

BCE CBOH

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ВСЕ СВОИ

by [vesna \(mrsronweasley\)](#).

Summary

A few family moments, as seen through Ilya's eyes.

Notes

Can't stop, won't stop, apparently. Someday I might write longfic again, but until such a time, I can't even get them out of The Cottage (™), because it's too lovely a setting for them after all the strife.

Some language notes:

The meaning of the title (and I apparently can't stop titling HR fic in Russian, sorry not sorry, etc) roughly translates to "everyone is ours/our own." As Ilya reflects in the fic, there is no direct translation of "свой/свои" ("svoi/svoy"), the closest is "ours/our or my own" but it's a very dear to me word/concept. "Вы" ("vy") is the formal "you" in Russian (the informal one is "ты" ("ty")). Also, I have Ilya think of Svetlana as "Sveta" here because I cannot do otherwise.

Shane was outside grilling with his dad when Mrs. Hollander called Ilya to her. Ilya wiped his hands on the seat of his pants and walked over, pasting on a smile.

He was nervous. Of course he was. Shane's mother was...intimidating, to say the least. And she was watching him now with a calculating sort of stare, as though attempting to do geometry on his soul. "Yes, Mrs. Hollander?" he asked, just to show his deference. This is where he wished Canadians had patronymics--Mrs. Anything didn't feel formal enough for this. He wished he could add a "vy" but nobody could stop him doing it in his mind.

"Please, it's Yuna." Ilya gave her an awkward nod. Maybe he could call her nothing at all and get away with it. "Are you able to cut up this onion for me? Real small dice? I only need half of it."

"Ah." Ilya nodded, taking the knife from her carefully as she pushed the cutting board and onion towards him. "Of course."

"Thanks, Ilya." She also gave him a smile, which didn't feel as warm as Shane's father's had, but that was okay. Ilya could work with that.

For a while, they were quiet, Yuna cutting up tomatoes, Ilya doing his thing with the onion. It was pretty vicious and he made sure to go slow with it, because he was already beginning to tear up, which was embarrassing, but what could you do?

"That's why I asked you," she said, and Ilya raised his head. He had to wipe his eyes with the back of his hand to see her better. On her face, a smile. A real one. "I hate cutting up onions," she explained, indicating his cutting board with her knife. "Thanks for taking one for the team."

Ilya laughed as he sniffed, then shook his head. "It's fine. Good. I'm almost done."

"Thanks." And then, as though she had been loading it up this whole time, she fired out, "So you love him, huh?"

Ilya almost dropped the knife, but years of practice with a hockey stick saved him. Carefully, he set the knife down and pushed the cutting board full of vicious onion to the side. He wiped his eyes with the hem of his t-shirt, then was finally able to take a normal breath and meet her eyes. "Yes," he said.

She watched him expectantly, and he realized that apparently, that had not been enough of an answer. He let out a half-breath, half-laugh and looked down at the counter where some onion juice had escaped the cutting board.

"Yes," he repeated, unsure how much she wanted to know. "I love him enough that I will betray the team that drafted me." He couldn't quite look at her, so he continued to stare at the hard counter, seeing bits of their reflections in the gleaming surface. Shane kept everything so clean. If they ever moved in together, it could become a bit of a problem. "I love him so

much, I..." This felt more complicated in many ways, and *was* more complicated in many ways, but it was also a very simple truth. "I love him so much, I am going to leave my country for him."

When he finally managed to look up and meet her eye, her gaze had softened. She sighed and looked down at her pile of tomatoes. "Yes, well. People leave their countries for all sorts of reasons, don't they?"

Ilya scratched his nose, nodding. "Yes."

"This is a nice reason," she added softly. "I just...this will not be easy. For either of you. In... many ways."

"We know," Ilya shrugged, grabbing the cutting board with the onions and silently asking what she wanted him to do with it. She indicated the salad bowl next to them. In went the cut-up half an onion. He wiped his hands on his shorts, noting her wrinkling her nose a little and feeling like an oaf.

He'd forgotten what it was like to be around a mom, or even a woman he cared about. Sveta usually lightly mocked him whenever he was behaving like an animal, but his mom had always gently chided him, expecting better. Polina never expected anything but checks.

He gathered his thoughts together. "It will be worth it. For me, at least. If we can...be together. Even two hours apart is better than a border between us." Or an ocean.

"You know," she said after a quiet moment, "I've never seen Shane so...relaxed."

Ilya glanced up at her. She was staring at her own hand holding a knife. "He's always been such an intense, tightly-wound kid." Ilya felt like he was holding his breath. Yuna looked up and gave him a quirk of a smile. "He's always *loved* hockey, you know? It's all he's ever cared about..."

Ilya felt a knot forming in his stomach. "Are you...worried that this will...get in the way of hockey for him?"

Her eyes widened and he saw as her empty hand twitched forward before settling back onto the counter. "No! Ilya, no. That isn't...I just meant...it's so good to see him paying attention to...himself. His own feelings. *Outside* of hockey." She shook her head a little, then looked him in the eye. This time, her smile was warmer. "To see him in love. I've never seen that on him before. With anyone."

Ilya felt the joke on the tip of his tongue--*Not even with Rose Landry?*--but stopped himself. The two weeks of being honest were still in play here. Even if this wasn't Shane, it was his *mom*. He gave her what felt like an awkward smile. "It's..." He didn't know what. *Earth-shattering. Overwhelming. The way he looks at me makes me want to take on the whole world.* "It's...good. It's..." Frustrated, he flapped his hand around and looked up at the ceiling because he could feel the familiar and loathsome prickle in the corners of his eyes. Ilya's dad had hated crying, from anyone. Ilya had come to hate it in himself more than anyone. "It feels amazing," he finally managed over his tight throat.

"I can see you're just as much in love. Yuna said it quietly, and he breathed out, laughing at his own ridiculousness.

"I'm not...like this," he said, clearing his throat and looking down. "This is embarrassing."

She made a quiet noise in the back of her throat, and Ilya watched as she walked around the counter and made her way over to him.

He couldn't do it. He couldn't turn towards her. He stood frozen on the spot, heart pounding and hands sweating, stomach writhing with embarrassment and love and grief, and he wished so much that Yuna wasn't Yuna at all. But she was who she was and awkwardly, but kindly, she put an arm around his shoulders and squeezed them together.

"Ilya," she murmured. "It's okay, hon." A pause. "Shane mentioned your mom died when you were young..."

Had he? Ilya wondered when he'd managed to do that. Ilya shook his head, smiling. "Yes."

Yuna let go and then gently guided him by the shoulders to face her. Ilya felt stupid, but he managed it. "Look," she said, suddenly business-like. "We don't know each other very well. And what I do know about you, I am now having to re-think."

Despite everything, Ilya grinned, letting out a quiet laugh. "Yes."

"But I will say this: Shane is very particular. He's a good person, yes, but his heart isn't easy to win over. You've done it. Which means, you're ours now."

English, Ilya reflected, didn't have the best word of all--*svoy*. *Svoi*. As in, *vse svoi*.

Our own. The truest meaning of "mine, ours." He thought, though, that if the language allowed it, that would be the word Yuna would have used. *Svoy*. His throat tightened even further. No one had wanted to claim him for their own in a very, very long time. And then along came Shane Hollander and swiped Ilya's heart as easy as breathing. And now--this. A barely familiar woman standing in front of him, holding his tearful gaze and saying, *you're family because my son loves you*.

It was too fucking much.

Maybe it was that, maybe it was simply standing in the one place he and Shane had found for themselves that held no pressures. Whatever it was, Ilya felt the humiliating tears roll down his stupid cheeks and then Yuna was making another soft noise and pressing him into a hug. She wasn't a short woman, but Ilya was still taller, and his cheek landed against the side of her head, her hair whisper-soft against his damp skin. He allowed his arms to wrap around her awkwardly, hoping against hope that Shane wasn't about to walk through the door and witness whatever the fuck was happening.

"Sweetheart," she said, then paused and laughed. "I can't believe I just called Ilya Rozanov *sweetheart*."

Her words had the intended effect--Ilya laughed, then tightened his hold on her for a moment and let go. It was easier now to look at her, now that all the cards were on the table. "Sorry," he tried.

She shook her head and reached out to wipe his cheeks. "It's an emotional time," she said brusquely, which was when he noticed her own bright eyes.

He nodded, then decided it was okay to make jokes now. "I fall in love with one Canadian, and now everybody is crying."

She laughed and dropped her hands. "He has that effect on people."

And Ilya's shoulders sagged of their own accord as he felt all the tension drain out of him like it never existed. "He does, doesn't he?"

She shrugged and shook her head, the corners of eyes crinkling in a smile.

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"Great job on the steaks, guys," Yuna said to Shane and his dad.

Ilya made a noise of agreement, busy shoveling as much food in his mouth as would fit. Crying really took it out of you. He couldn't believe he had cried in front of someone other than Shane or Sveta. What the fuck was in the water in this place? Was the well full of pure Canadian tears?

"The salad is great, too, mom," Shane said, giving a happy smile.

"Ilya helped," Yuna said matter-of-factly. Ilya winked at him. "He cut up the onion for me--you know how much I hate doing that."

Shane gave him a *look*, whether in response to the wink or the onion--Ilya wasn't sure. He just shrugged in response, feeling pleased with himself. Yeah, he was a good boy. He *could* be, anyway.

"So, boys, what are your plans for the rest of Ilya's time here?" David asked before taking another bite of his steak. "Anything fun lined up?"

Ilya and Shane exchanged a look, Ilya feeling caught out. "Oh uh--Shane? I don't...I don't know what there is to do here, exactly..." All Ilya had been thinking about was not leaving the bedroom unless it was to get a beer.

Shane, his freckles paling against his flushed cheeks, gave a very uncomfortable-looking shrug, clearly going for nonchalant and failing very badly. He must have been thinking about bedroom beer too. "Oh, I dunno...I mean, you know, it's vacation, right? Just...relaxing, I guess... We could--" Here, he shot Ilya a desperate look. "We could...go bowling?"

Ilya blinked, then nodded, giving Shane a look that he hoped was reassuring. "Yes, sure. I never...bowled...before...so..."

"Ilya!" Yuna exclaimed. "You've never bowled before? Don't they bowl in Boston?"

Ilya squirmed in his seat, setting down his fork for the moment. "I think they do...it was just never...you know. A priority of mine."

"All hockey, all the time, eh?" David asked with good humor.

Something like that, Ilya didn't say. "Yes," he nodded. "All hockey, all the time."

"Well, the two of you should *definitely* go bowling together," Yuna said with a smile, then turned to her husband. "We haven't bowled in, gosh, what has it been now, three? Four years?"

"Five," Shane said quietly, then gave his parents a soft smile. "It's been five years, since--"

"Your aunt Rita's birthday, I remember," David said, lighting up. "Well, maybe we can make it a family affair. If," he added, looking between them, "the two of you don't mind."

"Oh, I--"

"Fuck." Shane sighed and hung his head, still gripping his fork and knife.

"Shane?" "Honey?"

Shane gave what sounded like half a laugh, half a sigh. "We can't...guys, we can't go bowling. Especially not as a family."

Ilya felt it like a kick to the solar plexus. Of course they fucking couldn't. *Fuck*. He had managed to forget just as easily as Shane's parents had. The quiet comfort of their family life had somehow led him to completely forget the outside world.

Stupid.

"Oh, honey..." Yuna reached out for Shane's hand, but Ilya watched as Shane clutched his fork and wouldn't release it for anything. Yuna drew back in halting movements. "I'm sorry, we...we didn't think."

"I'm sorry, Shane," David said quietly.

"No, it's--you guys did nothing wrong." Shane shook his head, then looked at his parents. "I said it first. I--I totally forgot." He rolled his eyes, then sat back and looked somewhere beyond the lake. "I can't believe I forgot..."

Ilya watched him, his heart beating hard inside his chest. He wondered, in that moment, how much longer Shane would be willing to live like this. When it had been a secret from everyone, that had been one thing. But now they had let others in on it, and secrets like that--known to a select few--chafed a lot harder than secrets held only by those who created them.

Fuck it.

Ilya reached out and took a gentle hold of Shane's clenched first, which went slack under his touch. The next moment, Shane was clutching his fingers as hard as he had been clutching his knife. He turned his face towards Ilya, and in it, Ilya saw it all: the love, the panic, the frustration, the what-ifs.

"It's ok," he said quietly. Shane's parents were right there, but all Ilya could look at was Shane's face. His beautiful dark eyes, so worried and sad. "We don't have to bowl yet. To be honest," he added, clearing his throat, "I wasn't that into the idea in the first place."

Shane let out a soft laugh, dropping his gaze and squeezing Ilya's hand. "Yeah. Not really your thing."

Ilya made a flippant gesture with his free hand. "I'd rather play video games. Swim. That kind of thing."

Shane gave him a soft smile, then squeezed his hand as though in a promise, and let go. "Yeah. Same."

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"Well, take care of yourselves," Yuna said, giving Shane a kiss on the cheek, then moving towards Ilya. Ilya took it with as much grace as he could, but his heart was turning over in his chest. There had simply been too many feelings since he'd landed on Canadian soil. Yuna gave his shoulder a squeeze, which he answered with a nod, and moved away.

David shook his hand, which Ilya took with only slightly more ease. David looked sad, Ilya thought, but it wasn't sadness at them being together. It was the same sadness that Ilya had seen in Shane's eyes during the bowling conversation.

Ilya nodded at David, and then Shane's parents were getting into their car and driving away. Ilya rested his hands on Shane's shoulders, waiting him out. Shane simply stood on the steps of the cottage, looking at his parents' car driving away until it disappeared beyond the bend.

Another moment, and finally Ilya asked, his voice tentative, "Shane?"

It was as though Shane woke from a stupor. He turned and gave Ilya a tentative smile. "Sorry, I--woolgathering, I guess."

Ilya frowned. "Wool--what?"

"Oh, sorry." Shane laughed, then pushed him gently towards the open doorway. "Woolgathering, it just means being, like, lost in thought."

"Ah."

Shane closed the door behind them, and when he looked at Ilya the next moment, there was no sadness left at all. He was all heat, hands going to Ilya's hips, then over to his ass. Ilya felt a grin growing on his own face. "Yes? Can I help you?" he asked.

"You can, actually," Shane said very seriously, eyes still burning right through him, and continued to propel Ilya backwards. "I was wondering if you knew what else we could do around these parts? Since we can't go bowling and all that..."

Ilya licked his lips, watching Shane's pink mouth, and nodded, "I might have some ideas, yes," he said, barely even noticing what it was he was saying. "For instance, I have heard about this English term...how to say...skinny-dipping..?"

Shane's eyes got even darker, somehow, and he pressed himself up against Ilya, hips and hardening dicks aligning. "I bet you've skinny-dipped before," Shane breathed against his mouth.

Ilya made a non-committal noise. "Not important."

Shane kissed him. Ilya breathed out.

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It was afterwards--after they shucked off their clothes and jumped in the water, after Shane hung onto Ilya's neck as they kissed and kissed, after Ilya jerked them both off in the water, after Shane shuddered in his arms and gasped out his name as he finished--that they curled up on the couch and Shane took hold of Ilya's hand.

"You and my mom talked today, right?" Shane asked.

Ilya flushed. "How did you know?"

Shane shrugged, looking at their entwined fingers. "I know my mom."

Ilya huffed out a soft laugh. "She made me cry." He watched for Shane's reaction.

Shane looked up, eyes snapping to attention. "She what?"

Ilya shook his head, caressing Shane's fingers with his thumb. "Not like...not bad, just...our conversation. It made me cry."

Shane appeared to relax as he leaned his head against the back of the couch. "Why?"

Ilya took a deep breath; sighed it out. "I think...I shouldn't tell anybody else that I'm in love with you."

A clear wave of hurt crossed over Shane's face before he pasted on his usual emotionless mask that meant he was feeling every emotion ever underneath. It had been a long time since Ilya had learned to read him. "Well, sure, it's--"

Ilya leaned forward, catching Shane's eye and squeezing his hand. "I shouldn't tell anybody else that I'm in love with you," he repeated, "because it makes me cry. Apparently." He shrugged. "I didn't know."

Shane's protective mask melted just as quickly as it had appeared. He flushed, and his lips stretched into a tiny pleased smile. His eyelashes left deep shadows over his cheeks. Ilya loved him. "Oh."

"That, and I'm an orphan."

Shane's gaze snapped up to meet Ilya's again.

Ilya made a show of shrugging his shoulders. "Turns out, this is a recipe for disaster for me."

"Ilya..."

Ilya bit his lip. He had meant it as a light-hearted joke; it had *been* a joke in his mind, a way to allay Shane's fears and make him more comfortable. But the truth of it sat like a fishbone in the back of his throat. He felt that familiar tightening in his windpipe, shut his eyes, and cursed--a real curse, a curse in his own language, a curse that *meant* something.

Shane didn't say anything. Instead, Ilya felt him shift closer until he was enveloped in a hug--his second one that day. The Hollanders really loved to hug him when he was sad and crying, it turned out. Ilya allowed himself to sink into this hug in a way he hadn't been able with Yuna. Shane's body felt warm, familiar, his breath like a soft blanket around them. "Ilya," Shane sighed, pressing closer. "Love you..."

"I love you too," Ilya breathed, the words tumbling out easily, as though nothing stood in their way. Nothing did: the truth was always easiest to say, in the end. It required no thought, only its existence. The truth was: Ilya loved Shane so much that *not* saying it had been the hardest thing.

Now he could, so he did: he said it in English, then in Russian, then again in both languages. Shane held him and kissed him wherever he could reach: Ilya's ear, behind it, over his hair, his brow, and finally his cheek and lips. The kiss was salty with Ilya's stupid tears. Ilya inhaled Shane's scent, brought him closer. They had sex less than twenty minutes ago, and yet somehow, he found himself getting hard again, insatiable for Shane. Shane pulled back only far enough to catch Ilya's eye, hands holding onto Ilya's jaw, skin slightly damp. His thighs around Ilya's were scorching. "Ya," Shane whispered, "tebya...liubliu..."

His tongue was clearly unused to the sounds, the words sounding thick and awkward in his mouth, but it was unmistakable. Ilya laughed in utter delight. "You memorized it?"

Shane was grinning at him shyly, not letting go. "I did. Well, and also I Googled it...just in case. But you just said it, so--"

Ilya pitched forward and shoved his face against Shane's neck, mumbling.

"What was that?" Shane laughed.

Ilya pulled back but didn't go far. "Ya tebya tozhe liubliu," he said, then kissed the skin of Shane's neck. "That means--"

"I love you, too."

Ilya pulled all the way back, staring. Shane looked unbearably smug--it was how he always looked on the ice whenever he got past someone's defenses and scored a goal. "You learning Russian now?" Ilya asked.

Shane shrugged. "I've looked stuff up."

Ilya shook his head, grinning. Yeah, it wouldn't be easy, waiting to come out. It would be really fucking hard not to yell from the rooftops that he was so in love, he constantly felt as though he would burst with it. Not being able to go to the store together, or bowling, or whatever the fuck they wanted to do, or be seen together at all until they began to roll out their newly-developing friendship or whatever--all of that was going to be the hardest thing he'd ever had to do.

But this--the two of them, here, in this cottage, away from everything else in the world--was easy. Loving Shane was easy. Being with him, being part of his world...it was the easiest that Ilya ever felt ever since he found his mother on the bathroom floor, empty pill bottle rolled into the corner.

"So," he whispered, not trusting his voice. "Okay to wait this whole thing out with me until we can tell the world?"

Shane's gaze was serious, and so earnest, it made Ilya's heart ache. "Yeah. I could wait forever."

A dangerous promise, but one that Ilya was ready to make himself. "Come here," he murmured, zeroing in on Shane's beautiful mouth.

Shane didn't have far to go.

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