Shane Hollander buys a new cottage!

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Shane Hollander buys a new cottage!

by leaveittome

Summary

Lily: hollander this is a broken shack in the middle of the woods

Jane: Listen. I think I got scammed.

Lily: you THINK?

in order to get some more privacy, shane looks into other cottage ideas.

Notes

hope u enjoy LOL this idea came to me and i couldnt resist not writing

See the end of the work for more notes

Jane: I can't wait to see you.

Jane: I'm feeling a lot better.

Lily: that is nice

Lily: can i mention something? real quick?

Jane: Always.

Lily: hollander.

Lily: i really want to come to the cottage. but… it's too many windows. it's too open.

Lily: it will be hard to be secret

Jane: Nobody is going to drive by. I promise.

Lily: it is right next to big highway

Lily: you have been spotted before.

Jane: Have I?

Lily: *ARTICLE LINK: Shane Hollander spied on in his MASSIVE cottage; caught watching the Notebook and crying his eyes out.*

Jane: 😣

Jane: I don't remember that.

Lily: *ARTICLE LINK: Shane Hollander is growing tomatoes in his garden. Our staff took some.*

Jane: They took my tomatoes?

Jane: Damn.

Jane: Alright… You're right. There's too many windows.

Lily: yes

Lily: ill still spend summer with you

Lily: just… any more secret?

Jane: I'll take a look and see what I can find, okay?

Lily: okay.

Lily: we will watch the notebook?

Jane: No?

Lily: yes.

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The first thing Shane thought to do upon hearing Ilya's request; jump on Craigslist. They had everything on there. If Ilya wanted a secret, secluded place for them to stay over the summer, then that was what he was going to get. Shane was just happy he had agreed to come at all. He could give up sunlight and the outside world for a few weeks if it meant Ilya was going to be in his bed, waking up to the sight of him every morning.

Though with such short notice, his options were quite limited. Only four options popped up as 'available now.' He tapped his chin, viewing the first listing.

Spider-infested apartment.
PRICE: $2313/mo

"Spider-infested? Why the hell would they put that on the listing?" Shane mumbled to himself, rolling his eyes.

Glass-plated cottage
PRICE: $6728/mo

"Glass plated? No, that wouldn't be any better."

Spongebob-Patrick style roleplay center.
PRICE: $4323/mo

Shane blinked, not even wanting to know what that one was all about.

Enclosed cottage shack
PRICE: $1242/mo

"Aha!" Shane exclaimed, "Looks perfect." He carefully read the listing up and down, ensuring that it was small, out of the way, and in a hard-to-reach location. There were a few windows, but he figured some tinfoil could do the trick in covering those.

Jane: Mission accomplished!

Jane: I found a new place, I'll send you the address when I get it

Lily: wow you are amazing

Lily: can't wait to see your beautiful face

Jane: I can't wait either ♥

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“Oh no.” Shane scratched the back of his head, looking at the destination Google Maps had just led him to.

This looked… nothing like the listing! Shit! What was he going to do now? Ilya was set to arrive in a few hours, and Shane was left with a sack of piece of fucking shit. He had all of his luggage for the next few weeks stacked up in his Gucci-sponsored bags in his 2016 Jeep Wrangler Unlimited Custom 6X6, and he was supposed to just throw it into… *this*?

Damn, their cottage time was ruined! Every perfect image Shane had in his head was crumbling right under his palm. He took a step forward, noting that there wasn’t even a fucking *door* to get into the place. Was he supposed to just climb through the windows?

Nope— no. Everything was fine. It was just a small mix-up, but he was set to make the best of it. If he and Ilya couldn’t have fun in a sack of shit in the middle of nowhere, then what was the point of life? It was a test of their… ‘relationship.’ Maybe Shane could pretend this was all intentional.

He took a deep breath and began to navigate his way around the shack. (after making sure a bear wouldn’t crawl inside of his 2016 Jeep Wrangler Unlimited Custom 6X6 and drink his Ginger Ale.) Shane had to rip out the window pane to shove his body inside, but once he did that, it honestly didn’t look all that bad.

There was a bed. Really, that was the most important part. There was a hole in the floor, too. Perfect scenario, for whatever the night brought.

Alright. Things were looking up. He reached to find his phone in his pocket, and texted Ilya the address.

Jane: Just got to the new cottage. It's seen better days, but it's doable!

Jane: The address is 2432 BrokenCreek Lane.

Lily: hollander this is a broken shack in the middle of the woods

Jane: Listen. I think I got scammed.

Lily: you THINK?

Jane: Okay, okay. I know it looks bad from the photos, but it's honestly not that bad in person.

Lily: you are THERE?

Jane: Yes!

Lily: hollander

Lily: oh my god

Jane: Is it alright? Should I try to get us a hotel for the night or something?

Lily: no, no

Lily: is fine

Lily: perfect, actually

Lily: i am on my way

Jane: Yay!

Shane let out a breath of relief, delighted that their plans weren't *completely* ruined. Sure, it would take a little getting used to, but the place could be… nice! It would give them a chance to really get to know each other, as there was only one singular room in the entire place.

He spent the next few hours clearing off the floor with a small broom and dustbin (how kind of them to provide that!), while ensuring the cabinets were wiped down. He then began unloading everything from his 2016 Jeep Wrangler Unlimited Custom 6X6, including all the food he stocked up. They hadn't entirely discussed how long they would be staying there for, so Shane was operating under the impression that they'd have the full summer together. So, he brought a total of 102 cans of ginger ale. Some of those could stay in the car, though.

What he hadn't thought to bring was bedding, as he assumed the place would have, you know, a few pillows and sheets, but the bare mattress was a suitable alternative. There was just no… washing machine… but they'd make it work.

After a long few hours of work, Shane was proud of his progress. One wouldn't be able to even tell the state it was in when he got there. That deserved a pat on the back. Shane only wondered a few times if that SpongeBob-Patrick style roleplay center would have been the better option.

But, before he could weigh his options, Shane heard a car pull up outside.

He excitedly climbed out through the window, suddenly face-to-face with a very surprised looking Ilya.

"You made it!" Shane beamed, unable to hide the grin on his face. It'd been a while since they'd seen each other, so he was certainly delighted by the sight.

"I…" Ilya's mouth remained open in shock as he took off his sunglasses, hooking them onto his shirt, "I cannot believe how…"

Shane's shoulders deflated. Yeah, he fucked up. "I'm sorry. I know, I should—"

"No, no," Ilya quickly shook his head, "I cannot believe now… wonderful it looks!"

"Oh," He blinked back, "Really?"

"Yes! I mean, wow. There's so… there's so many…" Ilya tapped his chin, letting out a light hum, "There's so much to wonder here."

Shane let out a small chuckle, stepping across the grass to wrap his arm around Ilya's shoulder, "Thanks for humoring me."

"Now, I am not doing that. I am, I am impressed. You did all of this for me?" Ilya gasped, placing a hand on his chest as he wiped away a fake tear, "I am touched. So touched."

"Well, you'll be even more touched when you see the inside. It only kind of looks like a sack of shit." Shane felt his chest fill with pride, amused by how well Ilya played into it.

"No, this place could never look like a sack of shit. No, no. Hollander, if hockey doesn't work out, you could have a job as a real estate agent."

"You asshole," Shane rolled his eyes, "At least see the inside."

With that, he tactically led Ilya through the window, motioning for him to follow. It proved to be difficult, as Ilya lacked some of the same flexibility as he had, so Shane was left pulling him through for dear life.

"Your ass. It's too big." Shane commented while Ilya was still hanging halfway in and halfway out.

"Oh, but you like it through."

"The nerve to laugh while you're stuck in a window."

“I am not stuck!” Ilya was finally able to push himself into the shack, with some needed help, and only *somewhat* tumbled to the ground in a mess of limbs.

Shane helped him stand up with a grunt, shaking his head, “You need to be more flexible.”

“Ah. I will remember that for next time I shove my body through tiny window.”

“Tiny windows, isn’t that what you wanted?” Shane teased, finally getting a good look at Ilya in the sheltered lighting. There was no lamp (of course, no— why would there be?), so he was able to catch the sunset reflecting in Ilya’s eyes.

All of a sudden, all worries fell from his body. They had already had more fun than they would have at Shane’s other cottage, so he was feeling pretty good about himself. In what other reality would they be stuck in the middle of the forest together? Not many.

Shane felt Ilya’s hands on his lips as he leaned in for a kiss. “I missed you,” he murmured against Ilya’s cheek, letting his body relax under his touch.

“I missed you too. How is your head?” Ilya asked, running a hand through Shane’s hair.

“Better. But, not perfect. I’m still booking us shit shacks in the woods.”

Ilya shook his head as a light chuckle fell from his lips, “It’s okay. It’s… nice. I swear. I like the detail.”

“Yeah, I cleaned it up a little.”

“I’m already imagining a future here. It has… what’s that word…”

“Potential?”

“Not what I was looking for, but yes. It has potential.”

Though Shane knew Ilya was bullshitting right out of his ass, he was still touched by the lengths Ilya was willing to go to make him feel better. There was no harsh judgment, no refusal, no… nothing. Ilya was ready to jump on board with whatever crazy idea Shane led him to. It was nice to see this side of Ilya. The kind, touching, compassionate side.

After a few more kisses, Shane slowly led him towards the mattress (it was only about two steps away). Though as he sat down, there was a puff of dust that spurted from the mattress. They both froze for a moment before erupting in a fit of giggles, because of *course* the fucking mattress was filled with dust.

“You are allergic to dust?” Ilya asked.

“Not that I know of.”

Ilya shrugged, “Guess we will find out.”

With a grunt, he sat down next to Shane, erupting a puff of dust of his own, before they lay their heads back, starting at the ceiling.

“Why do I feel like the roof is going to collapse on us?” Shane asked, noticing the very suspiciously loose-looking bolts from both ends.

“Because it probably will.”

“Shit. Does your insurance cover that?”

“Ah, collapsing roofs? I am not sure.” Ilya added, humor lining his tongue, “You think the league will suspect anything if we are both out with roof-collapsing injuries?”

“Nah. I’ll just say we have the same landlord.”

“Is that any less suspicious?”

Shane turned to face him, enjoying the smirk painted on Ilya’s face, “Probably not.”

For a moment, neither said anything. Shane thought it might have been because the broken fan overhead was making a few too many squeaking noises for it to be non-concerning, but that theory dissipated as Ilya let out a deep breath.

He was relaxed, just being there with Shane. Even though they were stuck in one of the worst buildings imaginable (Could it even be classified as a building?), they were still breathing each other’s air, able to exist in a world together.

And nobody would see a thing.

That was the simple idea. As long as they were together, it didn’t matter where they ended up.

Shane felt a spider crawl on his arm, whacking it off with a small scream. He met Ilya’s amused eyes, shaking his head, “I’ll call the hotel.”

“But, I want to stay here.”

“You can, but I’m not!”

End Notes

thanks for reading my silly little story!

please dont take this too seriously, its just a fun little fic, thank you!

comments and kudos are always appreciated!!

my twitter is @leaveit_tome :)

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