

come home to my heart

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by [turn_my_castles_blue](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander retires after one last game in Montreal.

What follows is a night of empty locker rooms, long highways, and the slow realization that letting go of hockey doesn't mean letting go of himself...especially when Ilya Rozanov is there to remind him of everything they've already won.

Update: I added an epilogue of sorts from Ilya's POV (which caused the rating change). I hope you enjoy!

Notes

Title from "Supercut" by Lorde :)

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

Chapter 1

Shane couldn't believe he was done.

Not idiomatically, in the sense that he believed he was done but found it difficult to accept. It truly hadn't sunk in that this away game at Montreal was the end of his career. Shane Hollander was retiring.

He and Ilya had talked about this. Ilya had retired the year before, and Shane terribly missed playing with him, but he knew he had some more time left in him. Ottawa had already won the Cup twice, and he knew they were unlikely to win it again without Ilya, but Shane had grown to love playing for Ottawa. He loved his team. He loved his coach. He loved playing hockey. But as the season went on, Shane noticed it felt different this time. Injuries didn't heal as fast as they used to, his body never really felt recovered from training, and he noticed he was thinking more and more about the younger players than his own stats. He was still dependable, still sharp, still Shane Hollander, and he intended to go out that way rather than as a diminished version of himself. Ilya had agreed, and did a very poor job of concealing the fact that he loved the idea of having Shane home with him all the time.

So, Shane had decided to retire. As he lined up with his team at center ice and shook hands, it hit him just how much his opponents—the Voyageurs—had changed. Most of their faces were new, much younger than Shane's. They knew him not as their former teammate who supposedly betrayed them by falling in love with Ilya Rozanov, but as a very good, very experienced hockey player. When Shane looked to the bench, he saw that Montreal even had a new coach. These people had done nothing to hurt him, so Shane's last bit of anger toward his former team leaked out of his chest. Maybe someday, he'd even enjoy watching them again.

In the locker room, nobody talked much. Shane's teammates congratulated him on a fantastic career and wished him the best, and then they left. Coach Wiebe shook his hand and told him he hoped he'd see Shane around soon, and then he left. Shane answered a few questions from reporters, but eventually they left, too, and then Shane was alone.

When he left the arena, Ilya and Shane's parents were waiting outside, and they each pulled him into a tight hug. Ilya's hand lingered on his back. Yuna had tears in her eyes. Shane could tell that they would've talked to him for hours if he wanted, but right now, he just wanted

time to think. After saying goodbye and hugging Ilya one more time, Shane got into his car, and then he was alone again.

This drive was familiar: Montreal to Ottawa, to the place that Shane and Ilya considered their home. Back when they'd played for different teams, Shane had made this drive so many times that he had nearly all of the exits memorized. Highway 417, ice at the corners of his windshield, snowflakes drifting off of the car in front of him, and a slowly darkening sky. The kilometers stretched on in silence. It was even more monotonous than Shane remembered, but as always, the knowledge that Shane was coming home to his heart, his love, made it tolerable. Shane was starting to think that even when he'd still lived in Montreal, Ottawa had been his home. Wherever Ilya was, Shane was home.

But first, Shane had one last matter of business to attend to. When he neared the Ottawa Centaurs' arena, he took the exit, parked, and walked inside, shoving his hands in his sleeves in a futile attempt to protect them from the biting wind. Shane made his way to the locker room, opened his locker, took what he would use, threw away what he wouldn't, and took one last look at the nameplate on his locker. When would they remove it? Tomorrow, as soon as they could? During the summer? Just before the start of the next season? Would someone feel sad taking it down, or would it just be another job to do? Shane didn't know, and he wasn't sure he wanted to know either. His footsteps echoed through the empty arena as he left.

Finally, Shane arrived at his house, thinking he'd handled all of this pretty well. He had done what he needed to do without getting too emotional, and now it was time to shower and go to bed with Ilya. But when Shane opened the front door and saw Ilya on the couch, his eyes filled with tears. Ilya practically ran to him, cupped his face in his hands, and whispered, "Shane." Not Hollander, just Shane. Completely untethered from hockey, from his team, from who he was before. That was when Shane broke.

Ilya held him, let him soak his T-shirt, and murmured soft answers to all of Shane's desperate questions. *We talked about this, yes? You remember. You did not decide fast. You thought about it for a long time. You are still you. I love you.* When Shane's tears slowed, then stopped, Ilya looked down at him and asked, "Can I show you something?"

When Shane nodded, Ilya led him to the trophy room. *Their* trophy room, the room they'd envisioned all those years ago when Ilya reminded Shane who he was. It was bigger than the room Shane had had then, but even so, with their combined awards, it was completely full. Their Olympics jerseys hung, framed, on the wall. Trophies covered every shelf. Their rack

of medals obscured the entire door. Shiny gold metal filled the room, and Shane could see himself reflected in all of it.

“Do you remember the last time I brought you here?” Ilya asked.

“How could I forget? That was some amazing sex,” Shane replied.

“Yes, okay, this is true. But this is not the point.” He gestured around them. “Remember when we said we would have a dynasty?”

“Yes.”

“This is it, right here. Look at everything you are. Everything we are, together. This does not disappear because you do not wake up at stupid hours for practice. You made all of this happen. You have always been great, and you always will be.”

Shane’s heart felt like it might burst.

“And, Hollander, if you want to play hockey, we can play hockey together. I will still beat your ass. You will just be even more boring than before, and I will love you anyway.”

For the first time since he shook hands in Montreal, Shane could see his future with Ilya, the long, happy life they’d live together, and he wasn’t scared. Actually, he couldn’t wait to start.

Chapter 2: you're already here

Chapter Summary

Ilya wakes up the next day with Shane in his arms.

The next morning, Ilya's first thought was of Shane.

Well, Shane is Ilya's first thought pretty much every day, but today was different, because Shane was actually there with him. He wasn't on an early flight to a game, or at practice, or working out in their gym downstairs. The sun was up, and Shane was still in bed, tucked against Ilya like they'd been made to fit together, breathing slow and steady. Ilya pressed his face to the back of Shane's neck and breathed him in, smiling despite himself.

Shane smelled like soap and citrus, and it reminded Ilya of the first time he'd noticed that. It had been their first time in a hotel room together, Ilya backing Shane against the wall, running his hands down Shane's arms, pressing kiss after kiss into his warm skin, trying to get him as close as possible, wanting more, more of him.

Shane had folded his clothes that night.

Ilya had been on the bed already, naked and a little flushed from pleasure and wanting Shane more than anything he'd wanted anything in a long time, and Shane stood there folding his clothes. He was methodical about it—he smoothed the wrinkles out of his shirt, lined up the seam of his pants—and Ilya thought Shane was teasing him at first, but his calm, focused expression told Ilya he wasn't teasing at all. This was just what he did. Shane Hollander had rich brown eyes and a strong snap shot, and he folded his clothes before sex. Before he knew it, Ilya was grinning. Rivalry be damned, he liked this man. Shane had interested him as a player for a long time, but now Shane interested him as a person. He wanted to know what other things Shane did, what routines made him tick. They hadn't even started yet, not really, yet Ilya already knew he wanted this to happen again.

Now, though, there were no clothes to fold. Shane was in his boxers, covered by the overwhelming majority of the blanket, still deeply, peacefully asleep. Ilya kissed his neck

again and considered what he might do when Shane woke up. He wanted Shane's cock in his mouth, warm and salty. It had been too long since Ilya had sucked him off, and he missed the feeling of Shane pulling at his hair. After that, maybe he would make pancakes (they both liked them, and Ilya also liked the way Shane usually hugged him from behind while he flipped them). Maybe they'd sit on the couch, coffee in hand, and talk about the changes they wanted to make to their hockey camp. Shane being Shane, he would probably want to work out already, and Ilya would join him while always taking it slightly less seriously.

But none of that needed to happen now. For now, Shane was asleep, and Ilya was holding him, feeling like the happiest man in the world.

End Notes

I absolutely loved writing this fic and I would love to hear your thoughts about it! Thank you for reading ❤️

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