

Chicken Parmesan

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Chicken Parmesan

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane go on a date after their meeting at the NHL Offices

Notes

A missing scene I was compelled to write!
Enjoy! 🍷

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

Ilya felt like he was walking on air.

Shane's hand was warm in his as they walked down the busy Montreal street toward the chicken parmesan restaurant Shane had apparently always wanted to take Ilya to.

Ilya couldn't remember the name... he was too busy thinking about how incredible Shane was.

His heart fluttered excitedly for the millionth time since they'd started walking, his eyes mostly on Shane, unable to look away.

The last half hour had been so fucking weird and so fucking thrilling and Shane was being so fucking brave that Ilya was tempted to say that they should skip the restaurant, save it for another time, so Ilya could blow Shane in the car or something.

The thought made him giggle.

"What?" Shane asked, looking at him, a smile tugging at his lips.

"Nothing," Ilya replied. "I love you."

Shane's smile brightened and he squeezed Ilya's hand. "I love you, too."

Ilya felt like he was going to float into space if Shane wasn't holding his hand. He hadn't been expecting such a positive outcome after such a difficult meeting with Crowell. He was still furious about the implications and what Crowell had tried to do but it was undermined by how fearless Shane had been.

And now they were out in public. Together. *Very obviously together.* They were going to get lunch. Like a date.

They'd never been on a date before.

"This is it," Shane said. Ilya lifted his eyes, taking in the sight of the restaurant. The place looked like your standard, cozy Italian joint.

Wienstein & Gavino's.

Ilya committed the name to memory. He wanted to remember this.

Shane let go of his hand so he could open the door.

They stepped inside and up to the host stand, where the host behind the counter looked up, and then did a double-take at seeing Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov standing there.

Ilya rested a hand on Shane's lower back, partly to offer his support, and partly to just keep touching him.

"Hi," Shane said, offering a smile. "Do you have a table for two?"

The host blinked, giving himself a little shake. “Um, yes, we do.” He gathered up some menus. “This way, please.”

They followed the host to a table, thanked him, and slid out of their coats, draping them over the back of their chairs. They sat and looked at each other.

So far so good, said Shane’s expression.

Yeah, not bad, said Ilya’s.

Ilya couldn’t help but smile, tapping his foot against Shane’s under the table, and smiling wider as Shane tapped his back.

They just grinned at each other for a few moments, smiling like two idiots. Shane’s cheeks bloomed pink and he giggled. Ilya smiled wider, laughing softly.

He looked at the menu, debating whether or not he should get a beer or something, but one of them needed to drive so, he’d probably just get a coke.

“I kind of want a cocktail,” Shane murmured.

Ilya chuckled. “Go for it. I will drive.”

“You sure?”

Ilya looked up at his fiancé and nodded. “Yes. Is fine.”

Shane looked at him gratefully, before his eyes went back to the menu.

“Okay,” Shane sighed, leaning back in his seat. His cheeks were still pink but he was still smiling. God, he was so beautiful and Ilya loved him so much.

“What are you getting?” Ilya asked.

“An aperol spritz.”

“Good choice.”

Shane smiled and nodded, tucking his hair behind his ear, and looking around. He seemed maybe a little nervous but mostly okay. Ilya knew that they already had eyes on them, people sneaking surreptitious glances at them.

The restaurant wasn’t super crowded though, which was nice, and no one had come up to speak to them, which was also good.

Their server approached, taking their drink orders, and was totally normal about it. Which was a relief.

“Should we get an appetizer?” Shane asked.

“Whatever you want. I am already getting the chicken parmesan.”

Shane laughed and Ilya reached out to slide his fingers against Shane's palm. Shane glanced at him, wrapping his fingers around Ilya's as he perused the menu, his thumb brushing against the knuckles of Ilya's index and forefinger.

He eventually turned his hand over, laying it flat against the table, so they could more properly hold hands.

Ilya had to bite back a ridiculous giggle. This was so new and so exciting and so very public.

He hated how they had been outed. He wished it could have been on their terms, that some of the stress and displeasure could have been avoided, but he loved how sure Shane was, despite all of the things that had been anxiety provoking for them.

They were holding hands. They were out together. *In public*. Being a *couple*.

Ilya kept thinking about the way Shane had told Crowell to go fuck himself. How he had stood up for their relationship, *literally* choosing Ilya over hockey. It was way beyond anything that Ilya would have ever asked of him but the entire thing filled him with so much surety and happiness and fuck, it was a turn on, too.

Ilya couldn't keep the ridiculous, sappy smile off his face, even when their server came back with their drinks, and Shane kept holding his hand.

"I think the arancini... and garlic bread," Shane told the server when she asked about appetizers. "Is that okay?" he looked at Ilya questioningly.

"Yes. Perfect," Ilya replied.

"We could order entrees, too?"

"I'm ready."

Shane ordered pasta with alfredo sauce, broccoli, and chicken, and Ilya got the chicken parmesan. Their server left and Ilya raised an eyebrow questionably at Shane.

"Fuck it," Shane replied, picking up his spritz and taking a long sip. "I deserve it."

Ilya laughed and squeezed his hand. He did. He really did.

The entirety of their date was wonderful.

Ilya ignored the fact that they were being watched by new patrons that came in for the lunch rush. He was too wrapped up in watching Shane anyway.

They didn't really talk about what had happened at the NHL offices. They talked about what the Pike kids were probably getting up to with Anya and how delicious the arancini and garlic bread were.

Shane looked like he had never tasted anything so incredible in his entire life and it made Ilya laugh.

“Let me enjoy this,” Shane huffed at him. “Fuck I missed bread. And cheese...”

Their entrees arrived and Ilya was excited about the chicken parmesan. It looked delicious.

He cut a piece and lifted his eyes to Shane.

“I wanna know what you think,” Shane explained.

Ilya smiled and took a bite.

It was really fucking good.

Shane was smiling. “You like it?”

“It’s delicious,” Ilya replied, covering his mouth with his hand.

Shane laughed. “Good. I’m glad you like it.” He looked so proud of himself and Ilya wasn’t even annoyed about it. It was cute. He loved that Shane had found a place that did great chicken parmesan and that his first inclination was to bring Ilya there, because chicken parm was his favorite.

Ilya was so in love with him he ached with it.

“Do you want dessert, too?” Ilya asked at the end of their meal, only a little teasing.

Shane shook his head. “No. I’m good. We can get the check.”

The check arrived and they briefly tussled over who would pay before Shane won out. Check paid, they walked back to the car, hand in hand. Ilya tried not to rush them. He wanted to enjoy this. Being out in the world with his beautiful fiancé and being seen.

But there was a part of him that wanted them to get back to Shane’s place as quickly as possible so Ilya could get him naked.

That part was kind of winning out.

They got back to the car and Shane shivered a little in the passenger seat. Ilya started the car and turned on the heat.

They looked at each other and Ilya leaned over the center console, kissing Shane as best he could as they leaned together. He wished they weren’t in a public lot. He’d fuck Shane in the backseat if he could.

Shane sighed as they parted, opening his eyes. His freckled cheeks were pink and his lips were kiss swollen and his eyes were full of desire.

“I think Hayden can hold on to Anya for a while longer...” he murmured.

Ilya grinned. “Yes. I think so, too.”

Ilya adjusted the seat and windows to accommodate for the extra five inches he had on Shane, then drove them back to Shane's house.

They barely got through the door before they were dropping their coats on the floor, and kicking off their shoes. Ilya reached for Shane, laughing as Shane laughed.

He backed Shane up against the wall, kissing him ferociously. He wanted to touch him everywhere, all at once, his hands brushing over his hair, his shoulders, under his button down, touching skin. Shane made a soft noise into his mouth, his hands already pushing Ilya's shirt off, his palms stroking over Ilya's pecs.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya murmured, hiking Shane up the wall, hands under his ass, Shane's legs wrapping around his hips.

"I love you so much," Shane breathed, clinging to Ilya's shoulders.

They pressed together, kissing, before Ilya pulled them away from the wall, carrying Shane toward the stairs, and then up it. Shane didn't even protest, letting himself be carried and kissed.

They got to the bedroom and Ilya set Shane down on his feet, kissing him again, hands working on pulling off shirts and unbuckling belts and pushing down pants.

Ilya let Shane get himself comfortable on the bed before he grabbed the lube, tossing it onto the bed, and descended on him. He pushed everything into kissing Shane.

All of the love and gratitude and happiness.

They parted for a moment, Shane's hand smoothing over the curls at the back of Ilya's head, dragging over his shoulders. He was smiling up at Ilya, all happy and adorable and crinkled. Ilya brushed his nose against Shane's, his heart melting. He peppered kisses over his forehead, down between his eyes, over the trail of his freckles.

"My beloved," he sighed, brushing his lips against Shane's, continuing to trail kisses down his neck, his pecs, running his tongue over a nipple, sucking it into his mouth, making Shane moan softly.

"You were so brave today," he continued, kissing down Shane's sternum. "Standing up to Crowell. Taking me to get chicken parmesan."

Shane huffed a laugh and Ilya smiled, kissing over the firm ridges of his abs. He looked up at Shane, serious.

"I am so proud of you," he said. "Thank you for standing up for us. For being so sure about me..."

Shane reached down, touching Ilya's cheek and Ilya leaned into his fingers, closing his eyes.

"I love you so much," Shane replied. "I want to be braver... and I want people to know that I love you, that I'm proud to be with you..."

Ilya opened his eyes and crawled back up Shane's body to kiss him because how could he not? Ilya felt so... *validated*. He felt seen and loved. He knew that Shane loved him, wanted to be with him, but it just felt like this was the thing that had really sent it home for him.

He'd been so worried that something would change. That Shane would get scared or be resentful. But he had shown up for Ilya in such a huge way... it was the most amazing gift he could have ever been given.

Ilya loved him so goddamn much.

He nipped Shane's bottom lip gently before pulling away, working his way back down Shane's body. He pressed small, teasing kisses to Shane's cock, before dipping his head lower to suck one of his balls into his mouth.

"Oh fuck, Ilya," Shane whimpered. "So good..."

Ilya hummed, carefully letting the delicate orb fall from his lips, licking along the seam of his sac, before sucking the other one into his mouth. He gave Shane's balls a lot of attention because he knew that Shane loved this.

And he was making his pleasure known, making loud, breathy noises, one hand resting in Ilya's curls, while the other pressed against their headboard.

Shane was a writhing mess on the bed and Ilya smiled at him, watching the way his chest heaved, his cock leaking against his stomach, his balls tight. Ilya sucked under the head of his dick and Shane lifted his head, looking down at Ilya.

"Are you just going to torture me?" he panted.

Ilya simply hummed in reply, wrapping his tongue around the head of Shane's cock, then sucking it into his mouth, watching Shane's head fall back, as he gasped. Ilya reached for the lube, slicking his fingers as he took Shane deeper.

He rubbed his finger against Shane's rim, a teasing touch. Shane was already relaxed so sliding a finger into him was surprisingly easy but Shane always opened so easily and so beautifully for him.

"Could make you come like this," he murmured after pulling off of Shane, rubbing one of his fingers against Shane's prostate.

"Shit," Shane whimpered. "If you don't stop, ah—!"

Ilya chuckled. He could tell Shane was close.

"Fucking hell, Rozanov. Fuck me or don't. Make up your mind."

Ilya grinned, pressing his fingers into Shane as far as he could, before withdrawing. Shane made an impatient sound as Ilya grabbed the lube. He wasn't going to last long either, not with everything Shane had done today, and how he looked, sprawled out on the bed, looking completely wrecked.

“Come on,” Shane huffed.

“Turn over,” Ilya said, tapping Shane’s hip, and moving aside slightly so Shane could move. He flipped over, knees under him, his chest pressed to the mattress, arms folded under his head.

Ilya took a moment to appreciate the sight. Shane’s back and perfect ass and muscular thighs on display for Ilya. Open and waiting.

Ilya pressed himself against Shane’s back, kissing across his shoulders, and Shane wiggled his ass back against him, making a needy sound. Ilya huffed a laugh and pulled back. He wrapped his hands around Shane’s hips and pushed into him with the familiarity of their eleven years together.

Shane’s body rippled, groaning as Ilya settled into him, pressed deep. “Fuck.”

“Mm,” Ilya hummed, Shane’s body welcoming him in, hot and tight and perfect like always, clutching around him. “This is what you wanted, yes?”

“Yes. Fuck yes,” Shane panted.

Ilya rested one hand on Shane’s back, then slid the other up Shane’s neck, into his long hair, fisting the strands in his fingers as he fucked Shane hard and deep. It wasn’t going to take much for either of them to come.

“You are so beautiful and perfect,” Ilya praised, in Russian. “So brave. Amazing.”

Shane whimpered, mouth hanging open, eyes closed as Ilya fucked him deep, his hand still holding Shane’s hair.

“I love you so much,” Shane breathed. “Love you inside me. Keep going. Don’t stop.”

Ilya was pretty sure Shane was going to come untouched, which was fucking hot. He pounded into him, over and over, listening to all of Shane’s sweet, blissful noises, the way he looked, completely lost in the pleasure of this.

They were so fucking good together. And they would keep being good together. Forever.

He never wanted this to stop, never wanting it to end.

“*Ilya*,” Shane gasped out before his clenched tight around Ilya, crying out as he came. Ilya would never get tired of the way Shane said his name, the way he said it when he had let go, uninhibited, free.

Ilya fucked him through it, releasing his hair so he could grip Shane’s hips. He swore in Russian before he came, too, emptying himself into Shane.

It was long and intense, leaving him a little winded, his forehead pressed to Shane’s back.

“Holy shit...”

Shane hummed, sounding satisfied, and Ilya kissed whatever he could reach, peppering kisses over Shane's warm, slightly damp skin.

"Love you," Shane sighed.

"I love you," Ilya murmured, carefully pulling out and rolling to his side next to his fiancé.

Shane smiled at him, flushed and perfect, and Ilya reached out to buff a finger over his cheek.

"Beautiful, my beloved," he murmured, in Russian.

"Mm," Shane sighed, leaning closer to press a few kisses to Ilya's shoulder, then slid a hand over his chest, resting over his heart. "Gorgeous."

They were quiet for a few moments, cuddled close, Ilya brushing his thumb back and forth over Shane's forearm.

"We should post Farah's statement," Shane murmured.

"Yes," Ilya agreed. "We should."

They looked at each other.

"Let's do it now."

Ilya grinned. "Yes?"

Shane nodded, smiling wide. "Yeah."

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

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