

everything is easy cause of you

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Shane is moving from Montreal to live in Ottawa with Ilya, and moving out from his house is dragging up plenty of feelings. This place was his home for eleven years, and now he's moving on to a new team, a new home, and a new life. It's a lot, but it's for the best.

day seven: moving day

Notes

This was a really fun one to write, because I don't feel like it's a time we think on a lot with Shane and Ilya. What a big thing, to pack up his life and move to a different city, with a new team, all at once. Bound to bring up lots of feels. Thanks to Anna and Dntat for betaing!

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

Packing up his house in Montreal is bittersweet.

On the one hand, Shane is beyond excited to start this chapter of his life with Ilya. He's *terrified*, sure, because they've spent summers together, but those always had an expiration date. There was always an end, a time away, a time of famine after a feast. But now they can just gorge themselves on each other's company, and what if that's too much? What if Shane is too much? What if Ilya realizes being around Shane all the time isn't what he wants after all?

And leaving behind Montreal, it feels monumental. This is the city that loved him for the past eleven years, the city that helped him become who he is today. The city who he represented playing the sport he loved will just be a memory now. All of that is gone – his teammates aren't rallied behind him, his friendships are crumbling, and he feels the loss acutely.

At least he still has Hayden, he reminds himself as he tapes up the last box and looks out into the empty house that used to be home, but now just feels like a shell he's outgrown. There's stacks of boxes and piles of furniture, all ready to be moved out to the waiting truck. Who would have thought he could pack his life up so easily? Who could have known he had so little physically and carried so much mentally? It was noticeable, the lack of personal touches in this house. Ilya was hardly present here, and now it just feels wrong.

Now, he has Ottawa to look forward to. He has a new team, a new home that Ilya has built for them, and while all of this is shiny and new, Ottawa never stopped being the place that held his heart. First from his parents living there, then expanding when Ilya moved to town. Shane wipes at a bead of sweat trailing down his forehead and nudges the final box with his foot.

He can't believe it's all packed away.

"Shane, I have the truck," Ilya calls as he enters the house. He's in ball shorts and a tight black t-shirt, and wears a ball cap backwards on his head, his light curls peeking out from underneath. He's got some stubble on his cheeks and chin, and he doesn't belong here. Not in Montreal, not in this house that Shane had learned to loathe because it didn't contain Ilya. Now that he's here it feels *wrong*, because home is Ottawa, and Shane has made peace with that.

"Great, awesome," the nerves are evident in Shane's voice, and he lets out a small huff of a sigh as Ilya comes to stand beside him and survey the empty room. It was easy enough to sell – it's a gorgeous space. It just still feels surreal.

Ilya's arm wraps around Shane's waist, and Shane leans into him. Ilya's familiar smell is comforting in this moment, and just serves as another reminder – Shane's place is where Ilya is. And Ilya will never be in Montreal.

Montreal was only ever just a pitstop; it was a stepping stone, a long stretch before the important turn that takes you home. Montreal was getting his feet wet in the real world, and growing into the man he is today, but it's just that – it's fresh growth that's hardened into a solid branch, and it's time for new sprouts.

Together the two of them load up the truck. Hayden had offered to come help, but Jackie had needed him at home to help with the kids, and Shane was confident he and Ilya could handle it. It feels ritualistic, the two of them packing him up and moving him out. This is how it's supposed to be.

They leave Shane's key in a lockbox, then leave town. It's that easy. It takes less than five minutes and they're on the road, Ilya driving the truck, Shane worrying his bottom lip between his teeth in the passenger seat. Ilya's hand finds his between the two seats and their fingers intertwine, and Ilya brings Shane's knuckles up to press a soft kiss there.

"Feels crazy, leaving Montreal behind," Shane admits, his voice laden with heavy emotions.

"Good crazy?" Ilya asks, and his fingers squeeze. Their gazes meet, and Shane smiles, a thing that lights up his eyes.

"Great crazy. I mean I'll miss Hayden and JJ, but..." He trails off and searches out the window, as if the words might appear to him there. "This is where I need to be going. This is what is best for me. Best for us," he says, that grin still in place as he looks over at Ilya again. Ilya's staring out the windshield, but a smile creeps over his face.

They finish the drive, chatting as they go, talking about what they're going to do with all of Shane's things. He's already got so much at the Ottawa house, it feels insane that he has so many boxes. Some things they'll get rid of, most they'll put in storage, and the sentimental things will be unpacked and nestled in amongst all of Ilya's own possessions. The idea of mixing his life with Ilya's so thoroughly is exhilarating, and he can't wait to get there, to get everything unpacked and feel like he's finally complete.

When they pull into the drive, Ilya's grin brightens. "Welcome home, moya lyubov," Ilya says as he gestures towards the house. His parents' car is parked in the drive, and they park behind it, then open the back of the truck and start the arduous task of unpacking.

All in all it doesn't take too long to get everything out, but that's only the beginning, Shane fears. Some of the boxes immediately go down to storage – all of his kitchen items that are just duplicates of what Ilya has, and some bedding and sheets they won't need. His clothes he takes up to the bedroom, and saves that for a later problem. The boxes of trophies and commemorative jerseys are taken to Ilya's trophy room, and Shane has no idea how they will even share such a space. He looks around as he carefully sets down the last box, wipes at his brow as he takes in all of Ilya's accomplishments. Soon his name will hang in here, too. Soon, they will be side by side, inextricably linked together, and it sends a thrill through him.

Yuna is cooking dinner when Shane enters the kitchen, and it smells amazing. David is helping Ilya decide whose TV is better, the one Shane brought or the one Ilya already has, and it looks like they've already gotten his gaming console unloaded and hooked up. The two of them are bickering about technology in terms Shane doesn't quite understand, so he falls onto the couch, beat from a day of lifting boxes and furniture, most of which is now in the storage room in Ilya's basement.

They all eat dinner together at Ilya and Shane's dining room table, and Anya happily bounces from person to person, begging for any scraps they're willing to share. Once dishes are

loaded into the washer, Yuna and David say their goodbyes. As his mom is hugging him, she tilts her head, and whispers into Shane's ear.

"I'm glad you're home, Shane."

He's glad he's home, too.

End Notes

Comments and kudos if you liked it, babes!

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