You feel like home

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by WriteFandomRepeat

Summary

Shane desperately misses his boyfriend who's all alone in Boston... he is there, right?

Notes

Me: ooh, what if this happened during the last Christmas Ilya is in Boston? Fun, fluffy, easy fic, coming up.
Shane Hollander: Oh yeah? Hold my beer, as I turn into a petulant child.

So yeah, this is Shane's fault.

Shane let himself crumple on his parents couch with enough theatrics that his mother raised her eyebrow at him.

“Wow, didn’t realize we’d gone back to emo-teenage-years-Shane since the last time we saw you. Where d’you get the time machine?”

Shane rolled his eyes, and noticed his father suppressing a laugh.

“I don’t think anyone says that anymore,” Shane quipped back. “And I’m not acting like a teenager. Just tired.”

It was true. He was actually tired. It just wasn’t the only thing on his mind.

Montreal had just gotten back from a 3-game road trip, and the moment he’d sat down on the plane home and his mind had quieted out of “hockey mode” and into “you get a break” mode”, something had felt… off. He had tossed and turned, and hadnt been able to sleep. When he’d woken up, he’d packed up his SUV, ran a few last minute errands and driven straight to Ottawa. He’d figured a nap would happen that afternoon anyways, so there was no point staying in his new house, alone, any longer than necessary. It didn’t quite feel like home still. Not that his parents’ house did any more, not in the same way at least. But it was far more familiar, and they’d decorated for Christmas, so it felt more festive here.

So yeah, he was tired. And feeling an odd kind of homesickness he couldn’t quite pinpoint or explain. So he didn’t try. And of course his parents had noticed how quiet he was.

“Go take a nap,” Yuna suggested as if reading his mind. “We can go run our errands without you.”

“I told dad I’d go with him to get the Dim Sum order, since I know how much he hates driving on Sommerset.”

“Good thing I don’t mind it,” Yuna added in her flat, no-nonsense tone that told Shane she wouldn’t take his bullshit. “Seriously, go take a nap.”

Before Shane could reply, the doorbell rang.

“Were we expecting company?”

“Viv hasn’t been around to bring her yearly cookies, so I’d imagine that’s her.”

Shane groaned. He loved his parents’ neighbors – he truly did! They’d been the same since he was a kid, and they never made much fuss when he accidentally broke things in their yards when a stray puck would end up their way. But ever since he’d dated Rose Landry, one particular neighbor had made it a goal to come say hi whenever he visited. No matter how many times he’d told her they were broken up.

“I’m gonna go for that nap now,” he announced.

He grabbed his bag and made his way to the room he now called his – one that used to be a home office on the main floor and had been converted to a spare room so Shane didn't wake anyone up when he visited and left for early runs or gym sessions.

He let his bag thump to the ground when he walked in and face planted on the bed in front of him. Maybe *emo* had been a good descriptor for him. He rolled to his back and pulled out his phone, looking at the last text he'd gotten from his boyfriend the night before. *Can't wait to see you*, it said. Shane hadn't been able to reply to him. He didn't want to go on and on about how much he missed him when he knew Ilya was spending Christmas break solo in Boston while he at least had his parents around. But he did. He absolutely missed Ilya, far more than he ever had before. Their teams hadn't played each other since October, and with their ridiculous pre-Christmas schedule it didn't make sense to travel on the busiest travel day of the year for what would likely end up being a few hours together.

Shane had typed out *I love you so much. Call me when you get home,* instead and hit send when a laugh came from the living room.

"Shane, come here for a sec," his mother called out to him.

He contemplated pretending to be asleep, but he knew his parents wouldn't throw him to their neighbor without good reason. So, he dutifully got up, crossed the kitchen at the back of the house and plastered on his press smile as he made his way to the living room.

His smile dropped the moment he saw who was standing with his parents by the door.

"Ilya," he said on an exhale, completely disbelieving what he was seeing.

Ilya – his boyfriend – was standing in the entrance looking far too good for someone that had flown from the West Coast overnight.

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart," Ilya answered with a soft smile, the sound of his voice making Shane want to weep with joy. It really had been too long.

He closed the distance between them, not even listening to whatever sentence Ilya was saying now. He opened his arms wide when he got close and took Ilya by surprise when he didn't pull him into a hug, but rather wrapped one arm around his shoulders, his other hand curling up into his hair, and he pulled him down into a heated kiss – absolutely not caring that his parents were right there.

"Guess you are not mad I am here," Ilya asked with a smirk when Shane finally stopped kissing him.

"Why would I be mad? I missed you so fucking much."

"Missed you too," Ilya murmured against his lips and everything felt right in the world.

Shane smiled giddily and went in for another kiss, and heard his mother clear her throat behind them.

“Sorry,” Shane answered sheepishly as he wrapped his arms around Ilya’s waist instead and moved to his side. “I didn’t know Ilya was coming or I-“

“It’s okay, Shane,” his dad cut him off, sharing a look with Ilya that Shane couldn’t decipher. “We’ll go grab the food orders and be back soon. You should probably still nap, you look exhausted. Both of you.”

Shane grabbed Ilya’s bag in one hand, and laced their fingers together in his other and led him to the room he’d just vacated minutes ago, not expecting to come back with his boyfriend in tow.

“I can’t believe you’re here,” Shane couldn’t help but say when they were alone, their bags pilled together, just staring at each other in disbelief. “Did you fly straight here from L.A.?”

“Yes. Team went to Boston and I got on different flight here. Is okay? That I am here,” Ilya asked him, looking just a bit unsure.

Shane cupped Ilya’s face with his free hand and bit back a smile at Ilya leaning into the touch. Like he also needed that extra closeness just as much as Shane did.

“It is more than okay, I promise. I’m just really tired, and I *really* wasn’t expecting to see you. Just a bit overwhelmed, that’s all. I missed you so fucking much, Ilya.”

Ilya pulled him into a tight hug and buried his face in Shane’s hair, telling him he’d missed him just as much. Shane wanted to cry for how good this felt, how right it was to have Ilya here. He hadn’t realize just how big a piece was missing from his family when Ilya wasn’t there until now.

A quiet knock on the open door made them look in that direction, where Shane’s dad stood.

“Sorry to interrupt you boys,” David said, looking genuinely apologetic. “Ilya, do you have the car keys on you?”

“Oh shit, yes.” Ilya reached into the pocket of his hoodie and handed a set of keys that Shane recognized instantly.

“You said your car was in the shop,” Shane recounted, looking at his dad.

“Yeah, well… that wasn’t quite true. Didn’t want to spoil the surprise. Your mom’s happy we don’t have to fix anything on it.”

“You knew?”

“I asked for help,” Ilya explained. “It was very last minute decision. There was no rental cars, so I texted David and he offered his. And I needed the address, could not remember it.”

Shane could feel his eyes get warmer and he had to blink back tears. “Dad. Thank you.”

“Just happy to see you smile, Shane. Okay, leaving for real this time. Third time’s a charm!”

“And you need to sleep,” Ilya said when they were alone again.

Ilya pulled Shane towards the bed and lay down on his back, arms open wide so Shane could curl up against him easily. And he did. Shane was half on top of Ilya, his head resting over his heart, right by where Shane knew was his ridiculous bear tattoo. He kissed Ilya’s shirt over it.

“I thought of driving to Boston this morning instead of coming here,” Shane confessed. “Trying to explain why I was going to Boston to the border agent would have been fun.”

“Yes, saying you were visiting secret boyfriend would be very weird.”

“What did *you* say, smart ass?”

“The truth. Am visiting my very good and very sexy hockey friend, Shane Hollander, for Christmas.” Ilya’s smile told Shane he was lying, and he lightly smacked Ilya on the side, which made Ilya laugh. “Just visiting a friend for holidays, all I said.”

Shane settled back against Ilya’s chest, wondering for a split second if they’d ever share this secret with anyone and get to tell border agents they were visiting their partners. That might be the most ridiculous thought ever.

“When do you have to leave,” Shane asked, hating the question but needing to know how much time they had.

“I don’t. Not really. We play in Ottawa after this break.”

Shane knew when Ilya was in Montreal and when he was in Boston, but for some reason, he hadn’t thought to check when he was in Ottawa.

“I told the team I was visiting family, would meet them here for practice before game. Made most sense with travel, you know? Leave from L.A. and fly here to have more time.”

“We get two full days together?”

“A bit more than two, but yes. And, your Christmas present is a hotel room for just us on the 26. Has very big bed and I do not plan to leave it the whole time we are there.”

Shane let out a happy moan at that thought. “You’re the best boyfriend ever, you know that?”

“You are pretty good too,” Ilya chuckled and kissed Shane’s forehead. “I missed you very much. I am happy to be home with you.”

“Home,” Shane repeated quietly, his breath catching a bit as realization set in.

“Is not right word I think.”

“No, it’s perfect.” Shane propped himself up to be able to see Ilya properly. “I’ve been trying to figure out what this feeling was… when we were on the plane back from Philly yesterday I just had this weird homesick feeling. And it didn’t go away when we got to Montreal, and it

wasn’t as bad after I got here but something still felt like it was missing, you know? I know we talk all the time, and I shouldn’t miss you this much, but that feeling didn’t go away until I saw you here and I got to hug you. It’s really fucking cheesy, but that’s what I was missing. That’s why I felt homesick.”

“Sounds like a line from a bad holiday movie,” Ilya answered quietly, trying to sound appalled at the show of emotion, but looking the complete opposite.

“I don’t care. It's Christmas, I can be as cheesy as I want,” Shane answered truthfully. He leaned in and kissed Ilya. “I love you.”

“Love you too.”

Shane placed his head against Ilya’s chest again, feeling lighter and happier than he had the night before. Shane absolutely knew it was ridiculous and silly, and a bit gross, just how gone he was for Ilya, but it had been true. His heart felt content when he had Ilya wrapped and tangled around him like they were now. Everything made as much sense as it did when he was on the ice.

Shane finally got the sleep he had desperately been chasing the night before.

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