

spiced cakes and snowstorms

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spiced cakes and snowstorms

by [Palomarosee](#)

Summary

“I cannot believe that you invited him”

He can believe it, actually. His mother invites him every year, this is just the first year he’s actually showed up. A fact which was news to Shane until he’d walked into the cottage, weekend bag slung over his shoulder, to the sight of Ilya Rozanov reaching up on his tippy toes, t-shirt riding up to expose the small of his back, helping his mom hang garland over a doorway

Shane had, literally, nearly turned around and walked right back out

Its Christmas and its snowing and Shane's mom's annoying (ly hot) best friend is stuck at the cottage

Notes

Hope this gets everyone in the Christmas spirit!! :)

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

“I cannot believe that you invited him” Shane mutters, whipping a bowl of spiced cake batter with a bit more force than is probably necessary.

He *can* believe it, actually. His mother invites him every year, this is just the first year he’s actually showed up. A fact which was news to Shane until he’d walked into the cottage, weekend bag slung over his shoulder, to the sight of Ilya Rozanov reaching up on his tippy toes, t-shirt riding up to expose the small of his back, helping his mom hang garland over a doorway

Shane had, literally, nearly turned around and walked right back out

Were it not for the fact that the roads were already piling with snow and also for the fact that it was, you know, Christmas, he would have hopped back into his jeep and driven the two hours back to Montreal. He’s sure Hayden and Jackie would happily take him in for Christmas

See, the thing is— Ilya Rozanov is not his favorite person. He wouldn’t go as far as to say he hates the man or anything. It’s just—

He’s just—

Ugh

He can’t even explain it, there’s just something about him that Shane finds... unsettling.

He’d rather not delve into what that *something* actually is but it probably has to do with the way he feels the need to cajole Shane about everything, all the time. Or *maybe* it's the fact that he’s somehow his mother’s best friend. A fact that no one, except him, apparently, finds strange.

One of those things, all of those things, it doesn’t matter. Their interactions always end in the same way regardless, with Shane floundering and sputtering and with Ilya laughing in that full-bellied way that always echoes in Shane’s head until much later.

It’s terrible

“It’s *Christmas eve*, Shane” Yuna says now, side eyeing him when a particularly vigorous turn of his wrist splashes some of the batter over the countertop

“Exactly, and he never comes to these things” Shane mumbles. He knows he’s being unreasonably bitchy about this but, can you blame him? He’s still reeling from earlier, from the way Ilya had turned to look at him over his shoulder, his arms still overstretched over his head, the small of his back decorated with a trail of light brown hair and those *infernal* moles that he seems to have all over. His grin had been slow and crooked and had made Shane flush with embarrassment. *Close your mouth, Hollander, you will catch flies.*

How dare he?! In Shane’s own home, no less

Why was he even wearing that threadbare v-neck shirt to begin with? It's winter, in Ottawa for fucks sake

Jesus. It hasn't even been a handful of hours and Shane is already spiraling. But then, it's always been like this, ever since they met a few years back

His mother had been intent that Shane was going to *love* her new friend. He had recently moved to Canada from Russia. He was a retired hockey player turned very successful youth coach who had moved overseas to settle down and '*live his truth*' were his mother's exact words. Ilya was bisexual, she had explained, and very outspoken about LGBTQ, youth, and mental health issues. Which was amazing, obviously, and Shane *had* been looking forward to meeting him.

Yuna's first attempts at introducing them had been misfires. Shane was busy with the hockey season and the scheduled events just never seemed to line up. So by the time he'd come around to meeting his mom's mystery friend, it was already summertime. It was a fundraising event for one of the charities they both worked on and when his mother had pointed Ilya out in the crowd, Shane had nearly choked on his own tongue.

"*That's Ilya?*" He had managed to say, eventually.

See, when his mother had said Ilya Rozanov was a retired hockey player, Shane had imagined an older man, in his late forties maybe, with graying hair and wrinkles or something. What he had *not* been expecting was what he actually saw. Which was Ilya Rozanov, a man about his same age, in all his 6'3, blue eyed glory.

"You said he was old" Shane had muttered to his mother later

"I said he was *retired*, Shane"

And he was supposed to somehow know the difference?!

His mother had smirked in that truly calculating way she sometimes smirks and Shane had frowned and ignored how Ilya's accent sounded curled around his surname. He had *failed* to ignore it, obviously, for the entire night, and then continued failing to ignore all the habits and quirks that make the man so insufferable

Like the fact that he eats like a thirteen year old boy

Or the fact that he flirts with everyone

Or the strange tendency he has of only calling him *Hollander*. A fact which he had made the mistake of bringing up to his mom at some point

Yuna had rolled her eyes "Shane, he's a retired Hockey player, it's probably a habit. You know, since you are also a hockey player" she had motioned towards him, blinking slowly as if explaining something to a five year old

"Yes, Mom, I'm aware that I'm a hockey player"

“Exactly, it’s cute, he’s just trying to connect with you”

Cute

Cute isn’t really a word Shane would use to describe Ilya Rozanov. He looks like a Calvin Klein model and smiles like a Colgate ad and moves through the world like he *knows* just exactly what he looks like.

So, yes, Ilya Rozanov is hard to ignore. Especially because, after that night, he was suddenly everywhere. Shane’s parents loved him, the local press loved him, the kids at the charity camps loved him and Shane—

“You have a little something there, Hollander” Ilya says now, sweeping into the kitchen with a string of lights slung over one shoulder. He motions to Shane’s cheek and, when Shane just stares dumbly, he reaches over and swipes his thumb over Shane’s skin, looking at his thumb before popping it into his mouth

“Hmm” he hums “cake is tasting good, Yuna”

And then he’s gone without another word

“Did you—did you *see* that? What is his problem?” Shane sputters, trying to sound outraged, trying to ignore the way his stomach is fluttering with ridiculous butterflies

“I didn’t see a thing” Yuna says around a smile

*

The event is quite nice, something his mother hosts every year for all the people involved across the community charities. There’s drinks and music and a spiced cake that Shane is always somehow left in charge of. He offered to help once, years ago, and it’s become somewhat of a bit. His mother has long left to mingle with the arriving guests, hugging them, and remembering the names of their kids, and doing all the Yuna Hollander-esque things that Shane has always admired her for. She’s a force to be reckoned with and she cares so deeply and so, yes, Shane will sort out a spiced cake if that means she has one less thing on her plate.

He’s standing in the kitchen now, alone, wondering if the batter doesn’t need a bit more milk. He’s not much of a baker, but the recipe is pretty hard to mess up. Which means he obviously doesn’t need help, which is exactly what he tries to tell Ilya when he comes back into the kitchen. He’s changed out of his Tshirt and into a dark green sweater with a huge Rudolph face in the middle. He’s pretty sure the nose lights up and yet, the sight of how it stretches across his broad chest makes Shane flush. God, what is *wrong* with him?

“Yuna sent me” he says simply, shrugging before stuffing another cookie in his mouth

Where is he even getting all these cookies?

“Well I’m un-sending you” Shame mumbles, trying, *trying* to distract himself from the intensity of having Ilya’s eyes on him here, where there’s only the two of them, the sounds of chatter and a crooning cover of ‘all I want for Christmas is you’ muffled by the wall between the kitchen and the rest of the house

It’s ridiculous, it shouldn’t be this hard to ignore him

See, Shane is gay. It took him a significant amount of time and a failed long-term relationship with a movie star to figure that out, but he does know that about himself. His parents and teammates and most of the world also know this about him.

Shane is gay. He likes men, he sleeps with men, it’s pretty cut and dry

Not that he has much experience in the matter

Not that he has *no* experience in the matter

He has the adequate amount of experience, alright?

But he’s around conventionally attractive, muscular men all the time. Locker rooms have never been an issue, he’s never felt the urge to look at any of the other players or, god forbid, his own teammates. It’s unthinkable.

But, to his torment, there’s something about Ilya Rozanov that Shane finds more than a bit irresistible. Some things. Many things. Plural. His bright eyes, his crooked smile, the way he drags the ‘r’ when he says *Hollander*. It actually makes him mad, how much it all affects him, it makes him feel out of control, out of his own skin. Because Ilya thinks he’s boring, easy to rile up and *boring*, he’s told him as much himself

Lighten up, Hollander

And people say you’re not funny, Hollander

So you eat only bird food Hollander? Are you a bird?

He’s *not* a bird, but he sometimes does feel like an extraterrestrial creature, especially when it comes to interacting with this man

“Cannot unsend, I told Yuna I would help with the cake”

“I don’t need your—“ Shane takes a breath, hates how pink his cheeks are, decides to blame it on the pre-heating oven

“You know what, here” he says, shoving a cake pan at Ilya “make yourself useful and butter this cake pan”

Shane doesn’t turn to look to see if he’s actually doing it but he must be, because when Ilya speaks again it’s with the cadence of someone in deep concentration

“You make this every year, yes? Your mom said, like a tradition”

“Uh, yeah, I guess you could call it that”

Ilya hums and when Shane looks up from where he’s started to measure out the ingredients for the icing, he sees Ilya hunched over the pan, brows furrowed, doing a very thorough job at buttering the sides of the cake pan

It is, unfortunately, ridiculously endearing and whatever quip Shane might have come up with to try and keep the upper hand in this strange dynamic they have, promptly dies on his tongue

He sneaks a few glances as they work and its.... Nice?

He doesn’t mind the company and he suddenly has the overwhelming urge to find out something new about Ilya. He’s not sure but he bites the inside of his cheek and works up the nerve to ask “What, um, what do *you* usually do for Christmas?”

It’s not really him admitting to wondering, every time Ilya didn’t show up to the Christmas party, what he was doing instead, is it? Is that what that just sounded like? *Jesus*. The thought makes him want to reach out and take the question back before Ilya can hear it. It would be too much to admit that he *has* thought about it, that he thinks about more than just that, sometimes, when he’s alone in his empty hotel rooms. That he closes his eyes and imagines all these stupid, impossible scenarios— of Ilya smiling at him, of Ilya laughing at something he said, of Ilya calling him *Shane*. It’s embarrassing, mostly, and something he will take to the grave.

Ilya shrugs “Not much. Sit around, watch Christmas specials”

“Wait” Shane blurts. He had imagined many answers to that question but in none of them had Ilya been *alone*. His mother had mentioned once that Ilya didn’t have much family in Canada but—the image makes Shane’s stomach twist in an unpleasant knot.

“But if you don’t have plans why don’t you ever come? To the holiday event?”

“Did not seem like you wanted me here. Did not want to ruin your holiday”

“...what?”

Well, that makes him feel even worse! These past years Ilya hadn’t come because he thought *Shane* didn’t want him there?

Well... he didn’t want him there, actually, but not for the reasons he may think! Shane doesn’t even know the reasons, actually. Well he does, maybe, he’s just probably not ready to actually admit the reasons and all of this is so *complicated*—

“It never seemed like you wanted me here” Ilya says again, putting the cake pan aside in favor of pinning Shane with his laser blue eyes.

“And I got tired, I guess, or maybe brave” Ilya continues, saying it like it’s not the most confusing thing he could say. Brave? Tired? What?

“Tired of what?”

“Of waiting for you to want me here. I work up the courage to come anyway, to try—”

Shane stares, baffled by the admission, baffled by this entire exchange. He thinks maybe he’s having some kind of psychotic episode because what the fuck is happening right now?

“To try to, ah, how do they say? shoot the shot?”

Yep, definitely a psychotic episode. That, or he’s getting a little too creative with the fake scenarios he likes to conjure up when he can’t sleep the night before a game. Ilya couldn’t *possibly* be admitting that he’s thought of Shane as anything more than his friend’s boring son, could he?

“Shoot your shot?” Shane offers, carefully, unsure if this strange scene is about to pop like a soap bubble.

“Yes, that”

But Ilya looks bashful, maybe, hopeful, and something about the expression in his eyes is different, makes Shane not want to run for once. It makes him want to—

“How’s the cake coming along?” His mothers voice cuts through the kitchen and the moment snaps back like a rubber band. It stings, a bit, as if the recoil has smacked him in the face and Shane suddenly can’t look at Ilya, it feels like too much.

He whirls around to look at his mom “It’s, uh, great, coming along”

“Good!” Yuna says, clapping her hands together “unfortunately, though, I have to say there has been a bit of a development with the weather since you guys have been holed away here”

“We have not been holed away-“ Shane starts

“What kind of development?” Ilya asks

Yuna sighs “Maybe come see for yourselves?”

To call what is happening outside a ‘snowstorm’ would be an understatement. Even from behind the floor to ceiling windows of the cabin, it’s clear that the snow must be several feet deep by now, and still falling heavily. Shane has absolutely no idea how this happened in the relatively short amount of time that they were in the kitchen. He looks around and realizes that the party has thinned out.

“Most people left to try and avoid the worst of the snow” Yuna explains “and I’m afraid I’ve had to fill up all the available guest rooms”

The implication of *that* tickles at Shane’s nose and he doesn’t like the look on his mothers face, the look of curated innocence that she always gets when she’s trying to convince Shane something was his idea in the first place. She couldn’t possibly be suggesting—

“Is okay” Ilya pipes up “a little snow does not scare me”

“I would really advise you don’t go out there, Ilya, I would feel terrible if something happened to you”

The feeling sharpens, and his mothers eyes go innocently doe eyed. Shane turns to glare at her or plead with her, whichever of the two works. Whichever of the two will spare him from — “Nonsense, Shane will just have to share his room, no biggie

And there it is. His mother must actually be fucking with him, there’s no other explanation. Maybe she’s getting him back for something egregious he did as a baby or maybe she’s been possessed by the ghost of *embarras your only child on Christmas* present. Or worse, maybe she knows, *god*, maybe she knows about his pathetic... *attraction*—because that’s what this is, isn’t it? What it’s always been? At that first charity event years ago and in that quiet kitchen just now, No matter how he tries to slice it, Shane *likes* Ilya Rozanov, maybe a little too much.

The realization crashes over him like a bucket of cold water and Shane may as well be standing out there, buried in the snow, freezing and solidifying into a cube of panic

Ilya, Shane realizes, has gone uncharacteristically quiet. He can feel him watching his reaction like a physical weight, waiting for him to take the lead, waiting for him to say something

Shane looks up, finally, and meets Ilya's eye, there’s a quiet gravity there that feels catastrophic, like they won’t come back from this and Shane is suddenly so scared of messing it all up

This is- this is a bad idea

“Yeah, of-of course you can stay with me” Shane starts, then his eyes go wide and he looks between Ilya and his mom in panic “I mean! Not *with* me, just-“

Fuck

*

“Do you, uh, want pajamas?”

As much as he *has* imagined, Shane has never imagined what Ilya might wear to sleep. Does Ilya wear pajamas? A soft cotton tshirt, maybe? A pair of striped pants? Or maybe he doesn’t wear any of that, maybe Ilya likes to sleep in his underwear, he seems like the type who might not like to be constricted. Or maybe—

God, now he's imagining him naked and it hasn't even been ten minutes. This is already a disaster

Shane makes a beeline to his dresser, rummaging through it for something that might fit Ilya. He pulls thing after thing, inspecting it and shoving it into the crook of his elbow. He feels as the other man walks further into the room and closes the door behind him softly. Ilya still hasn't said anything other than a few murmured 'thank you's and 'goodnight's to his parents and its kind of driving Shane insane

His arm is piled with clothes by the time he pulls out something feasible, a dri-fit shirt from the bottom of his drawer that he never wears because it's a tad too big. He can still feel Ilya's steady presence as he moves on to look for bottoms, he pulls out a pair of shorts that might still be too small and—

“Hollander”

He feels Ilya right behind him now, the heat of his body scorching, somehow, and Shane takes a deep breath through his nose. He can't turn around right now, he needs to think, to rationalize, to sort every tiny thing he's feeling into a category or a list or into something that makes sense. He's not a spontaneous person, he needs to consider all the possible outcomes of this. What if Ilya ends up not really liking him? What if he does? How will that affect his career? It's one thing to be gay, in theory, and it's another to be it in practice, isn't it?

And yet, underneath all the uncertainty, there's something else. A feeling, a yearning, stronger than all the questions that constantly plague Shane's mind, strong enough that he knows now he'd be willing to risk what had felt un-riskable before. And maybe that's what scares him the most, *that* feeling, that picture in his mind that he sees when he closes his eyes — *bright blue eyes and a crooked smile*

He feels Ilya's callused palm cradle his elbow and he jerks around so abruptly that he drops the tangle of clothes

He drops to his knee quickly and without thinking, fussing over organizing the clothes back into his arm.

“*Hollander*”

Shane makes the mistake of looking up, and— the heated look in Ilya's eyes, the way he looms, so tall and imposing, it takes his breath away— it feels like getting body slammed, like crashing face first into the ice, it feels like Shane wants it, *badly*, and everything else, all the questions and uncertainty, it will all just have to wait

Shane surges up onto his feet like a man on a mission and then he's kissing Ilya, on the mouth, like he's imagined doing for longer than he would care to admit. He's kissing Ilya and Ilya is letting out a long, satisfied breath from his nose, as if maybe he's imagined this too.

Not that Shane can think much at the moment, not when he's getting kissed like *this*

The kiss is sensory overload in the best way. The soft woodsy scent of his shampoo, the slick slide of his tongue, the tiny sounds of pleasure he breathes into Shane's mouth—it's all him, *Ilya*

Ilya, Ilya, Ilya

He should've known Ilya would be stupidly good at this

And he's saying something now, his accent thicker, curving around the edges of the words “-should talk Hollander” and Shane cannot think of a thing they should do *less*. Actually he can think of a few things they should do *more*

“Talk?” Shane mutters, doing his best to get his hands underneath Ilya's festive sweater, nearly sighing in relief when he finally gets a handful of Ilya's hot skin

maybe they should talk, or maybe they should kiss until every flurry of snow has melted and they're sure it's safe to come out

Ilya groans and lets his head fall back when Shane's greedy hands travel downwards, sliding past the waistband of his jeans and into his underwear.

“No, yes” Ilya mutters, eyes a bit hazy but focused now on where Shane's hand is moving under the cotton of his briefs “talk later”

He does seem intent on talking, though. Even as they kiss and get undressed and eventually exchange quick and earth shattering orgasms, Ilya kisses words onto his skin, moans admissions into his mouth—*fuck, yes, Hollander, perfect, perfect, always so perfect, knew you'd be perfect like this*

Wanted this, god, wanted you

A majority of it is in Russian but something about the reverence of his whispered words gives Shane courage now, panting and still vibrating with the aftermath of pleasure, to fight his inherent need to deflect. He stays, laying there, staring at the far edge of the ceiling, wishing he knew what to say. Would they be...boyfriends now? Did Ilya even want that?

“What you said earlier, in the kitchen-“ Shane says, pulling the sheets up higher to pool around his waist “-about getting tired of waiting...”

He trails off and waits. See, a normal person engaging in a normal conversation would probably take the hint and answer his unspoken question. For all that he had suggested it earlier, it figures that this insufferable man would not make the talking part of this easy

Shane frowns, waits for another beat, then another. Did he—did he fall asleep?!

He must audibly gasp because he hears a laugh just as he turns to finally look at Ilya who is not asleep, only pretending to be, because he's an idiot

“You *asshole*” Shane mutters, trying to bite back the smile that feels too big for his face

"Your freckles scrunch up when you are annoyed, it is cute"

Cute?!

There's infinite other words Shane would rather be described as after jerking someone off

Shane scoffs "oh is *that* why you're so annoying?" He's mostly joking, really, but—

"Yes" Ilya says easily "I like seeing them"

that's...

Shane's breath catches and he has the sudden urge to kiss Ilya again. How could he be so annoying and then say things like *that*?

"I think you are asking me if I have wanted this for a long time" Ilya says. Now it's him looking up at the ceiling. Shane waits, studying the elegant profile of Ilya's nose, anticipation and anxiety bubbling up his throat "And the answer is yes"

Simple, so simple, has this always had the potential to be so simple? and yet Shane's world feels like its imploding and reconstructing around the idea that Ilya wants him, that Ilya *has* wanted him, for a long time

"You are- you are scared, I think" Ilya tacks on, as if hearing Shane's thoughts. Simple, could it be this simple?

"What! I'm not *scared*"

Isn't he? Scared of opening his heart, scared of change, of anything that doesn't have well defined edges, of anything that seems too unpredictable, deep enough to lose his footing. Isn't that why he's tried so hard to convince himself that he dislikes Ilya Rozanov?

It doesn't seem so scary now, as Ilya turns over to his side to look at him. Shane does the same and then they're just laying there, staring at each other. Ilya doesn't press him on the subject, maybe because he already knows the gist of it. Maybe all this time he's been studying the skittish parts of him, waiting for the right moment, waiting for Shane to want him back. *Waiting*, he had waited. He had thought Shane might be worth the wait

"You are beautiful, Shane Hollander" Ilya says after a long moment.

"Oh fuck off" his face is probably beet red. No one has ever-

"You do not think so? You do not own a mirror?"

"I-yes, I mean I do, own a mirror"

"People do not tell you that you are attractive?"

"They do, I guess, I just--"

Ilya waits, patiently, for him to stop floundering and come up with a response. It's endearing, Shane decides, how much he seems to want to know what Shane is actually thinking

It's endearing and annoying because how could he possibly admit what he's about to admit?

It's only fair, he figures, Ilya shouldn't be the only one confessing things

"I just never imagined that *you* thought of me that way"

you think I'm boring and uptight, remember?

Ilya is quiet for a moment, as if processing this new information.

"I think of you in many ways, Hollander" Ilya murmurs, reaching out to pull Shane in closer, until their noses are brushing "I think of what this room could look like. Blue, boring, many pillows"

Shane scoffs

"I was right" Ilya says, his eyes bright with mirth

He kisses Shane's face, along the bridge of his nose, where his freckles cluster up the most

"I think of your smile when you win a game" another kiss, on the apple of his cheek

"I think of you working out in those tiny shorts"

another kiss, on his jawline

"I think of you laying in bed in empty hotel room"

"I think of you coming home for Christmas, of what it would be like, baking special cake with you"

Shane feels...so many things, all at once

he feels stupid for being scared, for pushing Ilya away all this time

he feels grateful for the random, unexpected snowstorm raging on outside

mostly...he feels in love

in terrifying, irrevocable, love with Ilya Rosanov

all this time, it was just that, *just that*. How did he miss it?

"I think about you, too" Shane whispers, taking a breath and letting the air rattle in his chest, letting the small smile in Ilya's lips give him courage "after a game, when I wish I could hear you taunting me about my backhand" Shane lets his hand slide into Ilya's hair, curling the strands around his fingers like he'd always imagined doing

"I think about you after my workouts, when I take off those tiny shorts, when I'm in the shower and I imagine what your body would feel like next to mine"

"mmm, Hollander" Ilya hums "did not know you would be so good at talking dirty"

"Shut up" Shane says, chuckling and pulling a little at Ilya's hair "I'm trying to do something here"

"Ah, okay, okay, go on" Ilya says, groaning low in his chest at the sensation of his hair getting yanked. *Fuck*, Shane thinks, how did he go so long without this?

"I think of you in my lonely hotel rooms" Shane continues, a bit breathless "how I wish we would be...something more and from now on, I don't want to think about you being alone on Christmas, Ilya, I want you here, with us. With...me. All the time, but especially for Christmas, I *want* you here"

and there it is, the admission to end all admissions, no turning back now

No, Shane doesn't want to turn back, not from this

Ilya makes a face, pretends to think about it, but Shane can see the slight sheen of emotion sparking in his eyes "Alright, I will agree to this" he decides "but only for Yuna's cookies and David's eggnog. No other reason"

Shane feels then what he imagines unfiltered happiness must feel like "Oh? No other reason?"

"None at all" Ilya murmurs, leaning in to devour Shane's lips.

They kiss and kiss and kiss until Shane feels like he'll suffocate without air, until he feels he'll selfcombust if Ilya doesn't touch him again, *now*

"Merry Christmas, Ilya" Shane says, once he figures it's probably past midnight and they've come up for air and they're panting and it's perfect

Ilya hums and then, out of nowhere, tackles Shane backwards. He's peppering kisses all over his face, making Shane laugh and try to very halfheartedly shove him off

Ilya pulls back then and looks right into Shane's eyes "Merry Christmas, Shane"

Shane Shane Shane

He wishes it would echo between them forever, his name, finally, on Ilya's lips

god, he's so in love—it's disturbing

its beautiful

its a Christmas miracle

“Who taught you to say ‘shoot my shot’? By the way?” Shane asks, fully content with being caged in by Ilya’s intense body heat, wishing he could bottle up this moment and put it on like perfume whenever he’s on the road. Wishing it would last forever but also glad that it won’t, glad that they’ll have many more spiced cakes and snow storms and everything in between

“I asked the kids for advice”

“You asked ten year olds for relationship advice?”

“Yes. It worked, did it not?”

Well, Shane can’t really argue with that

“Ok enough about that, can you pull my hair again now? I wait a very long time for you, it’s very romantic, remember?”

Shane laughs “you’re such an asshole”

End Notes

POV you're the spiced cake that was left abandoned on the counter before getting put in the oven

Happy happy holidays!!! <3

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