

but what came spilling out that day was the truth

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but what came spilling out that day was the truth

by [sargeantwoof](#)

Summary

“It’s silly,” Shane murmurs, as the heat from the water slowly starts to turn lukewarm. Ilya is still warm against him, and that’s really all he needs. “How much I’m looking forward to waking up next to you.” He presses his mouth against the hollow of Ilya’s neck, nuzzling in closer. “And we *get* tomorrow.”

“Da,” Ilya whispers. “We get tomorrow.”

What a world to live in, Shane thinks, his grip turning greedy, his fingers squeezing. To have tomorrow. To know that he’s going to wake up in Ilya’s arms.

They’ll have *breakfast* together.

It’s the middle of the season and they live hundreds of kilometers apart, and somehow, some way, they’re making this work.

What a fucking miracle.

OR: Shane & Ilya get a moment to breathe in the final Boston year.

Notes

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

By the time either of them realizes that the roads are dangerous, it's already too late. Snow is falling, thick and fast enough that Shane can't see the building across the street from Ilya's penthouse.

"Uh," he says, like an idiot. He's tucked under the covers next to Ilya, his heart rate slowing down, sweat cooling on his skin. He's damp too, gently scrubbed clean from the warm washcloth Ilya had rubbed across his skin; it's a new one, softer than usual, and Shane's trying to pretend he doesn't know that; that it doesn't fill him with so much happiness he could explode. He's *also* trying to pretend it isn't making him crazy that he can see it crumpled on the floor by the laundry basket, but he's pretty sure he's almost vibrating with the need to fix it, given the way Ilya's smirking at him, the fucking asshole. "It's snowing."

Ilya blinks before glancing at the window and then back. In the dim light of the room, Shane catches the fond expression on his face before it smooths out into something more teasing. "Da," he says, arching a brow. "Is this your new profession, Hollander? You are weather boy now?"

Shane rolls his eyes, shoving at him half-heartedly, before he pushes himself up, searching for his phone.

"No," he says, unable to stop himself from answering honestly, even though he knows Ilya was just joking. He ignores the faux-disbelieving noise Ilya makes as he tosses the soiled towel in the laundry; he's really just trying to track down his pants, if he happens to clean a little, so be it. God, there's shit everywhere—Ilya has no idea how to keep his floors free of clothes. "I don't want to be a fucking meteorologist—"

"Meteorologist?" Ilya repeats slowly, rolling the word around in his mouth.

Shane waves a hand at him, sighing in relief when he finally finds his jeans, tossed against the floor by the door. His cheeks burn a little at the sight of their neediness for each other, their unrelenting greed clear from the trail of clothing that leads here, but even though his fingers itch to fix it, he leaves the mess alone, well aware that Ilya would truly *never* let him live it down.

"You are blushing, Hollander," Ilya says, sounding utterly besotted. His faintly smug tone only makes him flush all the harder. "Is all down your back."

"Shut up," Shane grumbles, snagging his phone and rising. "And a meteorologist is, like, the person who tells you the weather forecast. And I was saying it's snowing because that means my flight might be grounded."

He slides back into bed, smiling when Ilya presses a kiss to his shoulder, before he scooches down and settles in next to him. "And if it is, I'll just—or can I—"

"Yes," Ilya says softly, as if any other thought is impossible. "Stay."

Shane grins at his phone, well aware his expression is a soppy mess. "Okay," he says, sinking into Ilya's warmth before he swipes at his phone and unlocks it.

dude we're stuck in boston for two more days, is the first thing that pops up from Hayden. apparently the storm isn't blowing out til sunday? Jackie's annoyed like i have any control over the weather.

Ilya makes a noise over his shoulder, and Shane knows what's coming before it even happens.

"She is too good for Pike," he mutters, hissing between his teeth when Shane lightly knocks his head against his ribs. "What? Is not a lie."

I'm staying out. Shane sends back, smiling faintly at the noise of contentment Ilya makes behind him, as his arm curls around him tighter. *Don't wait up. And of course, Jackie's annoyed. She's at home with four children, and you're alone in a hotel room.*

don't talk to me with your logic hollander, Hayden texts. *and yeah i figured. enjoy your perfect snow days. asshole.*

"Tell him to be nicer, or you will set Jackie on him," Ilya mutters. "He is not being very supportive."

"I don't need him to be very supportive," Shane says, heart reacting to his message, just to be a bit of an asshole. Hayden really is too good for him; he can't think of anyone else who'd keep the secret of his captain skipping out on the hotel for two days. "I just need him to support me a little, which he does." He twists to look at Ilya's unimpressed face. "No thanks to *you*."

Ilya huffs, reaching out to poke his nose. "You deserve all support," he says, grinning at the way he scrunches his face up. "It is not my problem that I'm the only one who sees that."

"You're not the only one," Shane mutters, rolling his eyes when Ilya pouts at him, making his eyes all wide and big. In the dim light, his eyes look like smoothed-down sea glass, familiar and gorgeous; pockmarked with love. "Do I need to get my mother on the phone?"

"Da," Ilya says, lighting up. As always, his eagerness to talk to his mom makes him feel insane; gooey and melty and stupid with love. "Yuna will agree with me."

Shane tries to frown at him, but it's hard when his mouth won't stop curling up into a smile. "Not if you're saying you're the only one who sees that."

Ilya shakes his head, his hands cradling his chin, slotting in under his jaw as he delicately tips Shane's face down to press a kiss to the crown of his head. "She will agree with me, no? I am her favorite."

Shane rolls his eyes again but doesn't argue, too full of a quiet sort of delight at the thought. How impossible these things felt just a year ago, and here he is, sprawled in bed with his *boyfriend*, Ilya Rozanov.

“It's not my fault that you're charming,” he mutters, biting at Ilya's shoulder in quiet retribution, his mouth curling up when Ilya hisses. “She can't hold that against me.”

Ilya hums, shrugging carefully enough not to jostle him too badly. “She knows I love you,” he says. “Everything else is water under the dock.”

Shane doesn't try to hide his smile, endlessly enamored by Ilya. They fall into silence, something that still feels new after years of rushing, after years of desperation to touch and feel, after eons of pretending that the bare bones were enough.

Ilya gently slides his phone out from his hand, setting it on his bedside table as Shane sighs and curls in, his fingers drifting across Ilya's skin, before he settles fully on his chest, listening to his heartbeat. The steady thump fills his ears, warm and comforting, a sound that Shane thinks he could pick out of a crowd forever, genuine love thrumming through.

Ilya's palm drowsily drags up and down his spine as quiet settles in around them, nothing more than the hum of the building and the muffled noise of snow falling. The city glitters outside the window, dazzling and beautifully distant.

It feels like they're in their own little bubble of domesticity; just two people in bed together, happy and content. All the pressures of performing, of being captains, of being real people, fade.

“Shower?” Ilya murmurs eventually. They've been under the covers long enough that Shane is drifting towards sleep, dozing with nothing more than languid warmth filling his body.

He feels, not wrung out, but washed clean. Months of worrying and fretting, all sliding out to nothing in Ilya's arms. Here, with the next two days spread out before them, it's like he can catch his breath; a tiny frozen miracle.

He shifts, cracking his eyes open to peer up at Ilya, meeting his gaze with an ease that mere years ago would've felt impossible.

Familiar heat crawls through his veins as Ilya smiles down at him, glorious and gentle. His eyes crinkle, thin lines of joy appearing; his teeth glint through the soft part of his mouth; his crooked nose—all of it takes Shane's breath away.

Even after the two weeks at the cottage, even after letting himself want, even after the murmurs of *I love you*, it feels impossible that this beautiful man would *want* him.

“What?” Ilya asks, leaning down to press a kiss to Shane's eyebrow, so delicate Shane thinks he might cry. “Is shower not enough? I have a bath.”

Shane nods, his cheek dragging on Ilya's chest. “Yeah,” he says, ignoring the way his dick is hardening ever so slightly. “Let's—let's take a bath. Together.”

Ilya presses another soft kiss to his head. “Wait here,” he whispers. “Stay warm.”

Shane nods again, helplessly endeared, as Ilya slides himself out from under him, his calloused hands gentle and steady, a calm tranquility in his motions that makes Shane's eyes

wet.

He sinks back into the warm spot from Ilya's body, listening to the rush of water through the pipes, the quiet sounds of Ilya shifting around in the bathroom. A lighter clicks at some point as Shane drifts, and the smell of hot water and clean pine spills from the cracked door.

Shadows flicker through the gap, Ilya humming a lilting tune as steam thickens, the warble of his voice echoing out as if he's some siren calling out from the sea.

Shane lets the wave of desire crest in him, the eternal tug of want saturating his whole body, as he slides out from between the warm sheets that smell like them and out into the cool air.

The floor is cold against his bare feet as he pads into the bathroom, the tile turning slick immediately underneath him as he steps through. The air is damp and heavy with wet heat, filling his lungs. It's a little sauna Ilya has built, candles flickering in the dim steam, the rush of water petering off as Ilya twists the dial.

"Moy lyubimyj," Ilya murmurs, catching sight of him. He looks ethereal, otherworldly in the amber glow from the flames, dampened by the steam. "Bath is ready."

Shane smiles at him, wandering closer. "Can you—" he pauses, chewing on his lip for a second, before he lets himself want enough to topple any fear of sounding stupid. "Can you get in first?" he asks, darting a glance at the stone resin of the wide bathtub. It's large enough to fit them both, and probably another, but Shane doesn't want to lean against the wall of it; sometimes he just hates the way it feels.

Ilya blinks at him, before somehow softening even more. He doesn't break eye contact as he steps into the bath, sighing faintly as he sinks into the steaming water.

Shane can feel himself flushing under his steady gaze, but he refuses to pull his eyes away, instead following after Ilya.

The water is almost shockingly hot on his feet and shins at the initial touch, before it fades into something manageable. He hisses as he settles in, leaning back against Ilya's firm chest, relishing in the feeling as his hands smooth over his stomach.

They wander across his skin, not groping, just easy touch, before coming to their final resting spots on his hip and over his heart as Shane lets his head loll back against Ilya's shoulder.

On the counter, the candles flicker again, three wide mason jars full of white wax, the smell of pine suffusing the steam.

"There is a story, my mother would tell," Ilya rumbles, after they've been silent for another long, perfect moment. Shane doesn't do anything, refuses to let himself tense at the sudden mention, and closes his eyes, letting Ilya's raspy voice fill the bathroom. "She would say, *Ilya, we must learn as farmer does and let ourselves ask for help. Turnips are not a problem, when friends are here.*" He draws a tiny X over Shane's heart. "Is a great problem in Russia. All these turnips, growing too large for single farmers to pull up, and they would turn and ask

for help, again and again and again, until whole—” He sighs, soft and fragile, and Shane slides his hand up, tangling their fingers together.

“All would come and help,” Ilya murmurs, after another moment of just their breathing filling the space. “Is a fairytale, da?”

Shane hums, turning his head enough to brush a kiss under the edge of his jaw. He can feel the stubble under his lips, a rough burr that makes his mouth tingle.

Ilya sighs again in response and squeezes his hip.

“Yes,” he says, quiet and certain, a solemn sort of strength in his voice as Shane blinks his eyes open, staring at nothing, just the wide expanse of his skin, the line of his collarbone. “We must ask for help.”

Shane stirs enough to lift his other hand and slide it down Ilya's side, dragging his fingers across the soaked skin. Everything feels dreamlike, unreal, and he's not sure what's happening; he just knows his heart aches, a slow, syrupy pulse of worry and love. He wants to cradle Ilya close, wants to string their hearts together, wants to take every single bit of fear and worry and hopelessness and banish it from his mind.

“Are you asking for help?”

Ilya shakes his head slowly, the brush of his curls sliding across Shane's head. “No,” he whispers, honesty in his voice. “Just a reminder. All can ask for help.”

Shane nods, and even though he feels like there might be more to it, he lets it go, soaking in the warmth of Ilya and the water, letting it fill him with nothing more than static as he drifts into a hazy, gentle place.

Ilya starts to hum again, wordless and quiet as Shane's eyes drift shut.

Water lapping quietly at the sides of the tub, the faint hiss of the candles sputtering, the slow, steady breathing of Ilya beneath him; it all folds in, the rough edges of the world sanded down.

It's like they're caught in a snowglobe; shimmering perfection encased in a thin glass bubble.

Any pressure and it can pop, but Shane doesn't think they're in danger just yet.

Not tonight, at least.

“It's silly,” Shane murmurs, as the heat from the water slowly starts to turn lukewarm. Ilya is still warm against him, and that's really all he needs. “How much I'm looking forward to waking up next to you.” He presses his mouth against the hollow of Ilya's neck, nuzzling in closer. “And we *get* tomorrow.”

He can feel the bob of his throat as Ilya swallows, his hands tightening, the scratch of his nails against his skin as he clings.

“Da,” Ilya whispers. “We get tomorrow.”

What a world to live in, Shane thinks, his grip turning greedy, his fingers squeezing. To have tomorrow. To know that he's going to wake up in Ilya's arms.

They'll have *breakfast* together.

It's the middle of the season, and they live hundreds of kilometers apart, and somehow, some way, they're making this work.

What a fucking miracle.

He presses another kiss to Ilya's skin, twisting in his arms, the water nearly sloshing over the edge as he shifts.

“Can we go out onto your balcony?” Shane asks, pulling back to meet Ilya's eyes for the first time in forever. “I want to smell the snow.”

“When we are dry,” Ilya murmurs, his gaze gentle. “Yes.”

Shane hums, ducking back into the shelter of his arms. “I like how new it makes everything feel,” he says, unable to stop himself from explaining. “How fresh. The way it sounds under my feet. The soft crunch.” He chews on his lip, a little bashful. “It reminds me of you, you know? The way a storm can roll in, how complete it is, how it feels. And when we met, it was winter, so.” He shrugs, his ears burning. “It's stupid, probably.”

“No,” Ilya says. He doesn't say it fast or stern, but just simply, as if it's a fact. “Not stupid.”

Shane sighs, his cheeks prickling with heat, but doesn't argue; slipping back into the tepid water to rest his cheek over Ilya's heart.

They sit for another long, quiet moment, until he shivers; the heat fading fast. The steam has mostly dissipated at this point, only fogging across the mirrors, the heavy dampness of the air sliding free from his lungs with every slow inhale.

“Come,” Ilya mutters, patting his hip. “You are cold.”

Shane rises without arguing, water sloughing from his body as he steps out onto the thick bathmat, reaching for the towels. He scrubs himself down as Ilya follows him out of the tub, lingering only to unplug the drain, before he squishes himself onto the mat, far closer than he needs to be.

“What?” he says when Shane narrows his eyes at him, even as the corners of his mouth twitch, giving him away. “I am cold, Hollander. You are warm. It is simple math, yes?”

Shane rolls his eyes but keeps quiet, wrapping the towel around his waist and lingering, equally as close as Ilya dries himself off. It's almost like he fears their tether will break if he steps away, that the magic of their surprise entrapment will bleed out from the soles of their feet if he dares to meander without Ilya next to him.

“Come,” Ilya orders again, his voice breaking through Shane’s spiraling thoughts. “You need clothes, no?”

“Yeah,” Shane murmurs and flushes, thinking about his fully packed bag left on his hotel bed. So *sue* him, sometimes he wants to be wrapped up in Ilya’s clothes, ensorcelled in a slightly too large t-shirt, the familiar smell of cloves and amber wrapping around him. He clears his throat, avoiding Ilya’s knowing gaze and smirk. “Uh, yeah, if you wouldn’t mind.”

Ilya shrugs, but Shane can see the pleased tilt of his lips. “Is no problem,” he says, leading the way out of the bathroom. Shane half-turns towards the still-burning candles, and Ilya waves a hand over his shoulder. “I will come back, do not worry.” Shane can see the edge of a grin on his face as he turns towards his walk-in closet. “I will not let the house burn down.”

“I didn’t think you would,” Shane shoots back, catching the shirt and joggers Ilya lobs at his head with ease. “I was just—” He cuts himself off, tugging the pants on. “I dunno, I could’ve—I don’t know.”

“What?” Ilya says, emerging from the closet with sweats on, his towel draped over his shoulders. “Is nice, the smell, no? Like forests, crisp and welcoming.”

Shane blinks at him, pausing in the middle of pulling his gifted shirt over his head. “I didn’t know you liked the smell of pine so much.”

Ilya shrugs, stepping close enough to snag the towel Shane has awkwardly left draped over his knee to avoid having it touch the floor or Ilya’s bed. “I like all forest smells,” he calls back, nudging the bathroom door open and stepping through. Shane can see him carefully hanging up their towels, side by side on two hooks, and feels something squeeze tight in his chest. He yanks his shirt on quickly, unwilling to miss a single moment. “Sometimes people say *oh, but you smell like girl*, which is stupid, no? I smell like forest.”

Shane watches as he steps over to the counter, bending down carefully to blow out the three candles, the flickering light wisping away and sending the room plunging into darkness.

“Pine is—” Ilya inhales, before he steps out of the room, a soft smile on his face. “It was good before, but now it is more, I think. The cottage. You. Home.”

Shane’s whole heart cleaves in two at the bashful honesty painted across Ilya’s face, and he rises, stepping close to Ilya, smiling up at him as he carefully backs him into the wall.

“I’ll have to get some for my apartment in Montreal,” Shane murmurs, sliding his hands over Ilya’s warm skin. He leans forward, planting a small, soft kiss on the corner of his lips. “You and home—it sounds perfect.”

“Is us,” Ilya murmurs back, his hands slipping under the shirt, dragging across his back. His wide palms simply press and hold, warm and easy. “Of course it is perfect.”

Shane sighs and leans up, capturing Ilya’s mouth with a quiet, gentle kiss. For a moment, they pull back, just enough to breathe in each other’s mouth, before Ilya pats his back.

“Snow?”

Shane blinks, shifting out of Ilya’s arms to cast an unimpressed look up and down his body, his mouth twitching when Ilya preens.

“Not dressed like that, you’re not going out,” Shane mutters, shaking his head when Ilya laughs, loud and genuine. “What? You’ll get sick, and then I’ll get sick, and I’m *not* getting sick, Rozanov. Not now.”

Ilya tsks, the corners of his mouth tugging up. “Is all about hockey with you, Hollander.” He flutters his lashes as he drifts towards the trail of their clothes spread out across the floor. “You would not be my nurse if I were to become sick?” He pauses for a moment, a wicked look settling across his face. “I think you would look *very* nice in nurse’s outfit, no? Cute little hat, tiny little skirt.” He arches a brow, bending down to snag a sweatshirt off the ground. “Might need a full body exam, da?”

“They wear scrubs now, asshole,” Shane mutters, his cheeks bright pink. He can imagine it well, what a handful—in *all* senses of the word—Ilya would be. “And I’d be *bad* at nursing you back to hea—” His voice cuts out as Ilya tugs *his* Metros sweatshirt over his head. “Oh my god.”

Ilya’s curls pop through the collar, his dancing blue eyes following, a grin on his face. “Yes? Is problem?”

Shane shakes his head slowly, swallowing around the lump in his throat as Ilya turns to look at himself in his mirror.

HOLLANDER, 24, the back reads, and Shane’s across the room, plastered across him before he can think.

“Ilya,” he says, helpless against the surge of want, of love, of joy. “*Ilya*.” He peeks over Ilya’s shoulder, meeting his gaze in the mirror, his arms wrapping around his waist.

Ilya grins at him, pride in the crinkles of his eyes, sharp-toothed joy in the corners of his mouth. “Would you like a sweatshirt, Shane Hollander?” He asks, enunciating each word with deliberate care, his whole face exaggeratedly animated in the reflection. “I have one, just for you.”

Shane nods, his nose bumping against Ilya’s shoulder, inhaling the dizzying smell of the two of them combined. Ilya hums, stretching forward towards his pile of clothes, Shane shifting with him, unable to let go.

“There,” Ilya murmurs, somehow grabbing it from the floor and handing it over. “For you, moy lyubimyj.”

A bewildering sense of fizzing delight settles over Shane as he unwinds his arms and steps back. The sweatshirt feels oddly serious in his hands, clenched tight in his fingers; the dark black and gold, the ROZANOV, the 81, the soft pilling on the inside of it. He pauses, waiting, as Ilya spins around slowly, meeting his eyes.

“Go on,” Ilya rumbles, his eyes glinting. “Put it on.”

Shane doesn't hesitate, pulling it on and keeping gaze fixed firmly on Ilya's.

It settles over his shoulders as if it's always been his, and he can't stop himself from smoothing down the front of it, his face breaking out into a broad smile.

“You are so beautiful,” Ilya whispers, his eyes dark with promise. He holds his hands out, and Shane can see the tremble in the tips of his fingers. “Look at you, moya dushenka.”

He slides his fingers into Ilya's and lets him tug him to his side, so that he can see them, leaning into each other in the mirror.

It's almost embarrassing how thrilled he looks, only for all of that to slide away when he catches sight of Ilya's damp eyes.

“Ilya,” he murmurs, his free hand sliding under the Metros' sweatshirt to hook on the waistband of his sweats, his knuckles flush with Ilya's hipbone.

Ilya squeezes his still caught fingers, his mouth curling up, even as tears threaten to fall.

“I—it has been so long,” Ilya whispers, the bare bones of longing in his voice, turning to look down at him. “I have missed you very much, Shane.”

Shane blinks back his own tears, chewing on the inside of his cheek as he tilts his head back. “I've missed you too,” he manages to mumble, shifting even closer somehow, caught in the whirlpool of yearning. “So much.”

For a long moment, they stand there, almost crying, fingers touching, arms tucked into ribs, wedged awkwardly together, the light of the room muted and soft from the snowfall, the scent of pine swirling around them; Shane never wants to leave.

“Snow?” Ilya finally asks, sniffing. “Or are you still worried I am not warm enough?”

Shane laughs, leaning back, reaching up to pinch the tears clinging to his waterline away. “I'll keep you warm,” he promises, grinning when Ilya's eyes flash with heat. “C'mon, outside, let's do it.”

They stumble towards the front, Ilya shoving worn boots in his hands before he can even ask, as he slides sneakers on his feet, ignoring all the disapproving grumbling noises Shane makes.

The glass door slides open easily, snow swirling through the air as Ilya gestures him through the doorway, a faint smile on his face.

The crunch of snow under Ilya's boots sounds as it always does, and this high up, they're lucky it isn't windy; otherwise, Shane's fairly certain Ilya's floors would be ruined as he leaves the door cracked and follows him out.

Everything is muffled. Dampened. The city is quiet around them, slumbering under the heavy weight of the snow, ready to reawaken at any moment.

Shane lets his head fall back, staring up at the low, gray clouds, the flurries of snow drifting down in big, wet flakes. He inhales, sucking in the familiar taste of snow. If he had to pick a scent to fill their home with, he would pick this: the earthy, crisp wet smell of it, mixed perfectly with the pine that clings to their clothes, the undertones of both of them lingering in the air.

“You are beautiful,” Ilya murmurs again, and Shane tips his head, meeting his eyes. He shivers at the look of them, at the depth of emotion behind lashes that snowflakes cling to as they dance through the air.

Shane can’t look at him, and hear him say that, and not do anything about it; before he can think anything through, he has Ilya backed up against the glass, kissing him as if his life depends on it.

“I love you,” he breathes into Ilya’s mouth, in between the slick touches and the soft press and the eagerness that surges under his skin, a livewire of devotion always attuned to Ilya. “I love you, I love you, I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Ilya whispers back, and they’re kissing again, underneath the wide open sky, snow falling around them.

Joy crackles between them, sweet and tart; an awareness that this is not their lives, that this is just temporary, but Shane shoves it away as hard as he can, sinking into the now.

He can worry about the future later; for now, it’s just him and Ilya, happy and in love.

Everything and everyone else can wait. He has a breakfast to look forward to.

End Notes

shane 🤝 me

having sensory issues about bathtubs & issues with clothes on the floor & a deep fierce love of snow (he's just like me, fr)

moya dushenka - my little soul

this is sort of an untentional mirror of my fic [i wanna know peace again, wanna be singin' a different song](#)

happy new years, y'all! may 2026 be a year of joy and learning, of happiness and tranquility, of growth through it all, and, as always, more gayness in *all* senses of the word.

lmk what you think, and feel free to follow me on [twit!](#)

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