Open Windows

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by Crowleysmistress

Summary

As they design the summer camp Ilya needs Shane to understand how important Open Windows, transparency, everything being visible is to him. If it could be designed like the Cottage that would be ideal. Miscommunication and fustration leads to a tense and difficult night that ends in sercrets being revealed.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“What’s name of your architect? For the Cottage?” Ilya asked as they turned onto the last offroad that led them into the forest and up to the property where they were planning on setting up the Ottawa summer camp.

Shane ran through the list of things they had scheduled, it was going to be a busy day on site. Visits with structural engineers and a septic tank company. They were still dealing with pre-build, they were nowhere near the building process yet. After that they’d need permits. Then utilities, he was thinking they could go off-grid and sustainable. It would be more costly as an investment but it would look very good in their marketing. Although Shane knew he was getting ahead of himself.

“Trevor Mclvor?” Shane slowed down a bit, they’d need to regravel everything the last 5 kms. Particularly with heavier traffic, there would be potholes quickly. Should they wait closer to opening time or do it now and re-apply if needed later?

“Yes, he design with nice open window panels.” Ilya spreads his hands wide across the windshield.

“Which you complain about every single morning.”

“Maybe, not so good to face the sun. Instead the sunset.”

“Well, maybe we can use the storm shutters. Get the room dark. It’s a simple button.” Shane arched his eyebrow, but Ilya was looking out the window and didn’t get his judgy look.

“No, it’s good for the body. Circadian rhythm. More natural.”

Shane grinned, “My god, you love to complain.” He glanced over in time to see Ilya shrug, a half-smile tugging on his lips too.

They were early and Shane made sure to show Ilya some impressive rhythm before the first contractors arrived.

It caught him by surprise. First, Ilya trusted him. Second, the anger. He didn’t know where it came from. Third, he’d walked out. Well drove out and that was a fucking surprise because Ilya hated driving. Wasn’t even good at it, not that he liked to admit it. Despite the fact that Ilya owned a bunch of sports cars, all they did was sit in his garage and look pretty. They were too pretty to be driven.

Shane shook his head and walked to the fridge. He pulled out a ginger ale and replayed the conversation in his head.

Shane had been looking at the proposed floor plans for the camp structure. He even had a draft table, he'd found for cheap on a neighborhood app and he liked construction and flipping. He wasn't going to be able to play professional hockey forever. It wasn't ridiculous, he was getting good use out of it.

"Working hard Mr. Builder?" He'd smiled and leaned back into Ilya's strong frame, who had come up behind him and was digging the tips of his fingers into the fleshy part of his shoulders as he leaned over him.

"Yeah, it's a first draft but it's also a simple structure so I think we'll offer minimal changes." Shane scooted a bit to the left so Ilya could see.

"Who this Marc Ferte Plée?" He ran his fingers over the architect's name.

"The architect we're quoting with." Shane had turned his head a bit.

"The cottage architect is not this one."

"No, of course not. Trevor Mclvor is a celebrity architect." Shane's brow furrowed in question.

"Oh and you are not a celebrity national hockey player? You fuck celebrity actress Rose Landry. You fuck celebrity hockey player Ilya Rozanov." Ilya had separated from Shane and was angrily glowering at him.

"Ilya, I mean, he does famous projects and has a long wait time. Not something simple like this. I could probably design this myself."

Ilya let out an exasperated sigh and grabbed Shane's hand, "We talked about this. At the camp. Yes?"

Shane remembered that Ilya asked about the architect's name but he hadn't gotten that he meant he wanted him to design the school. Ilya's English had improved, and he mentally reprimanded himself for not setting up his Russian tutoring yet, but the way he was always in a rush made him jump to conclusions. Cut certain things out and think everything was understood.

"No," Shane shook his head, "I'm sorry, I didn't understand that. I don't think he works that far. Ottawa is almost 5 hours from his office."

Something flitted across Ilya's face, "Too famous, my English not good, too long a wait, too far for him. So many excuses. This architect is good looking? He worked on the Cottage a long time?" Ilya cocked his eyebrow.

Oh, this is not how Shane expected things to go at all.

Ilya stepped away, into the living room. His face lit by the phone screen and Shane wondered if he was looking up the guy's socials. Shane worried what Ilya would say about the architect being an ex-hockey player? To be fair, all of Shane's contacts are related to hockey. The guy

is married and with kids but Shane stressed out about it and the worst thing is he knew it wasn't about that at all.

"Ilya, what is going on? You don't like these plans? We can change them, that's what the revision phase is for." Shane held back from his normal instinct of telling Ilya to fuck off, because something felt off.

Suddenly Ilya stepped towards the floor plans. Composed. "You already choose architect, hmm. It's okay." He raised his palms in a conciliatory manner. "But nice open window, yeah?"

Shane nervously bit his lower lip, so that is what Ilya had meant. He had to admit, it would look sweet if they had glass panels like at the Cottage. When the kids were playing on the inside rink it would seem like they were outside. They were going to have an outside rink on the lake, but to have the inside one feel like they were outside without freezing their asses off would be fantastic. This man was a genius. Shane bent over, grabbing a draftsman pencil, and made the markings to indicate window panels. He'd have to talk to the energy guy as that would change all of the estimates.

"There, I fixed it." Shane smiled brightly at Ilya and extended a hand towards him. Ilya had stepped up to the draft table, his finger trailed over the new wall to wall panel in the skate rink area and then his finger ran down the tight hallway corridor.

"Here."

"What?" Shane had asked, truly confused.

"Nice open window." His tone was like a tired father explaining to a child, again.

"But those are the offices, lockers, bathrooms…those can't be open. They need privacy."

"Fuck privacy." The vehemency surprised Shane and he whipped around to look at Ilya directly. It was too late. He was muttering in Russian as he strided away.

Shane sat mouth agape as Ilya slammed the door and drove away. In his car. The one that Ilya called boring. At least it was a safe car, with good suspension. But Ilya didn't know these roads, he wasn't on the insurance. That would be a real fun way to come out. Scott Hunter won the Cup and kissed his boyfriend on the ice on national TV to the cheers and hoots of hometown love and Shane would get paparazzi flashes and ambulances when Ilya wrapped his car against a Sugar Maple in Shane's car, storming out of his hide-away cottage.

The worst part of him storming out, he was angry and Shane still wasn't sure why.

"Fuck Privacy." That would be guaranteed when the paparazzi arrived to take pictures of his corpse and the terrible car accident. Shane thought of texting him, but if he did he could cause the fatal car accident he had playing in a constant loop in his head.

After an hour Shane logged onto the Lo-Jack app and saw that his car was at the Indian Grocery about 10kms away.

He watched a reality show where people gave ultimatums and ended up marrying a new person. He hated all the couples. They were all stupid. Everyone should live alone. He was stupid. He should live alone. Enjoy his Cottage without someone stealing his car and driving it dangerously and maybe dying and getting their picture taken by the paparazzi. He hoped Ilya was safe. His stomach was a ball of nerves. He checked the app again, still parked at the grocery. Did they sell alcohol there? No, the only place to buy liquor nearby was at the LCBO or the dépanneur.

“What an asshole.” Shane thought of towing the car but decided against it. He went to bed early and closed the shutters. Darkness encapsulating the room with the easy push of a button. Ilya hadn’t let him close the shutters since the first time he’d visited the Cottage last summer, this would be a blissful, dark sleep.

Shane woke groggy, his body wasn’t used to the extreme darkness anymore. Ilya was right, in that the circadian rhythm was better for the body. “Ilya!” He sprang up, adrenaline rushing through his body as he pulled the bedroom door open, he was planning on checking the car in the driveway and the app if god forbid it wasn’t there. He couldn’t believe he had fallen asleep without knowing if Ilya had made it back safely. He was a shitty boyfriend. What if he was wrapped around a tree and no cars had passed and he died alone next to the road? The nightmare that had plagued him all night started to take hold of Shane again but Ilya’s mischievous grin, and soft lips greeted him almost as soon as he entered the hallway, as if he had been in wait.

“Hey, sleepyhead.”

“Ilya,” He breathed out in relief, the only frustration was that he couldn’t be mad at him, and went to him immediately. Folding into the Russian’s arms in relief.

Ilya opened his arms and hugged Shane. He mouthed into his hair, “I’m an asshole. Sorry.”

“Yes, you are. I was worried about you dying and paparazzi getting pictures of you, like Princess Di, all night.”

Ilya scoffed, “You are the pretty princess, not me.”

Shane pushed him playfully.

“I brought breakfast.”

Shane wasn’t surprised it was all Indian breakfast options, Dosa, Moong Dal Chilla and also Chakli. He pulled out an overnight oat he’d left preparing and started adding some blueberries for the antioxidants.

“Shane, I know I behave stupid.” Ilya settled across from him at the breakfast counter. He grabbed a chakli, the crunch echoing in the kitchen space.

Shane didn't look at him, he'd learned that when Ilya wanted to say something important he couldn't feel challenged. Looking straight at him was very challenging.

"You want me to warm up one of these Dosa crepes?"

"No, no, just a coffee if you make some." Ilya bit into another chakli.

"Don't eat too many of those, they are bad for your heart."

"Ah, this is why they taste good." Ilya dug into the bag and pulled two more pieces out. Shane rolled his eyes and he could hear his boyfriend's smirk.

When Shane put the coffee mug in front of him, Ilya placed his hand on top of his. "Let's go outside?"

"Yeah, hang on. Take the coffees, I'll be right out."

When Shane walked out with a breakfast tray, with a small bowl of blueberries, more coffee, sugar, a little bit of cream, he knew Ilya liked it and would add it if offered, his overnight oats and a few, not many, chakli pieces on a paper towel to have it absorb some of the deep fried fat.

"Hollander, oh, here, you do too much." Ilya shot up off the wooden bench where he was sitting looking at the ashes of the bonfire. He grabbed the coffee carafe and blueberries. "You.." he shook his head.

"It's fine, that's why I am using the tray." Shane said as he placed it carefully down in front of Ilya. He frowned at Ilya's sad eyes. "What's the matter?"

"I am an asshole. You treat me to beautiful breakfast after I give you nightmare of Princess Di all night?" He placed both hands on the sides of Shane's face and scrunched up his cheeks. He loved doing that because it made all his freckles pool together. He kissed him. Slowly, begging with his lips for the other man to open up and did he ever. Shane always did. He fucking split himself up and opened himself for Ilya, even when he didn't know why, even when Ilya asked roughly, or in Russian, or silently, or didn't know how to ask, Shane understood and he opened up and said this is me, make a home here, inside me. It made Ilya want to weep with relief. He did not deserve it but he was going to take it because nobody else had ever loved him like that or offered this to him. He let his forehead fall against Shane's shoulder. "Eat, drink, your coffee gets cold."

Shane buzzed happily. They both drank coffee. Ilya took the blueberries and started feeding them one by one to his lovely boyfriend. He quickly started alternating with quick pecks, Blueberry, peck, blueberry, peck, blueberry, he has such gorgeous lips. Shane giggled. He was happy. Ilya had truly been an asshole and he was relieved and accepting. Ilya had to tell him. Shane deserved to understand.

"At the camp, all the walls will be like this. Nice open window." Shane twisted towards him but Ilya decided to keep looking at the charred embers of the firepit. "No secrets, no places

for alone time." Ilya took a big swallow of his coffee. "It will be like when your father came, yes. He see. We talked and everyone was happier. No closed door, no secret."

They remained in silence for a few minutes. Shane confirmed, "Open window, glass for all the offices, classrooms? What do you want to do for privacy in the bathroom and treatment rooms?"

Ilya huffed air in as if he had a cigarette in his hand. He was probably wishing for one. "You know, this word, privacy, it does not exist in the Russian language. Perhaps so many years of belonging to the country, to the Motherland. You belonged to Russia, and Russia told you what you were and how to serve, where to stand, everything." Ilya looked down into his coffee mug, "Things have changed, that was a long time before. Before me, in the times of my father, yes. But my father was old-fashioned and strict."

Shane scooted over until his body was flushed with Ilya's. Their thighs, meshing into one solid radiator of heat. Shane laid his hand on that thigh that on the ice pummeled him to agony and in the bedroom pummeled him to ecstasy, and waited.

Waited until he could feel the pulse in his femoral artery. It was faster than normal, there were goosebumps on the pale skin. He knew something was stuck in Ilya's throat and it had nothing to do with English. Was this about his father? It didn't feel like it. He kept mentioning the camp and open windows.

"So we'll make sure there isn't any place that can't be seen. Bathrooms will have stalls but we'll make the sink area open. We can make classrooms and treatment rooms with frosted glass, that way people inside can concentrate but it is not enclosed. Not separate from the public view." Shane put his hand on Ilya's shoulder, "Does that work?"

A small nod and Ilya leaned over and onto his shoulder. There, speaking in a whisper almost into his ear Ilya said, "He knew my secret. He saw me once with Sasha. After that it was many times, 'За закрытыми дверями уединяются,' that mean, alone time behind closed doors, yes? Privacy."

Shane jumps up, "Holy shit Roz, what are you saying? Oh my god? Are you okay? What did he make you do?" He paces anxiously tugging on his hair.

Ilya looks at him eyes wide. Half tender-hearted and half amused. "Shane, Shane, it's okay. I was 15 and horny, just…" He waves his hands, swallows, "free blow-jobs for me. Okay?"

"You are lying. Or you wouldn't have been an asshole all last night and about the windows at the camp." Shane smacks his forehead, "This is what all this is about! Who was this creep? Does he still work with kids? Fuck, we have to report him!"

Ilya blows out air, "I went to Andrei. It is why he always calls me names, like fag you know. At the time my brother thought it more important to save public face, father's name. Besides I was promising hockey player, maybe some money in the future." Ilya grabs a chakli, the crack muffles part of his reply .."found some illegal activity."

"So your brother arrested him?" Shane asks with urgency.

“Yes, see all fine and long time ago. I just wanted to explain so you understand why we need nice open windows.” Ilya leans back, in a practiced nonchalant manner.

Shane puts both hands on his hands. He deep breaths. He is about to freak out. He can’t, it’s not fair. Ilya has to know that he can open up and be vulnerable and share without it making him melt-down, he deserves support too. “I can call the Cottage architect, maybe the camp is not too far?”

Ilya pats his lap, and like a Pavlovian response Shane’s ass is sitting on it within seconds. “No, the Marc architect is local and good. Make revision for open window and we’ll be good. Trevor is too far, and too big.”

“No, his firm worked with me already and it’s for a charity. I am sure we can convince him that it will be good publicity. He’ll probably send out a junior associate.” Shane tries to concentrate on the conversation but Ilya’s hands are trailing up his thighs to his glutes and he’s breathing right into his ear.

“No, too big, like an enforcer or defenceman.”

“Good thing I like centers.” Shane shifts his body back, tightening his glutes so they create friction under him. As Ilya groans, he smiles in triumph at having elicited the response he wanted.

“So do I, Hollander, so do I.”

“I know! I have seen you lusting for Scott Hunter.” Shane teases.

Ilya groans again, Shane careens forward and back with a malicious grin.

“No, Hunter is boring.” Desperate hands paw at Shane’s waistband. "You tease!"

“Fun now, later we talk more seriously okay?”

“Nothing more to talk.” Ilya plants a kiss on the side of Shane’s neck.

“Yes, not with me but with someone who knows how to talk about hard stuff. Like about that creep and about your family.”

“Ah and about my boyfriend that is killing me by bla-bla talk when I want to come?”

“Yes,” Shane scoots back and forth on Ilya’s lap, riding the covered dick, "definitely, someone to talk about how wonderful I am.” He laughs out loud as strong arms wrap him from behind and drag him even closer to the other’s body.

“Hollander.” It's a plea, a promise and the thing that always makes Shane say yes with his body and soul. He twists around and opens up for his love, Ilya.

End Notes

This is my first fic for the Heated Rivalry fandom. I am already working on my second, a bit longer and soooo sweet. This is a bit different than the angst and darker mode I usually write in my regular fandom but these 2 make me a bit soft:)

Thanks to my beta - frosticenow - their help, particularly with details about Canada, was great!!

Hope you all enjoy!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!