

playing video games (it's you, it's you)

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playing video games (it's you, it's you)

by [generalwierdo](#)

Summary

Jane: Let's Play 8Ball!

Lily: what the fuck is this

Jane: It's a text game

Jane: You have to download the app

Lily: and y r u sending it 2 me

Jane: It's not a big deal "lily"

Jane: Play or don't play, see if I care

Notes

Canon? Never heard of her. Timeline? Who's that. Plot? Point? Actually none

Fic playlist:

Video games - lana del ray (also the young professionals version depending on point in the story)

Youth - troy sivan

We never dated - sombr

Call it what you want - taylor swift

Swoon - beach weather

Makes me want you - sombr

Can't you see - fidlar

Boyfriend - dove cameron

Ruin my life - zara larsson

Dancing with our hands tied - taylor swift

I can see you - taylor swift

Mangetout - wet leg

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

Ilya and Shane didn't text a lot. Definitely when they were in the same city, or played against each other. Sometimes when some big hockey thing happened, or one of their teams had a particularly great or awful game. Rarely for anything else. Which is why Ilya was so confused when he looked down at his phone after a preseason practice one day and saw a text

*Jane: **Let's Play 8Ball!***

Tbl: what the fuck is this

Jane: It's a text game

Jane: You have to download the app

Ilya rolled his eyes. Of course Hollander would have some dumb game on his phone. Ilya bet he played it with his parents or some cute shit like that.

Not cute. Dumb. Definitely not cute

Tbl: and y r u sending it 2 me

Jane: It's not a big deal "lily"

Jane: Play or don't play, see if I care

Ilya chuckled under his breath. Shane was like a little puppy pretending he didn't want to play fetch. But here was just another thing that he could be better at. He clicked on the app and downloaded gamepigeon, what a dumb name, and made his little avatar and name. He went back and forth about what to name himself, before settling on "asshole". It was Shane's

favorite word for him after all. He potted 3 balls, missed the 4th, and sent the game back to Hollander.

Jane: WTF

Tbl: natural talent 😏😏

So the thing is that Shane thought it would be chill.

He didn't know why exactly he thought that an app specifically designed for competition would be chill when he and Ilya did nothing but compete against each other.

Ilya was great at 8ball and mini golf, but Shane killed in cup pong and basketball. They were even in darts and archery, but Shane was slowly but surely winning in sea battle. It had morphed from just one game, to playing one game a day, to occasionally several games at once. He had renamed his avatar "boring" and told himself it wasn't an inside joke between the two of them. And the game-related trash talk had become more funny than competitive.

Lily: im gonna kick ur ass hollander

Lily: you cant shoot to save ur life

You: Watch out Roz, you're about to go down

Shane focused on pointing the arrow, slowly, slowly, and grinned as he scored 2 perfect 10s. Beat that Rozanov.

"Uh...Shane?"

Shane jerked his head up from his phone, where Hayden was staring at him with a half-grin. “Dude, you’ve been playing that game with...” He looked over Shane’s shoulder “Lily for like 20 minutes. Anything you wanna tell us?” Hayden gestured to himself and J.J., and Shane felt his face grow hot. He quickly tossed his phone aside.

“Sorry guys, what were we talking about?”

Hayden and JJ laughed.

“Well now we’re talking about your mysterious Jane.” JJ gestured to Shane’s phone. “Who is she? You’ve been texting her and smiling at your phone nonstop for like the past two weeks.”

“And why does she call you Hollander? And why do you call her Roz?” Hayden chimed in.

Oh shit, oh shit. This was very bad. Shane racked his brain for an excuse. Why did he have to call him Roz? Why couldn’t he have said babe or Lily or literally anything else.

“Trash talk” he said evasively. “Her last name is Rosalind” Oh god literally anything but that. Now he had to remember Lily Rosalind, his apparent secret text and game buddy. Shane reached for his forgotten ginger ale in front of him and chugged three big gulps. He hated lying to his friends, but this thing with Ilya was so fragile that he was afraid to breathe on it. He had gotten too comfortable with the texting and the trash talk, he had to be more careful.

Hayden laughed. “Of course you’re so nice and polite to everyone, but when it comes to a text game you become the most competitive person ever.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “You’re one to talk, I’ve seen you play Monopoly.”

The three of them devolved into game-related trash talk, and Shane resisted looking down at his phone when he felt it buzz not once, not twice, but four times, and then go silent. He had to chill out.

Lily: nice job hollander

Lily: at least u r good at 1 thing

Lily: besides sucking dick

Lily: 🤔

Ilya panted on the bench, ready to get on the ice again. They were down 2-1 with 10 minutes left, and Shane would be insufferable if they won. He had already won 2 text games that day, and Ilya knew he would be so fucking smug when he came over that night. He would have to take him down a notch. Maybe he would finally tie him to the bed and suck his cock until he cried. He bet Shane was so pretty when he was overstimulated, eyes bright and begging for more, even when it was too much.

Ilya shook his head. He had to focus. They hadn't won yet, and there was still the chance of overtime. But over the two months, Shane had gotten squarely in his head. Their texting was so much more than games, it was constant flirting and teasing and the competitiveness that got them both going. Ilya had tricked himself into thinking he could keep Shane in a specific corner of his life, one he visited for fun and then closed the door on when it was done. But now Shane was more than that. He had become...a friend.

Ilya found himself texting him when they weren't playing, telling him about an annoying guy at the store who took the last 6-pack of coke, and Shane would tease him for being an addict. Shane would send him little memes with no context about other teams, and they were so accurate Ilya would wonder if Shane had made them himself. Shane had so much inside of himself that Ilya hadn't known about. He wondered if anyone else got to see those sides of him, or if they were just for him.

He hoped they were just for him.

“Rozanov, back on the ice!”

Sometimes Shane remembered how young they both were. Sure, hockey was a young sport, but they were barely in their 20s. They couldn't even drink in the US. And even though he was so young, there was so much pressure. His parents, his team, the fans. Himself. His potential could not be wasted. And sure he loved to eat, sleep, and breathe hockey, loved that his favorite thing had become his entire life. But sometimes he watched TV or looked at the college students walking to class and thought to himself "I did this too fast. I should've taken more time"

Playing these dumb text games with Ilya made him feel like he was just another guy texting with his...friend? Rival? Situationship? They could just be themselves, grossly competitive over a game of virtual cup pong when in another life they may have been in college at a frat party, doing the same thing in real life. The two of them were on some other level, like a secret room in a house or a side road no one goes down. There was a specific plane of existence saved for Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov.

In real life, things were a lot more complicated.

Shane smiled as his teammates slapped his back and ruffled his hair at the 3-1 final score of the game, holding his helmet and stick above his head. A game where they won was good, a game where he made the final goal to make the score even more lopsided was better, and a game where they did all this on their archrival's turf was one of the best. Shane caught Ilya's eye and smirked at him, Ilya had almost been able to steal the puck but Shane was just too quick. Ilya raised his eyebrows in a familiar look. *You'll pay for that later.* Shane just smiled wider and turned away.

Jane: Are you going out?

Tbl: what you think

Jane: No?

Jane: Yes?

Jane: How am I supposed to know?

Tbl: you will see

Ilya looked around the locker room, listening in to see if any of his teammates were making post-game plans. Everyone was pissed about the home turf loss, and while usually people wanted to go home and sulk after this kind of defeat, usually a guy or two wanted to go drink away their sorrows. Luckily for him two D-line guys were making plans to hit a bar on the north end, and Ilya quickly invited himself along. He wanted, no, needed, to find out where Hollander was. Where he was going to celebrate, to have a drink with his teammates, to smile and laugh and wait for Ilya to text him back.

And he wouldn't.

No, Ilya wanted to show up at whatever shitty tourist bar Hollander was at, make him come to the bathroom, and get on his knees for Ilya. Ilya wanted Shane to worry about it being dangerous and risky and then do it anyway. Ilya wanted him to beg. And then he wanted to leave, and go to his apartment, and make Shane follow him back, and spend the entire night doing very bad things to him. Ilya wanted Shane to give himself up, give himself over. Ilya wanted to *win*.

Shane was perfect in everyone else's eyes. He wanted to break down that perfection little by little until only the real Shane remained. And then he wanted to keep him.

Ilya didn't care that these thoughts were dumb, and illogical, and he could have basically any girl and a solid amount of the guys in Boston in his bed tonight. That's what he did; he fucked and grinned and made them leave right after, and then did it all over again the next night. But something about Shane had crept under his skin and danced along his veins, making them spark up like those American fireworks they had on the fourth of July. Shane was glitter in Ilya's blood.

He wasn't going to let what they had built up over the past two months stop. He couldn't have it stop.

The finstas had been Ilya's idea (is what Shane told himself)

Lily: hollander

Lily: your instagram

Lily: soooooooooo boring

You: Well excuse me for not having a never ending rotation of club selfies on my feed

Lily: hush

Lily: there are some bar ones too

You: Some of the guys have this thing called a finsta

You: Like a fake instagram

Lily: how can a app be fake?

You: So you basically make a second account

You: You make it private, and only your friends with finstas can follow it

You: So that way, nobody knows about it

You: And that's where you post all of your fun stuff

Lily: i like it

Lily: whats ur username?

You: I don't have one lol

You: But I might make one

Lily: well when u do

Lily: @ruletk-a81

You: WTF does that even mean

Lily: i am russian

Lily: russian roulette

Lily: roulette = пулемка, pronounced ruletk-a

Lily: i = ilya

Lily: 81 = best number ever

You: Quick on the draw there

Lily: ??

You: Sorry

You: Basically you thought of that really quickly

You: It was used in old-timey duels when whoever drew their gun usually won

Lily: like with a pencil?

You: Huh?

You: Oh wait

You: Lmao no, drew also means “pulled out”

Lily: ahhhhhh, i know that one

Lily: no babies and all that shit

You: ...

You: Bro I know you wear condoms

You: Please don't inflict Ilya babies onto the world

Lily: world is not ready for that level of hockey genius

Lily: dw ;)

Lily: also play me back asshole

You: oops i forgot

*You: **Sea Battle: Your Turn!***

Lily: how tf do you keep getting my ships

You: Magic

You: Also I'm the GOAT

Lily: ??

You: Greatest Of All Time

Lily: thx for the complement hollander 🍷🍷

You: You're such an asshole

You: @pasta-s24

Lily: yk im gonna ask

You: Sometimes people say Hollander sounds like colander, aka pasta

You: S = Shane, 24 = best number ever

Lily: you are such a copydog

Lily: is that it?

You: Close, copycat

@ruletka-i81 has requested to follow you

@ruletka-i81 started following you

You requested to follow @ruletka-i81

You started following @ruletka-i81

Pasta-s24 and ruletka-i81 didn't post often, but they added to their close friends' stories. They would occasionally add random things - gym selfies, memes, complaints about travel or the weather. And whenever they went out, random pictures and videos would always pop up.

Shane had no clue what Ilya was planning for tonight, and he frankly didn't care (is what he told himself). He was going to have a fun time in a fun city, that may have hated their guts, but who cares (he did). He played Ilya back in filler, posted a shot of Hayden and JJ shotgunning horrible American beer to his story, and put down his phone, ready to have a good time. Their waitress walked over and laughed at the display, grinning at Shane.

“Same thing, or wanna try something new?” Shane looked her up and down. She had wavy dirty blond hair that was pulled back into a ponytail, sparkly green eyes, and a small golden nose ring. And she was looking at him like he was the only guy at their table. “I know our beer list is good, but you have to try one of our seasonal cocktails. They’re to die for.”

Shane smiled back. “Which one’s your favorite?”

The waitress leaned in to faux whisper in his ear. “The bourbon spice, but I’m only 19. Don’t tell on me please.” She leaned back and winked at him. Shane saw the guys smirking at him from his peripheral, and knew what he had to do. Here was a pretty girl, his age, obviously flirting with him. Doesn’t matter that the only person he wanted was tall and broad-shouldered and not here. He had to at least try. So he looked up at her and mimed zipping his lips.

“I won’t tell.” She laughed, and Shane ran a hand through his hair. “Whatever you say goes.”

The waitress, whose name he really wished he had gotten, bit her lip and walked away slowly. Shane saw her go over to her coworker and the two of them chat urgently, looking over at him.

Hayden wolf-whistled. “Damn bro, I’m starting to regret sharing a room with you!” The guys laughed and Shane blushed.

“She’s just doing her job.” he mumbled, trying to make sure the guys didn’t embarrass him. A few of them reached over and patted him on the back, laughing about “rookie’s game!” and “our little Shane is all grown up”. Shane turned back to the bar to glance at the girl again. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the bar door open, letting a blast of cold November air in. Ilya Rozanov strolled into the bar like he owned the place, looked directly at Shane, and then turned away, walking up to the bar with two of his teammates.

How the hell did he find him?

There were a few scattered groans and whoops from his teammates, but they all knew they were on Boston's turf. And if the people in the bar figured out they were the team that had just beat their precious Bears, things could get ugly. So for the most part the guys stayed quiet, just rolling their eyes and complaining about not getting to celebrate in peace.

Shane knew this couldn't be an accident. Out of all the bars in the entire city, Rozanov had picked one that the Voyagers just happened to be at? Shane remembered Ilya's last text "you will see". He was honestly impressed that he had managed to live up to his words.

Then, he remembered his close friends story and almost slapped himself. He had practically told Rozanov where he was. He pulled up the story and saw the name of the bar over top of Hayden and JJ's heads. In plain view, ready for anyone to see. The real question was, how had Roz gotten here so fast?

The waitress walked back over with Shane's drink, and he blinked hard. He had almost forgotten she was here. "One bourbon spice." She leaned over, showing off the low cut of her top in a way that had to be purposeful, and grinned at Shane. Below the drink was a cocktail napkin with her name, Elizabeth, and a phone number. Shane lifted up the drink, took a small sip, and grabbed the cocktail napkin to save for later. Just because Ilya was here didn't mean they were going to do anything. He had to try. "Enjoy." Elizabeth sauntered back towards the bar, where Ilya had watched the entire interaction.

Shane felt hot all over. Ilya was staring at him like he owed him something, and he was going to do anything to get it. He slowly took another sip of the drink. It was terrible.

Ilya watched the exchange with interest. The girl was clearly into Hollander, but Shane looked like he had swallowed a beehive. She was hot enough, not Ilya's type, but certainly someone's. Ilya wondered if he wasn't here, would Shane have smiled at her? Would he have asked her when she got off of work and invited her to his hotel room? Would the two of them have hit it off, and she would be the new person he texted his jokes and memes and stupid text games? Would she be the new person he told whenever he was in Boston?

But now, Ilya was here. And Shane was his.

He slowly drank his jack and coke, not the good russian vodka but his typical drink of choice whenever they went out, and stared at Shane. Shane looked back. For a moment, Ilya forgot

they were rivals, forgot they were enemies. He wanted to walk over to Shane's booth and pull him up and kiss him in front of the entire bar, in front of their teammates, in front of the fucking waitress. He wanted to show everyone that Shane belonged to him. Who cares if they had only seen each other a few times, fucked each other a few times. Through one measly text message a few months ago their relationship had gotten to be so much more.

Shane looked in his direction, and a flash of something lit up his eyes. Maybe anxiety, maybe desire, maybe something else entirely. But it was there and it was addicting. Shane took a sip of whatever drink the girl had brought him and winced. Ilya tried not to laugh. Of course Shane hated the drink. But, he was never going to tell the waitress that. So, if he wanted something else, he had to walk over to the bar and crowd in next to Ilya (the only open spot) and get it.

Ilya knew Shane would spend about 5 minutes debating whether or not to come over here, so he turned back to the bar and started chatting with the bartender, an older woman with a no-nonsense attitude and thick black braid. He did his best to not look back, to see if Shane was still watching him, or if he was back to chatting with the waitress, or if he was just staring off into space. Good things come to those who wait, after all.

Ilya was one of the hottest, if not the hottest men Shane had ever seen. It wasn't just his curly golden hair or greenish eyes or his built as fuck arms, it was the way he carried himself. Most people with that kind of cockiness aren't that hot, and most people that are that hot don't realize it. Ilya knew what kind of effect he had on people. He knew exactly how to smile and how to flirt and how to flex so everybody was putty in his hands, Shane included. Sometimes Shane didn't understand why Ilya went for him of all people. Sure he knew he was sort of attractive, but he wasn't having people stop him on the street for it. Ilya could've had anyone he wanted, and Shane knew he'd hooked up with models, actresses, dancers. So when he was back in that CCM locker room seeing Ilya stare at him with want in his eyes, he felt a lot of things, but some part of it was shock that a man who looked like that might actually want him. And seeing him like this, at the bar, ready for Shane to walk over and give him what he wanted, was hot as fuck.

Shane tried to chat with his friends, to participate in whatever weird drinking game they had discovered, but his drink tasted like ass and the only way to get a new one was to go up to Ilya, which defeated the whole point of playing anyways. Shane lasted about 3 more minutes before he decided the risk (overtly flirting with his rival) was worth the reward (getting to flirt with Ilya AND get a drink). They hadn't even talked face to face this entire time, and Shane missed Ilya's undivided attention, his sharp wit, the way his accent curled around vowels and missed articles.

“Shane, your turn!” Hayden shouted directly into Shane’s ear. Shane winced.

“Bro this drink is terrible, I have to go get a new one.”

“Oh noooooooo” Hayden groaned. “You have to like it! Or else no way you’re tapping that hot waitress tonight.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Wasn’t going to in the first place.”

Hayden laughed. “Ohhhhhh right. You’ve got the mysterious Lily keeping you company. Gonna meet up with her later?”

Shane did his best not to look over at Rozanov, but his eyes were drawn to him like a magnetic north. “We’ll see.” he murmured. Shane clapped Hayden on the shoulder and walked up to the bar, leaning into the seat Ilya was currently occupying even though there was more than enough room. Ilya said nothing, but shifted his weight so Shane could use the chair as balance. He’d only had 3 drinks, but the post-game tiredness already made him wobbly. And Ilya knew that.

“I’ll have what he’s having.” Shane smiled at the bartender, a pretty woman who kind of looked like his mom. She looked between the two of them and raised her eyebrows, but said nothing.

“You’ve got it sweetheart.” She passed a drink over to him, and Ilya handed her his card without a word. Shane tried to protest, but Ilya just gave him a half grin.

“The winner deserves a free drink.”

Shane felt his whole body tingle. Fuck he had missed that voice. He glanced around the bar. His friends were heatedly debating the rules of the game they were playing, Ilya’s teammates were chatting up two blondes at the end of the bar, and they were surrounded by strangers who couldn’t give less of a fuck what sport they played. This was not a hockey bar, and

Shane had never quite appreciated anonymity like he did now. He grasped the drink with one hand, and let the other slide along the back of Ilya's chair until it was over his shoulders. "Cheers to that" he murmured, clinking his glass with Ilya's and taking a small sip. Much, much better.

The two of them stood like that for a bit, Shane leaning on Ilya's chair and Ilya supporting him with his shoulder. It was so...calm. So comfortable. Even though they were in the middle of a bar surrounded by their teammates and people who could find out about them, Shane was just relaxing with his friend. If anyone asked, they could just say they were talking about the game, about Shane's epic shot, about who was going to win this year's all-stars competitions. But actually.

"You have got to be cheating" Shane complained, seeing Ilya get 5 more blocks in filler.

"How on earth would I cheat Hollander, you can literally see what moves I am making." Ilya laughed as he boxed Shane out and took the rest of the points for himself.

Shane rolled his eyes but couldn't help his smile. It was so much more fun to do this in person.

Ilya did not expect this kind of reaction. He expected angry glares and whispered words, to meet in the bathroom and lock the door. But something in Shane was calmer tonight, more relaxed. He hadn't gone back to his table or teammates, but was just standing with Ilya at the bar, playing games and occasionally commenting on the score. They hadn't even talked about their game tonight.

"Another win for Hollander" Shane grinned, and Ilya was momentarily entranced at his easy expression, his bright smile. This is what he had missed since Vegas, what he had been thinking about this summer. But also, this is what he didn't realize he wanted. He thought he could keep Shane in the "fuckbuddies" box, but he had slowly crept into the territory of more. What they were doing here was so risky, but it felt so natural. So...right.

Ilya motioned to Shane's table. "Shouldn't you be getting back to your friends?"

Shane glanced over at them and Ilya saw his barely perceptible wince. “Nah, they’re fine.” Shane looked back to Ilya, and he could’ve sworn he saw a trace of...fondness? No way. But Shane continued to lean on him and start the next game on his phone. Suddenly, Ilya did not want to be here. He wanted to be at the penthouse with Shane, their phones lost along with their clothes. He wanted to take advantage of their proximity, which wouldn’t happen again for two more months.

He leaned over to whisper closely into Shane’s ear. “Think they’ll care if you leave?” Shane blushed. He ducked his head, almost resting it on Ilya’s shoulder.

“You leave, give me 10 minutes.” Shane whispered back. “Where?”

“2886 Beacon, it’s a bit of a hike. I’ll wait for you at another bar.”

“Hotel?”

“Nope.”

Ilya looked at Shane, trying to gauge if he was uncomfortable. But all he saw was a flash of excitement. “Come to the Alley Bar. See you in a bit.” Ilya drained his drink and stood up, winking at Shane. He went to bid a quick goodbye to his teammates, who didn’t seem to care he was even leaving, and walked out into the cold. He had heard of Alley Bar from a friend of a friend and knew it was a gay club. He hoped Shane wouldn’t be too uncomfortable meeting him here, but at this point he just wanted to relax with no one they knew in sight.

Ilya walked down the street, pulling his jacket tighter around him. It wasn’t that cold, but the wind blew through the tight Boston streets, making him shiver. He imagined a world where he walked hand-and-hand with Shane down the street, coming home after a game, headed to the bar with their teammates.

Wow he needed to...what did they call it? Chill the fuck out?

He shook his head, trying to banish the thoughts of domesticity that kept popping up. He and Hollander weren't even exclusive for crying out loud. They had had sex twice, and hadn't even fucked. Hollander was boring, and annoying, and way too obsessed with hockey. Well so was he, but at least he wasn't reading books about it.

Ilya sighed. He shouldn't be doing this. He should get a cab and go home and go fuck someone else. He was getting way too attached. But none of these thoughts deterred him from heading into Alley Bar and ordering a beer, leaving his jacket on the seat next to him.

Five minutes later, Hollander slid into the seat next to him. Ilya smirked. "Thought you wanted 10 minutes?"

Shane blushed, and draped Ilya's jacket over the back of his chair. Ilya hoped it smelled like him after they left. "Eh, the guys were all distracted."

"Were you?" Ilya looked over with a half-smile, and saw Shane looking back with the exact same expression.

"Maybe."

"Могу я оставить тебя себе?" The Russian slipped out before Ilya even knew what he was saying. Shane raised an eyebrow.

"What was that?"

"Nothing"

"I think you're a liar."

Ilya sipped his beer, and leaned over to Shane.

“Никогда не к тебе, дорогая.” Shane snorted out a laugh. Ilya grinned. “Tell me something in french, we can be even.”

Shane looked at Ilya for a long moment. “J'sais pas c'qu'on fait, mais j'veux pas que ça s'arrête.”

Ilya resisted the urge to ask what it meant. He could have his secrets and Shane could have his. Ilya saw a flash of beginners books in French and Russian sitting on the same coffee table, the two of them quizzing each other. He had to stop.

He drank the rest of his beer, and set it down slowly on the table. “Want me to call an Uber?”

Shane looked around the bar, and realization slowly lit up his eyes as he realized what kind of bar they were in. Ilya couldn't tell if he was nervous or upset or excited or happy. He wanted to stare into Shane's eyes for so long he could figure out every emotion in their depths.

“Have...you come here before?” Shane ignored his previous question. Ilya rolled his eyes.

“Not yet, I heard about it from someone.” Ilya looked around the room. Two men were sitting in a booth eating fries and speaking intensely. Two girls were waiting at the bar, one with a hand placed protectively on the other's back. It was lively but not loud, fun but not overwhelming. Ilya knew Shane hated clubbing, but he didn't think he minded this place too much.

“It's...nice.” Shane smiled softly at Ilya. That smile was going to kill him one day.

“Yeah, it is.” Ilya drained the rest of his beer, looking away. He threw more money than he owed onto the bar, and grabbed Shane's hand. “Ready to go?”

Shane let out a long breath, and intertwined his fingers with Ilya's. “Yeah, let's go.”

Conor shoved another fry into his mouth, smiling at his boyfriend. Hud shot him an annoyed look. "Are you going to steal all my fries." he deapanned. "Because if I knew that, I would've gotten more."

"Nope." Conor swiped two more. Hud rolled his eyes, and he kissed him on the cheek. "Sorry babe, I'll go order some more."

Conor walked up to the bar, and did a double take. Standing up to leave were two guys who looked so familiar, but he just couldn't place it. They were holding hands but somehow looked like they had never done it before. It reminded Conor of how him and Hud acted before they officially started dating, nervous but excited about it. He made brief eye contact with the taller guy, and flashed him a supportive smile. The guy looked almost...scared for a moment, like Conor was going to shout out that he was holding hands with another guy. But Conor just gave him a reassuring nod, and the tall man turned back to his partner.

Conor hoped that whatever was going on with those two wouldn't scare them again.

End Notes

Translations:

Могу я оставить тебя себе? - can i keep you

Никогда не к тебе, дорогая. - never to you darling

J'sais pas c'qu'on fait, mais j'veux pas que ça s'arrête - I don't know what we're doing, but I don't want it to stop.

Tbl: you (I firmly believe Ilya's phone has russian as his language setting)

I'm kind of acting like this happens at the start-mid of the 2011-2012 season, pretend that shane first texted in like september and then the game/bar happens in november. I was trying so hard to figure out the timeline and then realized the book and the show lowkey skip over this entire season so i can play with it mwahahaha. Also, shane totally has like 15 people on his close friends and ilya just has shane. Because i said so

anyways i love these boys and wrote this while on addy for the first time (prescribed i promise) instead of writing my academic final papers! Feed me comments and kudos pretty pls

also also there is 100000% potential for a raunchy sequel i already have lines and ideas but i thought this would be a nice ending if i dont end up making it lol

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