

spellbound

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by [garlic09](#)

Summary

a little drabble of shane and ilya post-talking to shanes parents

Shane sighed as they pulled into the driveway of the cottage, putting his head down on the steering wheel and closing his eyes.

“God,” he whispered. “I’m so... tired. I feel like I just ran a marathon.”

Ilya laughed, bringing up a hand to touch Shane’s hair.

“What you just did was much more difficult than a marathon,” he said. He couldn’t help the soft smile that was forming on his face, but he didn’t want to resist it. He didn’t have to anymore.

Notes

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

They didn't talk much on the drive back, but they didn't need to.

Ilya had spent so much of his life in cold silence, the kind of silence that filled his house in Russia and never really left. After his mother died and his brother moved out, the house was like a grave; he and his father could go days without speaking. Ilya came to resent silences, always needing to fill them, to resist the pull of the dark, cold emptiness.

But right now, in the car with Shane, the silence was comfortable. Shane had taught him how to be silent, how to sit with a moment, and how good it could be. With Shane's hand in his, the wind in his hair, and the gentle peace of existing around him, the silence felt perfect.

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Shane turned his head to look at Ilya. He did look tired. He had the look in his eyes he always got after big press events or massive social gatherings, but he didn't look unhappy, and that was what Ilya cared about.

He gently cupped Shane's face in his hand, letting his thumb dance over the other man's lips.

"Let's go inside, we can nap. You're gonna need your energy for tonight."

Shane furrowed his brow, confused for a moment, before a blush spread across his cheeks. He huffed softly, sticking out his tongue to slightly tap Ilya's finger, before pushing his head up off the steering wheel and opening the door.

As soon as Ilya made his way around the car, he put his arm around Shane. He could finally touch him how he wanted to, and he wasn't going to waste a moment of it. Shane always melted into it, always so tense, and Ilya prided himself on breaking down those walls and allowing Shane to truly relax.

Once they were inside, Ilya gently led Shane to the bedroom; he'd walked this path more than a dozen times since arriving at the cottage, but this was different. They'd be busy later, but for now, Shane needed rest.

Ilya untucked the sheets and blanket, Shane's work, of course, and the other man pushed his forehead into Ilya's back. He could feel the weight of Shane sagging into him. The goofy smile on his face somehow got even bigger.

"C'mon, sleepyhead, time for bed."

“It’s barely the afternoon, it’s too early for sleep,” Shane grunted into his shirt. But even as he said it, he fell forward into the mattress.

“Oh yes, much too early. Perhaps we should go on a run instead?”

“Sounds like a plan,” Shane’s voice was muffled, due to his mouth being pushed into the comforter.

The warm feeling that had filled Ilya’s chest since they’d spoken to Shane’s parents was becoming nearly overwhelming. Looking at Shane, sleep-soft in bed, who had just told his parents that he loved Ilya, there was a happiness in him he hadn’t felt in a long time.

It took a little manhandling and some disgruntled noises from Shane, but eventually Ilya got himself settled in bed. Shane was still face down, but this time into Ilya’s chest, the blanket pulled up around him. Ilya had one hand in Shane’s hair and another around his waist.

“I still can’t believe that just happened,” Shane muttered into Ilya’s shirt; he could feel the vibrations of the words in his chest.

“Neither can I,” said Ilya, pressing a kiss into Shane’s hair.

“It was somehow the worst thing ever, and the best,” Shane was nuzzling his head slightly into Ilya’s pec. “I feel like I won the cup and someone kicked me in the stomach at the same time.”

Ilya laughed, rubbing his hand up and down Shane’s back.

“You did a very good job. That was a hard thing to do.”

Shane grunted in response, pushing his face deeper into Ilya.

It was true, watching Shane look his parents in the eye and tell them he loved Ilya was one of the bravest things he’d ever done. Ilya had never believed it could happen, not in a million years. But sitting at the Hollanders’ table, eating his first home-cooked meal since he was twelve, he felt the happiest he’d ever been.

He knew Shane had been stressed out of his mind, and he didn’t blame him. But Ilya could never call what had happened the ‘worst thing,’ it might have been the best day of Ilya’s life.

He laughed to himself, the best day of his life, and it was barely three in the afternoon, surely he could make it even better. He had plans for sure. But for now, the man he loved was asleep on his chest, making soft little sounds.

Staring down at him, illuminated by the light of the sun, Ilya felt pressure build behind his eyes. He let the tears fall, feeling them trickle down his face as he took in the world around him. They weren’t tears of sadness; they were the tears of a man who finally, *finally*, felt exquisitely happy.

He’d spent so many years hiding, spending his time in the shadows just to get an hour with Shane, being in the light was overwhelming. Shane was glorious in the sunshine, his hair

shone, and flecks of gold were revealed in his deep brown eyes. Ilya loved it, he loved *him*, getting to see him in all his glory in the light of day. They'd spent so long in the night, he felt they deserved some sunshine.

Eventually, the tears subsided, and a warm, peaceful presence enveloped Ilya. He had all the time in the world to spend with Shane, and he wasn't going to cry about it anymore. He'd done enough of that.

When he unraveled his fingers from Shane's hair to wipe his eyes, the other man made an unhappy sound, his brow furrowing. Ilya quickly returned the hand and got to watch Shane soften again, slightly pushing his head up into Ilya's palm.

Ilya would happily spend every night with his fingers tangled in Shane's hair if he wanted him to. He would do anything to bring Shane peace. He had realized, midway through the conversation with Shane's parents, that he loved Shane more than he loved hockey. He certainly loved Shane more than he loved Boston.

Ilya loved being the best; he loved to do battle on the ice every week, but even holding the Stanley Cup was nothing compared to holding the man in his arms. Ottawa might not be the best team in the league, at least not yet, but they were the best team, because they meant he could be close to Shane.

In the back of his mind, he heard a voice telling him his father would be disappointed in him, angry that he would give up so much for 'so little.' But he fought it, his father had no understanding of love.

As Ilya drifted off to sleep, he thought of his mother, who had told him something once, about love. He'd been ten years old, curled up in bed, and she'd been running her fingers through his hair.

"Some types of love make you do crazy things, others make you do very logical things," she had whispered to him, her face inches from his. She always smelled like waterlilies. "But the best kind makes you do the craziest things for the most logical reasons. That's the kind of love that endures, because you transform the world to make it fit, rather than changing it to fit the world."

Ilya quite liked the idea of that. He wasn't going to let the world change the way he loved Shane, he wasn't going to let anyone have that power over him.

So, he would just have to change the world.

End Notes

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