

Letterbox

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Letterbox

by [strangelyifeellikeimabouttocry_\(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

”What is this?”

“License to Live. My mom and I watched it a lot when I was a kid.”

“Ah. So is boring movie?”

”Fuck you.” Shane threw a piece of popcorn at him. Ilya caught it with his mouth, moving to take the entire bowl from his hands instead. “Why is he in hospital? What happened?” He suddenly demanded, furrowing his eyebrows at the screen. “Car accident,” Shane responded flatly after a few moments.

A few seconds of silence passed by them.

“In Russia, she would have hit him for leaving bed.” Ilya suddenly said, crunching on a piece of popcorn loudly. Shane pressed a cold can of coke to his leg. “Shut up, I’m trying to watch the movie,” He said, throwing him a quick glare before reaching over to grab the blanket off the end of the couch.

4 times Hollanov talked too much during movies and 1 time they didn’t.

Notes

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

1. License to Live (1998)

”What is this?”

“*License to Live*. My mom and I watched it a lot when I was a kid.”

“Ah. So is boring movie?”

”Fuck you.” Shane threw a piece of popcorn at him. Ilya caught it with his mouth, moving to take the entire bowl from his hands instead. “Why is he in hospital? What happened?” He suddenly demanded, furrowing his eyebrows at the screen. “Car accident,” Shane responded flatly after a few moments.

A few seconds of silence passed by them.

“In Russia, she would have hit him for leaving bed.” Ilya suddenly said, crunching on a piece of popcorn loudly. The character on screen who had just woken up from a 10 year long coma attempted to get out of bed, only to fall down onto the floor. Shane pressed a cold can of coke to his leg. “Shut up, I’m trying to watch the movie,” He said, throwing him a quick glare before reaching over to grab the blanket off the end of the couch. Ilya huffed a laugh, grabbing the can of coke to slurp. The other man tossed the blanket into the air for a few moments, spreading it against their legs before pressing his thigh to Ilya’s.

““*In ten years, I’ve never forgotten...*”” The TV said. The man was speaking to the car accident victim, retelling him the story of what had happened.

“He is stupid man,” Ilya said boredly, placing the bowl of popcorn on the living room table. Shane’s hands flew to his face, scrubbing roughly.

“You’re a bad movie watcher. My mom never talked during movies.”

Ilya looked at him lazily, the words sliding off his back. “Your mom is boring. Like the movie. And you, you are most boring,” He shot back, slouching down into the couch even further.

““*No more Soviet Union. Was it a big deal?*”” The boy who had woken up from the coma was catching up to the world news.

“See. Stupid man. Everyone knows Soviet Union was big deal.” Ilya complained, crossing his arms across his chest. “Was it that bad?” Shane asked, pausing the movie. “No,” Ilya replied, his lips curling down. Shane nodded. Ilya glanced over at him. “Yes. Was big deal. People celebrate, people fight. People still want Union back,” He corrected, pressing his leg firmly in response. “Does your dad want the Union back?” Shane asked, eyes wide and looking at him as though he had every answer possible.

Ilya’s jaw tensed. “He is policeman. Yes. No. Maybe.” He shrugged, staring ahead at the paused tv as he leaned his arms against his knees, his back curling forward. “He always say Russia became weak when Union was gone. But he did not have food during Union.”

Shane blinked at him, mulling over his words. “Does—did your mom want the Union back?”

Ilya’s eyes narrowed, sliding over to look at him. “Too many questions. Play movie,” He curtly said, throwing himself back into the couch with the popcorn bowl back in his hands. He ignored the pieces that fell out onto the ground. Shane’s fingers twitched, his body jerking forward to pick up the pieces. “No. Leave it,” Ilya commanded, tossing a popcorn kernel into the air to catch with his mouth, only for it to fall onto the ground.

Shane hesitated, slowly leaning back into the couch, his leg no longer touching Ilya’s. The alpha looked down with displeasure in his eyes. His omega was upset, his skin tingling with displeasure. He sat closer to the edge of the couch then to him. The alpha sighed, tilting his head back as his eyes closed.

“*“Was Tyson that strong?”*” The movie resumed.

His eyes slid open, taking in the sight of the omega slightly curled into the arm rest of the couch, the blanket slipping off of him with the distance between them. “Come,” He suddenly ordered, holding open his arm. Shane glanced at him, his eyes looking him up and down hesitantly. Ilya tilted his head, jerking it a few times. “Come,” He said more firmly.

The omega slowly followed, moving to sit closer to him. Ilya pulled him into his side, throwing the blanket onto him. His inner alpha calmed as he tucked the edges into the omega’s side, the buzz under his skin softening. The omega stiffened, his knuckles turning white as he gripped onto his shorts. “Relax, Cannot watch movie if you are so tight,” Ilya commented, wrapping his arm around him tighter.

“*Jesus, Ilya.*”

The alpha smirked, tilting his head to rest against his. The omega did relax, his arms moving to hold onto himself as his body sagged into the alpha’s embrace. The alpha sighed, breathing in his scent, holding it in his chest deeply before releasing it. He wanted to engrain his scent into his lungs, so that with every breath he took, he smelled the omega only. No other disgusting scent that made him want to tear his nose off and made his fangs ache.

The omega suddenly sighed, his arm letting go of himself to wrap around the alpha’s waist. His hand slipped under his shirt, his thumb rubbing at the skin of his hip. His other arm reached across his own body, his hand dipping into the popcorn bowl to steal a few pieces.

They watched the remainder of the movie in relative silence, Ilya keeping a majority of the comments to himself for the most part. That was not to say that he didn’t have something to say though.

“How is he horse thief? He is right, horse go to him, he take care. Not stealing.”

“He is terrible fighter, I would have won fight easily.”

“He is stupid man. Fish is not moving, of course it is dead.”

That earned him a swat to the chest. He threw his hands up into the air, his hand finding its place against the omega's shoulder. "What? Is true, fish is not moving, fish is dead," He defended, acting as though he was the one being wronged in this moment. "You are a terrible movie watcher," Shane snapped, huffing his complaints while remaining tucked into his side. "No. Is terrible movie," Ilya responded, a shit-acting smile on his face. The omega glared at him, his teeth flashing dangerously.

The alpha let up, sighing dramatically before focusing on the screen. The omega shifted for a few moments, his eyes locked onto the screen. His eyes were intense, almost as intense when they played hockey. Ilya remained silent for the rest of the film.

They laid against each other, enjoying the warmth and weight of each other. Ilya set the popcorn bowl down on the floor, pushing the omega off his body for a few seconds. Shane's eyebrows furrowed, a flash of worry coming onto his face. The alpha leaned back, laying down on the couch. His legs spread as he pulled a pillow to rest his head on, beckoning the omega back onto him with a quick flick of his hand. The tension rolled off the omega's body, a small smile making its way to his face. His body melted against the alpha's, his head falling into the crook of his neck once more. Ilya's hand came forward, brushing through his mop of hair, scratching against his scalp.

A soft rumble escaped his chest. He cleared his throat loudly, reaching for the tv remote to turn the audio volume up. They were just fuck buddies. Fuck buddies did not purr nor rumble for each other. He shoved his inner alpha down, his jaw tensing painfully. They were not mates nor bonded.

They watched the movie in silence. Ignoring the rumbles and purrs that escaped when holding them back became too hard.

"Are you crying?" Shane suddenly asked, his head tilting up to look at him. Ilya's brow furrowed, his eyes sharp as he frowned. "I am Russian, we do not cry. No," He said firmly, his hands coming up to rub at his eyes roughly. Shane looked up at him, as though seeing him for the first time. "I cried when I first watched it too," He shrugged, looking back at the tv.

""Did I exist? Did I really exist?""

"I do not cry. Is boring movie. I thought I was going to die because of how boring the movie is." Ilya sat up abruptly. Shane scrambled off of him, his eyes following after him. "Is late," Ilya called out, picking up the popcorn bowl from the ground.

"Right."

He ignored the pang in his chest at how disappointed the omega sounded.

2. Fast and Furious

"Is stupid movie, they would burn clutch." Ilya said, laying down on one end of the couch. "You drive stick?" Shane suddenly asked, his head perking up. Ilya gave him an obvious

look. "I am Russian, everyone drives stick in Russia." He deadpanned, his hands coming up to rest behind his head. "Yeah but are you good?" Shane asked, sitting up straighter. "Da. I was better driver than my brother." Ilya said it as though he was still proud of the fact.

"Prove it."

"No. Car is in shop as Americans say."

Shane clicked his tongue. "Yeah right. You don't know how to drive a stick shift."

"I prove it to you. Tomorrow. Stay the night." Ilya said casually. Shane stared down at him, his eyebrows furrowing as his brain absorbed the words. The way he said it as though he were speaking about the weather and not telling the omega to spend the night with him. In his bed, in his home, to wake up to breakfast.

"My dad said driving manual was the worst experience of his life," The omega suddenly blurted, shifting to sit more comfortably on Ilya's couch. The alpha gave him a dirty look. "He is boring man with boring Canadian cars," He muttered, his eyes shifting back to the movie, watching as a street race occurred. "Wow. Boring." Shane repeated, his body swaying slightly. His scent sweetened, always perking up when it came to bantering with the alpha.

"My car is better." Ilya pointed to the screen, scrutinizing the cars as they raced. Shane hummed, smiling to himself. His hand raised, taking a sip of the ginger ale Ilya had offered before setting back down on the napkin he had placed on his table. "Do you ever stall?" He asked, bringing his legs up to his chest.

"No. I am good driver."

A few seconds passed by.

"Do you, I don't know, modify your cars?"

"Yes. Is expensive though."

"Have you ever raced?"

"Yes. Is illegal in Russia, but I was never caught."

"Did you win?"

"Yes. Always. I am not loser."

"What was your favorite car?"

"Shh. Too many questions. Let me watch movie."

Shane shut his mouth, crossing his arms once more as he tried to watch the movie. He wasn't the biggest car person, but Ilya was. He sat on the couch, trying to not make his boredom too obvious. He wanted to pay attention and learn about the things the alpha liked, but it was cars racing. He didn't understand much of an appeal to buy sports cars and race them.

“Did you ever crash? Or drift your cars?”

Ilya furrowed his brows, giving him a sharp look. “What the fuck is drip cars?” He demanded, his blue eyes piercing. “Drift. Not drip, drift,” Shane enunciated, his voice free of judgement. He pointed at the screen.

“That.”

Ilya squinted at the screen. “No, is stupid.” He muttered. “Yeah right. You don’t know how to drift,” Shane teased, his inner omega preening at the fact that he was able to get under the alpha’s skin. “Ok. You do not know how to drive stick shift.” Ilya sharply responded, his eyes rolling slightly.

Shane smiled, his eyes taking in the way the alpha’s eyes stuck to the screen, begrudgingly thinking the movie was cool. He preened slightly, his scent catching the alpha’s attention. Ilya sat up, moving to lay on top of the omega. Shane’s leg spread naturally, his arms opening to take him on his chest. His chest warmed at the alpha’s spiced scent, his pupils dilating as though it would help him to see the blond curls in finer detail.

“Music is bad,” The alpha mumbled, pressing a kiss to the skin of his chest, exactly where his heart would be. A laugh escaped the omega before he could even think to stop it. “You’d just play Kendrick Lamar,” He laughed, shoving the alpha onto the floor. “He is good artist!” Ilya exclaimed offensively, acting as though the omega had cursed his mother. “Yeah for like 3 seconds,” The omega scoffed.

Ilya shut his mouth with an audible click. “You are lucky you are pretty. And good fuck,” He gruffly admitted, a smirk coming onto his face as he tilted his head back to look at the omega. That earned him a quick push to the shoulder by the omega’s foot. “Mm. Quiet, I want to watch.”

Ilya’s eyes remained glued to the skin, his eyes intense as his hand searched for the couch, pushing himself up to sit back up on the couch. Shane lifted his legs, settling them in his lap before turning his head to pay attention to the screen yet again.

He sat up, leaning forward to watch the sudden montage of the gears being changed. Ilya watched him, a crude thought crossing his mind. “You want to learn?” He suddenly asked, placing his arms on the back of the couch. “What?” The omega turned to look at him. “You want to learn? To drive?” He asked again, gesturing to the screen. The omega blinked at him. “Sure,” He shrugged, rolling his shoulders as he leaned back into the couch, trying to copy the alpha’s cool composure.

“I teach you.” The alpha held out his hand.

Shane’s eyebrows furrowed, his eyes mistrusting before slowly giving his hand. He watched the alpha, slightly on edge. “I teach you. Is easy. Firm grip, not too tight, not too loose.” The alpha pressed his hand to his cock. Shane pulled away his hand, giving him a shove that was more Ilya throwing himself onto the couch than anything. “Fuck off,” He muttered, ignoring the way his face heated up and the way his ears buzzed. His hand curled in and out, flexing slightly.

“You like,” Ilya teased, his legs spread. Shane did. His stomach warmed, the heat travelling from the pit of his stomach to his face. He threw himself on top of the alpha, large hands immediately finding their place on his hips.

3. The Adventures of Buratino (1959)

“What’s this?” The omega sleepily asked, his eyes hardly blinking as he curled up on the couch miserably. “The adventures of Buratino. Adventure of Puppet,” Ilya replied, tossing the remote against the table quickly before walking towards the closet. He opened the closet, inspecting the array of folded blankets before picking the one that best suited his standard. He quickly made his way back to the couch, tucking the omega in with another blanket.

“Are you sick? Hurt? Feel like throwing up?” He questioned, brushing the hair from the omega’s forehead.

Carrying their pup was his worst nightmare. His strict diet was no longer allowed, suddenly changing to restricting the restrictions and removing other restrictions. His center of balance that he relied so heavily on to be steady on the ice was completely gone, each step causing him to sway. He couldn’t even stand the sight of the ingredients of tuna melts anymore, miserably ejecting the food he ate more often than actually digesting it. The omega spent more time on the couch or in bed than anywhere else, a fact that frustrated him to no end.

He reached down into his pocket, unwrapping a ginger candy before pressing it to his lips. The omega hummed, rubbing his face into the pillow before opening his arms, holding up one of the blankets. “Your parasite wants you,” He sleepily mumbled, the misery plain and clear on his face. Ilya helped him sit up, slipping under the blankets and his body before holding him in his arms. “Sorry I’m heavy,” The omega mumbled, looking paler than normal. “Is fine. I will get stronger.”

There was no use in lying to the omega. Lying would make him feel worse than anything.

“*“Bu-ra-tino. Bu-bu-rrrraaa-tino!”*” The characters of the movie suddenly said.

Ilya cracked a smile at that, looking down at him. “He sounds like you. Baby speaking Russian,” He joked, scratching at the omega’s scalp. “Fuck off,” Came the tired response. “What’s this about? Is it like Pinocchio?” The omega asked, his hand raising to rub at his chest, the discomfort clear in his face.

Ilya’s brows furrowed at the word. “What is that? Pinnacle?” He asked, pushing his head down to make eye contact with the omega. “Pinnochio. The boy made from wood who comes alive.” Shane corrected, coughing lightly before re-wrapping his arms around the alpha’s waist.

“Ah. Yes, similar concept. When was it released?”

“Disney’s version was 1940. But the original story from the book that they changed was earlier.”

“Ah. Yes, Russian version of Pinocchio then. Golden Key 1936, Adventures of Puppet 1959.”

“His name is puppet?” The omega tilted his head up to look at him. “His name is Buratino, which means puppet. Ah, is called Adventures of Buratino not Puppet in English,” Ilya corrected, pressing a kiss to his temple.

The omega hummed, his eyes slipping shut against his will. “Would watch with my mother all the time. Was her favorite film.” The alpha admitted quietly, pressing his cheek against his forehead.

“Really?”

The alpha nodded, turning his head back towards the screen. He suddenly chuckled, looking down at the omega. “He is polite, like you. Very polite, obedient omega,” He teased, tangling his legs with the omegas. Shane sent a nasty glare his way. “Don’t tease me,” He grumbled, coughing slightly before groaning softly.

Ilya’s hand made its way to his back, his fingers finding their resting spots on his dimples while the rest fanned out on warm skin. “I am serious. Look, he fight like you too. Terrible.”

The puppet from the movie was running around the floor, running away from a rat in a form of fighting.

That earned him a quick hit to the shins. “Was very sexy and hot. You fight old dinosaur for your alpha’s honor,” Ilya sighed dreamily, his smile widening at the sight of Shane attempting to hide his own amusement. “He’s not that old,” He weakly protested. Ilya nodded. “He is ancient,” He said instead. Shane rolled his eyes.

He snuggled into the alpha’s side, enjoying the last few weeks of close proximity to the alpha he could before his engorged itself and made him the size of a hot air balloon. “Look, he even fight like you. All running, no punches,” Ilya laughed, his hands beginning to add to his lower back as he rubbed, looking over his shoulder.

“Fuck off. Get off of me,” Shane grumbled, making no move to free himself from the alpha’s grasp nor let the alpha go. The alpha nuzzled into him, a soft rumble starting from his chest travelling through their bodies.

The omega’s eyes slipped shut once again, a soft purr responding to his rumbles.

“‘Papa Carlo! Papa Carlo! Papa Carlo!’” The puppet cried out for his father, wanting him to save him from the rat’s punishment of hitting her children.

“Is your pup going to have to call you like that? Papa Ilya, Papa Ilya, Papa Ilya!” The omega sleepily said, smiling despite the oncoming onslaught of nausea he felt. “No,” Ilya vehemently rejected. “Just Papa. Vanya will be respectful pup, he will say Papa.” His voice sounded so firm and strong. As though he had seen into the future and knew it for a fact.

The omega hummed, his leg moving up to curl against the alpha’s hip before his breathing slowed, his head drooping down towards his chest. “You are terrible movie watcher. Sleeping

during favorite movie.” Ilya clicked his tongue, adjusting them so he would be able to watch the movie without hurting his neck.

His hand reached out, grabbing the remote from the living room table to lower the tv volume before his hand settled against the omega’s softened stomach. “Ya tebya lyublyu,” He mumbled against his temple, pressing a soft kiss as a punctuation. “I love you.”

4. Adventures of Buratino

”He’s too young to understand the movie,” His omega called out, settled against the alpha’s pillows as he watched him reach down into the bassinet to carry Ivan into bed with them. The alpha threw him a side eye. “No matter. He needs to know good movies. Not boring movies,” The alpha insisted, cradling the pup to his bare chest. The omega smiled up at him dopily.

“And when he falls asleep?”

”He will not. But if he does, Papa will pause movie for him.”

“Spoiled.”

Ilya gave him an offended look at that, his knee pressed into the bed. “He is good pup. Not spoiled,” He denied, his face looking as though his entire bloodline was being talked down to. Shane huffed a small laugh, immediately wincing. “Rest, you pushed too hard at practice today.” Ilya was by his side immediately, one arm cradling their pup protectively while the other wrapped around the omega.

The omega hummed, snuggling into his side. Ivan waved his chunky arm in the air, his small legs kicking out excitedly as he grunted. “Strong kicks. You will be good hockey player like Daddy,” Ilya commented, adjusting their pup so that his back was to his chest so he could watch the television with them.

He had no reaction to the strong kicks directed at his ribs, Shane thought a bit bitterly. Ivan should have kicked harder, given him a real taste of what he had endured.

The omega reached out, rubbing his pup’s tiny foot at the sole before his eyes slipped shut. Practice earlier had left him more exhausted than he thought.

“Daddy is terrible movie watcher. See? He is already asleep,” Ilya said, his Russian sounding impossibly softer. Ivan cooed in response, his small fingers curling around the hand on his stomach holding him steady.

“*“Buratino! Bu-bu-rrrraaa-tino! Bu-bu-bu-rrrraaaa-tinooo!”*” The puppet was trying to say his own name, being new to life.

Ivan’s dark brown eyes flickered across the screen, his small mouth dropping as he took in the darker, muted colors. “Buratino. Puppet.” Ilya narrated, looking down at his pup’s face. Ivan grunted, then cooed, before grunting. Almost as though he were trying to speak Russian.

Ilya barked a laugh at that, slapping a hand over his mouth. “As expected, Vanya is prodigy.” He said proudly, pressing a kiss to his son’s pillowy hair. “You are too young to start speaking. You will kill Papa by growing up too fast.”

Ivan stared up at him, his mittened hand going up to his mouth so he could chew on the fabric. Ilya let him, only for this time only. Only because he did not want to risk waking the omega by finding his son’s teething toy.

His pup sighed contentedly, snuggling into his chest once more as they continued watching the movie. “Babushka liked this movie. Was her favorite movie.” Ilya adjusted the pillows behind his back. Ivan’s small foot kicked out, hitting the alpha’s thigh.

Ilya laughed softly. “Ok, Papa will stop talking.” They watched in comfortable silence, the tv volume low enough to where they could hear without disrupting the omega’s rest. He had been so eager to get back onto the ice after waiting 6 painstakingly long months after postpartum that he had pushed himself farther than his body’s limits. Their movie could be put on hold for years if it meant Shane taking the rest he deserved to enjoy the hobby that was his life.

““Papa Carlo! Papa Carlo! Papa Carlo!””

Ilya jerked forward, holding his pup steady as his hand scrambled for the tv remote. He harshly pressed the pause button, tossing the tv remote by his leg onto the bed before grabbing Ivan with both hands. He turned the pup in his grasp, holding him up to his eyes.

“No. Absolutely not. Papa will not have disrespectful pups. No “Papa Ilya”. Papa is Papa. No Papa Ilya. You call Papa “Papa Ilya” and you put knife in my throat and heart,” Ilya said, his eyes firm. Ivan proceeded to giggle in his face, his small legs kicking out in joy as his hands moved up to his mouth. A smile grew on Ilya’s face. “No “Papa Ilya”!” The alpha threatened, pressing a kiss to his pup’s red chubby cheeks before setting him back down on his lap.

He pressed one more kiss to the pup’s head before resuming the movie, commenting in Russian to the pup. “Ah! Look at Papa. Vanya, do not wear those weird clothes. If you wear those weird clothes, Papa’s stomach will hurt.” He waved the tv remote at the screen. “Promise Papa,” He commanded, turning Ivan to his side so that he could hold his pinky out to the pup.

Ivan’s face scrunched up, his mittened hands coming up to rub at his eyes as he yawned squeakily. Ilya melted. “Ok. No promise tonight. You are terrible movie watcher like Daddy. Cute but terrible movie watcher,” He murmured, cradling Ivan to his shoulder, patting him on the back gently.

He slipped out of bed carefully, bouncing Ivan in his arms carefully as he walked. His pup turned his head to hide into his scent gland, small disgruntled noises escaping him. He wanted to sleep yet wanted to remain in his father’s embrace, watching the move as well. Ilya stifled a yawn, swaying side to side gently. “Papa will pause movie,” He shushed, the words seemingly settling Ivan to blissful sleep.

Ivan's soft little breaths followed his parent's soft pants, the pup in his bassinet beside the couch as they were curled up on the couch. The room was dim, a white noise machine in the background more so for Ilya's sake rather than the pup and the omega. They had no use for blankets, the room set to a comfortable temperature for their pup and the omega acting as a space heater.

Ivan had been growing so quickly, it felt that they were missing an inch of growth with each blink. Their pup brought upon a new wave of fears they had never felt even with being closeted in their careers as hockey players. He was so eager to start walking and to start running, he had left Ilya more stressed than Shane on most days. His pup made him worry more than his carefree attitude wanted him to.

A random movie played in the background, the title long forgotten. They had only gotten to the point of turning the tv on, settling down in the living rooms after their last meal of the day only to quickly fall asleep.

Ilya's mouth hung open, scent drunk of the combined scents of his omega and pup. He felt at peace, more than he had ever had before. The soft purrs and puppy purrs that accented his rumbles only served to soothe them all into deep slumbers.

The couch was by no means comfortable but with their combined presence, scents, and rumbles, it felt like paradise.

End Notes

Skeedadles to bed

BUT!!

If you look up Adventures of Buratino, I really recommend watching it!! It's so cute and fshdfjsashffhfs I loved watching it!

Ivan $\neq$ I-van

Ivan = Ee- vahn, Vanya is a cute Russian nickname for it :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!