointed out, one hand finding its way to Ilya's hair and playing in the curls, the sweat making them a little more defined.

“I would like to die doing what I love most in this world,” Ilya chuckled, leaning into Shane’s touch.

“Fucking?” Shane asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Exactly,” Ilya nodded, a faux serious expression painting his face. “Would be honorable. ‘He died making great sacrifice to his own body in the service of others.’”

“You are such a fucking asshole,” Shane laughed, finally pushing Ilya off his chest.

Ilya took the hint and made his way to the small bathroom, returning a moment later condomless and with a wet washcloth. He wiped the cum off their torsos and removed the excess lube from Shane’s hole and thighs before settling back in the bed and pulling Shane to his chest.

Shane cuddled into Ilya’s side, but didn’t let himself fully relax. “I need to go soon,” he said, kissing Ilya’s muscular peck. He looked up at him, frowning a little. This was the part he always hated. Every night he’d come down to spend time with Ilya but he was always sneaking back upstairs to his own room way too soon. It was hard having to force himself to fall asleep alone when all he wanted was to be with his boyfriend.

“I know,” Ilya sighed, but his hold on Shane seemed to tighten instead of loosen. “You are very cruel to me. Beg me to fuck you then leave me down here all by myself,” he teased.

“You know I wouldn’t if I thought we had a choice,” Shane sighed, sitting up and looking at Ilya seriously.

“I know, *malysh*. I am just joking with you.”

“I’m not,” Shane said. “I would stay if I could. I hate sleeping by myself now.”

Ilya didn't respond, just reaching out to brush his fingers over Shane's hand again.

"I've been thinking, by the way. That maybe after the semester starts, I can start to ease my parents into knowing about us. Maybe mention that we've kept in contact, see how that goes, then if they seem chill, maybe say that you came to visit and one thing led to another or something," Shane said slowly.

"You want them to know?" Ilya asked, seemingly genuinely surprised.

"Don't you?" Shane asked.

"Of course," he responded quickly, sitting up as well. "I am just shocked, is all."

"I mean, I'm fucking crazy about you Ilya, So crazy my mom already figured that part out," he laughed softly. "Plus, it'd be cool if you came to some games when the season starts, and they're at most of them, so we'd need a reason for that. And on top of everything, I really do hate lying to my parents. I'd like to stop that as soon as possible."

"Okay, if you are sure. You can tell me what they say, and if they have bad reaction to first part, we don't have to tell them the rest."

"Stop that," Shane sighed, rolling his eyes.

"What?" Ilya frowned.

"Whenever I say I have a plan for something, you always basically agree to it but then tell me I don't have to go through with it. Makes me feel like you don't actually want to do it. Like, if you don't want to tell my parents just say that. Like, I do get that it would probably put you in a weirder spot than me. I just don't like you putting it back on me if you don't want to do something," Shane grumbled, exasperated. Shane had spent a long time thinking about this, and hearing Ilya talk like that was very frustrating. It felt almost dismissive of all the work he'd put into making the plans.

Ilya sat up, frown deepening. “Hey, hey, that’s not what I’m trying to say,” he said, reaching out to take Shane’s hand in between both of his. He brought it up to his lips and pressed a gentle kiss to his wrist. “That is not what I meant.”

Shane sighed and hated how easily placated he was. “Then what did you mean?” he asked, chewing on the inside of his cheek, avoiding Ilya’s eyes. He knew he’d fold if he looked at him and Shane wanted to stay annoyed, at least for a few minutes so they could work out this issue.

Ilya took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Shane could feel his eyes on him but he kept his gaze down. “*Malysh*,” he started slowly. “Yes, probably when we tell them it will be awkward for me, especially with your dad. But that is not what I am worried about. I am just, I guess word is, extra aware maybe, that I might be pushing you to do things you would not have done if it were not for me. You did not come out to your mom on purpose, but now you are making plans to be first out hockey player and telling your parents about me. Because I am older I do not want you to feel like you have to do things faster or more than you would have on your own. You do not have to prove yourself to me, I guess is what I am trying to say.”

“I thought we already had this conversation,” Shane huffed. “And what we said was that I am an adult and can be trusted to make my own decisions.”

“I know you are, Shane. I am not saying you are stupid because you are young. But we cannot ignore the fact that I am so much older than you, and you might be trying to do things to seem more grown up even if you are not doing it on purpose. I just wanted to remind you that whatever we do is okay with me. I won’t be mad, or think you are like a kid if you want to take things slower or not do something at all. Telling family is big deal, especially because of our ages. I was not trying to undermine you, I was just trying to say I support whatever you think is right in this situation. I have no family. Sveta is closest thing I have and she knows. I just want you to feel good about whatever you decide because it’s what you want, not what you think I will want.”

Shane gently took his hand from Ilya and ran it down his face, sighing. “Look, I get what you’re saying, and I appreciate that. But like, I’m already doing that okay? You’re the only one still caught up on the age gap. It’s literally a non-issue.”

“Yes, I am. Because I have to be, Shane. *I* am the older one, I *have* to be aware of that. Make sure I am not influencing you even if I don’t mean to. It is non-issue to *you* because you do not have to be in your head all the time making sure things stay in balance. And that is fine, I do not mean that you should be stressed out all the time. But that is something that as the older person, I do have to keep in mind. Twelve years is a big gap, *malysh*. You are still in school, in your twenties, lots of big life changes happen in this time. I just want to make sure I am not getting in the way of that or changing your plans too much.”

“So what?” Shane asked, finally looking over at Ilya. “We just spend the rest of our lives worried that you’re accidentally manipulating me? Ilya we can’t do this if you don’t trust me to know what I’m thinking and what I want.”

“I do trust you,” Ilya promised, reaching out for Shane but not touching him, which Shane did appreciate. He didn’t like to be touched when he was annoyed like this, it made him feel like he was being coddled.

“Then can you act like it?” Shane huffed but put his hand in Ilya’s, pulling it into his lap. “I feel like we’re talking in circles right now.”

“I will be better about not questioning you,” Ilya said, brushing his thumb over the skin on the back of Shane’s hand. “But also maybe you could see where I am coming from? If I ask for clarification sometimes, or if I double check with you sometimes, you do not automatically think I am insulting your intelligence?”

Shane nodded and scooted over to Ilya. “Yeah, I think I can do that.”

Ilya kissed his cheek and wrapped an arm around his shoulder. “I did not mean to make you upset, but maybe is good we had this talk.”

“It is,” Shane agreed, pressing a firm kiss to Ilya’s lips before finally detangling himself from Ilya and standing. “I really need to go now,” he frowned, picking up his clothes and dressing quickly.

“Goodnight, Shane,” Ilya whispered from the bed, giving him a small smile.

Shane couldn't resist one last kiss before slipping out of the bedroom and back up to his own. He hated arguing with Ilya, but he knew that having these hard conversations now was way better than waiting when they were multiple hours apart and classes and hockey started again and Shane got a million times busier.

He tried to make himself think about things from Ilya's perspective as he laid down in bed, knowing sleep was a long way away. He did appreciate that Ilya was trying to be careful, and that he was worried. Shane couldn't ask him to stop being so thoughtful, he knew that. But fuck. If he'd been a few years older none of this would be an issue. If he'd been 25 for example, and Ilya 37 he doubted he'd be so worried. He would already be graduated and a few years into his career. But he couldn't change his age. All he could do was try and prove to Ilya that he wanted this, almost more than he'd wanted anything in his life.

That was honestly a scary thought for Shane. He'd only known Ilya for a month, but already he was trying to figure out how to fit him into every aspect of his life. And maybe that wasn't normal, but Shane had always been very good at knowing what he wanted. And once Shane knew what he wanted, he got it. Shane *would* be drafted and become a player in the MLH next summer and Ilya *was* going to be by his side. He was determined to make that happen.

Shane felt himself smile at the thought of Ilya there, watching him get drafted. He thought about what that night might look like, Ilya would be so proud of him. That soft smile he got whenever Shane talked about his future career would be electric once it finally came to fruition. Shane could see the image perfectly in his mind, Ilya, next to his parents in the crowd when his name was called before anyone else's.

But that could only happen if he was able to get Ilya out of his head about their ages and manage to tell his parents without it blowing up in their faces. He could do it, he knew. He'd thought it through! He didn't love the idea of having to lie to his parents for so much longer, but if they thought it took a little while for them to get together it would make it easier for them to accept. He knew it would put Ilya in an awkward position, but his dad would understand. Once he saw how happy Ilya made him, he wouldn't be able to be mad.

His mom might be another story, but she knew he liked Ilya, so it would be easy to spin it like Shane kept pursuing Ilya after the summer was over, and finally wore him down. It would make it seem like it was all Shane's idea, and not like Ilya was some old pervert. And again, Shane thought that if she could only see how good Ilya was actually for him, how happy they were together, she wouldn't be able to be upset.

Shane tossed and turned for the rest of the night, going over what he would say to his parents, maybe over the winter break? He would just casually mention that they'd been talking, that he was maybe going to come to a game, and it wouldn't seem weird or out of the blue. And then maybe a few months after that he could tell them things escalated, they'd just gotten so close and one thing naturally led to another. And then the next time Ilya came to a game, they could all hang out and it would be just like it was now. Everyone would get along and it wouldn't be weird. And he could hold his boyfriend's hand and the world wouldn't end!

He got up with the sun, not wanting to be alone for longer than he needed to be. Ilya wasn't naturally an early riser, but Shane had convinced him to get up a few hours early so they could spend some time together before his parents woke up. He was pleasantly surprised to see Ilya already over the coffee pot when he padded out of his room.

"Good morning," he hummed, wrapping his arms around Ilya from behind and kissing his shoulder.

"Is morning," Ilya sighed, turning his head and silently asking for a real kiss. Shane chuckled and happily complied.

"You're such a baby," he teased, poking the older man's side.

"You keep me up so late at night and demand I be up so early. You torture me," Ilya pouted, pouring himself a cup once it was finished brewing. He wiggled out of Shane's grasp to get a sickly sweet creamer out of the fridge and pour into his mug. Shane was almost appalled at how light he made the drink, but kept his criticism to himself.

"You're only going to be here a few more weeks, I think you'll survive."

"We can only hope," Ilya grinned over his mug as he took a long sip.

"You wanna go swimming this morning?" Shane asked. "Water should still be warm from how hot it was yesterday."

Ilya nodded. "Okay. After coffee though, yes?" he chuckled.

Chapter End Notes

a hard conversation for the boys, but a necessary one! poor ilya is trying his best but shane is getting a little fed up with his fixation on their ages! how many more conversations like that will they need to have? and shane's plan for the future! such good ideas, his parents will surly approve! let me know what you think in the comments 🍆

thank you all so much for your comments on the last chapter! i read a lot of them in the waiting room waiting to take a drug test. those things are so scary! not because i was nervous about passing but i felt like a lot of people were waiting on me and it was Stressful. i've never had to take one before and i almost couldn't piss enough for the sample. i feel like that's such an outdated thing anyway, literally what's the point? at least it's over!

also i got a PauseBox for my phone because yall, my screen time is so fucked. being unemployed truly rotted my brain in the worst way. but i'm really liking this thing, i think it's going to help me a lot!!! maybe yall will get updates even more frequently if i'm not constantly on tiktok!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 22: Chapter 22- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya and Shane splashed around as the sun rose higher in the sky. Ilya stole a few kisses and Shane tried to sneak his hand down Ilya's trunks but Ilya had enough sense to at least stop them from going that far. He knew David and Yuna would be up and moving around the house and he really didn't want to get caught with his pants around his ankles, literally. They were out there for a few hours before they heard David call out to them. They heard him say that breakfast was ready before they saw him on the patio. He waved and repeated himself as he came into view.

"Breakfast boys! Hurry before it gets cold!" He shouted as the two of them started to make their way back to the shore. They dried off quickly before heading inside to eat. The morning was pleasant and Ilya felt like he was on cloud nine. Things weren't perfect, but they were better than Ilya could imagine.

After they ate Yuna took Shane to the practice rink to run some drills. Ilya silently scolded himself for being disappointed. It's not like they were going far or would be gone for long. But Ilya was becoming more aware of how little time they had left before he needed to return to his normal life. He felt the need to make the most of the next two weeks. But he also knew he couldn't keep Shane to himself, it would be unfair to him first of all, and suspicious secondly.

David and Ilya cleaned up in the kitchen, which seemed to be the norm now. Ilya couldn't even be upset, he liked helping out and he enjoyed getting to spend some time with David. Their easy relationship translated exactly the same outside of work. Ilya hadn't had many men in his life he could look up to, but David seemed to have it all together. He had a wonderful family and a peaceful life. What more could a person want? Ilya didn't mind the idea of spending the day with him, maybe some of his contentment might rub off on Ilya.

The pair made their way to the living room after all the dishes were done. David made light conversation for a little while, but Ilya could see him eyeing the book on the side table.

"I am keeping you from your book," Ilya chuckled, nodding to the object.

“I’m happy to talk with you, Ilya,” David said quickly. “I just thought I’d be further along in my book by now,” he admitted, laughing sheepishly.

Ilya stood up smiling. He patted David on the shoulder as he walked out of the living room. “I will leave you to it. Nice day anyway, I will go enjoy it.” Ilya slid open the patio door and plopped down on a lounge chair. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the sun for a few minutes before getting restless and pulling out his phone.

He scrolled Instagram and Twitter for a few minutes, seeing what his friends were up to and laughing at all the latest celebrity gossip. Ilya hated to admit it but he loved to read gossip columns. He liked the reminder that sometimes people's lives were more of a mess than his. Maybe it made him a bad person to enjoy seeing messy headlines, but Ilya figured everyone was allowed at least one guilty pleasure.

Ilya was just messing around on his phone, going from tab to tab and not really paying attention to what he was doing. He was just wasting time. Before he knew it though, he was scrolling through listings for apartments for rent in Montreal. He’d already gotten to the second page before he even realized what he was doing. He’d started just looking at places in Ottawa he was sure, because he did need to think about moving out of the house soon, but he didn’t remember typing in Shane’s city in the search bar.

But now that he was there, it wouldn’t hurt anything just to look, right? He probably wouldn’t find anything he liked. But the more he looked, he did find a few apartments and a couple of condos that would have technically been in his budget. He was looking at places a little ways away from the university, he didn’t love the idea of being surrounded by students all the time. But he wasn’t looking too far away that it would be impossible for Shane to come over and spend the night during the week, if Ilya moved. Which he wouldn’t because that would be insane. He didn’t even have a job in that city.

But he could look, just to see if anyone was hiring. Ilya only got his current job to really cement to the government that he was an upstanding immigrant who was serious about becoming naturalized. It’s not that he didn’t like his job, he thought it was fine and he was very good at it. But it’s not like he was passionate about the nation’s treasury department. There were a few consulting firms in the city that were hiring that matched Ilya’s skill set. Moving to the private sector would in theory also give him a significant pay increase. People didn’t work for the government because the pay was good, but that is the reason people moved to the private sector.

As Ilya scrolled through job listings, he thought about how he really didn't need to update his resume much. After he'd gotten a promotion last year he'd made a few changes. So really all that needed to be updated now were the dates. He should do that anyway, it was important for a person to keep that up to date, right? And if he did have an up to date resume, it wouldn't hurt to apply to some of these jobs, right? It's just an application, there's nothing tying him to any of the jobs. It would just be something to have in his back pocket, to think about if he wanted to tour any of the properties he'd saved.

Ilya chewed on the inside of his cheek and he continued to scroll and save a few job postings. He switched between that tab and Zillow, getting lost in the idea of moving. He let himself imagine what life could be like. He could move into this new build condo, the one that's three stories but the ground floor is a garage where he could keep three of his cars (since in this fantasy he'd gotten one of these private sector jobs he could probably afford to keep his two favorite sport cars *and* his Range Rover). He imagined what it would be like to have Shane in that place, waking up next to him more often than not. He could technically keep living with his roommates but with Ilya nearby, why wouldn't they spend most nights together? He could go home on days before he had early morning classes, and obviously when they had games, but the other nights could be spent with Ilya, if Shane wanted. He could picture Shane letting himself in, driving over straight after class and waiting for Ilya to get home so they could cook dinner together and watch stupid reality TV shows. Shane didn't seem like the kind of person to really watch much reality TV, but Ilya could imagine him accidentally getting invested in one of Ilya's favorite shows.

Ilya smiled as he day dreamed. He looked out over the lake, watching the birds fly and land on the water. He didn't know how long he sat there, staring off into the distance and going through different scenarios of how life could look in Montreal, but he was interrupted by his phone going off, a text from his best friend asking if he could chat. Ilya sighed but immediately hit the call button.

"Miss me already?" He asked her in his native language, laughing. He didn't think anyone would eavesdrop and it's not like he was trying to hide anything, but it always felt nice to speak Russian when he could. It gave his brain a little break.

"You are such a narcissist," Sveta groaned, also laughing.

"Ah, you love me anyway," he hummed.

“It’s unfortunate and unadvisable but it’s true,” she admitted. “How are you and your child bride?” Sveta teased.

“He would kill you if he heard you say that,” Ilya chuckled. “But he is good. *We* are good. I feel a little bit crazy with how good everything feels.”

“Now you understand how I felt when I asked for the divorce,” she said. Ilya couldn’t see her but he knew the face she made when she was gloating about being right about something.

“Yes, yes, you were right. The divorce was good for both of us,” Ilya sighed with a faux pout.

“I always am!” she agreed.

“And is there a reason you’re calling or did you just want to brag?”

“As much as I do love making you admit when I’m right. I did just want to let you know we have a court date to settle the division of assets. It’s after you’re back, I made sure of that. I can email you and your lawyer the rest of the specifics.”

“Okey,” Ilya sighed. “Thank you. We are almost done?”

“Yes, there’s a few more things my lawyer mentioned but we should be able to wrap everything up before Christmas.”

“Chrstitmas?” Ilya all but shouted. “I would not consider that soon!”

“Yes, but the courts move slowly, *Ilyushka*,” Svetlana sighed. “This is just what my lawyer told me.”

Ilya ran a hand down his face. He couldn't believe he was disappointed with how slow everything was moving. Just a couple of months ago he had the thought that if he just dragged his feet a little, Rose would get bored and break up with Sveta and they wouldn't have to go through with it. Now thought, he felt like the end couldn't come soon enough.

"Sorry," he said softly. "I didn't mean to get loud. I know you want this to be done as quickly as possible. I was just surprised is all. It will get done when it gets done."

"You are anxious to be single again now that you have a new boyfriend," she teased, not acknowledging Ilya's earlier annoyance. "My lawyer was saying that for the judge it would be nice if you moved out soon, so it looks like we are serious. I know I said there is no rush from my end, but it just might make things look better. In the eyes of the court," she said slowly, clearly trying not to upset Ilya further.

Ilya let out a chuckle. "Funny you should say that. I was just looking at a few places online when you texted."

"Oh that is good news! Is it closer to work?"

"About two hours away," he said, biting his lip.

"*Ilyushka!*" Svetlana laughed. "Are you really thinking about following him to school?"

"Not to school, just, I don't know. I fell down a rabbit hole and suddenly I was looking at condos and jobs in Montreal! I didn't even do it on purpose! One second I was on Instagram laughing at silly dogs and the next thing I know, Zillow is open and I am thinking about how up to date my resume is!"

"Oh my god you are so in love it's sick," she practically cackled. "Have you bought a ring too? Looked at puppies to adopt?"

“I’m calling my lawyer and demanding we request alimony now,” Ilya deadpanned. “A lot of it.”

“I think it’s a good thing! I have never seen you act like this before. It’s sweet! Have you talked to him about it yet?”

“No, like I said, I literally just started thinking about it right now. And he’s with his mom right now. I am worried that I’ll sound like a stalker if I bring it up though,” he groaned.

“I think you’re probably over thinking things, like usual. Just tell him you need to move out as soon as possible and ask what he thinks about where you should move. Simple. You are too in your head. He’s so into you, Ilya. It was written all over his face when you guys were here. I really don’t think you need to worry about coming on too strong.”

“But he is so young, *Svetochka*.”

“We got married when we were his age, I think moving to be closer to your partner is less of a big deal than that.”

“That’s different,” Ilya said defensively.

“Yes, defrauding the Canadian government is different then renting an apartment in a new city.”

Ilya was silent for a moment before sighing. “I see your point.”

“He is young, yes,” Sveta said. “But he is not a baby. Neither were you at that age. Maybe some people are, but also some people aren’t. I don’t think you would like him as much if he was.”

“Why do you always know exactly what I need to hear?” Ilya groaned, a little annoyed that she was being so reasonable and not letting him wallow in his feelings at all.

“Ilyushka. I have always been smarter than you,” she giggled.

“It’s why you were a good wife,” Ilya hummed, a fond smile on his lips. He used to feel his heart break every time he thought about the fact that they were divorcing, now he could only think about how nice their life had been. And how he was excited to see where it would go in the future.

“Yes, so sad for you now you only get your hot young boyfriend,” Sveta laughed.

“I know! My life is so hard,” Ilya groaned, just barely containing his laughter.

“You know, Rose is in Montreal all the time. Maybe when you move, and she’s filming, we could all get dinner some time,” she hummed.

“I think that would be nice,” Ilya nodded.

They chatted for a few more minutes about nothing in particular and Ilya felt like his heart had grown double in size. Reminiscing about his time with Svetlana and imagining his future with Shane. Ilya had been plagued by a looming sadness for most of his life, especially after his mother had died. But on days like this, it was like he’d never felt like that at all.

David poked his head out onto the patio and smiled at Ilya. “I was just about to grill up some chicken for lunch, you hungry, kiddo?” he asked.

“Yes, please,” Ilya said in English before returning to Russian to say goodbye to his best friend. “I will talk to you soon. I love you.”

“Love you too,” she said before ending the call.

Ilya stood up and made his way over to the grill and to David. "Can I help with anything?"

"No, we still have some marinated from dinner the other night, just going to throw it on here to heat up," David said. He smiled at Ilya as he laid out the chicken on the grill. "You seem to be in a good mood," he commented.

"I am," Ilya nodded. "Thank you for inviting me out here," he said genuinely.

"Were you talking with Svetlana?" the older man asked.

"Yes, we have a court date about asset division when I get back. Her lawyer thinks we should be done soon, which is nice. Looking forward to not having to deal with all of this anymore," Ilya chuckled.

"Well, I've never gone through what you have, but it seems like things are going just about as smooth as they can."

"Yes, is probably easier since we do not hate each other. We agree on almost everything," he hummed.

"That's good, Ilya. Really good. Divorce is a nasty business but it seems like you two are navigating it well."

"Yes, we got married as kids. Probably wasn't the best decision," he said, he wasn't telling the whole truth, but this was the closest he was willing to share with other people. He hated to think about it that way but Sveta wasn't entirely wrong about them committing fraud.

David just nodded, flipping the chicken breasts with the tongs in his hands. "We weren't spring chickens when we got married," he said eventually. "Probably why it took us so long to have Shane. And we didn't mean for him to be an only child, but, you know how things go."

“You are good dad. I don’t think I would be,” Ilya chuckled. “Sveta never wanted kids so we didn’t have to think about that.”

“I think you would be,” David said, looking over at him, face suddenly a little more serious. “If you wanted to be,” he added quickly.

“You think?” Ilya asked genuinely. He couldn’t picture it. He had always been worried he’d turn into his own father which had turned him off of ever giving to it. He wouldn’t put another person through the hell he went through as a child.

“You are a very kind young man,” David said. “I think that’s one of the most important things when being a parent. You don’t have to be the smartest person, or the wealthiest, but if you’re kind, and your kids are loved, that’s the most important thing.”

Ilya bit his lip and looked away, trying to keep his emotions under control. He took a deep breath before he responded. “My mother was very kind,” was all he said finally.

He and David stood in silence for a few minutes while the chicken finished cooking. David plated them on a tray and led them inside. He grabbed some of the prepped salad from the fridge and served them both a bowl full of greens and the fresh chicken on top. He slid a full bowl across the counter with a Coke.

“You’ll always have a place here with us,” David said, finally breaking the silence. “No matter what happens, if you ever need anything from me or any of us, we’ll be here, Ilya. I mean it.”

“Thank you, David,” Ilya said, eyes locked on his food. David was such a kind man, and Ilya didn’t know what he’d done to deserve it. And he felt like such an asshole. He was sneaking around behind his back to hook up with his son.

David had brought him out here to help him, and how was Ilya repaying him? By lying to his face and deflowering his son. God, how was Ilya ever going to look at David again? This was

such a fucked up thing to do to him. He cared about Shane so much, but that didn't excuse lying to one of Ilya's closest friends. David liked him so much right now, but would he ever look at Ilya the same again after Shane told him about their relationship? Was this going to ruin their relationship? But Ilya didn't say anything, he just stabbed some lettuce with his fork and stuffed his face.

Chapter End Notes

yall don't understand how much i love david hollander. everyone talks about #myshane and #myilya well welcome to #mydavid i think he's one of the sweetest characters in this series and i don't think he gets enough love in this fandom!!!

anyway, i had a real fun time writing this chapter so i hope yall like it! not much shane and ilya in it, but i think exploring more of david and ilya's relationship is important for where we are! i know everyone keeps thinking the next chapter is when shit is going to hit the fan and i hope i'm not disappointing anyone by prolonging it a little more! we just need a bit more build up! hopefully these kind of chapters aren't boring for you all!

let me know what you thought!! <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 23: Chapter 23- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane panted as he wiped the sweat off his forehead. His mom tossed him a water bottle which he caught. He squirted a little in his mouth as he sank down onto one of the benches.

“Good work,” she hummed, sitting next to him. “You only missed a few shots, and they were all on the upper right, so we know where we need to spend more time.”

Shane nodded but didn’t respond verbally. He knew all this, and his mom knew he knew. She was just talking to fill the air. That was one of the only big differences between the two of them, Yuna liked to talk, and Shane liked to listen.

“Catch your breath, then we’ll run some laps together as a cool down. You dad probably has lunch ready, so just a few miles then we’ll eat. Okay?”

Shane nodded and finished the water, drinking some of it but squirting the rest on the back of his neck. He’d spent all morning running drills and he was exhausted. It felt good to use his body this way though. The familiar aches in his muscles were grounding, which was especially pleasant when his mind seemed to be continuity floating off into the clouds.

All morning he thought about Ilya. Shane felt like he was going crazy, in the very clinical sense. Ilya was just across the property in the main house, but Shane already felt the distance like a tangible pain. It was crazy for him to feel this way, they had only known each other for a month, but there was just something about Ilya. Something about *them* that just clicked. Made Shane feel like he finally understood the world. And Shane wanted to be with him all the time now.

Shane tossed the water bottle back towards his gear and stood. He pulled his mom up from her seat and they headed to the track surrounding the practice rink. His mom set a pretty quick pace for a “cool down” run but Shane kept up. She didn’t say anything as they ran so his mind was able to wonder.

What was the next year of his life going to be like? What would things look like once he was back in school? Would Ilya come to visit him? During the season Shane didn't really have a lot of free time where he was able to drive home, but it was probably unfair of Shane to expect Ilya to do all the traveling. And how could he explain to his parents why he would be in town but not see them? His mom was known for checking the location on his phone and he was sure that turning it off for a weekend would cause more drama than it was worth. So they'd have to work out some kind of schedule, and maybe there was some place in the middle they could meet up. But Shane knew that this whole situation was asking a lot of Ilya, and asking him to drive so much was selfish.

He'd have to plant the seeds of them hanging out early then. Maybe a few weeks after classes started Shane could mention it. They liked to come to as many home games as they could, and maybe Ilya could come to the ones they didn't? Or would that be asking too much of him too? If he told his parents they'd kept in touch maybe the three of them could all come together. Shane couldn't help but smile at the thought of seeing the three most important people in his life all cheering him on.

And since he would tell his parents they'd stayed friends so early in the year, maybe by the time Thanksgiving came around he could tell his parents they were more than that. Shane could imagine the conversation. It might be a little awkward at first, but he would assure them they'd had all the hard conversations and they just got along really well. There was an age gap, but Ilya was really good about keeping that in mind, which he knew his mom would need to hear. And none of that would be a lie! It was only that it hadn't happened exactly when he told them it did.

His dad would be happy for them, and his mom would surely be able to be convinced. And if they'd both calmed down enough, they could invite Ilya over for dessert. Shane didn't like to make assumptions, but he figured Ilya probably wouldn't have a ton of Thanksgiving plans, given the whole immigrant and divorcee thing he had going on. But even if that didn't happen, Shane was sure he could convince him to come over for Christmas. His family loved Christmas, and the idea of sharing it with Ilya made his heart flutter.

His family accepting their relationship wasn't the thing he needed to worry about though. Not only was he going to be the presumably first openly gay hockey player in the MLH, but he was also going to be in a pretty controversial relationship on top of that. He took a deep breath and chanced a look over at his mom. She was pretty good at the PR side of things, and she'd already floated the idea of becoming Shane's manager full time once he was signed. He knew she'd do a good job, but would she know how to get them through this situation? Would she even want to?

Shane shook his head to dislodge the thought. Of course she would. They'd already had the conversation that she was going to support him. She didn't know the full extent of what she'd agreed to yet, but she was his mom. She demanded a lot from him, and expected even more, but she always loved him. That Shane was sure of.

Outside people might have things to say about Shane, but if he could work hard enough he'd be able to keep them talking about his skills, and not his personal life. Shane already didn't use social media much, so if people had things to say about him on Twitter, it's not like he would see that anyway. The only thing he was worried about was if his coaches or teammates would have a problem with him. Shane knew what locker rooms sounded like, and he wasn't going to fool himself into thinking he'd be fully embraced and accepted by everyone. But he hoped that whatever team signed him at least had enough decent people on it that he would be able to drown out the noise from the others.

The press would probably have a field day with him once they found out. Shane was used to talking to a few reporters after games, his team was good and as the captain it was his job to represent them. But he was always able to keep the answers he gave about how great his team worked together, how hard they played and how the results reflected that. His mom had him practice a lot of canned answers with her once he became captain and it had really helped him. Shane might not have been the best at social interactions, but if he knew what to say, or what kind of answer was expected of him, he was able to get through interviews. So that's just what they'd have to do again. He couldn't let what happened with Hayden happen again, especially in front of strangers. He had built up a tolerance to hearing racial slurs (which he knew he shouldn't have had to do, but there was only so much of hockey culture Shane was able to fight on his own) so he would just have to do the same with his sexuality.

Shane knew he was very lucky to have the support system he did. His parents, and now Ilya, would help him through anything. And his friends were great too. They weren't perfect, no one was, but he knew Hayden would throw hands if he heard anyone say anything about Shane. And the rest of his team at school at least respected him enough as their captain and of how good a player he was not to say shit to his face. Shane wasn't a fighter, he needed to be on the ice too much to let himself get thrown into the box for stupid shit like that, but there were a few guys who felt like it was their job to fight for him when they heard any chirps that were a little too disrespectful thrown his way. Shane just hoped that that would continue once he came out, and that his future MLH teammates would be similar.

The pair of them ran five miles before Yuna started to slow to a walk. She redid her pony tail and smiled at Shane as they walked back to the house. "Wonder what your dad and Ilya have been up to this morning," she hummed.

“I can’t even imagine,” Shane chuckled honestly. “I mean after getting to know him it doesn’t seem like Ilya would have much in common with Dad.”

“I don’t think they do have much in common,” his mom said. “But I think he really cares about Ilya. He doesn’t have many people he can lean on, and your dad has such a big heart,” she chuckled. “I think he feels a little paternal.”

“Oh,” Shane said softly. He knew Ilya didn’t have a lot of family, he didn’t know the specifics but he never heard him talk about any family besides Svetlana. There might be people back in Russia but he couldn’t remember ever hearing Ilya talking about them. Shane would have to ask him about it the next time they were alone.

“Did you guys ever meet his wife?” Shane asked slowly. He knew this was probably just going to hurt his own feelings, but he was really curious.

“Oh yeah. We went to dinner with them a few times, and at all the office holiday parties and stuff like that. We weren’t best friends with her, but she seemed really nice. Gorgeous,” she added, laughing a little. “I was so surprised when your dad said they were getting a divorce. They seemed perfect for each other.”

“Well, obviously they weren’t since she’s leaving him,” Shane grumbled, trying not to bristle at the idea of *her* being perfect for Ilya.

“I guess you’re right,” she shrugged.

Shane didn’t get to say anything else as they reached the house. They were greeted with the sight of the two other men at the table eating their lunch.

“Save any for us?” his mom smiled, kissing the top of his dad’s head as she passed him on her way to the kitchen.

“There’s some chicken left on the counter and salad in the fridge,” his dad answered, smiling at her as watched her walk past him.

“Perfect,” she hummed.

Shane sat down at the table in his usual spot next to Ilya. He was almost done, but he didn’t seem like he was in any hurry to get up.

“Yuck!” he exclaimed, waving his hand in front of his face dramatically. Shane could tell he was trying not to laugh. “You stink!”

“You’re such a baby,” Shane chuckled, rolling his eyes. “I just want to eat, then I’ll shower.”

“Too bad for me,” Ilya groaned, a small laugh finally escaping his lips.

Shane bumped their knees together under the table and looked away, knowing that if he continued to look at Ilya he wouldn’t be able to keep his expression neutral. Ilya was being so cute, and Shane was so fond of him.

Shane couldn’t imagine ever feeling more about someone than he felt about Ilya right now. He was a constant in Shane’s thoughts. Even when he was thinking about other things, he always managed to bring it back to Ilya. What Ilya would say in that situation, what Ilya would do, how Ilya would laugh at Shane’s reaction. Shane thought even if it was tough, being out, and being with him would be worth it. He wasn’t ashamed of Ilya, in fact he was actually really proud to be with him. Although they were hiding their relationship now, they wouldn’t have to forever, and Shane couldn’t wait for that.

Shane pictured Ilya in a nice tux, standing next to him at the MLH Awards after a long season. Ilya would look so good, and they would look so good together. And Ilya would be able to charm everyone at that event. He was so good with people in a way Shane never was. He’d be able to help Shane so much, have responses to all the questions that Shane always had to think too much about before answering.

Ilya must have been able to read something on his face at that moment because he reached over and brushed his thumb over his knee briefly. Shane didn't look over, knowing he wouldn't be able to play it off, but he knew Ilya could tell his small smile was for him.

His mom returned with salads for both of them and set one in front of Shane. They ate quickly and Shane excused himself to clean up. He cleaned himself off quickly, eager to get back to Ilya. They had only spent the morning apart but Shane was keen to see him again. He found the other three outside on the loungers and took a seat. And tried to catch up with what they were talking about.

"David, you are so boring!" Ilya groaned, laughing loudly.

"You can call me boring all you want," his dad chortled. "But you're going to have to be even more watchful of your investments now that you're going to be single! No more splitting bills, every dollar counts and the more you can invest the more you'll end up with when you retire."

"Dad there's no way you're lecturing Ilya about his retirement right now," Shane chuckled, rolling his eyes.

"Someone has to," his dad said, slightly defensively. "I won't apologize for caring about you and your future, Ilya."

"And no one is asking you to," his mom cut in, reaching over to pat him on the shoulder. "I'm sure Ilya appreciates your advice, honey. But maybe this is a conversation for another time?"

"Okay, okay," his dad said, holding his hands up in surrender.

"I will look when I get home and send you what I have, see if you have suggestions," Ilya said. "You are not wrong that no one told me about these things when I was younger. But was easy to ignore when I had wife that made so much money!"

Shane heard Ilya try to laugh off what he was saying, but he could tell that there was some hurt behind his words. Maybe he was an orphan before he came to Canada? Shane really needed to learn more about his boyfriend's life. It made him feel a little bad, realizing he really hadn't asked Ilya more about himself. Ilya was constantly asking Shane things, but Shane was just now realizing he didn't know much about Ilya at all. Shane felt a bit like an asshole.

By the time his parents had gone to bed and Shane was able to sneak down to Ilya's room, he was still in his head about all the things he didn't know. He opened the door slowly and smiled at Ilya laying on the bed. He was shirtless and had the blankets over his lap and was smirking at Shane. He shut the door softly and got into the bed, snuggling against Ilya's side. Ilya kissed the top of his head and wrapped his arms around Shane, holding him close. Shane let himself be held for a moment before sighing and looking up at Ilya.

"What is wrong, *zaychik*," Ilya frowned, reaching up to cup Shane's face in one hand.

"Nothing's wrong, not really," Shane said quickly. "I just, I guess I just realized today that I've never asked you anything about yourself. Like your family, or why you moved, or like anything. Just feel like a little bit of a shitty boyfriend I guess," he chuckled, trying to hide how actually upset the thought made him.

"Oh, Shane," Ilya cooed, kissing him deeply. Shane opened his mouth easily for him. Shane's hand found its way to Ilya's chest, his fingers getting a little tangled in the hair. Shane loved how hairy Ilya was, Shane didn't have much of it himself, which he thought suited him just fine. But god, Ilya was so sexy with the thick hair that covered so much of his body. It was so manly and Shane sometimes just wanted to bury himself in it, surround himself with the pure essence of Ilya.

Ilya nipped at Shane's bottom lip a few times before pushing Shane's head to the side so he could get better access to his neck. Shane whimpered softly, biting his own cheek to keep himself quiet. He was already starting to lose himself in the sensation of Ilya's lips, he let himself enjoy Ilya's ministrations for another moment before he pulled away, determined to have this conversation. Ilya grumbled but let Shane move back.

Shane bumped their foreheads together and poked Ilya's cheek. "I'm serious," he said. "I want to know about you. I feel like all I know is that you came to Canada for school, played

hockey for a little bit, got married and now you're getting divorced. Oh and that you work with my dad."

"Is not much more to know," Ilya shrugged, grabbing Shane's wrist and pressing a kiss to the inside of it. Shane could tell he was trying to change the subject again and that made Shane sad. Why didn't he want to talk about his own life?

"What's your family like?" Shane pressed but didn't pull his hand away from Ilya's lips.

The Russian sighed and looked at him through his lashes. "You want to talk about my family when I could suck your cock instead?" he smirked.

Shane rolled his eyes. "Look, if you want to be cagey about it or whatever, fine, but don't try to distract me and think I'll just forget about it."

Ilya sighed again and sat back, pulling them both into more of a sitting position. "I am sorry, *moya lyubov'*," he said, thumb tracing across Shane's cheek. "I am not trying to be cagey. Is just not a good story to tell."

"What do you mean?" Shane asked, frowning slightly.

"What do you want to know?" Ilya asked instead of answering Shane's question.

"I don't know, like, everything?" Shane chuckled nervously. "What was it like when you were growing up? How's your family? Do you see them often since you moved?"

Ilya took a deep breath and Shane could tell he was stealing himself. Shane hadn't really imagined this conversation going this way, he thought it was going to be fun to learn about his boyfriend's childhood. Ilya seemed so happy and care free it was hard to imagine what he was gearing up to tell him.

“My mother died when I was young. My father was mean before that and only seemed to get worse. He was military man then became cop. My brother is also now a cop. He has a daughter but I have not seen her since she was very little, soon after she was born. Alexei only calls me now when he wants me to send him money. Sometimes I do, but every time he says is not enough, so next time I say no and then feel guilty, thinking maybe my niece is suffering because of me. I have not been home since my father’s funeral and I do not think I will go back any time soon, if ever.” Ilya said everything so matter of factly, almost monotone. But Shane could tell he was upset with the way he wasn’t quite looking at Shane and how he was picking at the skin around his thumb nail.

“Shit, Ilya, I’m sorry,” Shane frowned, reaching up to brush his hand across the back of the other man’s neck. “I didn’t mean to make you upset. I just. I don’t know. I just wanted to know more about you, I guess.” Shane had a million follow up questions he wanted to ask, but he stopped himself, realizing now was not the time. Ilya clearly was not in the mood to talk about his past.

Ilya shrugged but leaned into Shane’s touch. “I know. You have such lovely family, I am jealous,” he hummed, looking up at Shane with a forced smile.

“Is that why my dad was talking to you about your retirement account?”

“Mm, yes. He does not know everything, but he knows enough to know life was not great before I immigrated. He has always tried to look out for me, ever since we met. He is very nice man.”

Shane nodded, his dad was really great. He felt a little guilty for taking his family for granted now. “Did I ruin your night?” Shane asked gently, afraid that Ilya would be upset now and it was all his fault for pushing him to answer Shane’s dumb questions.

“Oh no,” Ilya reassured him quickly, pulling him back into his chest and laying them down again. “Night could never be ruined with you here.” He kissed the top of Shane’s head.

“I am sorry though,” Shane murmured, pressing his lips to Ilya’s chest. “I appreciate you telling me regardless, trusting me with all that.”

“You are the only one who knows all of that besides Sveta. And she only knows because she was around for so much of it. You are part of very exclusive club,” he chuckled.

Shane smiled and let his eyes close, enjoying the closeness both physical and emotional.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

zaychik - bunny (term of endearment)

okay, this chapter actually really got away from me. this was not in my planning doc but it just started appearing on the page and i couldn't stop it lmao. i hope you like it! there was supposed to be more actual hockey practice shown in this chapter but i simply could not force myself to research about what that would look like so we got this instead. i feel like it turned okay tho! i am going to have to move some things around probably with the next few chapters but i think it's worth it for them to have had this conversation! i spent a not insignificant amount of time yesterday crying over my dog dying (he's literally fine, not super old and not sick literally at all, i'm just at the time in my cycle where everything makes me cry) so i was feeling emo and wanted the boys to feel that too.

thank you all for your comments on the last chapter! i'm glad you're not too mad at me for dragging out them being stupid in love for longer than you were expecting lmao. let me know what you thought about this one!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

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Chapter 24: Chapter 24- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya pulled Shane even tighter into his chest and rubbed his hand up and down his back. He appreciated that Shane wanted to know about his life but fuck, he just hated talking about his past so much, there was just so much Ilya wanted to *forget*. But Ilya did think it was so sweet that Shane wanted to learn about him. He was so adorable, Ilya just wanted to wrap him up and hide him away from all the pain Ilya experienced. He knew that being with Ilya wasn't going to be easy for him, and Ilya felt so insanely lucky that he wanted to go through with it, but he also knew Shane was signing up for a lot of ridicule. Ilya didn't know how, but he wanted to save Shane from as much of that as he could.

Ilya knew his feelings for Shane were so vast he wanted to shout it from the roof tops. He wanted to drag Shane through town and show him off, and brag to everyone about how perfect his boyfriend was. But he also knew that Shane was setting up his life to be in the public eye in a very conservative sport. Not only was Shane gay, but he was also dating someone who was significantly older than him, who he'd met through his dad. That was not something a lot of hockey fans would look over, no matter how good he was.

Ilya would hide with Shane forever if that's what he wanted. He thought that any life with Shane would be worth it. Now that he knew how happy he could be, even with the secret, he would do anything to protect it. It killed Ilya to lie to David, but if that's what Shane needed from him, then that's what Ilya would do. But Ilya reminded himself that Shane didn't want to hide forever, really just a few more weeks. Ilya was staying with the Hollanders for another two weeks, and then he was going back to Ottawa, and while the distance would be new and probably painful, it would make it easier to hide. And soon after that Shane would start on his plan, and before they knew it, there wouldn't be any more hiding at all.

Ilya felt Shane fall asleep as they laid there. He smiled to himself and pressed another kiss to his hair. He didn't fall asleep, but that didn't bother Ilya. He was just happy to have these moments. When Shane's alarm went off Ilya watched him stir, frowning a little. He pouted as he reached for his phone on the night stand, seemingly trying to maintain as much physical contact with Ilya as he did so. Once the room was quiet again, Shane rubbed his right eye with his fist. He looked so young in that moment. Ilya reached up and cupped Shane's cheek, pulling him into a soft, gentle kiss. God Ilya loved this boy. What an amazing, terrifying thought.

Shane hummed and smiled against Ilya's lips. "Don't wanna move. Comfy," he murmured.

Ilya chuckled and pulled back. "You know I would keep you here all night if it was up to me."

"Hate this," Shane pouted.

"I know, *malysh*," Ilya said, thumb brushing over the freckles dusting his cheek. "But not too much longer, yes? You have very good plan for us."

Shane nodded and sighed, forcing himself to sit up. "Yeah," he said, rubbing his eyes again. He yawned and extracted himself from Ilya's grip, the small frown still present on his lips. "Just wish we could be past all that already. Just want to cuddle with you."

"I know," Ilya said, watching Shane get up. "You could always just stay down here. Let your mother find your room empty in the morning, come down here to ask if I've seen you and find us laying in bed together," he teased. "I am sure she would be delighted."

Shane visibly cringed at the idea but it seemed to wake him up enough to actually start moving towards the door. "Yeah, my mother who famously loves surprises," he laughed, rolling his eyes. He walked around the bed and pressed a final kiss to Ilya's lips before walking to the door. "Night," he said, giving Ilya a small smile as he opened the door.

"Goodnight, *moya lyubov'*," Ilya hummed, pulling the blanket up over his body and finally closing his eyes.

By the time Ilya's own alarm rang in the morning, he'd managed to get a little sleep. Ilya was not a morning person by any stretch of the imagination but the stolen moments in the morning with Shane were quickly becoming his favorite parts of the day. Shane beat him to the kitchen so Ilya was blessed with the view of Shane in shorts and no shirt turning on the small electric kettle.

“Tea this morning for you?” Ilya asked, laughing as Shane jumped in surprise, clearly having not heard him come into the room.

“Fuck,” he breathed, looking only at Ilya to roll his eyes.

“Sorry,” Ilya said, trying his very best to keep himself quiet as he continued to stifle his own laughter.

“I don’t think you are,” Shane said, all the annoyance gone from his voice already as he looked over at Ilya again. “You want some coffee?”

“Five star service at this place,” Ilya hummed, saddling up to the island counter so he could watch Shane start on his coffee. Shane moved around with practiced ease and Ilya couldn’t keep his mind from wandering back to his fantasy of his life in the Montreal condo. He could picture mornings like this becoming a regular thing for them, Shane getting up earlier just due to his improbable love for mornings and Ilya finding him puttering around in the kitchen, trying to keep quiet.

“What are you looking at?” Shane asked, a huge grin on his face and he slid a mug already filled with coffee and creamer towards Ilya.

“You,” Ilya answered honestly, taking a sip.

Shane rolled his eyes again and took a sip of his own tea. “You’re ridiculous,” he said, clearly pleased with Ilya anyway.

“Is truth,” Ilya laughed, taking another drink. “Lovely view,” he hummed, nodding his head towards Shane and smirking.

Shane blushed a little but flexed one arm and winked. Ilya whistled lowly and fanned his face dramatically. Shane giggled and came around the island, closing the distance between them. Ilya set down his cup and turned fully towards Shane to pull him closer with his hands on the

younger man's hips. Shane settled into the space between Ilya's knees and he leaned forward to rest his forehead against Ilya's, smiling. "You are in good mood," Ilya hummed as he let his hands wander to cover Shane's ass, giving it a light squeeze.

"I had a *really* good dream," Shane said lowly, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck.

"Oh yeah?" Ilya asked, nipping at Shane's bottom lip. "Want to tell me about it?"

"I'd rather show you," Shane whispered before pulling away from Ilya and walking backwards towards the basement stairs.

Ilya stood up immediately, his coffee forgotten and followed Shane. There was a little voice in the back of his head telling him Shane's parents would be up soon, but he ignored it. There was no way Ilya could deny Shane, especially when he was looking at him like that. Like he was *hungry*. Ilya was starting to get hard and he hadn't even been touched anywhere yet. Shane led him into the bedroom and shut the door behind them.

He pulled Ilya into a filthy kiss, pushing Ilya back against the door and moaning against his lips. Ilya kissed him back just as passionately, hands roaming over Shane's body. He was grabbing and squeezing and pinching any skin he could reach. Shane pulled back after a moment and dropped to his knees. He looked up at Ilya and rested his hands on Ilya's hips. He kissed Ilya through his pants, using his tongue to wet the fabric as he nuzzled against the tent in Ilya's pajama bottoms.

"*Bozhe moy*," Ilya breathed, threading his fingers through Shane's hair, holding him with both hands. "This is what you dream about?" He asked, groaning.

Shane nodded and finally pulled Ilya's pants down. He pressed kisses along Ilya's length all while maintaining eye contact. Ilya watched as a bead of precum materialized on the tip of his cock and Shane lapped it up like it was candy. Ilya was doing his best to stay still but he felt like he was about to burst out of his skin. Shane looked so perfect on his knees like that, looked like he was in his favorite place on Earth. And it was certainly becoming Ilya's favorite place for him to be as well.

“Tak prekrasna, lyubov' moya,” Ilya said, he wasn't so far gone he couldn't form English words but he knew how Shane reacted to him speaking Russian and wanted to egg him on a bit, see where he was going.

“I want to try something,” Shane said, pulling back from Ilya and sitting on his heels.

Ilya nodded, petting Shane's head with one hand and his cheek with the other. *“Da, Shane, anything.”*

“I just, don't pull me off, okay?” Shane asked, biting his lip.

Ilya nodded again, curious as to what Shane was planning on doing. Shane smiled, seemingly to himself, and took a deep breath before wrapping his lips around Ilya. He didn't stop where he normally did though, he sucked Ilya down until he was literally gagging on him. Hearing Shane choke on his cock made Ilya twitch, only causing Shane to struggle even more. Ilya moaned lowly, hand tightening in Shane's hair.

The younger man took a moment to try and breathe around him through his nose before forcing Ilya even further into his mouth. Shane was drooling at this point, his chin shiny and wet when Ilya reached down to run his finger along his jaw. “Fuck, baby,” Ilya moaned as he hit the back of Shane's throat. Shane paused, swallowed around Ilya a couple of times, and then pulled off, taking a coughing deep breath as he did so.

“You did so good, baby. Fuck-”

“I'm not done,” Shane said quickly before swallowing Ilya back down. He was still obviously struggling to force his throat to accommodate the intrusion. He was crying pretty openly, but he didn't look upset at all. His eyes were glassy but the way he was looking up at Ilya, like he was trying so hard to please him, was the most beautiful he'd ever looked. Ilya knew he wasn't going to last long, not with Shane continuing to force Ilya deeper into his throat until his nose was brushing up against Ilya's public hair.

Shane was coughing and his throat was spasming but he kept Ilya buried inside him. He forced himself to swallow a few times, gripping Ilya's hips. “Shane,” Ilya grunted. “Close.”

Shane smiled around Ilya's cock and moaned. The vibration caused Ilya to come, shooting straight down Shane's throat. Shane struggled but managed to swallow all of Ilya's cum, only pulling off once he was satisfied he'd gotten everything Ilya was going to give him.

The sight Ilya was blessed with almost knocked him on his ass. Shane was again sitting on his heels looking up at Ilya, but his face was an absolute mess. He was covered in droll and tears, his lips were red and swollen. His face was a splotchy red that really highlighted his freckles. And Ilya thought he'd never looked more incredible. Ilya gathered Shane up from the floor and into his arms, taking them over to the bed. He thumbed over Shane's cheeks and peppered his entire face with kisses.

"Ideal'naya, ideal'naya, ty takaya ideal'naya," he whispered against Shane's skin as the younger boy's breath started to even out slowly.

"It was okay?" Shane asked, voice absolutely destroyed and raw.

"Oh, *moya lyubov'*," Ilya cooed. "It was perfect. You did so good. This is what you dreamed about?" he asked, chuckling softly.

Shane nodded but hid his face in Ilya's shoulder. When Ilya didn't get a verbal answer he just held Shane tighter, sensing he just wasn't quite ready to talk yet. He murmured more praise for Shane as they cuddled. Ilya was aware that Shane hadn't gotten off, but Shane hadn't seemed to notice or care. So Ilya just held him and after a few minutes, Shane pulled himself back out of Ilya's embrace, a shy smile on his lips.

Ilya had managed to clean up a lot of the mess on Shane's face, but he was far from looking like he had before they'd come down the stairs. Ilya reached out and ran his thumb along Shane's neck, ghosting over his Adam's apple. "Do you feel okay?" He asked.

Shane nodded and shrugged. "It's a little raw," he admitted, leaning into Ilya's gentle touch. "But I'll survive," he chuckled. Shane's voice was scratchy, like he was sick. Ilya imagined talking was probably hurting him a little with the sound of it.

“You like it?” Ilya asked anyway, desperate for the answer.

Shane blushed even harder but nodded, looking down at his lap and biting his lip. “I thought it was really hot. What, um, what did you think about it?”

Ilya couldn’t help the light laugh that escaped his lips. It was adorable that Shane even felt the need to ask such a question. “Mm, I don’t know, I have to think,” he teased, poking Shane’s cheek playfully.

“Fuck off,” Shane bristled, smiling despite himself.

Ilya pulled Shane into him, so he was sitting across his lap in the bed. “You are silly,” he said, littering kisses all over Shane’s face. “You pull me down to bedroom and choke yourself on my cock, making me cum harder than I ever have in my life, and you ask me what I think about it? My cock go the wrong way and scramble your brain? Make you stupid?”

Shane giggled and tried to wiggle out of Ilya’s grasp. He wasn’t really trying, he could have gotten up if he wanted to, Ilya wasn’t holding him tightly and Shane was more than strong enough to break free, but he let himself be held down by Ilya, which Ilya loved when he did. Shane ceding any power to Ilya was a bit of a mind fuck for him. Shane didn’t seem like the kind of person that let anyone boss him around, aside from maybe his mom and his coaches. But he was willing to let Ilya do whatever he wanted with him. If he thought about it too much he’d get hard again.

“I just, I don’t know,” Shane mumbled, smiling despite himself. “I know I wasn’t very good at it, but I woke up and I couldn’t stop thinking about it.”

“You are either angel sent down from heaven to reward me or demon sent to torment me,” Ilya said. “Can’t decide if it is good thing you are so hungry for my cock. Seems very good right now, but what am I supposed to do when you go back to school? Knowing you are starving so much for me,” he teased, pinching Shane’s side playfully.

“Shut up,” Shane grumbled, wiggling in his lap, blush spreading down to his neck.

“Do not think is what you want,” Ilya said, denying him. “You like when I talk to you like this. When I tell you I know how much of a slut you are for me. You won’t admit it, but I see through you, *moya lyubov*’, I see how needy you are. All the time. Just for *me*, for *my* cock,” Ilya said, kissing along Shane’s neck and reaching down to palm at him through his shorts.

“You think is normal to dream such slutty dreams? Only very naughty cocksluts have dream about sucking cock. Normal boys dream about having their own cocks sucked. But not you my sweet, Shane. You are such naughty boy, so needy you dream about being used, don’t you?” Ilya hummed, finally reaching into Shane’s shorts and grabbing him in earnest. He gave Shane a few, slow stokes with his hand, pleased to feel how wet he already was.

“Next time maybe I just fuck your throat. You just lay back, let me take what I want from you hmm? Don’t need to work that silly little, cock hungry brain. I decide when you get break to breathe, I decide how deep I want to go. Lay you down on the bed with your head hanging off so I can see myself push into your throat. And you would just lay there, wouldn’t you? Let me use that pretty mouth however I wanted.”

Shane was whimpering in his lap, eyes closed tight but he was leaking precum like a broken faucet. Ilya really didn’t think he’d ever seen him so turned on before, it was making his own dick start to come back to life. Shane’s head fell back and bit his lip, clearing trying so hard to keep himself quiet.

“My poor little *shlyukha*,” Ilya cooed. “Being so good and quiet for me. I know he wants to yell and moan, don’t you? So happy someone is finally giving you what you need, telling you who you are. Feels so good, doesn’t it?”

When Shane didn’t answer immedietly, Ilya squeezed his dick, just on the other side of painful. “Answer me, Shane,” he growled.

Shane opened his mouth and closed his eyes tighter. “Yes, feels so good,” he whispered.

“Good boy,” Ilya praised, moving his hand quicker, groaning at the sounds he was making. “Do you want to come?” he asked, flicking his wrist at just the right spot for Shane to writhe above him.

“Please,” Shane begged, reaching up to grip at Ilya’s shoulders. “Please, please, please, Ilya.”

“Good boy,” Ilya grunted. “Fucking come for me, Shane,” he commanded.

And Shane did, his jaw dropped open in a silent scream as he all but exploded onto Ilya’s hand. Ilya worked him through it, hand moving on Shane until was flinching from over stimulation. Ilya pulled his hand out of Shane’s pants and held it up to his face. “Be good, clean up your mess.”

Shane dove forward without another word and started to lick his own cum off of Ilya’s hand. Ilya pulled his hand away after it was clean and wiped it on the bedsheet, chuckling. He kissed Shane’s temple and laid them down on the bed, holding him tight against his chest. “And I am supposed to go back to normal life after this?” he hummed.

Shane stayed quiet for a few minutes, coming back to himself. Ilya cradled him close, rubbing his hand up and down Shane’s back. He was struggling to keep awake, having Shane here in his bed, holding on to him so desperately, like he was afraid Ilya would float away. Ilya couldn’t imagine a better place to take a nap. But he knew Shane needed him present, and so he would be. He didn’t speak anymore, but tried to be the comforting, solid presence for him to cling to as he came down from the intensity of his orgasm.

After a little while Shane stirred, smiling shyly up at Ilya. “Did you learn English from watching porn or something?” he asked. Ilya had to clap a hand over his mouth to keep from barking out a laugh.

“My translations left something to be desired?” Ilya asked, grinning like a mad man. Shane was perfect. And Shane was his. And Ilya could not comprehend how both of those things could be true at once.

“I used to think dirty talk was so cheesy,” Shane said, hand roaming over Ilya’s chest. “But when you do it, fuck. Makes me feel insane,” he chuckled.

“Well, you make me feel insane all the time. Think we are even.”

“Oh fuck,” Shane groaned, sitting up suddenly. “My parents are definitely awake now.”

Ilya thought for a moment before sitting up as well and kissing Shane’s shoulder. “I forgot how the washing machine works. You came down to help. Need to wash the sheets anyway,” he hummed, patting Shane’s side to encourage him to stand up.

Ilya lent Shane a new pair of sweats, something nondescript in the hopes that no one else would realize they didn’t belong to him and they stripped the bed and loaded everything into the washing machine before walking back up the stairs. David and Yuna were out on the deck with their coffee and didn’t even turn around when Ilya and Shane entered the kitchen.

“Maybe you put some honey in with your tea,” Ilya smirked. “Should help with sore throat.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but did grab the bear shaped bottle out of the cabinet as he went about remaking his tea. This was the perfect day.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Bozhe moy- oh my god

Tak prekrasna, lyubov' moya. - so beautiful, my love

Ideal'naya, ideal'naya, ty takaya ideal'naya.- perfect, perfect, you are so perfect

moya lyubov',- my love

shlyukha- slut

i reread this so many times i actually don't know if i can read at all anymore. these are just symbols on a screen now lmao. trying something a bit out of my comfort zone in terms of writing so i really have no idea if i like this chapter or not, but i hope you do!!

also i'm so sorry to ilya for completely forgetting your birthday. he would have turned 35 a 2 weeks ago in this fic so just imagine shane accidentally finding out because david gave him a cupcake or something with dinner and then shane makes a joke about how /now/ their age gap is crazy. it was fine when they were 22 and 34 but 35 is just crypt

keeper energy and they have to break up. i literally can't believe i forgot about his birthday. he's not real and this version of him is doubly not real but i feel so bad!!

anyway please let me know what you thought about this chapter! we're getting so close to the end i'm almost sad :(but i'm so excited for the next chapter, i already have it mapped out so i'm thinking there (hopefully) shouldn't be too long of a wait between these two! also i'm in need of some rom com book recs. i've been reading a lot of capital L literature books recently and i need a brain break. obvi i love heated rivalry but if you have any sapphic book recs that's even better (but dear god if it's het romance it really has to be like 11/10 good do not come at me with mediocre straight people) <3

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

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Chapter 25: Chapter 25- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane couldn't keep the smile off his face all morning. Even when his mom took him to run drills for a few hours. She was brutal, even when Shane said he'd woken up with a sore throat. It was a lie of course, but Shane still thought maybe she would have taken it a little easy on him. But he'd practiced until he literally couldn't stand any more and laid on the floor of the practice rink, groaning. Practices like this were important for him though. They were not only essential for his development as a player, but the endorphins were always good for his mental health. Not that he'd been lacking in endorphins recently. He was quite sure he hadn't had this many positive hormones running through his body in maybe his entire life.

They still had just about two weeks until Ilya left the cottage and Shane wanted to soak up as much of their time together as he could. Their cuddles in the evening were amazing, and obviously he loved the quickies they managed to squeeze in, but Shane didn't think that was enough for him anymore. There were so many things he still wanted to do with Ilya. Not necessarily sexuality, though there definitely were some of those, he just wanted to show Ilya more of what there was to do around the cottage. Show him why this was his favorite place to be in the whole world. He had a lifetime of wonderful childhood memories he wanted to share with his boyfriend, and only a few more days to do it. He'd have to figure out a way to suggest some things to Ilya in a way that won't tip off his parents.

They were so close to getting away with it. Shane could hardly believe they'd managed to pull it off for so long. He felt like he couldn't ever stop looking at Ilya and every time he looked at him he knew he smiled stupidly. But his parents hadn't seemed to notice anything, and Shane didn't want to push it too far, but maybe he could push it a little bit. If they sat next to each other on the couch, there wasn't anything inherently weird about that. It was such a silly thing, but even just thinking about it made his face split with a grin.

"I'm going up to the house," his mom called. "Let me know when you're ready for lunch!"

Shane stayed on his back for a little while longer before forcing himself to his feet. He was exhausted and his shoulders were sore, but they at least distracted him from the still dull ache in the back of his throat from the morning. Shane couldn't believe he'd done that. He'd never been harder in his life, and he hadn't even done anything with his own dick. He really thought he'd come in his pants, and he might have if Ilya had lasted any longer.

He'd told Ilya the truth that he'd dreamt about doing that, but in his dream he'd definitely done a better job. He hadn't really thought about it in a technical way, he just thought that if he powered through it and took deep enough breaths he'd be able to successfully deep throat his boyfriend. He hadn't thought about his body trying to reject choking himself. But even with his lack of experience and technique, Ilya seemed to enjoy it. Shane hadn't wanted to say anything at the time, but that was the fastest he'd made his boyfriend come and he was unreasonably proud of that fact.

Shane hadn't fared much better to be fair, and Ilya had only given him a handjob. Shane shivered at the memory and closed his eyes. He did not need to get hard again, just by thinking about what Ilya had whispered to him that morning. He hadn't ever thought he would have been into being spoken to like that and he didn't think he would let anyone else say that stuff to him, regardless of the context. But there was just something about Ilya that seemed to be the exception to everything in Shane's life. Shane hadn't ever been interested in anyone the way he was interested in Ilya. He hadn't ever felt this passionately about anything other than hockey. If Shane could just have those two things in life, he would die happy. It almost felt like he might have even been able to get away without food if he could just keep Ilya, that's how strong Shane's feelings were.

Shane bit the inside of his lip as he walked back through the living room, seeing his dad and Ilya watching something on TV. He was just passing through the room to get to his bathroom, he *needed* to get in the shower. He was uncomfortably sweaty and he could smell his own B.O. but god, seeing Ilya there, splayed out on the couch like he was, just drew Shane towards him. He just wanted to cuddle up next to him and stay there for a while, regardless of his grimy skin. Thankfully though, Shane was able to resist the draw, but only just barely as Ilya winked at him. He cleaned himself up quickly and met his mom in the kitchen as she finished prepping smoothies for them both.

"You were better today," she hummed, taking a long sip of her smoothie.

"Thanks," Shane smiled, mirroring her. His voice has mostly recovered and the smoothie was a nice balm for the rest of the irritation.

"Doesn't seem like you're coming down with anything serious, you already seem much better."

Shane took a deep breath and nodded, really trying to control his reaction. “Yeah, maybe just spelt with my mouth open or something,” he said, not meeting his mom’s eyes. “Probably will be better by tomorrow.”

The rest of the day was pretty uneventful thankfully. The four of them played a few rounds of poker, his mom demanding several rematches after Ilya won twice in a row. Shane’s dad played well, but he wasn’t as competitive as his mom and him were, taking his losses in stride. Shane was only a little annoyed that Ilya kept beating him. He did manage to win one hand, tying with his mom eventually and only gloated a little bit as Ilya laughed at him. But Ilya still won the most hands, much to the disappointment of the Hollendars, giving him bragging rights for the day. Which he used to pick hamburgers for dinner and Labyrinth for their evening movie.

Shane was still buzzing from the morning when he snuck down the stairs that night. They hadn’t really had much time to themselves, or at all, and Shane couldn’t wait to just be in Ilya’s presence again. He was grinning stupidly as he closed the bedroom door behind him.

“*Privet, krasavitsa,*” Ilya hummed, opening his arms and beckoning Shane to join him in bed.

“What’s that mean?” Shane asked, sliding in and cuddling up to Ilya’s side, kissing his cheek.

Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane’s waist and reached up to grasp his chin. He maneuvered Shane’s face so he could kiss him properly, licking into his mouth possessively. Shane melted into it and moaned softly.

Ilya pulled back after a moment and looked at Shane fondly. “Hello, beautiful,” he translated, smiling.

Shane felt his cheeks burn under the complement and kissed Ilya again, nipping at his bottom lip. “I have an idea,” he whispered against Ilya’s lips.

“You are full of those today, *malysh*,” Ilya chuckled, pulling Shane up and over his lap so that he was straddling him. He cupped Shane’s face and grinned. “Not that I am complaining, of course.”

“Of course,” Shane laughed, kissing Ilya again. When he pulled back, it was just enough to make eye contact with Ilya, his hands resting on Ilya’s chest, his fingers brushing lightly though the hair under his palms. “We should go swimming.”

“What? Now?” Ilya asked, laughing in disbelief. “*Malysh*, it's dark!”

“I know, I know! That’s like, kind of the whole point. What? You’ve never been night swimming before?”

“Seems like many scary things in the water at night,” Ilya said, trying to chuckle but it was very clear that he was truly uncomfortable with the idea.

Shane couldn’t keep the smirk off his face as he saw Ilya squirm under him. “Are you scared?” he teased, one hand drifting down to poke at Ilya’s side.

Ilya puffed out his chest and frowned. “No. Russians do not get scared. Especially about stupid little creatures in lake.”

“Don’t worry, baby,” Shane hummed, kissing him again. He threaded both of his hands through the hair on the back of Ilya’s head, holding him tight. “I’ll protect you. I’m very strong, if you forgot.”

“Mmm, never could forget that,” Ilya said, smiling softly, his hands made their way up to squeeze at Shane’s biceps.

“Come on,” Shane encouraged, grinding his hips a little. “It’ll be fun. I promise.”

Ilya rolled his eyes and sighed, but relented. “Okay, okay. Go get dressed. I will meet you outside.”

Fifteen minutes later Shane was tiptoeing outside with two lanterns in one hand and towels in the other in his swim trunks. He wrapped one arm around Ilya and handed him the lanterns. Shane could walk from the house to the dock with his eyes closed, but he guided Ilya down slowly, making sure he didn’t accidentally trip on anything. Once they were finally by the water, they laid down the lanterns and towels on the edge of the dock and Shane pulled Ilya with him, jumping into the water.

Ilya let out a startled yelp before he was entirely submerged. When he broke through the water he took a deep breath and glared playfully at Shane. He threw a splash at him, laughing. Shane tugged Ilya to him by the waist, giggling. “Shhh,” he chuckled. “You’re being too loud!” he whispered loudly.

“Mm, sorry,” Ilya said sarcastically. “Will be quieter next time you attempt to drown me.”

“Oh hush,” Shane said, wrapping his legs around Ilya’s waist as they treaded water in the soft glow from the dock. He pressed his lips to Ilya’s, smiling. He felt so incredibly happy at that moment. He felt Ilya’s arms encircle him as they kissed and laughed. It wasn’t the best kiss they’d ever shared because they were both giggling and smiling so much. Shane’s heart was so full he felt it was at risk of bursting out of his chest. He heard a soft loon call in the distance and laughed at Ilya’s reaction. The older man looked utterly terrified as looked for the source of the noise.

“What the fuck was that?” He asked, accent suddenly thicker in his frightened state.

“A loon,” Shane answered, chuckling lightly and wrapping himself tighter around Ilya.

“A what?” Ilya demanded.

“A loon. It’s a bird.”

“Sounds like a fucking wolf.”

“Oh my god you’re scared,” Shane laughed.

“What kind of a bird makes a noise like that? Stupid Canadian wolf bird,” Ilya grumbled, pinching at Shane’s sides.

“I’ve got you,” Shane reassured, giggling and pulling Ilya into another kiss. “You’re safe.”

When he pulled back several minutes later Ilya muttered something in Russian that Shane couldn’t understand but the look on Ilya’s face made him think it was positive regardless. “I think you’re the best person I’ve ever met,” Shane whispered, hand coming forward to cup the other man’s cheek.

Ilya turned his head slightly to kiss the inside of Shane’s wrist and sighed. “You have no idea how much you’ve changed my life, Shane. Thank you,” he mumbled, looking deeply into his eyes.

“No need to thank me,” Shane said, suddenly feeling like things were about to get serious and not sure if either of them were ready for that.

Ilya didn’t take the bait though and opened his mouth, looking very earnest, but he didn’t get a chance to respond. They heard laughing coming towards them and Shane froze, tangled up in Ilya in the soft artificial light.

Shane heard his mom’s laughter taper off as it closed in on them. “Did you do this?” she asked.

“When would I have gotten out here?” his dad asked. And suddenly they were looking over the edge of the dock at Shane and Ilya.

“What in the world?” Shane heard his mother’s voice but he didn’t feel like he was in his body anymore. He looked at his mom, wearing something he’d never seen her in. It was a dark blue bikini with about as little coverage as something called a swimsuit could manage. She was holding onto his dad’s arm with one hand and wine glasses in her other. He noticed his dad, also wearing a smaller set of swim trunks than he’s ever seen before was holding a bottle of wine. His dad looked a bit uncomfortable but his mom looked livid.

His whole body felt frozen in the moment before they’d been caught. Everything had been absolutely perfect, and now he felt like he might actually be dead. He wasn’t sure if his heart was even still beating. He could feel Ilya moving his body to detangle their limbs and he heard his mom yelling but it was like it was all happening miles away. Shane couldn’t really process anything that was going on, everything was fuzzy and muted.

It must have been a few minutes, but he was being escorted to the shore slowly. He felt a towel wrap around his shoulders and suddenly his dad was in front of him, frowning. For whatever reason that seemed to shake some of Shane back into his body.

“We invited you into our *home*, Ilya! And this is how you repay that kindness?” his mom yelled. Shane didn’t think he’d ever heard her sound so angry before.

“Yuna, I am sorry, I-” Ilya tried to say but was cut off by his mom again.

“He’s *twenty two*! He’s still in school!”

Ilya didn’t open his mouth, just hung his head and nodded.

“Mom,” Shane finally tried to cut in.

“David take your son inside so I can deal with him later,” his mom said, looking at his dad and not him, which infuriated him. To his credit, his dad didn’t make any moves to try and take him inside. “Ilya you can’t stay here. You need to leave. Tonight.”

Shane could see the wetness in Ilya's eyes threatening to spill over to his cheeks, and he couldn't stand to see that. "Mom!" he repeated, voice raising. "Stop it!"

"Do not speak to me like that, Shane," his mom said slowly, finally looking at him. "Go inside. Now."

"No," Shane replied petulantly. He even crossed his arms over his chest for good measure.

"Shane," his mom nearly growled.

"For once in your life can you listen instead of just assume you know everything?" Shane asked, voice louder than maybe it had ever been. His shout echoed into the night, three sets of surprised eyes now on him. No one responded to him so Shane took a few deep breaths and barrelled forward. "This isn't how we wanted to tell you," he said, voice even and at its normal volume again. "But it's not some weird thing. We're just together because we like each other and we get along." Shane moved to Ilya's side and grabbed his hand. He noticed that Ilya hadn't been given a towel and tried not to get even angrier about that fact.

"Shane you have so much going on, I can understand how you might be more easily influenced right now," his mom sighed. "We can talk about it later. What's important right now is getting *him* out of the house," she fixed another glare at Ilya as she spoke about him.

"If he goes I go," Shane said stubbornly.

"Shane, is okay. I will go," Ilya said softly, moving to remove his hand from Shane's but Shane only gripped it harder, frown deepening.

"You haven't done anything wrong. I won't let her treat you like you're some sort of criminal!"

"Shane, he's so much older than you," she sighed.

“And I’m still an adult,” Shane shrugged. “Believe it or not, Ilya and I have already had this conversation,” he said indignantly.

“Maybe a conversation between all four of us would be good,” his dad finally said, voice gentle but firm. “We can all go change and meet back inside.”

Chapter End Notes

heyyyyy. how yall doing? 😊 i felt a lot of pressure coming into this chapter, and i rewrote it like twice i'm not kidding. like i knew how i wanted it to go but this chapter was fighting me the whole way so i hope it turned out okay and that you like it!! i hope it lived up to your expectations, i know i've been building up to this one for awhile!

the weather has been so nice recently me and my dog have just been outside almost all hours of the day. i forgot that i have paper skin and so i got a little too much sun today and i hope that my skin doesn't all fall off in the morning. i've been baking a lot of bread recently and i just made my first ever rye loaf with my sourdough starter. and let me tell yall, it was hard as hell but damn it was worth it lmao. 11/10 would recommend i will probably eat the whole loaf in like 2 days lmao.

ANYWAY lmk what yall think of the chapter! 💕💕💕

kudos and comments always appreciated

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 26: Chapter 26- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya let Shane lead them back inside and down to the basement bedroom. It didn't really feel like "his room" anymore. He felt like he should have packed up and gone when Yuna told him to. It felt like he was intruding now. He appreciated that Shane wanted to fight for him, for *them*, but would it actually be worth it? Would Shane feel that way once they talked with his parents? Would they be able to talk him out of their relationship? Ilya knew Shane hated to disappoint his parents, especially his mother.

Shane was practically shaking when they finally closed the door. He pulled Ilya into a tight hug and it took Ilya a moment to respond because he was so surprised. Ilya slowly lifted his hands to wrap his arms around Shane. He felt tension in his body melt away, he rested his head on Shane's shoulder and let out the breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

"Fuck, Ilya, I'm so sorry," Shane whispered.

Ilya shook his head and took a shaky breath but didn't say anything in response, not trusting his voice.

"It's okay. We're okay, right?" Shane asked, pulling back a little to force Ilya to look at him.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Ilya asked softly, reaching up to cup Shane's cheek. "I will understand if this is too much now. It is not like you planned."

"I don't care," Shane said solidly. "I hate they found out this way, I do. But that doesn't change how I feel about you. I promise."

Ilya surged forward then, pressing his lips firmly against Shane's. The kiss wasn't sexy, it wasn't sweet, but it was a promise. A physical, tangible way for Ilya to convey his feelings since his words were failing him. There was only really one thing Ilya wanted to tell Shane, and he didn't know if now was the best or the worst time to do it. He'd said it in Russian just

a few minutes ago, but that felt safe. Shane had no idea what he was saying. Probably thought that he was talking dirty to him again. He thought about how brave Shane was being, how much he was willing to put on the line to defend him to his parents.

Ilya pulled back just a little, lips still pressed to Shane's, eyes closed and foreheads pressed together. "I love you," he whispered. He honestly wouldn't have been surprised if he was quiet enough for Shane not to hear him. But of course he did.

Shane leaned back further, looking deeply into Ilya's eyes, shock evident on his face. His mouth was open slightly, and his beautiful blush was covering his face. "Holy shit," he breathed.

Ilya's heart stopped. He just fucked everything up. It was too soon. He shouldn't have said it. Shane was so freaked out, he looked like a deer in headlights. Ilya had to do something to try and salvage this. "I mean-" he started, but Shane cut him off.

"I love you too," He said and Ilya thought he was hallucinating. There was no way that's what Shane just said. "Holy shit I love you so much," he continued before kissing Ilya again, so hard his lips might be bruised. Eventually he stepped back, ginning like an idiot.

"Let's get dressed and go tell my parents to fuck off," Shane laughed.

"Maybe not that," Ilya chuckled, still uneasy. "But yes, we should get back upstairs soon. I don't want to make things worse by taking too long."

Shane changed into some of Ilya's clothes since he obviously didn't have any down there, and, while the practical solution, Ilya couldn't help but wonder if this was poking the bear too much. Shane was dressed in a pair of Ilya's sweat pants and his old McGill Hockey shirt. It made Ilya so incredibly fond to see Shane dressed like this, but he couldn't imagine how David and Yuna would react to this.

Shane walked up the stairs first with Ilya following close behind, but they weren't touching. For all the bravado Shane was exuding downstairs, as soon as they were in the living room, he was shifting his weight between his feet and Ilya could see him fiddling with fingers.

David and Yuna were sitting at the dining table and Shane was standing in the threshold with Ilya behind him and to the left. The couple were decidedly more dressed than the last time Ilya had seen them, but he still felt himself blush a little looking at David.

“Come sit down, boys,” David sighed, waving them over.

Shane hesitated and took a deep breath. “Is Mom done yelling?” he asked, looking pointedly at his dad.

“You can speak to me,” Yuna said indignantly. Her husband gave her an exasperated look and she sighed. “Yes, Shane. I won’t yell.”

Shane nodded and walked forward slowly, sitting across from his mom at the table, leaving the seat across from David open for Ilya. He sank slowly into the chair, moving like the Hollanders might be like the dinosaurs in movies, if he was slow and still enough, maybe they wouldn’t notice him. Shane brushed his foot up against Ilya’s under the table and he felt like he could breathe again.

“Look,” Shane started. “I am sorry you guys found out that way, but I’m not sorry for being with Ilya. I know this might come as a shock but I don’t think it’s fair that you’re taking it all out on him when there’s two of us in the relationship.”

Ilya felt like he might cry hearing Shane defend him. He hated that he wasn’t saying much, but he felt like he was on thin ice as it was with his friend, he didn’t want to push it.

“And when did this...relationship start?” Yuna asked, voice strained as she tried to keep it under control. Her eyes were flicking back and forth between the two of them, seemingly trying to read into their expressions what they weren’t saying out loud.

“Since he got here,” Shane said at the same time Ilya said “When we went to Montreal together.”

“Why did you give two different answers?” Yuna asked accusingly, glaring at Ilya.

“We uh-” Ilya started, eyes drifting to Shane’s as his voice tapered off briefly. “We have been...spending time together since first night I got here, but we became boyfriends on the way back from Montreal.” Ilya swallowed thickly and shifted in his seat, daring a glance at David. His friend didn’t seem overly mad or scandalized, but Ilya had never seen David anything but calm and kind. He couldn’t imagine what was going on in his head.

“Boyfriends?” Yuna asked, leaning back in her chair.

“Yes,” Shane said firmly and nodded. He reached for Ilya’s hand and took it, settling their hands in his lap. “We love each other.”

Ilya heard David’s sharp inhale and Yuna’s scoff from across the table. “You met what? Four weeks ago? That is not enough time to know if you love him, Shane,” she said.

Ilya looked down at the table, unable to see how his friend (former friend?) was looking at him. If he looked at David he wouldn’t be able to delude himself into thinking they could make it out of this. He couldn’t even imagine what was going through his head. Ilya didn’t know how he would react to this situation if it were him. It was a really bad look to come into his home and then basically immediately start fucking his son who was so much younger than he was.

“It might be soon, but I know how I feel,” Shane said, looking over at Ilya and smiling. Ilya couldn’t help but smile back at him. In the current of all his negative emotions right now, Shane was a life raft keeping him from drowning in his shame and anxiety. He squeezed Shane’s hand and nodded.

“Me too. I have been with many people, been married even, but there is no one I have ever felt like this about,” Ilya said, stumbling over his words. His English was failing him with all the stress of the situation, and his frustration was only making it worse, but he figured his point was getting across if the look on Shane’s face was an indicator of anything.

Shane broke their eye contact to look over at his dad and Ilya finally let himself do the same. “You’ve been quiet,” he said.

“I may not be as surprised as your mother,” David admitted, a soft blush filling his cheeks in a way that was so familiar to Ilya now. It almost made him smile to see where Shane got one of Ilya’s favorite features. He was so distracted by thinking about Shane’s blush it took him a moment to fully process what the older man had said.

“You knew?” Ilya asked in utter disbelief.

“Well, I didn’t know for sure,” David started. “But I had my suspicions. You two were not as quite as sneaky as you probably think. Saw you two being more...” David trailed off and looked past Ilya out the window, seemingly desperate not to make eye contact with either of the other men in the room. “Ah, touchy feely the past few weeks, and especially after you got back from Montreal. Which I guess makes sense given what you’ve said about your relationship ...developing on that trip.”

“You’re saying you knew this whole time and you didn’t think to talk to me about it?” Yuna asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Well, I didn’t really know what to say,” David admitted, chuckling. “I also didn’t know there was anything to say. Didn’t seem like our business.”

“Not our business? David, he's our *son*!”

“And don’t we want him to be happy, Yuna?” David sighed, looking over at his wife. “Ilya seems to make him happy. We’ve never seen him smile this much before. You have to admit that at least. Even if you don’t like what’s caused it.”

“I suppose that’s true,” Yuna reluctantly agreed, looking between Shane and Ilya a few times.

“I promise Ilya has been nothing but respectful,” Shane said. “He’s been a real gentleman about all of it. He’s never pressured me into anything. And he even tried to talk me out of basically everything. We talk all the time about if I’m okay and he’s honestly been really annoying about checking in with me and making sure he’s not influencing me even unconsciously.”

“I have never wanted to hurt Shane,” Ilya said. “I know you want to keep him safe, and that’s all I want too. I would never do something to purposefully harm him or put him in harm’s way.”

“I know you wouldn’t,” David said. “You’re a good man, Ilya. You always have been.”

Ilya thought he might melt. Nothing had ever felt as wonderful as hearing that from David. He thought he’d lost his friend forever, but he was starting to think that wasn’t true. Maybe Ilya hadn’t ruined everything with his friend. What a wonderful thought.

“I am sorry we kept it from you,” Ilya said, looking between the two people across the table. “We were going to tell you eventually.”

“We just thought it wouldn’t go over well if we told you so soon,” Shane chuckled, biting his lip.

“I’m sorry you felt like you had to hide from us,” David said, reaching across the table to grab Shane’s other hand. “You know we love you no matter what. Isn’t that right?” He asked, looking at Yuna.

She let out a sigh but nodded, uncrossing her arms and sitting forward. She placed her hand on top of Shane and David’s. “Of course, sweetheart. I’m sorry I got so angry. It was just a shock, and you know I’m protective,” she chuckled.

“Thanks mom, but I’m not the only one you have to apologize to,” Shane said, raising his eyebrow.

“Right,” Yuna said, clearing her throat. “I am sorry, Ilya,” she said, turning to look at him.

“Is okay,” Ilya responded quickly. “I understand.”

“So, what are your plans then? Shane, you live in Montreal,” Yuna pointed out.

“Yeah, I know. I guess it’ll just be long distance, and then we can revisit once I get drafted,” Shane said, shrugging.

“Actually,” Ilya said slowly. “I didn’t want to tell you until things were more finalized, but I have found a few jobs and I have an interview for one when I get back. And I have found a nice condo in the city if I do get a job. Maybe I should have asked if that is what you want, but I just thought would be nice. If we were closer. And condo would be rental so if you get drafted somewhere far away...” Ilya couldn’t finish his sentence. The more he spoke the worse he thought he sounded. It sounded more romantic and less creepy in his head, now he felt like maybe it should have been a conversation so it wouldn’t look like he was stalking Shane.

Shane looked at Ilya, his mouth hanging open slightly and his eyes wide. “When did you do all this?” he asked softly.

Ilya shrugged. “Past couple of days. Nothing set in stone if you think is too fast.”

“Oh my god,” Shane laughed, grinning wide. “I think we’re past taking things too fast. That’s so incredible, Ilya. You have to show me everything later!”

“And you did all that without talking to him?” Yuna asked, a slight bite back in her tone.

“I wasn’t ever going to sign anything without asking first, I just thought I could get more things in place before,” Ilya said, looking at his hand in Shane’s in the other man’s lap.

“I think that’s very thoughtful,” David said, his tone a bit pointed too.

Yuna sighed and rolled her eyes. “I’m just going to need some more time to get used to… all this. You’ve had plenty of time to wrap your head around everything. I’m not saying I disapprove…it’s just, very unconventional. And Shane, are you planning to be public about this relationship? I think that changes our whole media strategy. Have you given any thought to that? You might be boxing yourself into an image really into your career.”

Ilya felt Shane’s grip tighten a little bit. “Yes, I’ve thought a lot about all of this. It’s basically been the only thing I have been thinking about. I’ve decided that I want to keep our plan as is, it’s just also adds Ilya. I don’t want to hide him, but I also just don’t think it’s anyone’s business. I want to tell who I want about him and that’s that. I know people will ask about him and we’ll have to come up with some answers but I just don’t think it changes much in the grand scheme of things. I love Ilya. And that has nothing to do with how well I can play hockey.”

Yuna ran her hands down her face and nodded. “We’ll talk about it more later,” she said eventually. “I’m too tired for this,” she said, Ilya followed her eyes over to the clock on the wall. It was well after two in the morning.

“Yeah,” David agreed. “Let’s get some sleep,” he said, standing up and helping his wife do the same. Yuna did truly look exhausted and Ilya felt increasingly bad about all the stress he’d put on her in the last few hours.

Ilya and Shane also got up and started to make their way to the basement stairs but Yuna caught Shane’s arm. “Absoluetly not.”

“Mom,” Shane groaned.

“I’m serious. You’re sleeping in your own rooms,” she said, raising an eyebrow.

“I’m literally a grown adult. You and Dad share a room!” Shane protested.

“You are really pushing the limits of my patience tonight.”

“Listen to your mother, please, Shane,” David sighed.

“I just don’t understand the point! I feel like we can stop pretending this isn’t happening,” he argued.

“Shane, is okay. I’ll see you in the morning, yes?” Ilya said, eyelids heavy and shoulders slumped. While it would be nice to cuddle Shane to sleep, all he really wanted was to be asleep.

Shane sighed and rolled his eyes, looking a lot like his mother just a few minutes ago. He looked at both of his parents and then to Ilya. He surged forward and quickly pressed his lips to Ilya’s. It was such a quick kiss Ilya didn’t even get a proper chance to respond before Shane was pulling back. “Goodnight. I love you,” he said, and Ilya really felt like it was more of a performance for his parents than for Ilya, but he smiled none the less.

“I love you too,” Ilya said softly, fighting with his lips to keep them in a reasonable smile and not the idiotic one that was close to splitting across his face. Ilya tore his eyes away and nodded to the other two before disappearing down the stairs.

Ilya shed his shirt and flopped into the bed. He was exhausted down to his bones, both physically and also emotionally. The morning felt like a lifetime ago. Almost everything had changed in such a short amount of time. The evening had been a roller coaster of emotion and while it hadn’t gone anything like he and Shane had hoped, Ilya was glad everything was out in the open now. He didn’t have to lie to David anymore and that was such a relief.

And it turned out he hadn’t needed to lie to David at all apparently. Ilya couldn’t imagine what David had seen them doing, but there had been so many instances he could have. While in the moment Ilya had thought they’d been good about keeping their physical affection to private moments, that clearly wasn’t true. At least they hadn’t been caught having sex. Unless they had been and David had just managed to sneak away while they weren’t paying attention. God Ilya couldn’t even stand the thought of that and dismissed it quickly. Even if it wasn’t the truth, Ilya decided that all David had ever seen was them cuddling at some point. It was all his brain was able to handle.

Yuna still seemed like she didn't like the idea of him being with Shane, but she didn't seem like she would actually try to get in between them. She was only trying to protect her son, which Ilya couldn't be mad at her for. Ilya could only imagine what his own mother would think of him dating someone so much younger than himself. She had been so much younger than his father and that hadn't turned out well for her. But Ilya wasn't his father, he had to remind himself. He might have to keep reminding himself that, but when he was with Shane it was easy.

Shane made him feel like a whole new person. Ilya had come on this vacation in a last ditch effort to feel something after the divorce. He truly thought his life was basically over with all the changes he was going through. But it all seemed worth it now that he had Shane. Ilya knew he would still have a lot of things to do when he went back to Ottawa, not all of his problems were magically fixed, but they all seemed manageable now.

Chapter End Notes

whew! hard part's over folks! no one died though several people were close lmao! there was a version of my outline that had Ilya actually leaving when Yuna told him to and that was the basically the tuna meltdown, but i just couldn't force myself to write that much angst, so i hope you like this version better! home stretch now!! i think i mentioned in an earlier end note that this fic will have 30 chapters, so we're getting close to these boys' happy ending :))) i'm so emo about it. but that just means i'll be able to get back to thinking about the vampire fic i talked about awhile ago! hopefully some of you will stick around for that when it happens but ik that it's super different so i totally get if a lot of you decide it's not for you!!

ANYWAY kudos and comments always appreciated and i love you all sm<3
[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 27: Chapter 27- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane tossed and turned in bed. The adrenaline crash from the evening was hitting him and he just couldn't settle himself. All he really wanted was to be with Ilya, but he knew he had to respect his parents and stay out of Ilya's room, at least for now. He sat up eventually and sighed, giving up on trying to get any sleep. He threw on a crewneck over Ilya's shirt he was still wearing and headed outside. He made his way barefoot out to the dock.

It was completely dark except for the nearly full moon and the stars. It was such a beautiful night, there were a few flickers from lighting bugs and the echoes of crickets and frogs filled the silence. He sat down on the edge of the dock and slipped his toes into the water. He couldn't believe his parents knew about Ilya now. There was nothing for him to really hide at all now. He hadn't realized how much that was affecting him until suddenly that pressure wasn't there anymore. He really did hate lying to his parents, and even lies of omission were still lies.

But he didn't have to do that anymore. He and Ilya could just *be*. And Ilya said he may be able to move to Montreal so they wouldn't even have to deal with the distance. Everything was finally starting to fit into place now that everything was in the open. He sighed happily as he looked over the lake.

"Couldn't sleep?" Shane heard his mom ask, slowly walking towards him.

He nodded. "Yeah. You?"

She hummed in affirmation and sat next to him, a blanket around her shoulders. She looked out at the horizon and sighed. "I am sorry for how I reacted," she said after a few minutes.

"I know," Shane said softly. "And I'm sorry you found out that way. I had a whole plan to slowly introduce the idea," he chuckled.

“And what was it?”

“After school started, I was going to say we’d kept in touch, and invite him to come to a game with you guys. And then at Thanksgiving I was going to tell you we started dating.”

“Wow,” his mom laughed lightly.

“I just thought if you had some time to think about it, it wouldn’t seem so crazy.”

“Well, I didn’t have any time tonight,” she said, finally looking over at Shane. She was smiling but he could still see the stress in her eyes.

“I know it’s a lot. But you have to believe me, I love him. And I believe him when he says he loves me. I know it’s quick and I know he’s older, but it’s the realist thing I’ve ever felt.”

His mom let out a long breath and wrapped her arm and the blanket around Shane, pulling him into her chest. Shane rested his head on her shoulder and closed his eyes. “It’s a really hard thing to see your baby grow up,” she said softly. “I do trust you and your judgment. And I know you’re an adult now who can make your own decisions. And I’ve never had any reason to think Ilya had ever been anything but a sweet guy. In that moment though, Shane, all I saw was my baby wrapped up with a *man*. I saw red. Your dad and I talked a lot, he’s always been able to calm me down. He’s so even tempered, I’ve needed that a lot in my life. You’re like him in that way. You don’t fly off the handle right away like I can.”

Shane didn’t really know what to say so he just nodded and wrapped an arm around his mom, feeling a lot younger than he was, but for once, not in a bad way.

“I know you and Ilya are together, and I’m working to wrap my head around it. You just have to give me some time. I’m going to try and be open minded, but I think I just need a little more time,” she practically whispered.

“I get that,” Shane said, just as soft. “I just really don’t want you to hate him. He’s so good to me.”

Shane felt his eyelids get heavy and he let them close. He couldn’t remember the last time he cuddled his mom like this, he felt safe and protected wrapped in the blanket with her. He didn’t realize he’d fallen asleep until his mom was gently waking him up. He blinked his eyes open and was surprised to see the sun peaking over the lake. The sky was a beautiful soft pink and pastel orange and Shane spotted a bird flying and landing in the middle of the lake.

“Sorry,” he murmured, sitting up and rubbing his eye.

“Don’t be,” his mom laughed, “Let’s head inside. Try and get a few more hours of sleep.”

Shane nodded and clambered to his feet before helping his mom up as well. The two of them made their way back up to the cottage. It was almost five so no one was up and probably wouldn’t be for a while, so Shane shuffled to his room and collapsed onto his bed.

Shane did actually manage to sleep until a little after seven, which was really late for him, but considering everything that happened the night before he didn’t think too much of it. He went to the bathroom and took a shower and got ready for the day, smiling the entire time. When he finally padded his way to the common area he saw his dad and Ilya drinking coffee and smiling at the kitchen table.

“Good morning,” Shane smiled as he poured himself a cup as well.

“Hey, kiddo,” His dad greeted.

“Morning,” Ilya hummed.

Shane made his way over and sat next to Ilya at the table, letting himself sit as close to his boyfriend as he wanted. He took a sip of his coffee and leaned into Ilya’s side, basking in the feeling of being able to do this kind of thing whenever he wanted to now. Shane felt Ilya

tense beside him for just a moment before he relaxed and rested a hand on top of Shane's knee. Shane also noticed his hand was a lot lower on his leg than Ilya usually rested it. He resisted the urge to laugh at Ilya, just smiling at his boyfriend instead.

"Think I'm going to make some breakfast here in a bit," his dad said after a beat. "Any requests?"

Ilya shook his head and shrugged. "Anything is fine."

"I'll probably just make a smoothie in a bit," Shane said. "Don't make anything for me."

His dad nodded and stood up. "Maybe some pancakes. Something fun after everything last night," he chuckled as he made his way to the pantry.

"Did you sleep?" Shane asked Ilya softly, placing his hand on top of Ilya's.

Ilya huffed out a laugh and nodded. "I passed out. You?"

Shane shook his head. "Almost not at all. Talked to my mom some more though, she also couldn't sleep, I guess. I think I got her to see our point of view a little bit more."

"That's good," Ilya said. "I do not like to think I hurt her, she has always been so good to me."

"It was just a shock, she just needs some time," Shane said. "She'll come around," he smiled and leaned over, kissing Ilya's cheek.

"You going to train with her today?"

“I think she’ll let me have a rest day,” he laughed, finishing off his coffee and setting his mug down. “I want you to show me that condo you talked about yesterday!”

Ilya laughed and pulled out his phone. “I was just looking,” he prefaced before opening up the browser on his phone with a Zillow listing. “I have a few others saved as well, this was just my favorite.”

He passed Shane the phone and sat back with his mug, letting Shane go through the pictures at his own pace. It was a beautiful condo, Shane really did like it. It seemed like a pretty new build, three stories plus a large garage. It wasn’t very close to Shane’s own apartment, which he felt himself be a little disappointed about, but he figured he could get used to it. Across the city was a lot easier to deal with than two whole hours away in Ottawa, he reminded himself.

“It’s nice,” he said, handing the phone back to Ilya.

“I thought so too,” the Russian smiled. “You can come see it with me, maybe? Before I make decision.”

“I can’t believe you’re going to move to Montreal,” Shane whispered, grinning widely.

“Many things have to fall into place, but I need to move out of the house. Sveta’s lawyer says is bad look for me to still be living there even though we are supposed to be separated. Figured if I have to move, why not be closer to you if I can be,” he shrugged.

“You can come to all my home games now,” Shane said beaming.

“Yes, I will have to see for myself why you think you will go to MLH,” Ilya teased, poking Shane in the side.

“First overall pick,” Shane nodded, giggling. He started to poke Ilya back. Soon they were wrestling and out of their chairs. They were laughing while they tried to get their arms around each other. Shane didn’t realize they’d moved so far out of the dining room until Ilya

got Shane backed up against one of the walls in the hall and Shane accidentally bumped his head into a picture on the wall.

“Fuck,” he breathed, reaching a hand back to feel the back of his head.

Ilya immediately pulled him away from the wall and reached to feel Shane’s head as well. “Shit, I am so sorry, I was not looking,” he frowned. “Turn around, let me see.”

“I’m fine,” Shane insisted, turning around anyway. He felt Ilya’s hands gently on him. One holding his head still at the base of his neck and the other carding through his hair in search of the wound. He apparently found it pretty fast because Shane hissed and flinched away when Ilya pressed on a sensitive spot of skin.

“No blood,” he reported. “Little bump though. Go ask your dad for ice pack, will get swelling down.”

“Okay, mom,” Shane said, rolling his eyes and he turned around.

“What about me?” his mom asked, suddenly appearing in the hallway with a raised eyebrow.

Ilya instinctively jumped back, putting a lot of distance between them even though they weren’t doing anything inappropriate.

“Nothing, I just hit my head and Ilya was being dramatic about it,” Shane shrugged.

“Was just saying to get ice to help swelling. Bump is little bit it seems like it hurts,” Ilya said, hands up like he was trying to prove extra that he wasn’t touching Shane.

Shane hated how afraid Ilya seemed of his mom now. He reached out and brushed a hand over Ilya’s shoulder in an attempt to comfort him a little. He watched his mom track his movements but she didn’t comment on it.

“I was just coming to say that breakfast is ready,” she said. “I made us smoothies, Shane,” she added over her shoulder as she made her way back into the kitchen proper.

“I am so sorry, *moya lyubov'*” Ilya said again, frown deepening even further.

“Ilya, I promise I’m fine,” Shane laughed. “Hockey is a contact sport. I’m used to a lot worse.”

“Still,” Ilya said, seeming unsure.

Shane rolled his eyes and pressed his lips to Ilya’s and smirked. “You can make it up to me later, how about that?” he asked, breath ghosting over Ilya’s lips.

Shane was relieved when he heard Ilya chuckle as he pulled himself away. “Insatiable,” he accused, even though he was grinning.

“For you? Always,” Shane nodded, bumping into Ilya as he walked past him to go back to the kitchen.

Ilya laughed some more and followed him. They grabbed their food from the island and sat at the table with his parents, both of whom were already eating.

“Thank you,” Ilya said to his dad before digging in.

“Do you want to go on a walk later?” Shane’s dad asked his mom. “Seems like it’s going to be a really pretty day.”

Shane made eye contact with his mom and they both smiled just the tiniest bit. They could both see right through the thinly veiled attempt to give Shane and Ilya some privacy. And the

fact his mom was able to joke with him a little bit about it felt like a huge win.

“Sure,” she said, nodding as she turned to him. Shane raised his eyebrows in surprise but tried to control his reaction. Ilya on the other hand didn’t seem to catch on and just continued eating.

After breakfast was cleaned up, Shane’s dad got his mom out the door pretty quickly and as soon as the door shut behind them, he all but threw himself at Ilya. Ilya caught him with hands on his waist, laughing. “What are you doing?”

“I think it’s pretty obvious what I want to do now that we’re alone,” Shane scoffed, leaning in to kiss his boyfriend, whining when Ilya pulled his face back away from him.

“You sure that is good idea? They could come back any time,” Ilya said, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth and looking past Shane towards the door.

“It was so much easier to get you to fuck me before they knew,” Shane teased. “Who knows when we’ll be alone again, they’re giving us privacy, we should take advantage of it,” he whined, grinding his hips forward into Ilya’s.

Ilya groaned and tightened his grip on Shane’s hips. “Shane,” he protested, but Shane could feel him growing hard.

“Ilya,” Shane mocked before kissing him deeply. “Please,” he whispered, pleading. “Need you so bad.” He brought his hands up and buried them in Ilya’s curls, tugging on them in the way he knew the older man liked.

Ilya moaned lowly and used his hands to still Shane’s hips. “*Tebe vseгда nuzhno tak mnogo vnimaniya, ne tak li?*” he murmured and Shane melted. He would never understand why Ilya speaking Russian did so much to him. He could kind of guess based on intonation that he’d been asked a question so he nodded. He obviously didn’t know what he was agreeing to but he didn’t care. Sometimes it was frustrating to not know what Ilya was saying, but it was also so unbelievably sexy.

Ilya seemed to like his agreement though because he laughed. “*Vozbuzhdonnyy kak zaychik*,” he chuckled.

“Ilya please,” Shane whined, trying to pull him towards the basement. He grinned when Ilya finally let himself be tugged down the stairs. Shane manhandled Ilya into the bedroom and onto the bed, buzzing with excitement.

Ilya laid back against the sheets and let Shane sit on top of him, kissing up and down his throat, hands running up his chest under his shirt. Shane rolled his hips and moaned, feeling how hard Ilya was getting for him. He pulled back after a few minutes just indulging himself in the feel of Ilya’s morning stubble under his lips. “Naked. Now,” he panted, pushing at Ilya’s shirt.

Ilya helped tug his own shift off before pulling off Shane’s and lifting Shane’s hips to help rid him of his pants as well. Shane shimmied Ilya’s pants down as well and looked around for their supplies, whining in frustration.

Ilya flipped them so Shane was now on his back looking up at him. Ilya was grinning, looking like he was trying not to laugh at Shane’s desperation. He kissed Shane briefly before standing and going to the dresser. He tossed the lube and a condom on the bed next to Shane. He stood over Shane, eyes soft and sparkling.

“Look, I love you too but if some part of you isn’t inside me in the next 60 seconds I’m going to be really mad at you,” Shane huffed, reaching out his hands to try to pull Ilya back down into the bed.

Ilya's laugh was bright and infectious, and although Shane was frustratingly horny he couldn't help but join his boyfriend. They were both laughing as Ilya lowered himself to hover above him, kissing him deeply as he slowly worked Shane open. Shane let himself moan freely into Ilya’s mouth. It felt so good not to have to hold back, to not have to think so much and just *feel*.

Ilya sunk his teeth into Shane’s bottom lip and tugged, causing Shane to arch his back and pull Ilya’s fingers deeper into him. Ilya was being slow and deliberate with his movements,

and while Shane appreciated the thoroughness it was not what he needed in the moment. “Ilya,” he whined. “I’m fine, I’m ready, please,” he breathed.

Ilya shushed him with more kisses but pulled his fingers out. Shane’s eyes fluttered shut as he heard the condom get ripped open and opened his legs wider. Shane felt Ilya at his entrance and sighed in relief when he finally felt that familiar full feeling as he pushed in.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya purred, pushing in slowly.

Shane forced his eyes open so he could look at his boyfriend. Ilya was looking down, watching himself disappear into Shane. Shane wished he could see what Ilya could, he’d give anything to watch as their bodies became connected like that. He felt like he understood why Ilya wanted to savor it, but Shane was getting impatient. He wrapped his legs around Ilya to try and speed everything up a bit.

“Greedy,” Ilya growled, repositioning himself so both of his hands were bracketing Shane’s head as he finally, *finally* bottomed out. Shane moaned and locked his ankles together behind Ilya’s back, basking in the incredibly full feeling he finally had again. His hands gripped at Ilya’s shoulders, trying to pull him impossibly closer.

Now that Ilya was finally inside of him, Shane didn’t feel the need to rush anymore. He was content to just let Ilya basically grind into him, just barely pulling out each time he rolled his hips. “So good,” Shane whimpered as Ilya rolled against his prostate. “Not gonna last.”

“Touch yourself,” Ilya said, leaning back just a little bit to give Shane room between them. “Wanna feel you come around me,” he groaned.

Shane obeyed and wrapped a hand around himself, moaning loudly when he felt just how much precum he’d been leaking. Ilya started to pick up the pace then, snapping his hips against Shane’s with increasing speed. Shane was letting out little moans with every thrust at that point, Ilya was fucking him so good he wasn’t really having to move his hand much, just kept a grip on his dick as his whole body moved with Ilya’s.

“Ilya, fuck, I’m gonna-” Shane whimpered, getting louder as he grew closer.

“Yes, *zaychik*, come for me. Let me hear you,” Ilya grunted, sitting up completely. He gripped Shane’s hips with both hands, so hard Shane hoped there were bruises. Ilya was murmuring some more Russian which Shane assumed were more curse words.

Letting the other language wash over him as Ilya somehow managed to fuck him even deeper, Shane gave himself one final stroke and fell over the edge, moaning Ilya’s name. He felt his whole body clench as he arched his back and made a mess all over his hand and stomach. Ilya grunted and pulled out of Shane, ripping the condom off before giving himself one final tug and adding to the mess on Shane’s chest.

They were both panting, looking at their combined cum. Ilya groaned softly again as he reached forward, swirling a bit of it into Shane’s skin with his thumb. “I love you,” Shane whispered, looking up at the older man, still breathless.

Ilya leaned forward and captured Shane’s lips in a deep kiss. “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

Tebe vsegda nuzhno tak mnogo vnimaniya, ne tak li? - always so needy, aren’t you?

Vozbuzhdonny kak zaychik - horny like a bunny

zaychik - bunny

i loved writing the scene between yuna and shane so much!!! i felt like it was super necessary and i loved being able to show yuna was trying even tho she made not seem like it! she's just a mama bear okay?? she was mean but honestly it was justified lmao, but let me know what you think!!! it's so interesting to see how much the dynamic is changing now that everything is out in the open! also s/o real one david hollander who knew our boys needed some space. maybe he didn't anticipate exactly what they'd use it for we love him nonetheless for it!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

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Chapter 28: Chapter 28- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya helped Shane into the shower and got them both cleaned off in record time, still anxious about David and Yuna returning. They dressed in shorts and t-shirts since the day was going to be so hot, and Ilya couldn't help but smile when Shane said he "forgot" to get one of his shirts and needed to borrow another one of Ilya's. He was so relieved his whole body sagged when they made it back up to the main level and they were still alone. Shane wanted to go sit out on the patio so Ilya followed him and settled into one of the loungers. They both had on dark sunglasses but Ilya still kept his eyes mostly closed as he relaxed. Shane pulled another one right next to Ilya's and laid down, holding his hand loosely.

"I bet they're gone until lunch," Shane hummed, brushing his thumb over Ilya's hand.

"You think?" Ilya asked, looking over at Shane.

"Yeah, they're going to want to make sure they don't accidentally walk in on anything now that they know something's going on," the younger man chuckled.

"You are taking this better than I thought," Ilya teased. "I do not think I would be this calm about this if it was me."

"I'm just happy everything's out in the open finally. I didn't realize how much it was weighing on me. I don't know how I would have coped during hockey season when I'm already super stressed out."

"I am glad you are feeling better, *malysh*," Ilya hummed. "I am feeling a bit better as well, my only sadness is that your parents see me differently now. I know your mother isn't my biggest fan right now and I cannot let myself think about your dad."

"My mom is just being dramatic because she was surprised. She'll get over it," Shane said quickly. "And I don't think you have to worry about my dad, he's like, the calmest man on

the planet.”

“You can be calm and still not be happy your friend from work is fucking your kid,” Ilya said, looking away from Shane and out towards the lake. He didn’t want to upset Shane but he couldn’t help all the anxiety that was swirling in his stomach.

“He seemed fine this morning when you two were having coffee,” Shane argued.

“He was not aggressive, but he seemed different,” Ilya shrugged. “We don’t have to get into this right now,” he said, squeezing Shane’s hand and bringing it to his lips. He pressed a soft kiss to the back of Shane’s hand and gave him a small smile. “I am happy everything is out in the open now, I am just being silly. Do not mind my mood swings.”

“Hey, don’t do that,” Shane frowned, taking off his sun glasses to look at Ilya properly.

“What?”

“Brush off how you’re feeling,” Shane clarified. “If you’re upset about something we can talk about it.”

“There is nothing to talk about, Shane,” Ilya sighed, shrugging again. “Is just me, facing consequences of my actions. Which I am more than happy to do. I would not give this, give *you*, up for anything. But that also comes with my friendship with your parents changing. It would have had to change regardless and I made peace with that, but I just think now that they know I lied to them they look at me different.”

“I can talk to them more if you want,” Shane offered, pulling their joined hands into his lap and wrapping his free hand around them as well.

“No, is okay. I am big boy, I can talk to them myself if I need to,” Ilya said, smiling over at Shane and really trying to make it meet his eyes. “Thank you for offering though.”

“If you say so,” Shane shrugged and laid back down in his lounge. He didn’t let go of Ilya’s hand though, and Ilya didn’t try to take it back.

Ilya was once again dumbstruck at how much Shane cared about him, how much he was willing to do for him. Ilya could only think of one other person on the planet that would do that for him. He remembered a time in his life when he thought no one would ever truly care for him again and couldn’t believe he got this lucky. He gave Shane’s hand another squeeze and sighed.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu,*” he said quietly, lulling his head to the side to look at his boyfriend.

Shane ended up being right, David and Yuna didn’t come back to the cottage for a few more hours, and Ilya was very content to just relax. For once he wasn’t looking over his shoulder or waiting for the other shoe to drop. After the sun rose higher and the air started to get a bit sweltering they made their way inside. Ilya laid back on the couch with Shane on top of him, they were idly watching a baseball game neither of them were really interested in.

Shane was falling in and out of sleep as Ilya ran his fingers through his hair. Ilya could feel his breaths start to even out as his eyes closed again just as the front door opened. Shane jolted awake but didn’t move off of Ilya as his parents came into the room. David came in smiling, looking at the TV.

“Yankees doing okay?” He asked, taking a seat in his usual armchair.

“Looking really good so far this season,” Ilya hummed, patting Shane’s side to get him to sit up so he could do the same. Shane yawned but obliged. He pulled a pillow into his lap and rubbed his eye with a fist, looking very sweet while he did it. It made Ilya want to pull him back into his lap but he did really want to spend some time with David as well, see if he could repair their relationship. Ilya tossed the remote to David and sat back, trying to appear casual. “There is another game on right now as well, I was flipping between.”

“I know we’re a hockey family but I have always loved baseball,” David chuckled, switching the channel to check on the other game as well.

“Is good sport,” Ilya agreed. “Much more fun to go to games than watch at home I think though.”

“Maybe we can catch a game before Shane goes back to Montreal,” David suggested. “Four of us can head down to Toronto for a Blue Jays game.”

Ilya couldn't believe what he was hearing, for a moment he really thought he had fallen asleep and was dreaming. David suggested the *four* of them going to a baseball game, like everything was normal. And for the first time, Ilya thought maybe it could be his, *their*, new normal. “That would be nice,” he finally said.

If David noticed his hesitation he didn't mention it and Ilya looked over at Shane who was smiling. He only looked up when Yuna finally joined them again, taking a seat in what was usually Ilya's arm chair, and only looking a little perturbed by it. She had a bottle of water in her hand and her hair in a pony tail.

“Did you have a nice walk?” Ilya asked, biting his lip. He knew Yuna still probably wanted him gone, but he was so desperate to find a way back to normalcy with her now, especially since David seemed to not completely hate his guts.

And to Yuna's credit she only hesitated a moment before nodding. “Yeah, the walking path is pretty shaded so we didn't get too hot.”

“Yeah, we were out on the deck for a bit but it just got too hot and Ilya didn't want to put on sunscreen so we came inside a little bit ago,” Shane hummed, poking Ilya with his foot teasingly.

“You and your sunscreen,” Ilya groaned playfully and rolled his eyes, catching Shane's foot and giving it a squeeze.

“Yeah, I can't have you looking like a leather bag when I still look young and beautiful,” Shane laughed, kicking his foot out of Ilya's grasp to dig his toes into Ilya's thigh.

Ilya huffed and almost jumped out of his seat when he heard Yuna laughing as well. He glanced over at her and she didn't look upset at the flirtatious joking or the physical affection Shane and he were engaging in and Ilya almost didn't know what to do with that information. Everything felt strangely normal, almost domestic. And that almost made Ilya more uncomfortable than them sneaking around. Even if everything had gone according to Shane's plans, Ilya expected things to change pretty dramatically especially with David. But things didn't, or well they did, but they seemed almost better?

Ilya had met his ex in-laws sporadically, and he knew they approved of their marriage, but he didn't really have a relationship with them. So he didn't quite know what to expect out of the Hollanders now. But David seemed even more keen to spend time with him, and Ilya found himself mirroring the sentiment.

The rest of the afternoon was almost serene, Ilya felt lighter than he had since he was a kid. They spent most of the day inside but as the sun was setting they made their way outside again. Ilya and David had beers and Shane and Yuna were sipping cans of ginger ale. They were all sitting by the firepit, but no one had actually started it yet. The four of them were just having a lovely time, laughing and talking. Shane had an arm around Ilya's shoulder and David held Yuna's hand in his lap and everything felt right in the world.

"He just wouldn't get off the ice," Yuna laughed. "It was so cute, after every practice the coach had to help us physically pull him off. Which honestly wasn't very hard, a four year old on skates is pretty easy to move."

"If you could catch him," David added, laughing as well. "He was always so fast, it only took him a few times on the ice to really pick it up. He was able to skate on his own so much quicker than the other kids, and I think that's when we knew we were in trouble."

"Some people it takes their whole lives to find the place where their passion and talent merge, but for Shane, it happened almost right away," Yuna hummed proudly.

"We've got tons of pictures we'll have to show you, Ilya," David chuckled.

"Yes, please," Ilya grinned. "Would love to see little baby Shane."

“He was never very little,” Yuna hummed, smiling at her son. “He was almost ten pounds when he was born. Almost broke me in half. And God his cheeks! They took up, like, 90% of his face for the first two years.”

“God,” Shane groaned.

“Did he always have these freckles?” Ilya asked, poking Shane’s cheek with a single finger.

“Oh yes,” David nodded. “He’s grown out of a lot of them actually. He was covered in them as a kid, his shoulders used to get them in the summers but that stopped around puberty.”

“Oh I need to see those pictures!” Ilya all but giggled.

“We’ll get out the scrapbooks next time you come over for dinner,” David promised.

“I can’t wait,” Ilya said, grinning over at his boyfriend.

“I’m burning them all,” Shane teased, rolling his eyes.

“Do you have any baby scrapbooks, Ilya?” Yuna asked softly and Ilya felt his stomach drop.

“Ah, no. No book. I have one picture of me and Mama and one of all four of us but that is all I have from before I left Russia,” He said carefully. He was working really hard not to bring the mood down, they were all having such a good evening. But he couldn’t lie, and his childhood wasn’t one he wanted many physical reminders of anyway.

“Well that makes those ones all the more precious,” Yuna said, giving Ilya a serious but kind look.

Ilya nodded and Shane pulled him into his side a bit more and kissed his temple. Ilya tangled his fingers with Shane's dangling from his shoulder and forced a smile.

"How about some s'mores?" David asked, patting his knees as he stood. "Shane? Go get the firewood for me and I'll bring out the food."

Shane huffed a little but nodded, detaching himself from Ilya and standing. He gave Ilya a swift kiss to the top of his head before heading off to the side of the house with the firewood. Ilya watched him go, a small smile on his face.

"Were you very young when she passed?" Yuna asked, eyes also on Shane's retreating form.

"Twelve," Ilya answered, eyes not moving from Shane.

"Wow," Yuna whispered.

"I found her body," Ilya added. He wasn't sure why, but he felt like Yuna deserved to know at least some of the story. "It was very difficult time. But I think it was worse with my father, he was sick while I was here. My brother took care of him mostly since I was working. I didn't get to see his body until it was already days after he died," he murmured.

"What's your brother doing now?" Yuna asked.

"He is cop, his wife stays home with their daughter. I haven't seen any of them since his funeral. But now with Shane, once that is public information there will be no going back, even if I wanted to. Would not be safe," Ilya said, finally looking over at Yuna.

"You're giving up a lot for him, then."

Ilya hesitated and tilted his head from side to side a few times. “Yes and no. Russia has not been home for a long time now. And there was a reason I left when I could. But it has been something I am thinking about, it’s not just that I won’t see my parents graves anymore or see my niece grow up, it is now that I can’t. And I won’t say that is easy for me to think about. But I just think about how much joy and happiness Shane brings me, the love we have for each other, and I think it is worth it.”

Yuna stayed quiet for a few minutes, searching Ilya’s face for something he couldn’t name. If she did have something she wanted to say, she didn’t get the chance because David returned with a tray of sweets, grinning. “I have the classic chocolate bars but I also brought out some peanut butter cups, that’s my favorite,” he explained.

Shane returned not too long after that, firewood and some old newspapers in hand. He and David made quick work of lighting the fire and before Ilya knew it, he was sitting with a marshmallow on the end of a stick, listening to all three Hollanders try to tell him different ways to make the best s’more. Ilya laughed more than he had in years.

He looked over at Shane, watching the firelight dance across his face, a warm feeling spreading through him that had nothing to do with the fire. He lost himself staring at Shane for a few minutes until the other man turned his head and caught him, grinning. Shane moved closer and knocked their knees together. Ilya rested his hand over Shane’s knee and smiled.

“What are you looking at?” Shane teased softly.

Ilya shrugged. “You,” he said simply, eyes darting down to Shane’s lips. But he resisted the urge to lean in and close the distance, wanting to respect the time Yuna said she needed. The whole day seemed to go so well, Ilya didn’t want to push things too far and ruin it.

Which is why Ilya was so surprised when he heard her say “I’m going to head inside.” David stood with her, bidding the two of them a goodnight. Shane and Ilya both laughed at the reminder to put out the fire she called as she walked inside.

“Today was perfect,” Shane sighed, fully leaning into Ilya and smiling.

Ilya wrapped an arm around him and nodded. “Better than I would have thought,” he admitted.

“And my mom seemed so normal tonight. I told you she just needed to calm down a bit.”

Ilya hummed and kissed the top of Shane’s head. “Yes, yes, you tell me so,” he chuckled.

“And we’ve got a whole week left before you have to go home,” Shane said.

“I am not so looking forward to that,” Ilya admitted, chuckling.

“Yeah, I know. But then you can really get into the job hunt and stuff, right? And the sooner you do that the sooner you can move. And then we’ll get to be together all the time,” Shane said, pulling back to look at Ilya.

“Unless you are playing or in class,” Ilya teased, poking Shane’s side.

“Well yeah, but other than that.”

Ilya leaned in then and kissed Shane, holding his jaw in his palm. The kiss was slow but deep, Ilya pouring all the love and care he felt into it. He truly couldn’t believe this was his life now. Shane was his boyfriend, and they weren’t going to hide, he was going to move to Montreal to be close to him, and maybe follow him elsewhere, his hockey career depending.

It was almost laughable how much his life had changed in a few short weeks. He didn’t feel stuck in his life anymore, he felt like an active participant. Things weren’t just happening to him, he was making things happen that he knew would bring him happiness. He wasn’t following his self destructive or avoidant tendencies to numb and distract himself from his negative feelings, he was working through them with his partner. Shane wasn’t the only reason for this of course. Ilya would never put that all on him, but he was just the catalyst Ilya needed to see the value in living his life instead of merely being alive. And he would be forever grateful for that, no matter what else happened between them.

Chapter End Notes

yall i'm ngl i kinda teared up writing those last two paragraphs. yes i'm on my period, why do you ask? lmao anyway, i just love seeing them happy!!! it's been such a journey to get here but i'm so glad we've gone on it together!!!! god i truly can't thank yall enough for the kind words you've left over the past few months!!! truly warms my heart!! two more chapters!!! i love you all so much!

as always kudos and comments always appreciated <3

[My Tumblr](#) if you wanna chat

Chapter 29: Chapter 29- Shane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next week flew by. Every day was just as wonderful as they possibly could be. Ilya was leaving a few days before the Hollanders to get home in time to prepare for his job interviews and Shane wanted to spend every possible second with the older man, and he was. Shane was smiling so much his face hurt at the end of every night. Shane's mom still didn't want him sleeping downstairs with Ilya, but being able to be so free with him during the day made it bearable. Just because Shane wasn't sleeping with Ilya didn't mean he wasn't still sneaking down most nights. He knew he and Ilya were about to be separated and he needed to soak up as much of him as possible. They went on walks around the property, swam in the lake and hung out with his parents. It was perfect.

On their second to last night, Shane had just come for the second time and he was grinning up at Ilya. The older man was panting and running his hands down Shane's sides like he was trying to memorize him. Shane reached one hand down to link their fingers together. "I love you," he breathed.

Ilya leaned down and pressed his lips to Shane's. "I love you too, *malysh*," he whispered against his lips. He sat up and moved to pull out but Shane whined.

"No, not yet," he pouted, wrapping his legs around Ilya's hips to keep him still.

Ilya chuckled and pushed back in the tiniest amount that he'd pulled out. He bent over and hovered over Shane, kissing and nipping along his neck. "So greedy," he hummed. "What are you going to do when I leave, hmm?"

"Die," Shane teased, tipping his head back to give Ilya better access to his neck and letting his eyes drift closed. He was worn out but he thought if Ilya wanted to go another round he probably could. They had one more night and basically a day and a half left before they had to leave.

"I'm going to miss you so much," Ilya groaned, pulling back slightly. "Miss this so much," he teased, pinching one of Shane's nipples.

Shane hissed and arched into the touch and bit his lip. “Need to make the most of the next two days then,” he moaned, rolling his hips.

Ilya laughed and sat up, Shane whined a little at the loss of closeness and opened his eyes. “*Malysh* the condom is starting to get gross,” he chuckled and pulled out. Shane watched him remove it and tie it off before tossing it towards the small bin in the corner of the room.

“Don’t use one next time then,” Shane said, heart racing. He bit his lip and watched Ilya raise his eyebrow before smirking.

He leaned over Shane again and ghosted his lips over Shane’s. “You want it raw, *zaychik*?” he whispered, voice low.

Shane’s breath started coming shorter and he felt his oversensitive dick twitch. He really didn’t know if he had any more cum left in him but Ilya was constantly pushing the limits of what Shane thought was possible. “Ilya,” he moaned, wrapping his arms around his neck.

“Answer me,” Ilya commanded, thumb pressing into Shane’s hip.

“Yes,” he moaned. “Wanna feel you. Please,” Shane breathed.

Ilya chuckled and pressed a kiss to Shane’s cheek, flopping down on the bed next to him. Shane frowned and opened his eyes.

“Sorry, baby. You’ve already worn me out,” he laughed. “I am not young man anymore.”

“Don’t be a tease,” Shane whined, shoving Ilya’s shoulder and fighting a smile.

“But is so much fun,” Ilya hummed, laying on his side and propping his head in his hand, looking down at Shane who was still laying on his back in the middle of the bed.

“You’re such an asshole,” Shane said, rolling his eyes.

“Yes but you would be so bored if I wasn’t,” Ilya teased, reaching over and dragging a finger though the cum that was starting to get cold on Shane’s stomach. Shane frowned and wiggled over slightly, trying to discourage Ilya’s ministrations. The older man laughed but drew his hand back and kissed Shane’s cheek again before getting out of the bed. He returned after just a moment with a warm washcloth and cleaned up Shane’s stomach and hole. Once he’d finished he laid back down in the bed and pulled Shane close, spooning him and kissing his shoulder.

“I do want it though,” Shane said softly, glad he was facing away from Ilya at that moment. He didn’t know why he was feeling self conscious about it, but it felt like a huge ask. He’d been thinking about it since they bought the condoms honestly but he hadn’t found a good opportunity to bring it up until now.

Ilya hummed and pressed another kiss to the back of Shane’s neck. “I will get tested when I get home and after that, okay? Has been awhile since I was with someone else and I am always careful but I want to be extra sure. Don’t want you to get sick because of me.”

Shane turned around, smiling fondly. “You don’t think you’d know by now?” he asked.

“Probably but sometimes they can be...what is word? Symptomless,” Ilya said slowly, brushing a thumb over Shane’s cheeks.

“What if I said I didn’t care? That I wanted it anyway? Before you left,” Shane pressed, eyes flicking to Ilya’s lips.

“No,” Ilya said firmly. “I’m serious about this, Shane. You will just have to wait, okay?”

Shane huffed a little but nodded. “Okay.”

“You are so smart about everything else, but dick makes you so stupid,” Ilya teased, smirking.

“Just yours,” Shane corrected, slotting one leg between Ilya’s and scooting impossibly closer to the older man.

“You are going to kill me,” Ilya chuckled, pinching at Shane’s side again.

“I should probably head back upstairs,” Shane sighed, not making any attempt to move.

“Yes,” Ilya agreed, kissing the corner of Shane’s mouth before pulling his body back slightly.

Shane groaned but untangled their limbs. He pulled his clothes back on and Ilya followed him to the door, still naked. It took everything in Shane not to try to convince Ilya into another round seeing him walk around like that. But he gave him one firm kiss and opened the door. “Night. Love you,” he whispered.

“Love you too,” Ilya hummed and closed the door after Shane.

He made his way back up the stairs slowly, trying to stay as quiet as he could. None of that mattered though when he saw the light above the stove on in the kitchen. There was no way he could get to his room without whoever it was seeing him. He groaned quietly.

The small blessing was that it was his dad he saw when he rounded the corner and not his mom. He raised his eyebrow at Shane when he finally saw him but didn’t say anything.

“She said I couldn’t sleep down there and I’m not,” Shane said petulantly, crossing his arms defensively.

His dad took a sip of the water he'd seemingly come to the kitchen for. "I think that's a technicality and you know that."

"What she doesn't know won't hurt her," Shane shrugged.

His dad sighed and motioned to the table, clearly telling Shane this was going to turn into a lecture that he really didn't want to hear. But he trudged to the table and sat down, his dad has been pretty chill about everything up until now so he hoped this wouldn't be too painful.

"I know you think she's setting these boundaries for no reason, but have you ever thought about why she might be asking you to do, or not do, certain things?" he sighed.

Shane shrugged, arms still crossed over his chest. "She doesn't like that we lied and that Ilya is older."

"She doesn't like those things, sure. But that's not the point of asking you guys to spend some time apart."

"Then what is it? Because we only have so much longer here before we leave and then a few weeks after that I'm back at school and preparing for hockey season and our time together is even less, even if he does end up moving," Shane asked indignantly. He was so annoyed but he really was trying not to be an asshole to his dad. But he also really hated being treated like a child instead of a grown adult.

"Exactly, Shane. This has all gotten very intense very fast. I'm not doubting your feelings for each other, and neither is your mother. But you two are going to need to learn to deal with not being together all the time. Asking you to spend the nights apart is just a little bit of space, and you two are going to have to do a lot more than that soon. And especially if you two stay together once you're in the MLH. You're going to be on the road a lot," His dad sighed.

Shane bristled at the implication that he and Ilya might not be together for the rest of his life but didn't correct his dad. He might have had a point and Shane didn't want to admit that. He

hadn't really thought about their situation that way. He was just trying to soak up as much of Ilya as he could while they had the opportunity.

His dad noticed his lack of response and offered him a small smile. "Can you see her point?"

"Yeah," Shane grumbled, looking anywhere but at his dad.

"Look, we're under no illusion about your relationship, Shane. And she's really trying to be supportive, the least you could do is not so blatantly disrespect her one ask of you. We hear you walk down every night. Before we knew about Ilya she was worried you had a bladder infection," he smirked. "Going to the bathroom twice a night."

Shane felt his face turn bright red and cleared his throat. He really hadn't been as sneaky as he'd thought and he was mortified.

"She's a light sleeper," His dad reminded him and Shane nodded.

"He's only here one more night," Shane grumbled.

"And you can do whatever you want, but I just want you to think about what I said, okay?" His dad asked, standing. He gave Shane's shoulder a few light pats and made his way back to his bedroom, shutting the door softly.

The next day Shane was a little moody but he hoped everyone just thought it was him being sad about Ilya leaving the next morning, which it was for the most part. Shane tried to listen to his dad but he couldn't keep himself from Ilya. He was attached to him all day, holding his hand and putting his arm around his shoulder or pressing up next to him on the couch. Ilya indulged him and didn't seem to mind much, but Shane saw him watching for reactions from his parents. Luckily his mom seemed to be sympathetic to Shane's feelings and didn't react to his childish behavior.

They made a big dinner to commemorate Ilya's last day with them, his dad grilled steaks and they ate out on the patio. They pushed dinner back a little so they could watch the sunset while they ate. It was a gorgeous evening. The sky was a breathtaking water color of reds and oranges that reflected into the lake.

"Oh my God, David," Ilya moaned around a bite of the steak. "Delicious!"

His dad laughed and cut into his own. "It was really wonderful having you here, Ilya," he said sincerely.

"You were right, David," Ilya hummed. "The change of scenery was good for me," he said, patting Shane's thigh under the table and smiling at him.

His mom gave Ilya a tight smile and nodded. "You are happier than I've ever seen you, Ilya," she said softly.

"I am," he nodded.

"I'm sure we'll all be able to laugh at the last few days next year," she said.

Shane's smile grew at his mom implying that Ilya would be able to come back next year with them. She was saying so much with so little. She was inviting Ilya back, and accepting that he would still be in their lives. It was more than his dad had done last night and it made him so happy. Obviously she was still getting used to the idea of their relationship, but she was coming around a lot quicker than Shane expected. It made his heart feel so full.

Ilya also seemed to be pleasantly surprised by her words, Shane noticed a small blush ghost over his cheeks. "We will have much to celebrate then," he said. "With the draft and everything."

"Can't wait to see where you end up," his dad said. "Hopefully a Canadian team," he added.

“I don’t know,” his mom sighed. “Boston hasn’t been very good the past few years, they don’t have this year’s first pick, I think that went to Dallas but who knows what next year holds.”

“Whatever team it is will be lucky to get you,” Ilya smiled at him. “But I am also hoping maybe Canadian team,” he chuckled.

Shane forced a smile and leaned over, bumping his shoulder against Ilya’s. “We’ll figure it out,” he said, trying to comfort Ilya and convince himself.

Ilya nodded and turned back to his steak, practically drooling as he cut off another bite and Shane couldn’t help but laugh at him. It was such a nice evening, his dad had made a wonderful dinner, the weather was perfect, everyone was getting along but Shane couldn’t help but feel a pit in his stomach at the thoughts of the future.

Later that night, Shane and Ilya were cuddling on the couch in the living room after his parents had gone to bed. Ilya was flipping through the channels on the TV, trying to find a movie or something for them to watch. His arm was draped over Shane’s shoulders and his thumb was idly rubbing circles on Shane’s bicep. Shane took a deep breath and moved away slightly, turning so he could face Ilya fully.

That got Ilya’s attention and he frowned as he turned to see the look on Shane’s face. “This looks serious,” he said, angling his body towards Shane a little more.

“It’s not,” Shane said quickly. “I mean, it is but it’s not,” he was fumbling over his words. His mouth felt like it was filled with cement and his brain had suddenly decided to stop working. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, trying to reset himself. Ilya didn’t say anything else, and Shane was glad he understood him well enough to know when Shane just needed a second.

He took another deep breath and opened his eyes. “I just think we’ve avoided talking about what the next steps look like now that so much of the original plan has changed. And I think we need to have that conversation.”

Ilya nodded and looked a little relieved. “Okay,” he agreed. “We can talk.”

“Well, we’re going to have to deal with distance before you move, and we’ve never had to go more than a few hours without seeing each other, so like,” Shane trailed off, not really sure what he was asking but his dad brought up the point the night before and he really couldn’t stop thinking about it.

“Yes, it will be hard at first probably,” Ilya said. “But is not like we do not have phone, yes? We can call and text as much as we like. I will keep you updated on moving plans and we can talk every night if you want. Is not the same as being with you, but hopefully it will not be too long before we are able to see each other more often. And we have weekends until your school starts, so we can see each other then.”

Shane nodded, already feeling better at just having some sort of confirmation that there was a way to make this work for them. He was so committed to making it work but he really had no idea what all that entailed. He’d never had a real relationship before, not one that mattered to him, not one where he cared so deeply about the other person. But he supposed Ilya having more experience was a blessing. He didn’t seem stressed about it, so Shane guessed he shouldn’t be either.

“We can FaceTime at dinner maybe?” He suggested. “That way we can have a consistent time where we can talk and I can make fun of how disgusting all your food is,” he giggled.

Ilya looked offended. “Just because I am not on rabbit food diet doesn’t mean my food is disgusting,” he laughed, poking at Shane’s sides.

“I’ve seen what you eat,” Shane argued, wiggling away from Ilya.

“You are very mean to me,” Ilya pouted, pulling Shane back into his side.

“I’m sure I can figure out ways to make it up to you,” Shane said, pressing a kiss to Ilya’s jaw. “I can’t wait until you’re finally moved,” he said softly. “Everything is going to be

perfect once you're in Montreal."

"I will be there as soon as I can, *malysh*," Ilya hummed. "You've got me on a very short leash apparently," he chuckled. "Going wherever you go."

"But when I get drafted, do you think you can come with me? Wherever I end up?" he asked softly.

"There is lots of time to talk about that," Ilya said. "I already have problems immigrating once, and I had to get married to do that," he teased. "We will have to wait and see. In perfect world, I follow you anywhere. Well in perfect world you get drafted to Canadian team and I don't have to worry about it," he added, chuckling and pressing a kiss to the top of Shane's head.

Shane didn't know what to say, so he stayed silent. This was enough for him now. He knew there would be so much extra shit they had to wade through, so many more hurdles. But for tonight, he was content. He knew Ilya loved him. He knew Ilya was willing to put in the work to make their relationship last. He knew Ilya was thinking about a future with him. They had a plan for the next few weeks, and that was enough. Whatever it was they were going to go through, it would be together. Shane smiled at the thought.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

malysh: baby

zaychik: bunny

am i gonna cry when i post chapter 30? more likely than you think!!!! i've got a few weeks still before my job starts and i'm just so glad i was able to finish that before then! i really wanted to be able to give you guys the conclusion before my life gets crazy again. because you all really helped get me through the trenches and i cannot put into words what seeing your comments and kudos has meant to me. like it's bananas. you are so amazing i love every single one of you more than words. see you in chapter 30 ❤️

Chapter 30: Chapter 30- Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Christmas Eve

Ilya couldn't believe where he was. Russians did not celebrate Christmas the same way Canadians did, so this was his first time experiencing December 25th like this. He and Shane drove back to Ottawa to stay with David and Yuna a few days before and it had been all Christmas all the time since the moment they walked through the door. Ilya had been in the country for long enough to know the broad strokes of what to expect but seeing it first hand was something else altogether.

David had horrible sweaters for all of them that Ilya absolutely loved. They'd taken some pictures together as a family in them and Ilya knew he was going to have one printed out and hung on his wall. He'd moved into his new condo in mid October, but he hadn't put much effort into decorating it. He had all his furniture and a few things from the old house, but Sveta had a great eye for design that Ilya didn't.

She was jet setting around North America and Western Europe with Rose on her latest press tour. Ilya loved seeing the two of them on red carpets together. He couldn't deny just how incredible the two of them looked together. Not just aesthetically, although that was undeniable too, but they were so sickeningly in love you could feel it through the pictures. Ilya was so fucking happy for his best friend.

Ilya was starting to make some new friends in Montreal, but he had been so happy to come back to Ottawa to see Cliff again. They'd been able to maintain their friendship pretty well but being able to hang out with him in person again had been something Ilya looked forward to more than he'd thought. Cliff and David still got lunch together and Ilya had only been jealous the first few times. He liked his new job a lot though. It was more hands on than his role at the Treasury Board. His new team was bigger than he was used to but Ilya had never really had any trouble in social settings.

The best part of his move though was obviously seeing Shane almost every day. They'd settled into a routine so easily once they'd been able to. Shane stayed over a few nights a week, he picked Shane up from practice and Ilya drove him to campus those mornings. They

cooked dinner and cuddled on the couch and had fucking fantastic sex. They had lube stashed in almost every room in the house because there were still times where it was just impossible for them to wait to get to the bedroom.

Shane had an almost impossible sex drive, which is not something Ilya ever thought he would have complained about. And to be clear, he was not complaining, but he did struggle to keep up with the younger man sometimes. And Ilya thought there was no better problem for him to have. They'd stopped using condoms basically right after they'd come back from the cottage. Ilya was true to his word that he got tested the day he got back and thankfully he'd come back clean. He told Shane over the phone and he could practically feel him vibrating with excitement.

Their first time after that had been so slow and drawn out, Ilya, much to Shane's dismay, had wanted to savor it. He hadn't fucked anyone without a condom in so long it felt almost new again. Shane was always so perfect for him, but that night was something else. Ilya felt like he was having an out of body experience. Ilya truly felt like they were *making love* that night. And things had only gotten better since.

Shane had been trying to get into Ilya's pants since they got to his parents house but Ilya had managed to keep himself under control. Unlike at the cottage, their regular house was only a two bedroom and Ilya was sleeping on an air mattress because Shane's bed was still a twin from his childhood. It barely fit him, let alone the two of them together. And sharing a wall with David and Yuna really didn't help Ilya's anxiety about sleeping with Shane while they were under his parents' roof.

Regardless of his lack of sex for the past few days, Ilya was having a wonderful time celebrating with the Hollanders. He and David had been working on a puzzle for a few hours while Shane and Yuna were watching hockey and wrapping a few last minute presents. Puzzles weren't a traditionally competitive activity but Ilya had managed to convince David he'd won by getting pieces in place faster than him. David was laughing at him but conceded as he went to the kitchen to grab them some beers.

Ilya stood up and put his hands on his hips, looking down at the table proudly at the now complete landscape. "Is nice," he said, accepting the beer David handed him. "We did good," he hummed.

“Yeah,” David agreed, patting Ilya on the back. “I’d still probably be working on it in to next week if I didn’t have your help,” he chuckled.

Ilya smiled and followed him into the living room and flopped down on the couch. They had a Yule Log video from YouTube on the TV, gently playing classic Christmas songs and a faint fire sound effect giving the room a cozy feeling Ilya had never really experienced before. Ilya really felt like he was getting a true, classic, Western Christmas Eve.

Shane and Yuna came back out a few minutes later laughing. “You two done already?” Shane asked, curling into Ilya’s side on the couch.

“Yes,” Ilya grinned, wrapping an arm around Shane and kissing his cheek. “I won.”

“I didn’t know you could win at puzzles,” Yuna teased, taking a seat next to Shane.

“Ilya won,” David nodded, smiling knowingly at his wife.

“Let’s watch Elf,” Shane said, smiling brightly. He looked like a kid at that moment. Eyes sparkling and face slightly flushed with holiday excitement.

“Have you seen that one before, Ilya?” Yuna asked, picking up the remote and switching to the correct streaming service.

“Maybe once in college,” He said, frowning as he tried to remember. “But has been so long, not sure if I remember anything about it,” he admitted, chuckling.

“Oh my God that’s perfect then!” Shane said, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s waist and squeezing a little. “Elf was my favorite as a kid,” he explained.

“Is not your favorite now?” Ilya asked, genuinely curious.

“Well, maybe,” Shane said slowly, shrugging. “I guess it might still be, but you might make fun of me once you see it,” he laughed.

“Ah well, I must see it at once!” Ilya declared and David laughed loudly. “Yuna, please, time is of the essence!” Yuna laughed too and pressed play, sitting back and smiling over at her husband.

Ilya did end up really enjoying the movie, he even had to bite his cheek to keep his emotions in check a few times. He knew what it was like to have issues with your father, and he was so happy when the family reconciled at the end. Ilya didn’t look but he figured Shane must have noticed his reaction because he held him a little bit tighter which almost made it worse. He was struck with a sudden wave of gratitude. Not that Christmas was important to him, he didn’t grow up celebrating it in Russia, not like how they do other places, but having a family to call his own. Having traditions they were starting together and ones he was being folded into felt almost too good. They were all wearing matching pajamas, the only present Yuna said they were allowed to open tonight.

It was sweet, how serious they all were about their Christmas pajamas. Shane had been practically bouncing in his seat as Yuna brought out the boxes for all of them. Ilya had been more than a little surprised to be included, but was over the moon nonetheless. He’d wanted to change into them as soon as he realized what was going on. He could never have imagined his life ending him up here, feeling like a little kid with a loving family and the love of his life all by his side all at once.

As the credits started to roll he heard David yawn and cleared his throat, trying to cover up what he was feeling. Shane sat up and kissed Ilya’s cheek. “I think we’re going to head to bed,” he hummed, standing and pulling Ilya with him.

“Yeah, it’s getting late,” Yuna nodded.

“I can’t wait for tomorrow,” Ilya grinned. “My very first ever Canadian Christmas!”

“Who knows what Santa brought you,” Shane teased.

“I think you will like what he got you,” Ilya smiled.

“Whatever it is, it’ll be perfect.”

“Night you two,” David called, already down the hall, laughing with Yuna. Ilya didn’t care if they were acting silly. He’d had Shane’s gift for just a week but it was still killing him not to have already given it to him yet, Yuna Hollander’s rules be damned.

Shane pulled Ilya down to his bedroom, smile huge. He closed the door behind them and kissed Ilya deeply, running his fingers through his hair. Ilya’s hands rested on Shane’s hips and nipped at his bottom lip.

“Ilya,” Shane whined, voice breathy and delicious.

“We can’t,” Ilya groaned, whispering the best he could.

“We can,” Shane argued, tugging Ilya by the drawstrings on his brightly colored pants towards the twin bed.

“Your parents,” Ilya frowned, gesturing to the shared wall between them.

“We can be quiet,” Shane whispered, grinning evilly at Ilya, biting his lip in the way he knew Ilya couldn’t resist.

“*Malysh*,” Ilya groaned, knowing he’d lost the battle. He pressed his lips to Shane’s again and pushed him back, laying him down on the small mattress. He hovered over Shane, one hand on the bed beside his head and the other holding Shane’s face, thumb pushing past his lips. Ilya had to hold *himself* back when Shane instantly started sucking, pleading with Ilya with his eyes.

“You will be good, yes? Quiet like a mouse,” Ilya hummed, pressing down on Shane’s tongue, gagging him just a little.

He nodded around Ilya’s intrusion and whimpered softly. “I don’t know, Shane,” he frowned, condensation lacing his voice. “You are always so vocal. I don’t know if you can handle it.”

Ilya chuckled as he saw the panicked desperation in his boyfriend’s eyes. He didn’t say anything verbally but he sucked harder at his thumb and wrapped his arms around Ilya’s back, nails digging into Ilya’s skin through his shirt.

Ilya pulled back and slipped out of his shirt, Shane following suit before reaching for Ilya’s pants. Once they were both naked, Shane was on his knees in record time. Shane had gotten so good at taking Ilya over the past few months so he didn’t even gag as he took Ilya all the way, his nose brushing against Ilya’s pubic hair in no time.

Ilya had to check himself to not moan loudly. No matter how many times Shane did this, it never stopped feeling incredible. It was not something you could ever get used to. And Shane was always so hungry for it. All of the teasing he did towards Shane was projection, he knew, because Ilya was just as vocal as he was in the bedroom. He held the back of Shane’s head with one hand and bit down on the other to keep himself from alerting his in-laws of their activities.

He had to pull Shane off as he felt himself get close, knowing Shane would be upset if he came so soon and pushed him back towards the bed. He turned Shane around and grabbed a pillow to put under his hips, manhandling Shane into the right position before he kneeled at the edge of the bed. Ilya kneaded at Shane’s asscheeks for a few minutes, just savoring the perfect view he had. Shane huffed after a minute though and tried to push back a little, Ilya chuckled softly but spread his cheeks and licked a long slow stripe across his hole.

He felt the tight ring flutter at the contact and bit down on the soft skin at the small of Shane’s back to keep himself quiet. He took a deep breath before diving back in and giving smaller, quicker licks until he finally pushed his tongue past the entrance. Ilya heard Shane gasp and felt him tense as he tried to stay silent. Ilya smirked to himself as he fucked his tongue in and out, feeling Shane buck back against him. He had to put a hand on the small of Shane’s back to hold him still, which did worsen the angle he was able to get but Ilya was committed.

This was Ilya's favorite place to be in the world. If Shane was so horny he couldn't wait the two more days until they were back in Montreal, Ilya was going to take advantage of the opportunity. He licked and sucked and fucked his tongue in and out of Shane, reveling in it. Shane was shaking as he fought to keep still and quiet. He reached behind himself and grabbed at Ilya's hair, tugging slightly. He pushed Ilya's face further into him and ground back, silently asking for more and Ilya was more than happy to oblige. He pushed a finger in alongside his tongue, humming when he felt Shane shudder. Ilya added a second almost instantly, Shane was practically pulling Ilya into himself as desperate as he was.

Ilya pulled back and kissed Shane's shoulder. "Lube," he whispered, he knew there was some in his car (Ilya still had a thing for seeing Shane fucked out on the expensive leather, sure him) and he usually kept some in his travel bag but that was somewhere lost in the dark room. He was a little surprised when he saw Shane reach towards his bedside table. He laughed and had to bite his lip to muffle his noises. Shane tossed him a small sample sized bottle of lube over his shoulder towards Ilya.

"You've been planning, *zaychik*," Ilya chuckled, whispering softly.

"Yes," Shane huffed back indignantly. "I've been trying to get you to fuck me for two days. I really thought you were going to turn me down again," he pouted, looking over his shoulder.

Ilya couldn't help the laugh that escaped his lips. He looked at Shane so fondly. He was so cute when he was upset and horny. Ilya sat down on the bed and pulled Shane into his lap. "I was just trying to be respectful of the close corridors, *moya lyubov*," He whispered, pressing his lips to Shane's.

Shane let him kiss him for a moment before he reached down to stroke Ilya. "Gonna ride you," he informed him, smirking.

Ilya bit Shane's shoulder to keep quiet and he felt Shane get up on his knees and line up. Shane also took some of Ilya's shoulder into his own mouth for the same reason as slowly began to descend. Ilya hadn't spent too much time actually opening Shane up, so he was still so tight. Luckily the box springs didn't seem to be creaky because Shane set a brutal pace for himself, chasing their orgasms he'd been begging for for multiple days.

Ilya held Shane's hips and helped him lift himself as he neared the edge. Neither of them were going to last much longer, and Ilya was starting to worry about Shane's ability to stay quiet the closer he got. Usually Ilya encouraged Shane's vocalizations, drinking in every filthy word, plea for more, and moan, but he was not going to be able to enjoy tomorrow if Shane woke up his parents right now. He watched his face closely, seeing the strain in his jaw loosen as his mouth fell open. Ilya clamped a hand over his mouth just as Shane came, making a mess between them. Ilya groaned lowly and thrust his hips up into Shane one, twice, three more times before he was emptying himself into the younger man.

Shane collapsed forward and wrapped his arms tightly around Ilya's neck, burrowing his face in his hair. Ilya kissed across the skin that was in his reach, smiling contentedly.

Ilya woke up to Shane hovering over him grinning. "Merry Christmas, Ilya," he whispered, pressing a kiss to his lips.

Ilya hummed and returned the kiss, almost disappointed when the younger man pulled back. "What time is it?" he asked groggily.

"Almost seven," Shane smiled, sitting up fully. "Come on, I want to give you your gift!"

"What about the one Santa got me?" Ilya teased, sliding out of the bed anyway.

"Shut up," Shane laughed, shoving Ilya's shoulder as he passed him to open the door and walk out to the living room.

David and Yuna were of course already awake and sitting in the living room with coffee mugs in hand, cuddled together on the couch. Yuna turned when she heard them approach and smiled. "Merry Christmas, you two."

"Merry Christmas," Ilya responded, grinning.

Ilya was struck again by the scene before him. The Christmas tree twinkling in the corner, presents piled under it and the family in matching red and green pajamas. And he was a part of all that. It almost made him dizzy. Shane slipped his hand into Ilya's and kissed his cheek.

"I've got cinnamon rolls in the oven," David said, making his way to the kitchen and reappearing with two more mugs of coffee, one black and the other nearly white. Ilya thanked David quietly and took a sip of the super sweet coffee.

"We're going to eat and then we'll open gifts, okay?" Yuna hummed.

"How long until they're ready?" Shane asked, Ilya could tell he was impatient.

"Ten minutes," David chuckled.

Ilya herded Shane into the living room so they could drink their coffee. Ilya did feel very anxious to give Shane his present, he couldn't wait to see his face. He'd also gotten David and Yuna a few small things, and he was excited for them to receive them, but it was a whole other level with what he was giving Shane.

David brought plates into the living room so they could all eat on the couch together. It was such a picturesque Christmas morning. Ilya hadn't seen too many Christmas movies but he thought this scene would fit right into one. And once they'd finally all finished eating, Yuna took the dishes into the kitchen and when she finally sat back down, she nodded at Shane and he practically bounced to the tree, digging around for one specific box. He returned to the couch and shoved it at Ilya, his smile just as bright as the lights on the tree.

Ilya took the box and carefully unwrapped it, laughing when he saw what was inside. He kissed Shane's cheek and held it up for the rest of the room to see. It was a *Hollander 24* jersey, clearly from the university's arena gift shop. Ilya melted at the thought though, he'd managed to make it to most home games so far this season and now he'd had something to wear to the rest of the games. "Is perfect. *Spasibo, lyubimyy*," he said, pressing his lips to Shane's gently.

“It’s not too cheesy?” Shane asked, biting his lip. “You totally don’t have to wear it if you don’t want, I just thought it might be nice.”

“No, no, not cheesy,” Ilya reassured quickly. “Like I said, is perfect.”

Shane beamed and hugged Ilya tightly for a moment.

“We can all match next game,” Ilya said, turning to David and Yuna, both who were also smiling sweetly.

David stood and grabbed a few small boxes from the tree and handed them to Ilya. “All these?” he asked, surprise thick in his voice.

“You didn’t think all these were for Shane did you?” David teased.

“He’s an only child but we do really try not to spoil him that much,” Yuna laughed.

Ilya opened the boxes slowly, fighting the tears in his eyes with every new present opened. Most of the gifts were labeled as from David and Yuna but there were a couple labeled from Santa as well. There were a few new shirts, a tie David was very excited to show him, and a few things for the condo that seemed to have been picked out by Yuna. She smiled at Ilya, any animosity from the summer had long gone, replaced now with only fondness.

She’d even come up to help him unpack one weekend all on her own. Shane was at an away game for the weekend and David also had something else going on. Ilya was nervous about the idea but was so glad he’d agreed to it at the end of the day. They’d gotten a lot done, Yuna ran a tight ship, and they’d been able to bond while working on something together. She left the next morning and hugged him tightly before she left. Ilya hadn’t been hugged like that since before his Mama had died, he’d been able to hold it together long enough for her to get in her car but as soon as Ilya shut the front door he’d sobbed. It was such a nice feeling and he felt so lucky to have it in his life again.

Ilya took a deep breath and tried to keep his emotions in check as he sat his gifts aside. He and David cleared the wrapping paper before he hugged him tightly, breaking only to do the same to Yuna. "Thank you," he whispered to her. She rubbed his back and held him for longer than necessary. She gave him one last squeeze before pulling away.

"Now is your turn," he said after another deep breath. He handed a gift bag to David and a small box to Yuna before grabbing Shane's gift and returning to the couch.

David pulled the new mug out of the bag, grinning. It was from the coffee shop Ilya had taken him to the last time they'd been in Montreal. David hadn't stopped talking about how much he'd liked it there, so Ilya thought he could bring a little bit of it to Ottawa for him. Yuna gasped a little when she saw the dainty silver locket Ilya had bought her. "Oh, Ilya," she sighed. "It's beautiful."

"I thought you could put Shane and David inside," Ilya said, rubbing the back of his neck. He'd spent a lot of time trying to figure out what to get her. Their relationship was so good now, but he still felt the need to make this perfect. "Or whatever you want," he added, forcing a chuckle.

"I love it," She said, smiling at him across the room and Ilya could tell she was telling him the truth. "Thank you."

Ilya turned to Shane who had a heavier box in his lap. He was waiting for the go ahead from Ilya, and he nodded. He smiled as Shane carefully lifted the paper from the box, almost unwrapping it completely without tearing any of the paper. He frowned as he looked down at the manila envelope, clearly confused. He took it out slowly and pulled the paper out, eyes scanning the first page quickly before dropping them completely and launching himself at Ilya.

"It's done?" He asked, smile so wide it might have hurt the younger boy.

"I am officially divorced," he confirmed, nodding.

"That's great!" David said from across the room.

“When did you know?” Shane asked, turning back to the pile of court papers.

“Got this from the court last week,” Ilya answered. “Was worried it wouldn’t get finalized in time and I’d have to find something else for you,” he laughed.

“This is the best news ever!” Shane exclaimed, kissing Ilya firmly, holding his head between both his hands. Ilya kissed him back as best he could with how much he was smiling. At the beginning of the year he’d been dreading this day, but here he was, celebrating his divorce finalization with his boyfriend and his in-laws. With that chapter finally closed in his life, he felt like he could finally start fully living in this new one. And he was so, so excited to do so.

Chapter End Notes

Russian:

zaychik- bunny

Spasibo, lyubimyy, - thank you, love

guysssss i'm so emotional right now. i actually finished this yesterday but i held off posting until today because i didn't want it to be over! this started out as just something for me to fill my time with while i was looking for a new job and unbelievably depressed after getting laid off, but it turned into something i could never have imagined! getting to talk to you all in the comments and hearing how you liked certain things or were excited about others, it truly helped me more than you'll ever know. i cannot believe i'm actually getting to mark this fic as complete. it feels surreal. i start my new job one week from today so i managed to reach my goal and finish it before that started. i know i've promised you all another fic and i do still want to write it, but i'm going to take a few weeks to get settled into my new schedule before i start writing again. i hope you all will still be here after that, but if not, i just wanted to say thank you again for everything the past couple of months. i love you so much 

Chapter 31: Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

June

Shane bounced his leg in his seat, reaching over to grab Ilya's hand. The air conditioning was blasting in the theatre but he was sweating. He had never been more nervous in his life. Not even last summer when his parents had found him and Ilya in the lake. He felt Ilya squeeze his hand as the lights went down. His mom was on his other side, her hand on his shoulder. His dad was on the other side of his mom so he wasn't touching him, but Shane could feel his eyes on him. He had all the most important people in his life here for the most important moment in his career.

The draft was being held in New York this year. Scott Hunter was here somewhere, having won MVP after leading the Admirals to their first Cup win in nearly a decade just a week prior. Shane particularly wanted to talk to him afterwards because during the celebrations on ice he'd introduced the world to his boyfriend, coming out at the same time. Shane hadn't hidden Ilya at all during his last season with his school but he hadn't ever done anything to publicly come out. The people who needed to know, knew, and the ones who didn't weren't important enough for Shane to feel like telling.

But seeing Hunter come out was huge. He and Ilya had been at Shane's apartment watching the Cup finals with a bunch of people including most of Shane's team. They'd all gotten pretty used to Ilya being around. After the shock of Shane coming out to them at the start of the fall semester, they'd all been pretty accepting actually. Hayden still wasn't Ilya's biggest fan, but he said it had nothing to do with his sexuality, but just his overall personality. Shane was still trying to get them to get along.

When Hunter had hoisted the Cup there had been some groans from people who wanted San Francisco to win while the New York fans had celebrated. But everyone shut up, including Ilya and Hayden who'd been bickering about something unimportant, when Hunter had skated over to the boards and called some random guy from the crowd down to the ice. Shane felt like his head exploded when he'd pulled that random guy in for a kiss.

"Oh my God," Ilya breathed, arm around Shane's shoulder tightening.

“Did he just?” Shane trailed off.

“Yeah,” Ilya responded dumbly.

Ilya had fucked Shane so hard that night he literally limped the next day. It obviously wasn't the most important thing that had happened that day, but it was a close second.

So Shane really, really, needed to talk to Hunter about that after he was drafted. All the news outlets still predicted Shane to go first overall, and with Montreal having the first pick this year, Shane wanted it to be true even more. If he could stay in this city and Ilya didn't have to move, that would be so perfect. Maybe he'd even be able to buy an apartment, something nice he and Ilya could live in together.

Shane hadn't heard a word the presenters were saying as they spoke to the cameras about the event. He knew what was happening and it was trying his best not to throw up about it. He looked over at Ilya and sighed.

“Why this frown, *malysh*?” Ilya whispered, reaching up with his free hand and running a thumb across his bottom lip.

“What if they choose someone else?” Shane groaned. “The next three teams are American teams.”

“If Metros don't pick you, that coach is stupider than he looks,” Ilya said, smirking.

Shane opened his mouth to respond but was cut off by the presenters. There was a huge screen on the stage and the announcers were talking about different draft prospects and the camera was panning to the people they were talking about. Shane realized a second after it happened that he was on the screen. He tried really hard to act natural, like he wasn't aware that he was being filmed but he knew his body had stiffened up significantly. His eyes were drawn to his and Ilya's hands intertwined, huge on the screen. He took a deep breath and

smiled at Ilya, the camera just barely catching it before it switched to some other prospect and his family.

There was another half hour of more stuff on stage mostly for the TV audience and Shane was starting to get antsy. His dad handed him a bottle of water and he took it gratefully. When the Metros finally had the floor and their decision clock started to count down, Shane felt the same, strange sense of calm he felt during the last few minutes of a game wash over him. He'd done the work. He was here because he was an incredible player. He'd done everything he could at this point. It was all out of his hands now.

He'd had meetings with almost every team's coaching staff and he knew that the Metros had told him they really wanted him, but anything could happen. They could have decided they needed more defencemen or a new goalie instead of a center. They could have decided that Shane being gay wasn't the kind of image they wanted for their team. That would really suck, but Shane would have understood. Just because Scott Hunter had just come out didn't mean the MLH was suddenly an overly inclusive organization.

His mom reached over and grabbed his other hand as the general manager and head coach got up from their table and made their way to the podium with the commissioner. They handed him a slip of paper and he nodded, stepping up to the mic. He felt the circulation in both his hands start to lessen as Ilya and his mom tightened their grip in anticipation.

"The Montreal Metros, for their first overall pick of the 2026 MLH draft choose," the commissioner started, taking a deep breath before continuing. "Shane Hollander, forward from the University of Montreal!"

Shane was pulled out of his seat by his mom who hugged him so tight he coughed a little. His dad pulled him away from her only to also give him the same kind of all consuming hug. When he finally managed to pull back he turned around and finally looked at Ilya who had tears in his eyes as he clapped. Shane gave him a tight hug and kissed his cheek before making his way to the stage. He shook hands with everyone and took pictures before he was ushered backstage to do press.

The next few hours were a blur, he was in a constant state of movement, going from photo op to media availability rooms to more photo ops to meeting some of his new teammates and talking with more of the draft class. He was on cloud nine. He couldn't believe everything

had actually worked out the way he dreamed it would. Eventually it was time for the after party and he was finally able to reconnect with his family.

He made a bee line for his mom, anxious to tell her about everything that had just happened. He saw his new coach at one of the tall tables near the edge of the room speaking with his family and made his way over. His dad pulled him into another hug and gave him a few pats on the back.

“Shane!” Coach Desjardins called, grinning.

“Hi, sir. I just wanted to say again that I’m so grateful for the opportunity. I can’t wait to get to work,” Shane said, heart pounding in his chest. He reached for Ilya’s hand, needing to ground himself since everything was feeling so surreal.

“You won’t find anyone who works harder than him,” His mom said, smiling proudly.

“We know you’re going to be a great asset to the team,” his coach nodded. “Both on and off the ice,” he said, motioning to Ilya. “We actually think it’s great he’s gay. You know with all the buzz Hunter’s been getting, this will really boost our image.”

Shane’s smile faltered a little bit at that and he could feel Ilya tense beside him. He hated the idea that his sexuality played any part in the decision to draft him. He was the best university hockey player in all of North America, him being gay didn’t factor into that. But he knew better than to bite the hand that was feeding him so he stayed quiet. He’d have time to prove himself.

“You know,” his mom started, sensing the tension and doing her best to ease it. “I grew up a Metros fan! My family watched every game growing up, and we obviously carried that tradition on with Shane. We all were really hoping to get the opportunity to play for you.”

“Yeah, he told me about that in one of our calls,” Desjardins hummed. “Well, we’re excited to have him. I’ll leave you all to it, I’ve got some more folks to catch up with,” he smiled and shook Shane’s hand again before wandering off into the rest of the party.

“You want a drink?” Ilya asked him softly, lips brushing against Shane’s ear. The party was loud, but this was more of an effort to be close than a necessity of the crowd’s volume.

“I’ll actually come with you,” Shane said. “We’ll be right back,” he told his parents before pulling Ilya towards the bar.

Ilya followed closely after him, hand dropping Shane’s in favor of the small of his back. They saddled up to the bar and waited for the bartender to notice them.

“That was weird, right?” Shane finally asked, biting his lip and looking at his boyfriend.

“It was unfortunate wording,” Ilya nodded. “But I think probably means they will be good to you, no? If they want to keep you happy to keep up their reputation?”

“I just hate to think I’m some sort of diversity token for them,” Shane sighed.

“*Malysh*,” Ilya said firmly, turning to face Shane completely. “You are the best hockey player in the world. Never doubt this.”

Shane felt himself blush a little. No matter how long they’d been together, hearing Ilya sing his praises never failed to turn Shane’s insides to mush. Ilya looked seriously at Shane for another moment before pressing a short kiss to his lips.

“I love you,” Shane sighed, resting his forehead against Ilya’s.

“Always,” Ilya agreed. He stepped back as the bartender approached them and ordered drinks for their whole group, a beer for his dad, a red wine for his mom, a vodka neat for himself and a ginger ale for Shane, knowing Shane had said he’d wanted to keep his wits about him tonight. They looked around the room as they waited. Shane was specifically looking for Hayden, who he knew had to be around there somewhere. He’d been drafted to the Metros

too, third round so Shane hadn't been able to speak to him yet. He was ecstatic that he'd be able to keep playing with his best friend.

"Shane!" he heard someone call, and when he turned around to see who it was, Shane's heart stopped.

"Mr. Hunter," He stuttered. "Hi."

"Congrats, rook," he grinned, holding his hand out for Shane to shake, which he did, trying to figure out if the older man could tell how sweaty his palms had just become.

"Thank you, Mr. Hunter," Shane said, internally kicking himself, knowing he was sounding so stupid.

"You can call me Scott," he chuckled. "I've been looking for you. Wanted to say hi."

"We saw what you did," Shane said. "I mean, obviously you had your own reasons for doing it, but I just wanted to say thank you. It meant a lot, like so much. And it was really brave." Shane knew he was rambling but he just couldn't make his mouth stop moving.

"So it's true then?" Hunter asked, looking between him and Ilya. "I wasn't sure if some of the guys were just being dicks and spreading rumors."

"This is Ilya," Shane said, smiling over at him. "He is my boyfriend," he nodded. "If that's what you mean."

"Nice to meet you, Ilya," he nodded in acknowledgment. "Shane, I know you've got a lot on your plate right now. But I just want you to know, if you need anything, ever, you can reach out."

"How about you let me watch some of the Admirals' practice tapes?" Shane smirked.

“Almost anything,” the older man corrected himself, laughing.

“Thanks,” Shane said sincerely.

“Have a good night, rook. And congrats again,” Hunter said before patting Shane on the back and disappearing back into the crowd.

“Oh my fucking God,” Shane breathed, looking at a smirking Ilya.

“Should I be jealous? I know you have a thing for older men,” Ilya teased.

“Fuck off,” Shane said, rolling his eyes and grabbing two of the drinks set before them. Ilya laughed and grabbed the other two, following Shane back to the table with his parents.

By the time they got back to the hotel room, it was well after midnight and Shane thought he’d never been more tired in his life. It was the best day, and also the longest. As he got ready for bed, he thought back to that morning when he was getting dressed. It felt like a lifetime ago. When he’d gotten his shirt unbuttoned he felt huge arms wrap around his waist and lip press into his shoulder.

“I am so proud of you,” Ilya hummed, holding him tight against his chest.

“Today was unreal,” Shane said, yawning. “Thank you for coming.”

“I wouldn’t have missed this for the world,” Ilya said, pressing another kiss to the side of Shane’s neck.

Shane turned in Ilya’s arms and draped his arms over his shoulders, letting his fingers tangle in the mass of curls on his head. “I get to stay in Montreal,” he smiled.

“That is good news,” Ilya nodded, pressing a kiss to Shane’s nose.

“And my lease with Hayden and Jackie is up in a month,” Shane said slowly, biting his lip.

Ilya’s hands moved further down and cupped Shane’s ass, humming.

“And your lease on the condo is up in three,” Shane continued. “And I’m going to need someone to watch my place while I’m on roadtrips...”

“Shane Hollander,” Ilya grinned, pulling back to look at Shane directly. “Are you asking me to move in with you?”

Shane blushed and knocked his forehead against Ilya’s. “I mean we practically live together already. I’m at your place more than mine.”

“I would love to *malysh*,” Ilya smiled, kissing Shane deeply.

Shane sighed into the kiss and held Ilya tighter. A year ago Shane was so lonely he hadn’t even known. And now he was in a hotel room in New York City with his boyfriend, after having achieved his life long dream. He was planning for the future and he couldn’t imagine how much better his life could get. He giggled as Ilya pulled him towards the bed, falling into it after him. If today was any indication of how great the future was going to be, he couldn’t wait to see it.

Chapter End Notes

hehehehehe supriseeeeeeee 🐱

i have been planing the epilogue basically since the beginning but then i thought it would be a fun bonus chapter after i posted the last chapter. i hope you're not mad 😊 everything i said yesterday still stands! i love you all so muchhh!!! i hope to be back soon! i have a bunch of tabs about slavic folklore open rn trying to see if i wanna try to

write those kinds of vampires or what but i'm so excited please come and talk to me on [tumblr](#) in the meantime! ilysm 

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