

Second Impressions

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Second Impressions

by [nomsy](#)

Summary

“What, do they think I’m not checking my phone when I know they’re planning to be here around five?” Shane asks. “I wanted them to text once, not to spam me.”

“Is good for them to do,” Ilya points out. “Imagine if they had planned being one hour early. You were not checking then.”

Shane blushes and Ilya smirks at him. “Well, that was your fault,” Shane says.

Shane and Ilya's dinner with Shane's parents after episode 6.

Shane's parents text their ETA forty-five, thirty, and fifteen minutes before their arrival at the cottage.

"What, do they think I'm not checking my phone when I know they're planning to be here around five?" Shane asks. "I wanted them to text once, not to spam me."

"Is good for them to do," Ilya points out. "Imagine if they had planned being one hour early. You were not checking then."

Shane blushes and Ilya smirks at him. "Well, that was your fault," Shane says.

"My fault I gave you best blowjob of your life?"

"I don't know about that, I've had some pretty good blowjobs," Shane says.

"Yes," Ilya says, backing Shane up against the kitchen counter and bracketing him with his arms. "From *me*."

"Not *only* you."

"Only good ones were from me. I know this. You know this."

"Fuck you," Shane says, which means yes.

"Maybe," Ilya murmurs, "I need to show you again. Remind you. Break my own record for giving the best blowjob Shane Hollander ever had."

Shane kisses him, desperate and urgent, but unfortunately they're interrupted by his phone buzzing and the sound of a car pulling up outside.

"Oh my god, they just texted again," Shane says. "I already responded the last two times."

"Tell them five minutes," Ilya says, pressing a kiss to Shane's neck. As he hoped, Shane squirms. Ilya has no intention to actually make Shane's parents wait in the car while he gives Shane another blowjob, but he loves how Shane gets when Ilya teases him.

"No way," Shane says, typing. "I'm telling them to come in. Just be aware it will be like this whenever we see them, I guess."

Ilya grins. Honestly, after he got over the initial shock and awkwardness, he pretty much had the time of his life at Shane's parent's place. It felt nice not to hide, and to be with people who seemed to like his being there well enough, and to be able to show how fucking proud he was of Shane without fear. Combined with the vodka and the pasta, Ilya thinks they pretty much all got off to the best start possible.

They hear the front door open, and then Shane's parents' voices.

"Hello? Shane? Ilya? It's us!"

“It’s mom and dad! We’ll wait for you in the kitchen!”

“They think we have to be in bedroom to fuck? That we cannot be fucking in the kitchen?” Ilya whispers.

Shane’s eyes go wide and he makes a sort of frantic shushing noise. Ilya loves him so damn much. He presses a kiss to Shane’s temple, takes a step back and lets him out of his arms.

“We’re already in the kitchen, it’s fine, you can come in,” Shane calls towards his parents. “Please don’t act like we traumatised you or something, Dad.”

“Just being respectful,” David says, as he steps into the kitchen, Yuna close behind him.

Yuna is carrying several tupperware boxes filled with different foods. David is holding a bottle of vodka. No offence to Shane’s mom, but Ilya knows who he is bonding with more out of the two of them so far.

“Figured I’d bring this,” David says, smiling, holding the bottle out to Ilya.

“Thank you,” Ilya says. “I will put it in freezer until dinner.” He makes sure to open the freezer only when David is not looking, so he won’t see that Ilya has better vodka in there that he brought to the cottage. Ilya doesn’t want to make David feel like the gift isn’t special or appreciated.

Shane is going through Yuna’s boxes. “Mom,” he says. “Who is supposed to eat all of this?”

“I can leave the leftovers with you,” Yuna says. “Make sure you have enough proper food for the next couple of days.”

“I have plenty of proper food here,” Shane says. “I cooked burgers! They weren’t even macrobiotic.”

“Is true,” Ilya says. “We have been eating tasty things.” He winks at Shane when his parents aren’t looking. Shane scowls but he blushes, too.

“That’s great,” Yuna says. “It’s good to have comfort food once in a while even as an athlete. Shane needs to relax sometimes and enjoy himself.”

“I make sure. Is no problem.”

“Okay!” Shane says loudly, grabbing a tupperware box of chicken. “I will take these to the barbecue. Ilya?”

Ilya follows him outside, grinning.

The chicken is really good. It's also really good watching Shane barbecue it. He gets so concentrated, so focused, like he is trying to make everything perfect, just like he did when he made the burgers, just like he does when he plays hockey, just like when he sucks Ilya's dick. Ilya could watch him like this forever.

After a moment's silence, Ilya realises he's missed something Yuna and David said to him. The three of them are sitting at the table with drinks while Shane is finishing up the food.

"Sorry," Ilya says. "Please can you repeat that?"

Yuna and David don't seem annoyed. In fact, they are smiling indulgently. God, Shane is lucky with his parents.

"I just asked if you are going to Russia later in the summer," David says.

Ilya hesitates. "Not this summer, I think."

"Your family doesn't live in Russia?" Yuna asks.

"No," Ilya says, after another moment's hesitation. "Not really."

"Where do they live?"

"Mom," Shane says. "Don't interrogate him." He puts the plate of grilled chicken on the table and sits down on the bench next to Ilya, close enough that Ilya can feel his warmth.

"I didn't mean to -" Yuna starts to say.

"Is okay," Ilya interrupts. "My parents are dead." It's not like he could just lie about it, so he might as well say it.

Yuna and David look shocked. "I'm so sorry, Ilya," Yuna says.

Ilya shrugs. He isn't sure what to say. He wants Shane's parents to know him at least a little, even if he can never offer Shane the same with his own family.

"I have one brother," Ilya decides to offer up. It's not a good topic, but it's safer than speaking about his mother or his father. "He lives in Russia. But is not, ah. Not close relationship. I have..." He can't think of the English word. "Daughter of my brother?" he asks, looking at Shane.

"Your niece," Shane says, quietly.

"Yes. Niece," Ilya says. "She is little. A baby. I have set up money for her, when she turns eighteen." *So my brother doesn't blow it on coke and his mistresses first*, he doesn't say. One thing is allowing Yuna and David to get to know him, another is making them run for the hills on their second meeting.

"Like a trust fund?" Shane asks. He puts a hand on Ilya's knee and Ilya automatically covers his fingers with his own. "That's a good thing to do."

“Very kind,” Yuna agrees.

“I’m sure she’ll appreciate it a lot,” David says.

Ilya just nods. There isn’t a point in going into things further, not here. Not when Yuna and David and Shane are a perfect family, and anything Ilya can share about his own family is going to be sad, or strange, or broken.

Ilya is furiously drying the last plate. He volunteered to take the plates and cutlery inside.

He hears the glass door slide open and the sound of steps behind him. “There is a dishwasher, you know,” Shane says.

Ilya knows, but he hadn’t felt like using it. He needed to do something repetitive and manual and exhausting. A couple of years ago, it would have been sex with a stranger or driving an expensive car too fast or working out too hard. Now it’s dishes. It’s an improvement, probably.

“I didn’t know about your niece,” Shane says, coming up behind Ilya and carefully touching his elbow.

Ilya shrugs, keeping his eyes on the towel. “I think she will maybe hate me. Like my brother does.”

“Ilya,” Shane whispers.

“But probably not enough to say no to the money.”

Shane steps closer to him and hugs Ilya’s waist. Ilya puts the plate down and pulls Shane’s arms tighter around him. He takes a deep breath. “Did I make bad impression on your parents?”

“Of course not,” Shane says. Ilya can hear the smile in his voice. “They like you a lot.”

“Hm,” Ilya makes. “Okay.”

“I promise.”

“Okay,” Ilya says again, softer. Then he decides to be honest. “I am nervous. I am not used to wanting to make good impressions like this.”

“I bet you aren’t,” Shane says, pressing his chest more firmly against Ilya’s back.

“I am serious, Hollander,” Ilya says. “Last time was a while ago.”

“When you wanted to be first pick in the draft?”

Ilya snorts. Like he needed good behaviour to be first pick. “Not that long ago. When I bought ginger ale and made tuna melt for you.”

“Oh.” Ilya can feel the warm puff of Shane’s breath against his neck.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “So. I am out of practise.”

“Don’t even say that. You’re amazing.” Shane kisses a spot beneath Ilya’s jaw. “You know what’s funny,” he continues. “My parents want to make a good impression on you, too. I can tell. I think they were worried you offered to take the dishes inside because they said something wrong.”

“Now you are being stupid,” Ilya says.

“I swear,” Shane says. “My mom never would have brought this much food otherwise. And my dad really hopes you like the vodka.”

“I did not lie. Is good vodka,” Ilya says. “But you can tell me his birthday. I will buy even better one for him to try.”

“You don’t have to do that,” Shane says.

Ilya sighs. “I cannot do anything better.”

“What do you mean?”

“I wish I could – that you could meet my mother. Or your parents could meet her, someday. I cannot -” He lets go of Shane’s hands and scrubs his knuckles across his face. It’s hard to explain, especially in English. “I cannot give you this. A nice meeting with my nice, boring family. I wish I could do that. Is something you would like, no?”

Shane shifts slightly, pressing his forehead against Ilya’s shoulder. “I love you,” he says. “It’s you I want. The way you are. Leave the boring stuff to me.”

Ilya laughs. He probably looks ridiculous, grinning stupidly at the plates he dried in Shane’s kitchen. He’s so fucking lucky. “I love you, too,” he says. He feels a little jolt of adrenaline every time he realises he now gets to say these words out loud whenever he wants. He can reassure Shane with them whenever he needs. He can promise Shane things that until a few days ago, he thought he could only vow in silence.

He turns around in Shane’s arms and kisses him. “We should go back. Your parents will realise it is possible to have sex in kitchens and they will think we were fucking in here.”

“They will think we were doing the dishes, which we were.”

“Oh, you did dishes?” Ilya asks. “I did not see you cleaning any dishes.”

Shane smiles that beautiful, joyful smile that Ilya knows he will never in his life get enough of. “What if I walk out there and take credit for all this cleaning up?” Shane asks. “What are you gonna do then, Rozanov?”

Ilya can barely kiss him again, they're both smiling so much. "Nothing now, out there. Only later."

Ilya nips at Shane's jaw, drawing a sigh. Shane sounds a little dazed when he speaks. "And what is your plan for later?"

"I have ideas, do not worry," Ilya mutters against Shane's skin. "Will be nice surprises for you."

Shane shivers all over.

As great as Shane's parents are, Ilya thinks it's probably about time for them to leave. They are pretty old, they probably want to be home early anyway.

They wave Yuna and David off at the front door. As soon as their car is out of sight, Ilya presses Shane up against the wall inside the hallway, the door still open, light flooding out onto the front steps.

"We should close the door," Shane gasps in between kisses.

"Doesn't matter. People can see in the windows. But we are alone here."

"Yes, but what if we forget later? Someone could break in or -"

"Relax," Ilya mutters against Shane's lips, grinding his thigh against Shane's dick. Shane grabs onto Ilya's hair. Ilya can't help but let a moan escape his lips. "Is no one there, Shane. You know we are safe."

"Yes, but – *oh* – Ilya, wait -"

"I have to make sure you relax," Ilya points out, opening the button of Shane's jeans. "Is important to your mother."

"Ilya! Gross!"

Ilya laughs. "Is part of making a good impression."

"If my parents ever find out details on how you make me relax, you can forget about any sort of impression, Rozanov. My mom will put out a hit on you."

Ilya has to force himself to stop grinning so that he's able to kiss Shane quiet. But he does push the door closed before dropping to his knees, so that Shane can stop worrying. Ilya thinks it's what a good boyfriend should do, and he likes being the best at what he does.

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