

where i'm set alight

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya invite Harris and Troy to the cabin for some end of summer fun.

Notes

Just a cute lil Shane and Harris bonding fic! I dunno I just feel like those two would get along so well tbh

Troy and Harris's car pulls up to the Ontario Cottage later in the day than expected, though the sun is still out in full force and the sky is still a deep, beautiful blue, not a cloud to be found. When Ilya hears the car doors he hurries out the front, no shoes on his feet, Anya trotting after him, and Shane can't help but smile goofily and roll his eyes as he watches from the kitchen window where he's washing plates from lunch. His husband's enthusiasm to have his friends visit their sacred space is palpable, and while Shane had been a little anxious at the idea of having people stay with them for a weekend, he did find he was looking forward to it more than dreading it now, which was an improvement from last week.

It isn't that Shane dislikes Troy or Harris; the opposite, really. They've had nothing but good interactions, and after everything he's heard from Ilya, he's sure they will all be great friends. He just hasn't had the opportunity yet, to get to know them.

But the most important part is that these are Ilya's friends, and Shane is excited to spend time with Ilya's friends. It's obvious this is important to him, and Shane has spent the last ten years making a point to keep their lives separate, now that they're married and out, the least he can do is *integrate*. Ilya's done it for him – he goes to Hayden's house and treats Hayden and Jackie like friends of his own. He loves Shane's mom and dad, and humors them and their family dinners and puzzle nights. Now it's Shane's turn.

Shane dries the last of the plates and puts it up as Ilya grabs Troy and Harris's bags and leads them to the front door. Chiron trots along on his lead behind Harris, and Anya sniffs at his heels, excited to see her friend. They've had a few puppy playdates and Anya and Chiron get along famously, so it just made sense that Troy and Harris would bring Chiron along.

"Shane, we have guests!" Ilya calls as he comes in through the front door he'd left open. Shane grins as he steps from the kitchen into the living room and waves sheepishly at Harris and Troy.

"Hey guys," he greets, and Troy and Harris grin back as Troy unclasps Chiron's leash. The big dog immediately trots over to say hi to Shane, who scratches his head, then he heads over to Anya's bed to sift through her toys and select a bone that is far too large for her, which he settles with in front of the large bay window looking out to the backyard. Harris shakes his head and opens his mouth to protest, but Shane chuckles and beats him to it.

"Anya never chews on that one, he's welcome to it," Shane says, and Harris chuckles as he pets Anya, who has her front paws up on his thighs.

"He never has a problem making himself at home," Harris laughs, and Troy rolls his eyes but nods in agreement.

Troy messes with their bags, setting them on the stairs and then turning back to Ilya and Shane. "Thanks for having us up, guys," he smiles at them and scratches the back of his neck.

"We are excited you are here," Ilya returns the smile, grinning as he wraps his arm around Shane's waist. It's instinctive, the way Shane leans into him. They've been together for so

long now that he's used to Ilya's gravitational pull, and he just allows himself to be roped in by it.

"It'll be good team bonding before the season starts," Troy jokes, but Shane kind of thinks he's spot on. He can't believe he's going to be playing for Ottawa this season, and while his heart aches at the memory of his old team, at what he accomplished with the Voyageurs and the loss of his friends there, he is excited about new opportunities with new teammates who have already rallied around him and Ilya.

"Come, Troy, we can take your bags up to the guest room," Ilya places a soft little kiss to Shane's temple then moves away from him, and Shane feels this loss acutely. Harris and Troy shuffle their bags around, then Troy and Ilya are off up the stairs, chatting as they go up to the second level.

Harris turns back to Shane and holds up a few reusable shopping bags. "We went to the store and got some stuff, mostly snacks because I can't pass up a snack aisle without browsing, but Troy wants to cook for you guys one night so we got... well, salmon, unsurprisingly," Harris laughs and Shane chuckles too, then gestures towards the kitchen.

"We can put that stuff in the fridge," Shane offers. Harris follows him into the large and highly impressive kitchen (Shane spared no expenses in most parts of the cabin, if he's being honest) and unpacks the totes. "We could have gone shopping tonight, you guys really didn't need to—" Shane trails off and waves his hand, and Harris shrugs like it's nothing.

"We needed car snacks. I wasn't kidding when I said I take my snacks seriously." Harris folds up the bags and sets them aside, then leans back against the counter, meeting Shane's gaze. "Hey, thanks again for inviting us up. I know it's probably not ideal timing with the season starting in a few weeks and you two just getting back from your honeymoon, but Troy was so excited."

It was a squeeze, and if he is being honest, Shane probably would have preferred having all of this time to just him and Ilya. But they'd just had two weeks together in Spain, and this was important to Ilya, even if he wouldn't put it that bluntly. The friendship Ilya and Troy had forged last season was a fledgling thing, but Shane knows it's important to Ilya. And if it's important to Ilya, it's important to him, too.

"Seriously, any time. We're just glad to have you. And I'm glad Ilya has Troy," Shane admits carefully, with a cautious smile.

Harris meets his eyes in understanding, and nods. "Yeah, I think... I think it's good they get along so well," Harris agrees. "Troy had no one after everything went down in Toronto, and I think Ilya really helped him through some of that."

"Yeah, Ilya's like that," Shane says with a small smile of understanding, because he knows that better than anyone, but he's not about to make this about himself.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs startles Shane, and he and Harris look over as Ilya and Troy re-enter the living room. Both dogs jump up, tails wagging, as the two men settle on the couch.

“What is the plan for the rest of the day, Shane?” Ilya asks from where his long frame is sprawled across half of the sectional. Shane rolls his eyes as he and Harris join them on the couch, Harris settling in beside Troy, who wraps his arm around Harris’s shoulders, and Shane sitting by Ilya’s feet, which Ilya promptly places in Shane’s lap.

“That’s the best part about the lake, is that there are no plans,” Shane teases him.

“I know you have a plan Hollander,” Ilya points at Shane with his finger. “Do not lie.”

Shane’s cheeks heat slightly and he ducks his head. “I figured we’d let Troy and Harris get settled in, then make some dinner in a bit and have a fire.”

“There is also a games room,” Ilya says mildly, which piques Troy’s interest.

Shane absently rubs his hand up Ilya’s shin, and looks out at the lake sparkling in the sunlight. “We could always swim, too,” he offers. This, it seems, also gets Troy’s attention. He shares a look with Harris who shrugs, and Troy nods.

“Honestly after the car ride, a swim would be nice,” Troy states.

So they decide to go for a swim. Everyone changes into their suits, then they head down to the dock. Shane, arms laden with beach towels, brings up the rear, and Anya and Chiron follow on his heels. Chiron stretches out on the sun-warmed boards of the dock while Anya jumps into the lake no problem, joining the humans for a swim.

They spend their afternoon swimming and sunbathing, and Shane feels his anxiety and awkwardness melting away the more time he spends with Troy and Harris. They’re both easy to talk to, and he finds himself drawn into conversation with Harris while Troy and Ilya splash in the lake. Harris has his feet over the edge of the dock and leans back on his hands, letting the afternoon sun warm his face, and Shane is in one of the deck chairs they’d brought down to the dock, feet stretched out in front of him, the sun drying his skin.

“So you were an Ottawa Centaurs fan growing up, too?” Harris asks Shane as he splashes water onto his thighs and kicks his feet idly, letting his toes dip in the water. Troy and Ilya are swimming out further, racing or something, and Shane watches them with mild curiosity for another second before turning back to Harris with a small, shy smile.

“Well my mom is... was? A Montreal fan. Maybe not so much more after everything that went down, though,” Shane muses as he traces circles into the arm of the deck chair with the pad of his finger. “But dad was a centaurs fan. So I kinda got the best of both worlds,” He says with a little shrug. “I mean the Centaurs always had a spot in my heart, we went to their games and stuff, but Montreal was always the dream, I guess.” He shrugs and tugs his sunglasses down from his hair to cover his eyes as the sun shines off of the lake and temporarily blinds him.

“Hey, I get it. Montreal has always been better than Ottawa anyway,” Harris says with a huff of a laugh. “My family’s been in Ottawa forever, they’d call me a traitor if I ever cheered for any other team,” Harris teases. He leans back on his palms and tilts his face up to the sun, sighing happily.

Shane's own grin grows, and he mimics the gesture, leaning back in his chair, letting the sun's rays warm him. "You never played hockey, though? Just a fan?"

He misses the way Harris's face shifts for a moment, doesn't see the second of hesitation or the little shrug of uncertainty Harris gives. "I, uh, had a heart defect growing up. Called truncus arteriosus. So I was in and out of the hospital and, well, my parents didn't want me playing."

Shane sits up in his chair then, and looks down at Harris, understanding this is a big moment, a true admission that he might not share with everyone. Why was he telling Shane, of all people? "Shit, I'm sorry Harris," he says sincerely.

Harris looks up at him and shrugs again, this time the movement is bigger, more nonchalant, less self-conscious. "Thanks. It's ok. I'm alright, and I have the best job in the world so... I don't really complain," he says with a small laugh.

"And thanks for... trusting me. With that. I know it's probably not easy to talk about or anything." Shane runs a hand through his hair. He has friends, sure, but making new friends isn't something he finds easy to do. Harris makes it feel easy. There's something so warm and inviting about the way Harris feels familiar, like slipping into an old favorite sweater or brewing yourself your favorite cup of tea.

Harris looks at Shane and after a beat he smiles, a wide easy thing that feels appropriate to wear around the lake house. "I think you're a good guy, Shane. And I'm glad you make Ilya happy."

Shane fidgets with the hem of his swim trunks and looks down, trying to ignore the warmth of the blush creeping across his cheeks. He opens his mouth, fumbling for words, and is thankful when the sound of splashing grows closer. Troy and Ilya splash their way back over, spraying Shane and Harris with water.

"I beat Troy out to the deep end," Ilya announces proudly as he pulls himself up and out of the water and sits next to Harris on the edge of the dock. His grin is smug as he kicks his feet idly. Anya, who had eventually curled up on the dock to dry, pads over and licks water off of Ilya's arm.

"Yeah because he *cheated*!" Troy crows from where he bobs between Harris's feet. He's holding onto Harris's shins, his hair slicked back from his face, skin gleaming in the afternoon sun.

"Did not," Ilya scoffs, and Shane reaches out to brush a hand through his husband's wet curls.

"Children, children," Harris sighs and shakes his head. "You both get a participation trophy," he teases, which causes both Troy and Ilya to make noises of absolute disgust.

"But I won," Ilya states simply. Troy opens his mouth to argue, but is silenced by a very pointed look from Harris, which causes Ilya and Shane to both snicker.

After plenty of time in the water and sun, it's impossible to ignore their stomachs rumbling. They head back up to the house and Shane grabs fixings for burgers. Ilya shows Harris and Troy around the rest of the cottage while he cooks, and they join him on the deck once they're done where he's grilling. Ilya presses a beer into Shane's hand, and he takes it with a small smile and a kiss to the underside of Ilya's jaw, because they can do that now.

"I didn't know you could cook, Shane," Troy teases as he sips his own beer and grins. Harris sighs and rolls his eyes.

"You can't disrespect our hosts, Troy," he jokes, and everyone laughs.

"I really like cooking, actually," Shane says with a little shrug of his shoulders.

"And he is very good at it, too," Ilya says, chest puffing out with pride. He's leaning against the deck railing next to the grill and watching Shane while Shane flips burgers.

"It's just burgers," Shane laughs as he shakes his head. "Seriously, easy stuff right here."

The banter flows easily between them like they're all old friends. Shane finds that he likes being in the company of Troy and Harris, and that even more so he enjoys being around another queer couple. While he knows everyone in their lives are accepting, it's a whole different level of acceptance with Troy and Harris. He doesn't have to worry about making them feel uncomfortable if he kisses his husband, doesn't have to hide the glances he's constantly stealing over at Ilya. He doesn't have to *pretend*, or to keep things to himself to make straight people feel comfortable. He can just... be. What a thing, that is. He hadn't even realized he'd missed it until he found it.

After they eat, Shane builds a fire and they all sit around it. They trade stories about their rookie years, or in Harris's case what led him up to his position with the Centaurs. Shane finds himself smiling widely and giving those smiles away easily. They each have a few ciders, and they admire the way the lake looks as it shimmers back the reflection of hundreds of stars in the night sky. The moon hangs low and heavy, glowing through the trees, lighting up the night. It's cloudless, and Shane feels proud to show his friends this place that's so near and dear to his heart in all of her beauty. The way Ilya's arm snakes around his waist, how his own head tilts and finds Ilya's shoulder, feels so comforting, so much like home that it steals his breath. Feeling this content in a moment so sacred in front of their current company is a blessing, and it doesn't go unaccounted for from Shane.

As it closes in on 1 AM Harris stifles a yawn, and Troy kisses his temple, rubbing Harris's shoulder and nudging him softly. "We should go to bed," Troy suggests, and Harris nods, sheepishly. Shane watches them through his own sleepy eyes and nods, only vaguely aware of what time it is.

"Is late," Ilya agrees as he pats Shane's thigh and stands, then offers Shane his hand. They put the fire out, then head inside, Ilya and Shane going in one direction, Harris and Troy heading the other way to their guest room. After going through his bedtime ritual, Shane falls into bed. He's asleep almost as soon as his head hits the pillow, and the last thing he recognizes before floating off to sleep is Ilya wrapping him up in his warm, strong arms. It's Shane's favorite place to be.

Shane wakes early the next morning without his alarm, which isn't unusual. He groans and rolls over, and his hand gropes along the nightstand until he finds his phone. 6:30 AM. He throws his phone onto the mattress and turns back over, burrowing back into Ilya and praying sleep finds him again, but it's no use. Once he's up, Shane's up. Looks like 6:30 it is.

He brushes his teeth and washes his face, then heads down to the gym to do some meditation and stretching before everyone else wakes up. By 7:15 he's in the kitchen, glasses perched on his nose, hair still slightly tousled from the gym session, feet bare and clad in ball shorts and one of Ilya's too-big-for-him t-shirts, staring at the contents of the fridge and wondering what in the hell he should even make to feed the four of them.

"Early riser, too?" Harris asks through a yawn as he pads into the kitchen. He's wearing sweats and a centaurs t-shirt, and Shane almost jumps out of his skin, he's so surprised that someone else is awake with him.

"Uhh, yeah," Shane mumbles as he rubs at the back of his neck. "Once I'm up, I'm up," Shane says with a small sigh and a shrug of his well-muscled shoulders.

"Me too," Harris agrees. Chiron comes trotting into the kitchen soon after, and Harris scratches his ears before letting the big dog out back to do his business. Once he's back inside, Harris feeds him breakfast, which alerts Anya who'd been asleep in her bed by the fireplace. Shane feeds her breakfast as well, then leans against the counter.

"So, for breakfast – I have stuff for greek omelets. Turkey sausage and spinach and feta. And I have smoothie ingredients, too," he gestures in the fridge, and Harris nods.

"Do you have flour and sugar?"

Shane thinks on it, then turns to the pantry and pulls it open. Harris spots the things he'd asked for and grabs them, setting them on the counter. "I can make pancakes," He offers. "And bacon? You've gotta have bacon, right?"

Shane looks at him skeptically. "There might be some in the freezer..." He trails off as Harris tugs the freezer open and rifles through it, then makes a noise of pride and emerges victorious with bacon in his hands. "Perfect. It all balances out, right?" He teases with a little chuckle.

That makes Shane laugh, a little thing of agreement. They both set to their tasks, and Harris hums to himself, stopping as he's stirring the pancake batter and turning to Shane. "You don't like... listen to music? While you cook?" He asks, gesturing to Shane with the spatula he's using to stir.

"I'm not, uhh, I don't listen to much music," Shane admits hesitantly.

Harris's brow furrows as he goes back to stirring. "What like, you don't like it?"

Shane huffs and shakes his head. "It's not that I don't like it, I just don't... I dunno? Prioritize it?"

“Hmmm.” Harris leaves his task, and goes to sort through a tote bag. He returns with a small bluetooth speaker which he connects to, and then he thumbs through his phone, selecting a playlist and turning the volume down so it’s playing softly behind them. “What kind of music do you like?”

“I dunno, I guess what the guys play in the locker room is cool,” Shane says with a shrug of his shoulders. This causes Harris to snort as he starts a pan on the stove and slides a pat of butter into it.

“Puh-lease. Dykstra plays strictly country, Troy is always on the EDM train and Ilya’s always all over the place. There is much better music out there,” Harris assures him as the butter warms and he drops in the first pancake. Shane goes to stand beside him at the stove and starts the eggs for the first omelet. They work in silence as a song plays, and Shane really listens to it.

“This is Hozier,” Harris supplies. The soft sound of the guitar are almost folksy, and Shane likes the easy rhythm and the gentleness of the music. “This song is called Would That I, it’s from his middle album, ‘Wasteland, Baby!’ The album is underrated, if you ask me,” Harris rambles easily as he flips the pancake, and Shane nods along to the beat of the song as he finishes up his first omelet and starts on a second one.

They work in silence as they listen to the song, and Shane finds that he likes how comforting the music feels. It wraps him up like a warm hug, and Shane feels startled when it comes to an end. Harris has a tall stack of pancakes now, and Shane’s finished his second omelet. The next song on is guitar heavy again, and Shane listens thoughtfully.

“Oh, this is a cover,” Harris says, and when the lyrics start Shane lights up.

“I recognize this one!” He says with a small laugh as he flips the omelet.

“I would hope so,” Harris ribs, and Shane chuckles. “There She goes, covered by Sixpence None the Richer,” Harris rattles off, like an encyclopedia of musical knowledge.

Once he’s done with the pancake batter, Harris lays out strips of fatty bacon on the bottom of the frying pan he’d been using. He leaves them to sizzle and starts making coffee, then leans a hip against the counter as he watches the bacon and waits for the coffee.

Shane works on the third omelet as the song switches again. “Oh, this is a morning classic,” Harris says. The strumming of a rowdy guitar fills the kitchen, and Shane picks the beat up easily. “Banana pancakes by Jack Johnson. You can’t have a morning playlist without this song on it,” He chirps. The bacon sizzles and Shane tilts his head as he listens.

“I think the first song has been my favorite,” Shane says as he hums thoughtfully.

“Hozier? Nice. He’s great. An activist, too. Speaks out for what’s right and stuff. He’s a cool dude.”

Shane nods and flips the omelet. The coffee machine beeps and Harris pours them each a cup. “How do you take yours?” He asks.

“Black,” Shane says, and reaches for his mug. He takes a long pull and savors the richness of the coffee on his tongue.

“That checks out,” Harris teases as he adds cream and sugar to his then takes a sip.

“I used to drink it with milk, but after the diet I did last year...” He shrugs. “I kinda prefer just black, now.”

“Plenty of people drink their coffee black,” Harris says with a little shrug of his shoulders. “Too bitter for me, personally. I like my coffee doctored up.” He holds his mug up in a cheers fashion, and Shane holds his up as well, then they both take a long drink. Shane stares out the window over the sink, watching the soft rippling of the lake, the way the early morning sun lights the sky up a bold and brilliant blue. It’s already shaping up into a beautiful day.

“Do I smell pancakes?” Troy’s voice is rough with sleep as he enters the kitchen, sweats slung low on his hips, t-shirt rucked up as he rubs his stomach.

“Pancakes, bacon, and omelets,” Harris offers, and Shane nods.

“The works,” Shane states. “I was gonna make green smoothies, too, but I feel like we’ve got plenty.”

“No, no smoothies,” Ilya groans as he makes his way down the stairs and into the kitchen as well. He immediately places a kiss on Shane’s cheek, and Shane grins as he rolls his eyes.

“Fine, no smoothies,” Shane amends. They all pile plates high, and Troy and Ilya make themselves coffee, before going to sit around the kitchen table. Anya curls up at Ilya’s feet and Chiron settles in beside Troy, and they all eat while Harris’s playlist continues. He interjects with each new song, telling Shane the title and artist, and promising to make Shane a playlist of the stuff he likes.

They finish up breakfast and Troy and Ilya insist on cleaning up, since they missed prep. Harris and Shane take their second cups of coffee out onto the back deck and watch the water and the birds, the way the grass ruffles in the breeze. Nature seems so at peace.

“I’m glad you guys could come up, it means a lot to Ilya and... to me. Even if I don’t know you as well,” Shane offers.

“I think it’s gonna be a great weekend,” Harris says with an easy smile. Shane nods in agreement.

“It’s nice to be able to share this little piece of us with people,” Shane admits.

“You deserve to share all the pieces you want to share, and to keep whatever private you want. Don’t let anyone pressure you guys into anything you aren’t ready for just because you’ve been outed.”

Harris makes a good point, and Shane’s cheeks flush. “Yeah, it’s been... a lot,” Shane admits with a sigh. “I just want to have a somewhat normal life, ya know? Why does it have to be a big deal that I have a husband instead of a wife?”

Harris mulls that over then shrugs. “It shouldn’t be a big deal, but... when you’re a man in sports it is. Just don’t let them run you down.”

Shane is quiet then, chewing the words over. Troy and Ilya join them again, and they all take their time getting ready for the day. Ilya rents a boat, and they take it out on the lake, soaking in the sun, savoring its warm rays and the beauty of this little slice of heaven they can all share.

The weekend is perfect – exactly how Shane wants to share this home away from home with people who are important to him. Once Troy and Harris are gone and it’s just Shane and Ilya again, they curl up on the couch to watch a movie and spend the afternoon relaxing.

“Was nice to have them here,” Ilya remarks, and Shane nods against his chest where his cheek rests.

“It was. We’ll definitely have to have them back again next summer.”

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