

where do we start on a love that we know so well

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where do we start on a love that we know so well

by [iittaliia](#)

Summary

"I told her how I felt", Ilya said quietly. "About you."

"You told my mom before me?" Shane's voice cracked. He knew it was illogical to feel jealous of his mom for having gotten clarity on their relationship before him, but he couldn't help it.

"She was not high at the time", Ilya pointed out, shrugging like it was not a big deal, and Shane wanted to punch his teeth in. Or kiss each one of them individually. Definitely one of the two.

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Or, Shane and Ilya finally spoke the same language at the same time.

Notes

Howdy!

And here it is - the final part of this accidental drug confessional series that I found myself in. As this is the finale, I recommend reading the first two parts first but also hey, who am I to tell you how to consume your gay hockey?

I am quite happy how this turned out and even more happy with the lovely comments I've gotten, thank you! I hope you enjoy.

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

Shane was sitting in his car, staring at his hands and counting down from sixty.

His phone was next to him, still open to the last conversation and Shane glanced at it, half expecting a new message to have popped up but no, the last messages were from two hours ago.

Are you home?

Yes.

The whole day?

Yes.

Okay. I'll come over at three?

Yes.

The one word replies were annoying, but Shane had accepted them, hoping it would be the last time. He was done with this stupid uncertainty they had found themselves in.

He was early, the anxiety forcing him to get there as soon as possible, but also not letting him get out of the car yet. What if Ilya had company? What if he was currently in the doorway, kissing someone goodbye, while Shane was out here repeating his mom's words over and over again?

"I think if you love someone, you should tell them."

It wasn't an unheard of suggestion, actually quite a logical one, but it had still shaken Shane to his core. She had made it sound so... *easy*. She might as well have said "*if you're thirsty, you should drink something*", or "*if you're tired, you should go to sleep*".

But instead she'd said "*if you've completely failed at staying casual with your rival-with-benefits and instead have fallen hopelessly in love with him, might as well let him know*", just not in those exact words.

His mom wouldn't tell him what they had talked about that day at the hospital, and even though it was slightly annoying, Shane was also weirdly happy about it. Ilya had enough shitty people in his life and Shane didn't want his mom to be one of the people who broke his trust.

Besides, Shane figured his mom must still have some loyalty to him, and wouldn't just send her son to get his heart broken. But even after rationalizing all this, he still felt tense and jittery.

Suddenly his phone alarm went off and he jumped, reaching over to shut it off.

"Shit. Fuck. Okay."

Not giving himself time for second guessing, he got out of the car and walked to the door. His knuckles had barely made contact before it opened, Ilya standing behind it with a raised brow.

"Oh, good", he greeted, moving aside to let Shane in. "I thought you moved to my driveway."

Shane blushed, annoyed. "Fuck off, I said I'd be here at three and it is exactly three."

Ilya waved his hands toward the general direction of the tv which Shane translated to mean '*I wasn't doing anything anyway*'. He noticed that a now familiar Russian soap opera was playing, which made Shane feel embarrassingly giddy about the idea that they might have been watching the same show at the same time.

"Yes, like a good Canadian", Ilya yawned. He went to the fridge, grabbing a coke and a ginger ale, and Shane felt some of the tension leave him. Surely this was a good sign, so he took a moment to just look at Ilya as he moved around the kitchen, grabbing glasses and ice.

They hadn't seen each other properly since before the game - Shane refused to count the hospital, figuring only Ilya had been properly present at the time. Now he looked like he always did, handsome and untouchable, but Shane couldn't help but notice that he looked more tired than usual.

He wanted to ask about it, wanted to know how things were going back in Russia, wanted to ask if Ilya had been sleeping okay or if the absence of their usual relationship made him feel off-kilter too.

Instead he said "You visited me in the hospital."

Ilya's shoulders tensed minutely before he went back to the drinks. "Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Thought you knew", Ilya shrugged.

Shane waited until he was finally done with the drinks and had turned back to place both of the glasses on the counter between them, before he called Ilya out.

"Bullshit. You've been acting all weird and polite and not like yourself. You answer all my text but mostly with one fucking word, you haven't said any stupid dick jokes - or any jokes for that matter, and worst of all you haven't called me boring in weeks!"

He didn't mean for it to come out like such an outburst, but he was hurt and confused and Ilya was right there but he *missed* him like crazy.

"I'm... sorry", Ilya said slowly, like the words were unfamiliar on his tongue. Just when Shane thought he was going to leave it there Ilya let out a frustrated noise and lowered his eyes.

"I thought you'd be angry with me. For visiting and for..." he drowned off, like he was unsure of how much of the visit Shane was aware of.

“You met my parents”, he offered, not wanting Ilya to struggle any more than he already was,

“Yes. Dad is... *boring*”, Ilya said with a pointed emphasis on the word, making Shane roll his eyes. Close enough. “Mom is... intimidating.” Shane laughed. She would like that.

”She said she likes you”, Shane admitted, enjoying the way Ilya’s eyes widened in surprise before he put on what Shane now knew was false bravado.

”She has good taste.” He looked like he wanted to continue, so Shane waited it out. After taking a nervous sip of his drink Ilya asked false casually ”What else did she say?”

”Nothing. Told me to talk to you.”

Ilya nodded, glancing at Shane like he was checking that he was telling the truth. Shane couldn’t tell if Ilya seemed relieved about Yuna’s choice of keeping their talk private or not, but he also hadn’t come this far to *not* found out what he’d missed.

”What did you tell my mom?” Shane asked, trying to not sound accusing but Ilya still tensed.

”Nothing”, Ilya lied. Shane knew it was a lie, and he was sure Ilya knew he knew.

”We talked about you being high. And I said I did not want to say anything more so that I wouldn’t say the wrong thing.”

”What else?” Silence. ”*Ilya*. What else?”

Ilya didn’t look at him, but his whole body deflated at the sound of his name and he let out a defeated sigh.

”I told her how I felt”, he said quietly. ”About you.”

”You told my mom before me?” Shane’s voice cracked. He knew it was illogical to feel jealous of his *mom* for having gotten clarity on their relationship before him, but he couldn’t help it.

”She was not high at the time”, Ilya pointed out, shrugging like it was not a big deal, and Shane wanted to punch his teeth in. Or kiss each one of them individually. Definitely one of the two.

“I haven’t been high in weeks.”

”I thought you knew”, Ilya explained. ”I thought you knew and did not... care.”

”How could I not care?” Shane exclaimed. How could someone *not care* about Ilya’s feelings - Shane felt like they were the only thing he cared about.

Ilya rubbed his hands on his face, clearly frustrated. ”Because I thought you knew and had not said anything. So if you do not say anything, you do not care.”

”But I didn’t know!” Shane argued.

"I did not know that!"

They were both breathing heavy, glaring at each other. This was a more familiar ground, and Shane was glad there was a kitchen counter between them because otherwise they would for sure have been tearing each other's clothes off by now.

And for once, Shane didn't want that. He could feel they were on the precipice of figuring this whole thing out, they just had to work through this stupid miscommunication that had been building since fucking Saskatchewan.

Ilya looked so... scared. He was holding himself very tightly and Shane felt like if he did one wrong move or said the wrong thing Ilya would crumble like a house of cards.

"What does дорогой mean?" Shane spoke slowly, the word still unfamiliar.

Ilya frowned "You Googled how to say but not what it means?"

"I didn't Google, I remembered."

That wasn't the whole truth, but Shane figured he could tell Ilya later how he'd used a word recognition app, making sure to turn the language to Russian so he wouldn't see the translation. How he'd repeated the word over and over again, trying different variations from the fuzzy memory he had until he'd heard the correct word repeated back, resulting in practicing the pronunciation for an embarrassingly long time.

"You don't have to tell me what you told my mom", Shane offered gently. "But you said that to me, didn't you? So could you just... translate it, so I understand too?"

Ilya looked at him uncertainly before nodding.

"It means sweetheart."

Shane couldn't help the dopey smile that instantly crept on his face.

"Yeah?" He checked, hopeful. "What about the other thing?"

Shane could see Ilya fighting between denying there was another thing and admitting it, so he tried to morph the expression on his face to say *please tell me, I need to know if you feel even half of what I feel*. Ilya sighed.

"мой любимый?" He asked, as if Shane could have possibly meant something else. Shane felt a shiver going through him.

"Yes. Please."

"You did not... look it up?"

"No", Shane admitted. "You told my mom before me, I didn't want Google to tell me before you."

"It means my love", Ilya started, and Shane could see his eyes were watering. "I wanted to say я тебя люблю, but -" Ilya let out a wet laugh. "- I did not know if your parents knew Russian."

"They don't", Shane interjected, and started to slowly walk around the counter.

"Well, would not have mattered. I told your mom anyway."

"Told her what?" Shane whispered and Ilya looked at him, his lips wobbly.

"*Ilya.*"

"That I love you."

Ilya's voice cracked and so did the rest of Shane's resolve, and he lunged at Ilya, grabbing his face and smashing their lips together.

"I love you too, I love you so much", he mumbled against Ilya's lips, the kiss wet with both of their tears and snot. It was gross and Shane never wanted it to end.

Ilya let out a sob that sounded a lot like *Shane*, and Shane hoped beyond hope that it was a happy sound. He started peppering kisses all over Ilya's face, repeating *I love you* every time he heard a new sniff or saw a tear drop.

"I thought I fucked up", Ilya murmured after a moment, and Shane leaned back enough to look at him in the eyes.

"Never, you stupid дорогой."

Ilya laughed, an unattractive accidental snort that Shane wanted as his ringtone.

"But I told your parents and I know you did not want that."

"I don't care about that anymore", Shane dismissed, and shook Ilya gently after he squinted in disbelief. "I cared a bit about you telling my mom first, but -"

"I didn't", Ilya interrupted. "I told you first, when I was in Russia."

"When? I think I would remem- *oh.*"

Shane remember the phone call that now felt like a lifetime ago, and he stared at Ilya like he'd grown a second head.

"Since then?"

"Since fucking 1410, I think", Ilya mumbled, sounding embarrassed. "You just... moved in here, and never left." He pointed to his chest, and Shane knew then that he would marry the shit out of this man one day. "Never even paid rent, not even with stupid Canadian money", Ilya grumbled.

"I am so sorry. I am sure we can come up with a solution that would satisfy us both", Shane said with his best breathy seductress voice with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

It had the intended effect of breaking the rest of the tension. For a moment they just stared at each other with matching dumb smiles on their drying faces, until suddenly Ilya pounced, grabbing Shane by his thighs and lifting him up like he weighted nothing. Shane yelped, wrapping his legs around Ilya who placed him on the counter next to the long since forgotten drinks.

"I think we should work on first payment now", Ilya smirked against Shane's jaw, making him shiver. "But it will take years and years and years until it is paid", he continued, nibbling his way to take Shane's earlobe between his teeth.

"That's okay", Shane exhaled. "I am not going anywhere."

End Notes

This is the first series I have done - and the first thing I've started publishing while still writing it, so I am quite proud of pulling through. If anyone feels inspired to write the smut that definitely followed, I give you my enthusiastic blessing (as long as you let me know so I can enjoy it too!)

I have other fic ideas fighting for dominance in my mind, so hopefully stay tuned.

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