

you think there is enough?

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by [dressedupliketheking](#)

Summary

They're down to the final countdown before Ilya leaves the cottage. Shane's mom arrives with fresh food from the local market and... unrequested supplies.

OR

Ilya stays at the cottage longer than originally planned. Yuna Hollander just wants her boys to be safe and well. To Ilya's delight and Shane's horror, she brings them sex-related items.

Notes

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

Shane sees his mom arrive at the cottage with a basket full of fresh local produce. For as many summers as he can remember, she has spent her Sunday mornings perusing the local farmers' market. When he was younger, he sometimes went along with her. He still remembers the tang of fresh squeezed juice on his tongue, the woody smell of the meat smokers. He tried to go with her once last summer, his first time in a long while, but the enjoyment was gone. The intensity of the hockey fandom in this area, something he'd once been the most fervent member of, now makes going practically anywhere a chore.

Yuna sets the heavy basket down on the counter and shakes her arms out before pulling Shane into a hug. Over her shoulder he spies his favourite summer berries, yams, beets, zucchinis, and a combination of greens he likes to use in his smoothies, a carton of free range eggs, two portions of eye fillet and one boned lamb leg. He asks if she wants coffee and is secretly grateful when she declines. He and Ilya only have 2 days left together (45 hours actually, not that he's counting), and his mom seems happy enough to wait her turn for Shane's attention. Her pivot from complete lack of comprehension seeing them enter her home to their most fervent ally has been so swift he almost forgets why he was so scared to tell her in the first place.

Shane hangs back as she sticks her head out the side door and calls both her hellos and goodbyes to Ilya, who is retrieving yesterday's laundry from the clothesline. Shane had told him he had a dryer (and solar panels, mind you) for this reason, but Ilya had insisted line drying was superior, and Shane had bitten his tongue and dropped it. He suspects this might be how many of their future conversations go, and is happy to resign himself to such a fate if it means he gets to keep Ilya.

Happy with Ilya's returned greetings and thanks, Yuna heads back through the house and down the stairs to her car. Shane thanks her one last time for the food and promises that yes, of course he will let them know what time dinner tomorrow will be. He heads back inside and begins packing the produce into the fridge, pausing to watch Ilya through the window as he steps the distance between two of the trees nearest the clothesline, counting under his breath.

A moment later Shane hears both his and Ilya's message tones, followed by the crunch of gravel under tyres. Probably his dad messaging the group chat, Shane thinks, and decides he too can wait his turn. Shane has more important things to do, like kiss Ilya, who is now reentering the house with a basket of clean, horrifically 'folded' linen and a look on his face that means he's made a decision.

"It will work," he announces with a big grin, setting the basket down on the table. Unsurprisingly, Shane has no idea what Ilya is talking about. "Hammock. Double size. Not for this time but next. Perfect for relaxing with my boyfriend Shane Hollander." The last sentence is delivered as Ilya wraps his arms around Shane's waist, and between the words themselves in Ilya's accent and the confidence there will actually be a next time, Shane is helpless to it. He can guarantee he is grinning like a lovesick fool, and can't bring himself to care even the tiniest bit.

The secondary message tones sound in a half-hearted attempt to slice through their moment.

“Your parents?” Ilya asks, tilting his head to plant kisses down Shane’s throat.

“Yeah, I guess.” Shane answers breathily.

“Well, I see what they say,” says Ilya, “Can not risk... interruptions.” He pulls back, ever so slowly, Shane swaying after him, chasing the lost touch.

Ilya leans across the table to reach his phone, his shirt lifting up to expose his mouthwatering hip and side of his muscular waist. He must feel Shane’s eyes on him, staying in the position to read the message rather than returning to an upright stance. Shane swallows and adjusts himself in his pants. Whatever his parents have to say is surely not worth delaying dropping to his knees for another second.

“Your mom says she leaves another bag on front step. From drug store. She says ‘I know your stay was only extended by a few days, but I want both of you to be safe and comfortable. I don’t know what you prefer, so I got a selection.’ Hmmm. Selection is ‘pick’ right? What does Yuna mean?”

“Ah, yeah,” Shane shakes his head to clear the fuzz, swallows yet more saliva. “That’s right, ‘selection’ can mean ‘pick’ or ‘choice’. In this context though she probably means ‘a variety’.”

Ilya nods, thoughtful. “Okay. You know what she gets from drug store?”

Shane tries to recall if he’s asked her for anything, and comes up empty. His bodywash is antibacterial as well as moisturizing, so it could be that, but he hasn’t asked her for it, and hadn’t noticed it getting low either. His first aid kit is stocked, and he has enough ice packs and hot wheat bags here to treat half a squad for injuries.

“No idea.” He says. “My mom works in mysterious ways.”

Shane really wants to stop thinking about his mom and get back to getting Ilya’s dick in his mouth. He’s confident if he pushes Ilya a little, he can get Ilya to fuck him against the upstairs windows. He thinks his boyfriend, undisputed hottest man on the planet, would lick his cum off the glass after it too if Shane grips his curls and guides him just right.

Shane makes to run his fingertips inside Ilya’s waistband but the man is already moving, sweeping his body low across the table and breaking past Shane in a sprint for the front door. Shane groans, partly in frustration at Ilya’s escape and partly in response to the friction as he palms against his increasingly robust erection.

Shane follows Ilya reluctantly towards the front door and finds him looking gleefully into a white plastic bag.

“Your mother is smart woman, Shane. She think of everything!” Ilya is practically crowing, his whole face alight. He is vibrating with such energy Shane can only assume whatever is in the bag will end him.

Before he has a chance to ask what she's bought for them, Ilya starts tossing a series of small, plastic wrapped boxes his direction. He steps backwards and fumbles as he catches the first three boxes, one in each hand and another in his arms, but the second two bounce off his chest and fall to the floor. Shane stares in horror as he registers the five missiles for what they are: three boxes of condoms in different sizes, two more standard size but textured. One of the textured boxes is also *flavoured*.

"You think there is enough?" Ilya says with faux seriousness before cackling wildly. Shane prays for a hole to open in the floor and swallow him up.

Somehow the bag is still not empty. Shane's torture continues as Ilya begins placing three bottles of lube (one water-based, one silicone-based and one caramel flavoured) on the narrow table by the entry. His final prize is a black pump bottle of foaming antibacterial sex toy cleaner. He grips this one to his chest with one hand, which is actively heaving with laughter now, tears dripping from his eyes.

"Hollander, Hollander, I can't breathe, I can't-" Ilya tries to steady himself with a few exaggerated exhales and the other hand on Shane's shoulder, but Shane is pretty sure he is the one who is dying. Ilya looks down at the toy cleaner cradled against his heart and cracks up all over again.

"Shane," he says, when he's finally recovered enough to speak, looking earnestly into Shane's eyes, "never in my life have I got present this good."

Shane wonders what's so special about this specific bottle. In the space of a split second, he considers just how shit Ilya's family must have been, questions why Svetlana has never given him decent presents, laments not having given Ilya more gifts himself over the years. If this is literally the best thing he's ever received, the bar must be set far, far too low. Before he can ask questions though, Ilya speaks again.

"Shane. The rest is funny, but this is... wow." Shane can see the moment Ilya starts fighting against the laughter that is threatening to burst free once more. "Toy cleaner is not at drug store. Only from sex shop," Ilya manages to whisper, as his shoulders begin to tremble once again. "Shane Hollander's mom brings me gift from sex shop!"

Ilya is howling, but Shane's groan is all encompassing. He allows the three caught boxes of condoms fall from his hands to join the other two on the floor, and lets his beet red face land with a thump against Ilya's chest.

Ilya wraps his arms around Shane, who would rather the ground swallow him up than think of his mother visiting a sex shop, especially on his behalf. Ilya is still in absolute hysterics, tears of laughter occasionally dripping from his cheeks into Shane's hair.

Shane eventually huffs a laugh. "Safe and comfortable" he says with disbelief, still looking at the floor, "oh my fucking god".

Ilya pulls back and grips Shane strongly by both upper arms.

“Shane, this is best two and half weeks of my life.” The smile on his face says he means it. “Fuck, I can’t believe I met your parents. I can’t believe they like me. I can’t believe your mom-”

“Ilya, stop! Please don’t say it again, I can’t handle the thought of it right now,” Shance winces, “or maybe ever.”

“Aw Shane,” Ilya all but sings, “but is so funny!”

“To you, maybe, but my mom is-” Shane isn’t sure how to finish what he’s started, and lets the words hang.

“What,” Ilya said, suddenly serious. He drops his hands from Shane’s arms and looks at him hard. “You think she is slut shaming?”

“No! I mean maybe, I hadn’t thought of that. But that she is thinking of us *that way* at all, enough to go to a *sex shop* and buy things *in person*, I just can’t...”

Shane feels his nausea rising. He squeezes his eyes shut and throws his head back, holding his breath for the count of five before exhaling slowly and returning his head to a neutral position. When he opens his eyes, Ilya is holding his phone, thumbs flying across the screen.

“What are you doing?” Shane asks, a hint of panic edging into his tone.

“Sending message to your mom. Thank you for thoughtful gift.”

Shane’s face blanches in horror.

“ILYA, NO!”

Ilya’s smile turns wicked as he quirks an eyebrow. A whoosh sound fills the hall.

“Also tell her correct sizes, and next time for lube, no caramel. Raspberry flavour much better.”

Ilya turns as he says this, sprinting up the stairs to their bedroom. Shane grabs a bottle of lube at random from the table and chases him up the stairs. The windows need cleaning anyway.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the fic as much as Ilya did! More conversations to come in this series if you want to subscribe.

Also, I am not Canadian or American. From other media I think Yuna would say "drug store" rather than "pharmacy" or whatever but it's a guess, so any relevant cultural corrections please let me know!

The name of the fic and Ilya's line above "you think there is enough?" come from the series (when Ilya's leaning over Shane on the bed lifting up the connected row of condom packets).

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