

We would be right here (one way or another)

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by [Bellakitse](#)

Summary

“Do you think if you were out, years ago, when we met, *this*,” he points back and forth between them. “You and I would have— I don’t know. Ended before, I guess. And then you would have tried to find a nice man in Montreal?”

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David's question has been lingering in the back of Ilya's mind. He asks, Shane answers.

Notes

Four years since I last wrote anything, so I'm more than a little rusty. But these two have me in a chokehold, and here I am. 🙄

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

The cottage was mostly quiet, and Ilya could hear the murmurs of the soft conversation Shane was having with his parents by the door as they got ready to leave. He'd already said his goodbyes to the two older Hollanders, opting to stay in the kitchen and start cleaning up while giving Shane a moment with Yuna and David alone.

Their dinner together was...good.

Still as awkward as their lunch earlier, of course. Ilya knew that was going to be the case for a while. If Ilya, who had been in love with Shane for so long, he honestly didn't know when it started, had a hard time believing he was *here*. He couldn't expect Shane's parents to come to grips with this shift in their worldview of him in just a few hours.

Still, there had been moments while sitting at the table as they passed plates filled with roasted chicken, salad, and potatoes, with Shane so close to him his arm brushed against Ilya every time he reached for his water – his boyfriend thankfully not a complete ball of nerves and anxiety, like he had been earlier at his parents' house.

Moments where Shane had smiled at him and touched the top of his hand softly with the pads of his fingertips, like he needed to touch Ilya to anchor himself to the moment, that out of the corner of his eye, Ilya had seen Shane's parents smile at the gesture in what almost looked like warm approval.

Ilya looked down at the soapy water in the sink and sighed.

Christ, he hoped it was approval. Mostly for Shane's sake, but also his own, he hoped they could come to like him one day.

Arms circle his waist, pulling him out of his thoughts and back to the present, and he can't help the upward curve of his mouth as Shane nuzzles the back of his ear with his nose. It's all so domestic and *nice*, and Ilya can't for the life of him put on his standard mask of coolness to pretend he isn't loving every second of it.

"You didn't have to start the clean-up without me," Shane mumbles against his skin, the hand he has resting on Ilya's stomach slipping underneath his shirt to drag his thumb over the soft hairs just below his bellybutton.

Ilya hums, feeling the first licks of arousal at Shane's light touch. No, that's not right. It's not the first. Ilya knows he lives in a constant state of arousal around Shane; it's always there in the background like a low vibration he's learned to manage after all these years.

"I don't mind," he answers as he turns around in Shane's arms, smiling when Shane presses him into the counter with his body, his smirk growing as Shane stares at his mouth. "Your parents left?"

“Mhmm,” Shane nods, leaning in to kiss him, first his top lip, then his bottom one, lingering there. “Yeah, they thanked us for dinner.”

Ilya chuckles against Shane’s mouth. “Canadians, so polite. Thanking us for the food they brought over.”

Shane grins back at him, pulling back to look at him more clearly. “I think they thanked us for your company.”

Ilya raises an eyebrow at that.

Shane smiles again, softly, happily. “They said you’re nice.”

Ilya snorts. “*Okay.*”

“It’s true,” Shane argues with a small laugh. “Dad said it, and my mom didn’t disagree with him.”

‘And there were no nice men in Montreal?’

David’s question comes back to him instantly. If Ilya was honest, it had been lingering in the back of his mind, along with a question of his own, for hours.

“What?” Shane questions him, his brow pinching inward. “What is it?”

“Nothing,” he shrugs, but Shane is already shaking his head at him, lifting a finger to point at his face.

“That’s not a ‘nothing’ face.”

Ilya rolls his eyes at the comment and then rolls them again a second time when Shane doesn’t let it go. “It’s stupid.”

“Tell me anyway,” Shane tells him, his voice gentle. “We promised to try and be honest with each other here.”

Ilya licks his lips, nodding. He did promise. “I did, but I also wanted your hand on my dick when I promised that,” he reminds him, grinning when Shane huffs out a chuckle at him.

“Tell me what you’re thinking right now, and then we’ll see what I can do about that,” Shane smirks at him. It’s boyish and sexy and again so *happy*, and Ilya *loves* knowing he’s the cause of it. He loves it so fucking much he fears he might burst from so much love. That has to be a thing that can happen, right?

He grins back at his boyfriend. “Okay, but remember I said, it is stupid.”

“Okay.”

Ilya takes a breath, taking a moment to work out what he wants to ask. He’s not really bothered by David’s question, but it has made him curious.

“You said that you didn’t come out to your parents sooner because of me,” he starts, pausing when he sees that Shane is no longer smiling but instead has a look of deep focus on his face. “And your father asked earlier if there weren’t nice men in Montreal for you to be with.”

“Ilya, he didn’t mean –“

“He did,” Ilya cuts him off calmly. “It’s okay, I’m not offended, is valid question.”

Shane nods once, not necessarily agreeing with him, but allowing him to continue.

“Do you think if you were out, years ago, when we met, *this*,” he points back and forth between them. “You and I would have– I don’t know. Ended before, I guess. And then you would have tried to find a nice man in Montreal?”

The question ends quieter than how Ilya started it, less certain, and he instantly regrets asking such a stupid question. He can see that the question has startled Shane; his eyes are wide as he stares at Ilya, his mouth slightly open.

Shaking his head, he pushes himself away from the counter, forcing Shane to take a step back from him. “Forget I asked, it’s really dumb. Dumber out loud than in my head,” he continues, looking away.

“No, we wouldn’t have ended if I were out as gay when we met,” Shane tells him. He reaches for him again, this time placing his hands on either side of Ilya’s neck, making sure he looks at him. “We would be right here, together, one way or another.”

“You sound very sure of yourself, Hollander,” Ilya breathes out, swallowing hard at the look of adoration Shane gives him in return.

“I am,” Shane answers, with a little smile. “I wasn’t always, but I am now, and I can prove it.”

“How?”

Shane’s smile grows. “The day we met, what did you think of me?”

Ilya smiles back, growing warm, both by the memory of their first meeting and the way Shane continues to look at him now as he once again backs him up against the sink. “I thought it was ridiculous that you were telling me where I could and could not smoke.”

Shane laughs at that.

“I thought you had adorable freckles,” he continues, grinning as Shane blushes. “And that I was gonna destroy you.”

Shane nods once. “And I thought,” he starts, his already warm eyes going softer along with his voice. “That you were even more gorgeous than in your tapes.”

“Hollander,” Ilya starts.

“I said you were an amazing player to watch,” Shane interrupts him, reminding him of that day. “But what I wanted to say is that you were *beautiful* to watch. I wanted to say I watched every tape of you playing hockey I could get my hands on. Every. Last. One.”

“*Hollander*,” Ilya tries again, this time the name coming out thicker as he tries to swallow around the ball of emotion that starts at his throat and goes down into his chest.

“I don’t know when I fell in love with you, Ilya,” Shane says quietly. “I wish I could pinpoint the exact moment, but I just don’t know.”

“Shane,” he whispers reverently, his hands curling into his shirt, holding tight. “Я тебя тоже люблю, дорогой.”

‘I love you too, sweetheart.’

“Translate that for me,” he asks, smiling when Ilya does exactly that, speaking the words into his skin.

Shane’s eyes take on a sheen at the endearment.

“So, no, I don’t know when I fell for you,” he continues, holding him up as Ilya sinks into him. His hands cradle the back of Ilya’s head. “But I was obsessed with you before I even met you.”

Ilya lifts his head from where he has come to rest it on Shane’s shoulder. “Kiss me,” he demands, needy and hopelessly in love with the man before him. He groans, deepening the kiss the moment Shane does as he asks. His lips part Shane’s, swallowing the moan he lets out.

“It’s always been you, Ilya,” Shane promises between their kisses, gasping as they get more frantic. “Even before I understood it, even before I had the words to explain it.”

Ilya nods rapidly. He understands this; he hasn’t had the vocabulary to explain it himself, not in English, not even in Russian, but he understands. This obsession, as Shane said, has been there from the start.

“I have only ever loved one person,” Shane whispers to him. “I plan to love only one person. Only one. Nice men in Montreal can’t compare to that.”

Ilya laughs wetly, not bothering to hide his tears this time as he has done before. He doesn’t have to. Not here, not with Shane. “Thank god, because even if your father says I’m nice now, we both know I’m a bit of an asshole,” he teases, grinning as Shane lets out a bark of laughter.

They’re still laughing as Ilya takes his hand, leading him towards the bedroom.

End Notes

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