

Trip to Ikea

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](#) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/58662742>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	IKEA , Slice of Life , Domestic Fluff , Canon Compliant , Post-Canon
Language:	English
Collections:	GCU Fall 2024 Server Bingo!
Stats:	Published: 2024-09-02 Words: 1,810 Chapters: 1/1

Trip to Ikea

by [Tequila1989](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya have another ✨ first ✨ in their relationship.

Notes

Written for GCU Fall24 Bingo on Discord
Prompt: Ikea

Ilya didn't expect his morning to start like this. When he came down to the kitchen, ready to fight for his usual breakfast against Shane's usual smoothie, he found his husband staring intensely at a frying pan. The sight was comical — Shane, normally not showing any signs of insanity, was locked in what seemed to be a battle of wills with a piece of cookware. Also, every drawer in the kitchen was wide open, as if a tornado had swept through the room.

"Are you looking for a new friend? You think a pan can be your Wilson?" Ilya quipped, leaning against the doorframe with a smirk.

Shane didn't even flinch. "You're so hilarious oh my god," he replied in a monotone voice, his eyes still fixed on the pan. "I'm just trying to assess if the pan is still good. I'm living here now for like ever with you, right?"

Ilya chuckled, "Do you already want to leave me? It's been like two months. I don't think this pan is the best if you're planning what to take when we separate assets."

"Right, exactly," Shane said distracted. And then he decisively tossed the pan into the trash. "So, since it is my house now, I need to go to Ikea. There are things I needed here for years, but never bothered to get."

Ilya raised an eyebrow. "Do you want to go today? It's a good day, we could spend it doing nothing, you know that, right?"

"Precisely, since we have nothing to do, Ikea would be perfect." There was a strange gleam in Shane's eyes. "You don't have to go though," he added quickly. Ilya sensed that for some reason Shane wanted him to go, so he guessed he could take lemons and make some lemonade. Or whatever they say.

"I'll go," he said lightly. "But you are buying lunch."

"The Ikea lunch?"

"Meatballs, Shane. A staple. Or so I've heard. You look as if I want to poison you. Will it help if I say that Sweden and Russia are only separated by one country and meatballs remind me of home?" It was nothing like Russian food unless you loved herring, which they also sell there, but secretly Ilya suddenly realized that his lemonade was not just a fast-food lunch; Shane wanted to go and have the full Ikea experience with a person. Like a boyfriend. Or a husband, because everything in their relationship was backwards and it would be their first Ikea trip together. That made him excited to go with Hollander. It wasn't their first trip outside together-together, but it was the first time they did something like that. And it was probably going to become boring and mundane next month, or after the first time they go to the mall together, but not today.

Shane rolled his eyes, but Ilya could see a small smile tugging at the corner of his lips. "Fine, we'll do the Ikea meatballs. We'll be fast, don't worry. I have a list and everything," he slid his phone towards Ilya. "Do you need to add anything to the list?"

“So diligent and serious. Nah, I’ll have to go and see for myself.”

Ilya absolutely would not let Shane relax without poking some more fun at him, because it was very lame of him to want to go to Ikea with Ilya. Very sappy.

“Do we need like Swedish music now?” The question sounded ridiculous even for Ilya.

Shane glanced at him, genuinely puzzled. “Why?”

“I don’t know, to get in the mood or something. What do couples do when they go to Ikea?”

Shane’s brows furrowed, as if the answer was obvious. “Discuss what they need to buy?”

“Well, that’s dull,” Ilya muttered. But he let the conversation drop as they pulled into the Ikea parking lot, a massive, boxy blue and yellow monstrosity that promised both wonder and frustration.

The moment they entered, Shane, ever the efficient one, immediately pocketed a handful of those tiny IKEA pencils that Ilya was sure no one ever actually used.

“What?” Shane said, catching Ilya’s raised eyebrow. “We might need them.”

“For what?” They were not planning to buy the furniture. Shane was just a suburban dad one more time. “Are you secretly like fifty?”

“Just follow me and try not to get lost,” he took Ilya’s hand and stepped onto exhibition floor.

Shane was all business, moving quickly from one item to the next, comparing prices, checking labels and avoiding eye contact with the swarms of families and couples who just might recognize him and distract him from being efficient. As if he didn’t want to take too much time out of Ilya’s very packed summer schedule. Ilya however found himself surprisingly interested in the whole thing.

They passed the furniture section rather quickly, neither of them was in the market for a new bed or a couch, not from Ikea anyway, before heading to the floor with all the small things. Here, Shane slowed down, grabbed a cart and moved to look through pots, pans, and utensils as if he actually cooked for himself. At the very least he had to replace the one that ended up in their trash now. Ilya, on the other hand, was more interested in random things Ikea had to offer.

While Shane was choosing what size of pans he needed, Ilya’s wandered off to inspect wine glasses. They had broken most of theirs over the years, and Ilya figured it wouldn’t hurt to pick up a few more. He spent a ridiculous amount of time comparing shapes, sizes and styles.

Meanwhile, Shane had apparently finished half of his shopping list in the time it took Ilya to make one decision. The cart was already half full when he got to Ilya.

“Oh, nice, glasses! I totally saw there were like two left.” Ilya showed him which ones he chose, and Shane didn’t even express any enthusiasm for a particular shape. “Let’s go!”

They moved ahead and Ilya’s saw some adorable baking molds in the corner of his eye.

“Oh look, aren’t they cute?”

“We don’t bake,” Shane replied without even looking up.

“Maybe we should start. I could make bear-shaped muffins.”

“We definitely don’t need those,” Shane said, shaking his head but with a small grin. “Focus.”

“You know, I’m starting to think you’re trying to rush me,” Ilya said suspiciously as they headed toward the next section.

“I’m not rushing, I’m being efficient,” Shane corrected. “If I don’t keep us on track, we’ll be here until closing.”

The same pattern repeated itself when they looked through towels and bedding, Shane just dropped a bunch of washcloths in the cart, which was fair, they use like five of them a day. But he had no interest in choosing colours or patterns for their duvet covers. White was a solid choice, sure, but they could at least look at what else is out there.

By that point Ilya was pretty sure, that he might have married a straight man.

They reached the section filled with vases and candles, and Ilya couldn’t resist taking a detour. He picked up a candle and sniffed it, then another, comparing the scents like some sort of makeshift perfume expert.

“What are you doing?” Shane asked, finally showing signs of impatience. The lunch was so close and yet so far.

“Smelling candles. To see if I like any. As if you’ve never done it,” Ilya was a little bemused.

Shane face pretty much showed that no, he had never done it. “Are you even gay, Shane? Are you sure, you are not just terribly confused?”

Shane rolled his eyes and tentatively took a candle next to him. “This is going to give me a headache.”

“Well, at least you tried,” Ilya said, patting him on the back. He moved on to the vases, eyeing them with genuine curiosity.

“Why are you looking at vases?” Shane asked, exasperated.

Ilya shrugged, leaning closer to inspect one. “I dunno, I’ve never bought one. Might be time.”

“Why would we need one?”

“In case I get you flowers?” Ilya replied, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. He picked up a vase and turned it over in his hands, testing its weight.

Shane giggled at that, “Oh my god, you are such a loser! Not this one, it’s an eyesore. That one looks better. You better keep flowers in it, so it’s like covered. We’ll need something actually nice eventually.”

Ilya smiled wide and placed the vase in their cart. “Noted.”

By the time they reached checkout, their cart was filled with an assortment of items — some practical, some decorative, and a few that neither of them could justify but wanted anyway. Shane’s meticulous list were only like a quarter of whatever they had in the cart, but all of it was because they needed to redefine their house as truly theirs.

As they sat in the Ikea restaurant, trays filled with meatballs, mashed potatoes and lingonberry sauce, Ilya couldn’t help but feel a strange sense of contentment. This whole experience: shopping, teasing, laughing, it all felt oddly domestic. It was the kind of thing he’d always imagined couples did, and here he was, doing it with Shane.

“You look weirdly happy,” Shane observed, popping a meatball into his mouth. “Did the meatballs live up to your expectations?”

Ilya smirked. “They’re fine. But it’s not just the meatballs.”

Shane nodded, understanding without needing further explanation. “Yeah, me too.”

For a moment, they just sat there, in the middle of a crowded hall, eating meatballs and feeling like they’d just achieved a new level of intimacy, that was so simple for others, but was their first after eleven years together.

Once they loaded the car, Shane grabbed Ilya and pulled him down for a kiss. “I had a great day. Let’s go home.”

As they drove home Ilya felt a comforting sense of completeness. The day had been so ordinary, just a trip to Ikea, a casual meal, some light-hearted banter, but it was in these small moments that he realized the depth of their connection. They had shared countless milestones over the years, some monumental and others less so, but this simple, unassuming day felt like

one that meant more. It was a day that wasn't about proving anything to each other or the world; it was just about being together, building a life that was uniquely theirs, one that reflected both the mundane and the extraordinary. As he glanced over at Shane, who was humming softly to a song on the radio, Ilya smiled to himself. It wasn't just about the shopping or the meatballs; it was about knowing that they had so many more of these days ahead of them, and that, in itself, was something truly special.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!