Vanilla Sweetness Like I'm Sixteen

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Vanilla Sweetness Like I'm Sixteen

by sunsetmagnolia

Summary

Shane must have a weird look on his face when he turns around, because Maeve is watching him like something hilarious just happened. “What?” he asks.
“Thank you Shane,” she repeats in a bad imitation of Rozanov’s accent.
“He doesn’t say thank you to Hayden?”
“What do you think?”

In which Ilya is a menace at his local coffee shop, but only to Hayden.

Notes

I write this with sympathy for baristas everywhere, ilya would never treat you like this <3

thank you as always to sam and bella for entertaining my little creative spark until it turns into something pretty

title from Coffee by a!ka

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

“Asshole,” Hayden says under his breath as he walks up to Shane to personally hand him the cup.

Shane doesn’t need to turn around to see what – or who – just happened. It goes like this every Tuesday and Thursday like clockwork, some outrageous order that makes Hayden very loudly regret ever starting to work here. He looks down at the label on the cup, skims over about six different modifications, and then adds the cup to his queue. He doesn’t need to turn around… but he does anyway.

Rozanov, whose name Hayden takes great joy in misspelling in as many ways as he can, is leaning against the bartop that lines the shop's front windows, eyes down at his phone. His hair is tucked back into a baseball cap, turned backwards so Shane can’t see if he’s supporting a team that’ll help piss Hayden off even more. Shane’s gaze drifts down his sharp jawline to the curve of his shoulder and over his bicep—

“Shane?”

He snaps his head around to see Rose, who’s drive thru orders, struggling to reach a new box of straws up on a high shelf. Glad to be caught by a task and not by Hayden, he helps her with the box and very resolutely doesn’t turn back around until he knows Rozanov is gone.

Thursday rolls around and Hayden once again deposits a cup – different espresso than the one they have in the machine so he’ll have to grind it separately, three pumps caramel syrup, two sugar free maple, one lavender, soy milk, nonfat whip, mocha sprinkles and half a chocolate chip biscotti crumbled on top – very dramatically on the counter beside him. Shane narrows his eyes, reading the label again to make sure he didn’t just hallucinate that.

“Did he pay for—”

“Yeah, took the other half to go,” Hayden says, sliding him a paper plate with half a biscotti on it before returning to the register.

By the time Shane finishes making the offending drink, he’s backed up by three more orders. By the time he gets caught up, Rozanov is nowhere to be seen.

There’s a routine to Shane’s days that he likes about this job. He knows how to make all the different types of drinks without thinking about it, can go through the motions like it’s a dance, and because he’s shift manager, there’s not usually anyone asking him to do customer-facing things he doesn’t want to do. This week has been slow inside the shop. It’s been rainy for so long, Shane thinks on his drive in, that he’s forgotten what the sun even looks like.

“Are we out of cake pops?” Hayden asks. On the other side of the counter is a mom with a kid in a stroller. The kid has on one rain boot, the other is in the mom’s hand. She gives both of them a pleading look. “There’s none under the counter.”

“Um, yeah I’ll check the back.” The chime on the door goes off when another person walks in, and Shane immediately goes into overcorrection mode, because what if the next person is in an equally rushed state because of the rain and doesn’t want to have to wait for a hot drink? “On the house if I can find one,” Shane says, and motions for Hayden to finish ringing her up.

There are more cake pops in the back, and Shane brings up both color choices in case the kid is picky. When he gets back, Hayden is making the drink and the mom is waiting at the pickup counter. Shane doesn’t recognize Rozanov until he gets closer, because he has his hood up and he’s… squatting on the floor? Talking to the kid? Making them laugh? As soon as he gets close enough to eavesdrop, the mom starts thanking him for finding the cake pops, and she happily takes a pink one.

Shane gives her a polite smile as he brushes off her gratitude, and makes brief eye contact with Rozanov as he stands up. Lightning blue eyes meet his, and Shane can’t think of anything to say. Rozanov raises an eyebrow like he’s waiting for Shane to speak first, but there are no words coming to mind. When he blinks, Shane thinks he catches a hint of a smile.

“Oh thank god you’re back, take over,” Hayden says, handing Shane an empty cup and carrying a mess of something in another cup over to the trash can. Shane looks at the order – it’s hard to mess up a latte but somehow Hayden did it. He doesn’t hear what Rozanov orders, but he sees it. Maybe he should let Hayden mess up this one too.

There’s not a specific time that Rozanov comes in, not that Shane is keeping track. It changes day to day, and as he goes through his shift, he catches himself looking over his shoulder every other time the door chime goes off. It’s kind of slowing him down. Enough that Maeve, the other barista on shift, notices. She gives him weird looks but doesn’t say anything, even when he hands her the carton of almond milk when she asks for oat.

“Shane take over, I’m gonna take a fifteen?” Hayden says in a rush, walking backwards toward the break room before Shane can ask questions. A small group of women just walked in, but the main rush is long over. Maeve is talking to someone outside the window. Shane almost misses the reason Hayden took off.

As the group very intentionally hangs back to read the menu, Rozanov smiles at them as he passes by. He’s never smiled at Hayden like that. Not that Shane has seen. To be fair to Hayden, he’s also not smiling at Shane like that. His mouth is tilted into a smirk that probably annoys Hayden. Shane tries not to stare at it.

“What can I make for you?” Shane asks, fingers poised over the keyboard to type whatever nonsense is about to follow.

“Large iced vanilla latte please.”

Shane is trying to place Rozanov’s accent somewhere in the world. Russian, he wants to guess but doesn’t know if he’s allowed to ask. He gets halfway through pushing the right buttons when he looks up. “That’s it?”

“No, you have a point. I’ll do two of those.”

A small eternity passes where Shane doesn’t move. “What?”

“You want me to add biscotti like two weeks ago?”

Want is a far cry from *expect*, but Shane doesn’t know how that sentiment fits into his customer service script. “No,” he manages to say. He catches the name that pops up when Rozanov pays, taking note of how it’s spelled.

Hayden’s still not back by the time he hands the drinks off. “Thank you Shane,” Rozanov says with a smile that’s a lot closer to the one he gave that group of women than the one he gives anyone behind the counter.

Shane must have a weird look on his face when he turns around, because Maeve is watching him like something hilarious just happened. “What?” he asks.

“Thank you Shane,” she repeats in a bad imitation of Rozanov’s accent.

“He doesn’t say thank you to Hayden?”

“What do you think?” Maeve spins around right as the next car pulls up to the window, all sarcasm gone from her voice as she starts talking to the customer.

Sometimes it’s obvious why Hayden’s his favorite person to work with. He’s great with customers, doesn’t mind Shane listening more than he talks in conversations, and doesn’t complain about cleaning the bathrooms if it means he can leave early while Shane locks up. They have about an hour before the standard afternoon rush starts. There’s one customer in the store, tapping away on her laptop at a table in the corner. Hayden is sitting on the bench seat with his girlfriend practically in his lap. Thankfully, Shane can’t hear what they’re saying to each other, but he has a dopey smile on his face and she has a hand in his hair. The girl with the laptop comes up to the counter and asks for a refill, which Shane is happy to do if it distracts him from his non-working co-worker. When he returns her full mug, Hayden and Jackie are kissing. Sometimes it’s harder to remember why Hayden is supposedly his favorite. At least they’re not leaning on his clean counter anymore.

Rozanov walks in and Hayden audibly groans. Shane frowns at him and they both wait to see if Shane’s gonna make him get up and do his job. He decides he’ll save Hayden the torment.

“Shane,” Rozanov says with a nod, clearly having seen Hayden.

“Rozanov.”

Rozanov blinks as if he's surprised Shane knows his name. "Ilya," he says.

"Ilya," Shane says, and Rozanov's – Ilya's – face breaks into a wide grin. It kicks up a storm in Shane's chest. "What would you like today?"

"One large vanilla latte and one lavender please. Iced."

Shane punches this in and waits for the printer to spit out the labels. "No weird drink today?"

"Uh, no," Ilya says with a laugh. "I get those to annoy Hayden and also my friend Svetlana. She told me she cannot drink them anymore, but is funny."

Shane glances at Hayden and back at Ilya. "Huh?"

"He does not like me."

"I mean—"

"No, is true," Ilya says, saving Shane from whatever polite lie he was trying to invent. "So I give him a reason."

"You didn't order something weird first?"

Ilya shrugs and makes a dismissive noise. "Was long time ago, I am not keeping track."

Despite his loyalty to Hayden, Shane laughs. Hayden looks confused. Ilya lights up, then ducks his head when Hayden gets up and starts walking over.

Unlike Shane, Ilya schools his expression into one of nonchalance. "Hayd—" Shane starts, not knowing what he wants to say.

Hayden walks behind the counter. "Don't mind me," he says, tilting his head and narrowing his eyes at Ilya. "What's in the order today? Yak milk? Fresh mint sprigs? Espresso from exactly forty-nine ground beans?"

"Go back to your girlfriend, Hayden," Ilya says.

"I work here."

"Oh? That was work you were doing?"

Shane bites the inside of his lip to stop from smiling.

"Shane can kick you out," Hayden says, putting both hands on the counter.

"I do not think he will," Ilya says.

They both turn to Shane. Luckily, so does Jackie. "I gotta head out," she says slowly. Ilya's eyes glint with something Shane can only guess is mischief.

"I got the drinks, Hayd. Go say bye."

Hayden looks like he wants to argue some more, but he walks back around the counter.

“Bye Shane!” Jackie says. Shane waves back and Hayden wraps an arm around her waist as he walks her out.

“You see how fun it is?” Ilya says when they’re out the door.

Shane resists rolling his eyes. He starts the espresso shots and puts syrup in the cups. When he turns around, Ilya is smiling at him. Through the window behind him, Hayden is kissing Jackie against her car.

Next time Ilya comes in is at the tail end of the afternoon rush, which means even Hayden is less talkative than normal and Shane has some syrup or other smeared down his apron, which he knows is the purpose of an apron, but it’s no less annoying when he accidentally brushes his hand across it over and over. Shane does a quick wipe down of the pick up counter and hands Rose an iced some-flavor-or-other latte that accidentally got whole milk instead of oat. She slumps over on her stool at the window and takes the drink, downing about a third of it in one go. Hayden says nothing when the door chime goes off, just pushes Shane toward the register as he moves to start wiping up the back counter.

“Bad time?” Ilya asks, glancing over his shoulder at a big group of teenagers who start laughing all of a sudden.

“Not anymore,” Shane says. He registers too late that it sounds like it’s less bad because Ilya is here and not because the rush is over, but Ilya smiles at him anyway. Hayden reaches around Shane to grab the second trash can from under the counter and drags it loudly across the floor. Shane doesn’t miss his glare in Ilya’s direction. “Two large iced lattes?”

“Just one. Svetlana is busy today.”

“You couldn’t be busy too?” Hayden says, plausibly under his breath but close enough that both Shane and Ilya can hear him. “Ow.” Something clatters to the floor. When Shane looks down, there’s a piece of ice. Rose is frowning pointedly at Hayden. Hayden stalks off to get the broom.

“You’re not busy,” Shane says more than asks. “Vanilla?”

“Caramel? I am not busy. She coaches older girls hockey team. They are very close to regional championship.”

“And you?”

“My kids are too little for competition.”

“You coach hockey too?”

“Yes. Only little ones.” Ilya leans over the counter. “You ever get in a fight with teenage girls?”

“No?”

He shakes his head. “They are scary.”

“You’ve never been in a hockey fight with guys your own age?”

Ilya shrugs. “Girls are scarier.”

“And meaner,” Rose says. She rips the label from the machine and gestures for Shane to stay put. “There’s no one in the line right now.”

“So take five, I can get it.”

Rose gives Shane probably the same look she gave Hayden before throwing an ice cube at him. Shane stays. Ilya talks to him until he gets his coffee, and then says thank you to both of them before he leaves.

“What if I want coffee when you are not working?” Ilya picks up a straw as Shane slides him his drinks. He stabs it into the top of one of the cups and takes a sip, looking innocently at Shane.

“Other people can make you lattes. Maybe not Hayden.”

“And if I want to ask you?”

“Not even you can make me come in on a day off.”

Ilya’s amusement turns flat. “Oh my god. Give me your phone.”

Shane frowns a little and drops his phone into Ilya’s outstretched hand.

Ilya turns on the screen and then grabs Shane’s hand so he can unlock it with Shane’s thumb. A few taps later, Ilya hands it back.

“Uh—”

“Now you have my number. Don’t worry, I will not ask you for coffee on your day off.” A grin creeps across Ilya’s face, mirroring Shane’s own smile. “Other things, maybe.”

“Like what?”

Hayden does a very bad job of fake coughing behind Shane. Shane turns to glare at him, but there is a line starting to form, so Shane should probably get back to his job. Ilya grabs a straw for the second drink and winks at Shane as he turns to go.

Shane picked up coffee – from a different shop, because it turns out the place he works is not all that close to the ice rink – just to have his hands occupied as he walks into the building.

It's deceptively warm at first, but he knows the cold will get to him quickly. Still, Ilya likes his cold drinks. Russian genes or whatever.

"Goal!" Ilya's voice rings out before Shane can even see him. "Athena got a goal! Everyone cheer!"

A chorus of tiny cheers and claps rises from the ice as Shane turns a corner and sees Ilya surrounded by a dozen kids who at most come up to his waist. He makes his way down the stands, trying not to be a distraction to any of the kids or their waiting parents. Texting Ilya has been fun, and every day compared to twice a week, but it's still nothing compared to seeing him in person. Shane mostly skates at his family's lake house these days, he loves the crisp winter mornings and the glare of the sunlight off the ice. This is kind of making him want to get into a rink again. Maybe he should make time for it.

The door to the rink swings shut behind the first few kids off the ice, but some of the kids are hanging back. Shane doesn't hear what they ask Ilya, but he makes a big show of saying no before clearly giving in. The kids left on the ice all sit down. Ilya skates up behind them one at a time and uses his stick to push them toward the net one at a time, each of them screaming with joy as they slide into it. The rest of them yell every time Ilya makes a goal.

Eventually, the last kid is pulled off the ice by a parent, and Ilya skates up to where Shane is waiting with his latte. Points for iced coffee, Shane thinks distantly, it's not watered down even though it's been sitting there for a while.

"You make this look fun," Shane says.

Ilya picks up his drink and leans over the ledge to press a kiss to Shane's cheek with an audible *mwah*. "Hockey?"

"Teaching it to little kids."

"Oh! Yes, is fun. Luca!" Ilya calls to one of the kids packing up. "My class is fun, right?"

"Yes!" comes the enthusiastic answer.

"Am I most fun coach?"

He gets confirmation from Luca and a few other kids.

Ilya gives Shane a sunny smile. "See? You could join my class. Have fun too."

"I did my time in hockey up through junior high school."

"Of course you did. Good Canadian boy."

Shane feels his cheeks get warm. He blames it on the cold of the rink.

"So are you ready for our date?"

As if he hasn't been waiting for this all week. Shane nods and gets another smile for his patience.

"I will pack up and then we go, okay?"

A kid pops up behind Ilya as he's pulling his skates off. "Coach Ilya, who's that?"

Ilya follows to where she's pointing. "That's Mr. Shane."

"Is he a coach too?"

"No, he is my friend."

"Oh." She looks at Shane like she's deep in thought. "Is he your boyfriend?"

"Okay Iris, time to go." A woman tries to reach down and take Iris's hand, but she's too fast.

"Is he?" Iris repeats, this time from the other side of Ilya.

"Not yet," Ilya says, and Iris's little jaw drops before she bursts into giggles.

Iris is caught by the wrist, and she follows without resistance. "Mommy, Coach Ilya has a boyfriend," she says in the loudest whisper Shane has ever heard.

Not yet, Shane kind of wants to repeat. But Ilya is quietly laughing. "You didn't correct her," Shane says once they're out of earshot.

"No. I did not want to." Ilya stands up and pulls his gear bag over his shoulder, stick in one hand and coffee in the other. He gestures for Shane to go first as they head up the stairs. "You want to be?"

Shane almost trips when he turns around to see whether Ilya is joking. "Do *you* want to be?"

"Yes," Ilya says like it's obvious. "I got your number. I asked you out. Was going to ask about being boyfriends later, but Iris beat me."

Huh, maybe it is obvious. "Then, yes."

They stand there, matching goofy smiles at each other, until Ilya pokes Shane in the leg with his stick. "Are we going?"

"Not yet," Shane says. Ilya barely has time to be confused before Shane is leaning down to kiss him. They're probably lucky they don't tumble right back down the stairs.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

this happens an undetermined number of weeks later

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The blades under his feet feel familiar. Ilya is grinning at him from across the ice. Shane doesn't know how he got here.

This was supposed to be a casual hangout, the precursor to a date, something along those lines. Ilya's students have gotten used to seeing him around, and Shane likes to see him interact with them, managing to act silly without crossing over into irresponsible. A few of the kids stand out as having real talent, even to Shane's eyes years removed from hockey. Some of them are there because the figure skating class is too low impact for them. Shane was supposed to come in and watch Ilya teach from the stands *in secret*, but then one of the kids noticed him and then the rest of them noticed him and then they wanted to show him how they were learning hockey stops. The more dramatic the better, obviously. In what he'd thought was an unrelated event, a few weeks ago Ilya had brought him to the rink after class time so they could skate around alone, which led to Ilya knowing Shane's skate size.

"You're not even gonna let me warm up?" Shane asked.

"You had this whole time to warm up," Ilya said, leading the kids to start telling him to get his skates on. They had about half an hour before the ice had to be cleared for the next class, and the figure skaters were already starting to arrive.

Okay, so maybe he does know how he got here.

"Three shots past me to win," Ilya shouts, drawing Shane's attention back to the ice.

Shake looks down at the five pucks in front of him. He takes his stick and moves one of the pucks side to side, just to get a feel for it again. He looks up to where Ilya is waiting, playing the goalie without any real gear. Shane narrows his eyes, and aims.

❄❄❄

“I can make sure you do not fall,” Ilya said, not entirely joking from the way he was kind of hovering near Shane.

“Fuck off, I skate every winter.” Shane stepped onto the ice with all the confidence he had at 13. He didn’t even trip.

Ilya skated backwards in front of him as he got his sea legs back. “Ah. You are one of those.”

“One of who?”

Ilya shrugged. “Some people ski every winter. Some people skate.”

“It’s not—my parents have a cottage on a lake that freezes over every year.”

“And you learned hockey on the lake?”

“I learned hockey at a *rink* in Ottawa. My mom taught me to skate on the lake,” he added, because it felt like lying to leave it out. Ilya cooed at him like a baby for that. Shane sped up to see just how long Ilya would keep skating backwards. Ilya kept going like that until the next turn, and then flipped around to skate at Shane’s side, but a little faster than him. So Shane sped up again. And so did Ilya. And repeat until Shane was sweating and his legs were starting to ache.

Ilya overtook him by just enough distance to turn back around to face him as they both slowed down, Shane with his hands on his knees to catch his breath. The smile on his face should have been more annoying. “So I win?”

Shane found enough strength left to lunge at him, tackling him by the waist and running him into the boards until they were both collapsed on the ice, laughing against each other.

❄❄❄

A shrill voice screams his name, followed by a half dozen others. The first puck sits at the back of the net. Ilya looks surprised for some reason. Shane smiles.

“I told you Mr. Shane could do it!” Iris says.

Shane thinks she’s talking to her friends, but Ilya waves his hand at her. “He got lucky! Bet he cannot do all three in a row.” And he aims his smirk back at Shane.

The second shot almost doesn’t make it in. Ilya manages to nudge it with his stick, but the angle doesn’t change enough to get it out.

“What if he’s better than Coach Ilya?” Athena says, to a chorus of *ooh*s.

“Maybe Coach Ilya would get fired,” someone else says.

Shane had told Ilya he used to play center. So did Ilya. He'd been captain of his junior team. So had Ilya. One more shot to make up for the race he'd lost.

"They will not fire me, because Shane will not win."

"I've been thinking of quitting the coffee shop," Shane says, tapping his fingers on the stick.

"Does Hayden know?" Ilya asks. "Who will save people from his bad lattes?"

Shane shakes his head and gets into position. In his periphery, Ilya does the same. He aims the third puck. Shoots.

Ilya manages to block it. Half the kids cheer for him, while the rest of them boo. "See? I tell you they cannot fire me!"

Shane shoots the fourth puck intentionally high, hitting the top of the frame with a *ping* that makes Ilya swing around.

"Hey! You could hit my face!"

"I wouldn't."

"Kids, tell him that is dangerous."

"Mr. Shane, that was rule number three," Iris informs him.

"Sorry, he didn't tell me the rules," Shane says to them. They look like they're discussing it among themselves. A couple of the older figure skating students have joined the little kids lined up by the wall. Shane is pretty sure he hears one of them say something about the puck hitting Ilya's pretty face. *Fair*, Shane has to admit. He would feel bad if he messed that up.

"One more shot," Ilya says.

Shane looks him in the eye and takes a breath. The puck goes right between Ilya's legs. The kids start cheering.

"If I had goalie gear on—" Ilya says as he skates toward Shane.

"Yeah, yeah." Ilya catches Shane by the waist and kisses his cheek. "Was that my prize?"

"For now."

"I'm sorry I risked hitting your pretty face," Shane says quietly.

Ilya pokes Shane's nose with one finger. "I would feel worse about hitting your pretty face. Is why I played goalie."

Chapter End Notes

I knew I just KNEW coach ilya would not leave my mind

End Notes

if this ends up with a second chapter of pure coach ilya nonsense in the future, it's because I couldn't stop thinking about how cute it would be

took me a minute! to find their voices! but all it took was me giving up on trying to mix existing universes and just inventing my own lolol

(I feel like most hollanov fic writers are on twitter but I never post on there I just lurk so come find me on tumblr if you wanna chat)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!