

ilya's yearning playlist when shane ghosted him

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76980221) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76980221>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	genuinely dont know what to tag this , Angst with a Happy Ending , a fic told through songs , Pining , Like so much , Denial of Feelings , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Not Beta Read
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of hollanov's playlist
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Words: 6,077 Chapters: 1/1

ilya's yearning playlist when shane ghosted him

by [blankjournals](#)

Summary

Lily: is it too late now to say sorry?

Lily: cause I'm missing more than just ur body

Lily: is it too late now to say sorry?

Lily: yeah I know that I let you down

Lily: is it too late to say I'm sorry now

OR: an exploration of Ilya's Spotify listening history the 2 months shane ghosted him and started dating Rose. ft an uncomfortable number of songs about heartbreak, jealousy and a man whose "I don't care" playlist says otherwise.

Notes

nervously hits the publish button. the playlist in question if anyone is interested: [link](#)

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

Ilya would tell you he wasn't at all affected by Hollander breaking things off with him. Not that they were ever together. Not like *that*. Hollander was just... convenient.

Fun. Available. Comfortable.

His stomach twists, and he feels an uneasy sensation settle in his throat. It hits him with enough force that he's shooting up from where he's lying in his bed, feet twisting in the cool silk sheets.

Jesus, fine! Not a nice thing to think about anyone, fuck! Ilya tosses the sheets off the rest of the way and lies back down, irritated.

Ilya would tell you he is not affected by their “breakup”. He is fine. He is totally cool. He is chill.

And then, one cursed cold morning at the end of December, Spotify Wrapped for 2016 came out, and Ilya has never regretted switching from Apple Music to Spotify more than he has now.

It didn't matter what his listening history was like for the entire year; November and December completely fucked it over. He could only stare blankly at the colourful graphics, mortification and humiliation settling intensely in his gut.

Your 2016, wrapped.

Hey, 2016 has been a year. We made you a playlist of this year's songs that you loved the most. Play it while you read our rundown of your musical 2016, below.

Your 2016 in numbers:

Total minutes: way too much.

Unique tracks: embarrassingly low cause you listened to the same songs over and over.

Your 2016 genres: Pop · R&B · Indie Rock · Hip Hop · Russian Pop

It's not like anyone else had access to his Spotify or his listening history. This was strictly a viewing for one (1). But Ilya still felt extremely exposed, like someone strapped him to a chair while the execs at Spotify broadcast his top 3 songs of the year on the big jumbotron.

They might as well have, Ilya thinks, scrolling through his Top Songs of 2016. Every song is a brutal reminder of how he has been feeling, about the type of mood he's been in the past few weeks.

There are too many Canadian songs on this list, and there's no way he listened to The Weeknd belt about breakups and the endless number of women who have done him wrong

this many times.

Where are the American artists? He listens to whatever shit they're blasting in the gyms. Whatever poppy song has hijacked the radios. Where's Kendrick Lamar? Where's Kanye? Linkin Park? Eminem? For fucks sake he'll take Justin Timberlake too.

He bets some intern is sitting in his little cubicle, laughing at Ilya at this very second. Maybe the entire staff is talking about him as they plan for their stupid holiday party.

"Siri, play *All I Do Is Win* on Spotify," Ilya grinds out, as he pulls open his fridge to get started on his breakfast.

"Okay. Here's *All I Ask* by Adele, resuming where you left off. *All I ask is if this is my last night with you, hold me like I'm more than just a friend—*"

"No—fuck, Siri shut up!", Ilya yells at his phone, and mercifully, she does. Adele's voice cuts off with a sharp pause.

"No fucking music today," Ilya grumbles, as he grabs his phone, swipes out of the music app and puts it down on the other side of the counter with more force than necessary.

Fuck Spotify. Fuck Adele. And fuck Hollander.

A few weeks ago.

[Denial]

The days following the launch of Shane Hollander and Rose Landry, and the subsequent frenzy it sparked on social media, marked the beginning of Ilya's descent into madness. That was also when he became quite acquainted with Drake's music.

Rewinding to the summer before, "Hotline Bling" had already dominated his playlist when the song initially came out. Back then, it was a catchy tune, shared laughs over the "dancing" in the music video, and the quiet acceptance that he would hear nothing but this song on the radio for the rest of the year.

Now, Ilya is finally starting to understand the hype and has a newfound appreciation for the rapper. No one seems to understand his situation more than Drake does at the current moment.

He just gets him.

*Call me on my cell phone
Late night when you need my love
And I know when that hotline bling*

*That can only mean one thing
I know when that hotline bling
That can only mean one thing*

Ilya is sprawled on his couch, hands behind his head, staring up at the ceiling like it has the answers to all his life's problems. He has his headphones in, phone lying upside down on his chest.

Hollander used to call him on his cell phone. Texted him anyway. That's how they always communicated.

*Ever since I left the city, you
Got a reputation for yourself now
Everybody knows, and I feel left out*

Yes, looks like Hollander has gotten himself a Hollywood girlfriend. *Mr Ladies Man*. Ilya had only found out about it when Connor showed him the headline on his phone a while back.

*Cause ever since I left the city, you
Started wearing less and goin' out more*

Pfft. Ilya has seen the ads. How can he not? The commercials are all over TV. Posters of him at the gym. On every fucking social media app. Every new day seems to bring Shane Hollander to his screen, in less and less clothes with every passing swipe. Photos that have Ilya's heart racing and blood rushing to all the wrong places.

*These days, all I do is
Wonder if you're bendin' over backwards for someone else
Wonder if you're rolling up a Backwoods for someone else
Doing things I taught you, gettin' nasty for someone else*

The last line twists something unpleasant in his stomach. He was the first man Hollander had been with. He's not really sure whether Hollander was with anyone in between the eight years they hooked up.

He had to have been, no way someone can go that long without having sex. Had to have been with someone, to show off all the things Ilya taught him. Sure, Hollander is a fast learner, but practice makes perfect. And Hollander had a mouth that knew what to do. Hips that knew exactly how to torture him.

Ilya exhales hard, eyes shutting with the force of it. *Definitely practising with someone else*, he thinks bitterly.

*You don't need no one else
You don't need nobody else, no
Why you never alone
Why you always touching road
Used to always stay at home, be a good girl*

*You was in the zone, yeah
You should just be yourself
Right now, you're someone else*

Why is Ilya constantly seeing photos of Hollander out and about with Rose Landry and her Hollywood friends?

What bugs him is how... out of character this seems for Hollander. How can someone change so much in a few weeks? He's never seen him be public with anyone in the time he has known him. Never seen him surrounded by so many B-list celebrities. Never seen him photographed so much while walking out of restaurants, bars, and clubs.

Hollander doesn't even like to drink. Are these places even serving him ginger ale? Why all of a sudden?

Never hear about you with girls, Ilya had said to him. Then, also told Hollander it was good to have a reliable woman to fuck in different cities. And Hollander took that to heart, apparently.

Maybe he should've kept his mouth shut.

The song ends, and then starts again from the beginning. Ilya lets it.

You used to call me on my cell phone...

[Anger]

Anger, what a feeling. It has layers, which means Ilya couldn't *just* be angry. No, he needed to experience the entire circus wheel of that emotion against multiple things and different people.

He was disgruntled and a bit humiliated that none of his regular hookups were doing it for him anymore. In the moment, it felt *fine*, great even. A passing moment of bodies and pleasure. A haze he could submerge himself in and pretend just for a moment that everything was okay.

And it's not like he was leaving these nights feeling fulfilled as a person with these people. Soul grounded and spirit in harmony or some shit like that. But at least, his God-given urges were able to get satisfied.

Now, even that was a problem.

He was *not* addicted to Hollander. That was not it. His body is being stupid. Probably still suck in 2016, still getting used to the New Year. Getting used to the fact that Hollander isn't his anymore. Not that he ever was.

He wasn't.

And yet, betrayal is the only word that came to his mind when he spotted Hollander and Rose Landry in Montreal, looking like the perfect fucking couple under the pulsing red and purple lights of the club.

Frustration is what he feels within himself. For still thinking about him when he eats, when he's at practice, before he falls asleep, when he's trying to get himself off.

Hollander, and his stupid face and big brown eyes.

*I was good on my own, that's the way it was
That's the way it was
You was good on the low for a faded fuck
On some faded love*

Exactly. That's all Hollander was. Reliable. Convenient.

Ilya breathes heavily, legs burning as he continues to run on the treadmill. Rihanna's breathy voice hums in his ears, confident and cool against the synths and heavy trap beat.

*But baby, don't get it twisted
You was just another n- on the hit list
Tryna fix your inner issues with a bad bitch
Didn't they tell you that I was a savage?
Fuck ya white horse and ya carriage
Bet you never could imagine
Never told you you could have it*

Rihanna gets him. She understands hookup culture. She's a strong, independent woman. A *bad bitch*. Ilya can be a bad bitch. He can be detached. He can be casual.

He is.

*You needed me
Ooh, you needed me
To feel a little more, and give a little less
Know you hate to confess
But baby ooh, you needed me*

Hollander did need him. Ilya knows he made him curious. And Hollander wanted nothing more than to be bad. Because he is so boring himself, Ilya was his adventure, his divergence from his carefully crafted routine. Not that he would ever confess this—forget to Ilya—probably to himself. If he didn't, he wouldn't have entertained Ilya for eight years or come to his every beck and call.

You chased him for eight years, too, an annoyingly relentless part inside reminds him, every invitation from him was RSVP'd on your end.

Ilya slams his hand down on the stop button and jerks forward, legs kicking out on each end to rest on the side bars of the machine. He stares down at the running belt, watching it slow

down beneath him. His heart is beating so loud he can hear it in his ears. Puffs of air escape him as sweat trails down his face, cooling his warm skin.

He needed me; I didn't need him. Ilya repeats it, a mantra, over and over.

[Bargaining]

Ilya had promised himself he would never text Hollander. Ilya isn't that desperate. And Hollander is a taken man. Ilya is honourable in that regard; Hollander is off-limits.

But he's had enough to drink, weeks since he's last seen Hollander, weeks since he started dating Hollywood star Rose Landry and suddenly, Ilya feels like the most dishonourable version of himself, the one not afraid to break rules and act very much not like a gentleman.

Maybe just one text. Hollander will not even understand it. Hollander and Justin Bieber may share the same birth country, but no way Hollander knows the song currently playing in the club, even if this is all the radios were playing last year, anytime Ilya was in Canada.

The song blares behind him—electrifying EDM beats and brassy horns—as Ilya sits on the stool at the bar, phone in hand, ears straining to make out the lyrics.

Lily: is it too late now to say sorry?

Ilya types, deletes, types again.

Lily: cause I'm missing more than just ur body

Maybe. Yes, he doesn't just miss his body—no.

Delete. Delete. Delete.

Lily: is it too late now to say sorry?

Delete. *Am I too late? Are you in love, Hollander?*

Lily: yeah I know that I let you down

I'm sorry I talked about the woman I was fucking. I'm sorry I asked why you weren't ever with other woman.

Lily: is it too late to say I'm sorry now?

Is it?

Lily: i'll take every single piece of the blame if you want me to but u know that there is no innocent one in this game for 2

I'm sorry for calling you Shane. I'm sorry for asking you to stay over. But you said my name back. I tried to take it back, and you still left. After you told me you would stay. I just wanted you to stay.

Lily: can we both say the words and forget this?

He hears someone yelling his name somewhere in the distance, drowned out by the music and dancing crowd. Ilya startles a little, fingers slipping. He blinks at his screen, at the text conversation he has opened with “Jane”.

His fingers clumsily move as he deletes his last text. He swipes out of his messaging apps and shuts off his phone. Ilya downs another shot, tastes nothing but the burn of it sliding down his throat. His phone gets pocketed, and he slides off the stool and weaves his way into the chaos to try to find his teammates,

If I say sorry, will you? Can we go back to how it was? Is it really over, after eight years? Was this it for us?

[Depression]

He was drawn to the song because it was called "Montreal." And because it was by the Canadian singer The Weeknd.

Ilya thinks the universe has a great sense of humour.

There was definitely some sort of drug in the song, because one night, as Ilya was driving himself home and the song came up in the queue, he didn't remember the rest of his drive. He'd kinda dissociated and autopiloted his way back to his house, muscle memory kicking into place.

God knows how he didn't get into an accident.

Half the song was in fucking French, and Ilya knows Hollander wouldn't need to pull out his phone and search up the translation.

Stupid Hollander, Mr Perfect, Mr Bilingual. Maybe trilingual, does he speak Japanese too? Probably does.

And here Ilya is, under his covers, eyes straining in the dark as he tries to translate French to English, and then deciphers the English in his head.

*Leave the girls alone
[or] One day, it'll be you they will leave*

Ilya snorts, an exhale of air more than anything and smiles ruefully. *Yes, girls do leave.* Or in his case, a boy. A *man*, a very stupid and boring man, whom Ilya does not even think about that much anymore.

Seriously, he doesn't.

*I guess you had no idea that you could have persuaded me
Girl, you could have had me doing anything you pleased
Girl, you should have took your time and thought of what to say to me
'Cause I'm not as hard as I make it seem to be*

Ilya shuts off his phone, and the room plunges into total darkness. It's quiet in his house, save for the hum of the AC. The traffic is barely discernible from the outside.

He can't bring himself read the rest. To analyze the words. To accept them as extensions of himself. Of his feelings.

He's not ready to acknowledge that, the past few weeks, his body has been flip-flopping between a cruel game of restlessness and numbness. That there are nights when it feels like someone reached inside him and squeezed the blood out of his beating heart till there was nothing left. That some nights he wonders if he even has a heart, cause how else can he explain the hollowness he feels in his chest.

How can he explain that no amount of alcohol and cigarettes can stop the stinging in his head, to distract him enough to close his eyes without seeing freckles.

His freckles.

Freckles on flushed skin. Freckles barely illuminated in the dark. Freckles that move when this person smiles, when this person tells him to fuck off, when this person moans under him. *Freckles that left him that day—*

He's not ready to acknowledge that this person's memories are burned into his retinas. They play over and over like a never-ending reel. With soft background music and a rose-tinted filter that makes each and every moment appear more romantic than he remembers. More meaningful than they actually were.

Maybe they were. Maybe they always were. Maybe his mind is as delusional as the rest of him.

He's not ready to acknowledge that a person, a *man*, is responsible for his continuous poor performance on the ice. Not terrible. But not the greatest. A fact the news has no problem reminding him of at every opportunity.

He's not ready to acknowledge how listening to songs in Russian, his native tongue, now gets a knee-jerk reaction out of him because it hits too close to home, because he doesn't have to second-guess the meaning. Where the lyrics stubbornly lodge themselves under his skin with talons and refuse to leave.

"Znaesh' Li Ty" by MakSim? Skip.

"40 gradusov" by LOBODA? He's throwing his phone across the room.

"It's All Set" by Elvira T sets a fire in him and subsequently makes Ilya want to kill himself.

He's not ready to acknowledge that, even though he has bigger problems to deal with, like his leech of an older brother, his dad's continuous decline in health, his fear that one day he'll be kicked out of this country, and he'll have no choice but to head back to Russia cause he's still not a fucking citizen—

All he can still think about, all that his body and mind and soul can think about, puts precedent above anything else, is the boy who broke his heart.

A boy whom Ilya didn't even know he had given his heart to.

He doesn't know if he'll ever get it back. And if he does, he doesn't know if he'll ever be able to fix it.

[Acceptance]

The All-Star Games are in a couple of days, January is about to end, and Ilya has survived one month into 2017. But he still needs to prepare himself.

For the actual hockey itself? No, of course not, Ilya can skate in his sleep. He needs to prepare himself to see Shane Hollander. Needs to train himself harder than the military prepares for battle.

He listened to a couple of songs. "We Are Never Ever Ever Getting Back Together" by Taylor Swift was good. He felt particularly petty about that one.

Ariana Grande and her ponytail almost had him with a song called "Honeymoon Avenue".

Let's just go back to the way it was when we were on Honeymoon Avenue

No, *they absolutely can't*, Ilya reminds himself grumpily.

There's a song that came out a couple of years ago that Ilya thought was just okay then, "Somebody That I Used To Know" by Gotye, featuring Kimbra.

But for the upcoming All-Star gaming, it is his holy bible.

Now and then, I think of when we were together

Yes, now and then. Definitely not all the time.

So when we found that we could not make sense

Well, you said that we would still be friends

But I'll admit that I was glad it was over

Well, Hollander never offered to be friends. They couldn't be. Even now, they can be... colleagues. Work friends. Rival-friends?

And he was glad it was over; this thing between them had an expiration date. Eight years was long enough.

But you didn't have to cut me off

Make out like it never happened and that we were nothin'

And I don't even need your love

But you treat me like a stranger, and that feels so rough

I mean, really, he didn't. Two months, radio silence. Not one text. No quip on the ring either.

I've had my dick inside you, and polite Canadian boy Hollander couldn't even send me a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year text message?

Rude. Maybe Ilya doesn't need him as a friend after all.

Now you're just somebody that I used to know

Yes, that's all there was to it. Shane Hollander, somebody Ilya Rozanov used to know.

Summer of 2017, the Cottage.

Ilya never got his heart back. It is no longer lost. But it still is not back in Ilya's possession. It is also not broken into jagged, sharp pieces.

No, it's with Shane, a little bruised, but even that has long since healed.

It's with Shane, and Ilya is okay with that. And in fact, so okay with it, he wishes he could give other parts of himself to Shane as well. God knows he'd take care of it better than Ilya ever could.

Safe, cradled, probably wrapped in a warm blanket, and close to his skin so it never goes cold.

*I wanna be your vacuum cleaner
Breathing in your dust
I wanna be your Ford Cortina
I will never rust*

It's been a couple of days since Shane and Ilya said *I love you* to each other, since Shane's dad had caught them making out, and Shane had come out to his parents, after they both established themselves as boyfriends.

The word *boyfriend* makes Ilya so embarrassingly giddy. He unconsciously squeezes his arms tighter around Shane, who's snoring away against Ilya's bare chest. He's exhaling softly against his skin, breath rustling his chest hair, and Ilya feels goosebumps erupt around his arms.

The golden light of the morning sun filters through the window, painting Shane in a beautiful glow. The stupid birds have already started their chirping and quacking, and Ilya is still surprised how soundly Shane can sleep through it.

*If you like your coffee hot
Let me be your coffee pot
You call the shots, babe
Secrets I have held in my heart
Are harder to hide than I thought
Maybe I just wanna be—*

Ilya is definitely thinking too loud, or maybe it's because his hold on Shane is getting stronger and tighter, because a few minutes later, Shane is squirming in his arms and blinking awake.

His eyes take a moment to focus, and he must realize how early it is, because the amount of daylight in the room alone causes him to go back to burying his face in Ilya's chest, mumbling out a quiet "What time is it?" against his skin.

Ilya is going to bite him. "Early, go back to sleep, *moy ogurchik*."

"Hmm, I know that one. Pickle?" Shane asks, smiling faintly against him, voice slurred with sleep.

"Yes, very good. You will learn Russian in one week." Ilya says above him, hiding his smile in Shane's hair.

"Should I call you something too? You have all the nicknames. What do you want to be?" Shane asks, eyes fluttering shut even as he fights to keep them open. Ilya's hands, absent-mindedly drawing patterns against his shoulder, aren't helping.

Yours yours yours, Ilya's mind chants before he can think better of it.

*Maybe I just wanna be yours
I wanna be yours, I wanna be yours*

Wanna be yours
Wanna be yours
Wanna be yours

He clears his throat. "Something in Japanese, maybe?"

"Mmm, they don't really exist in Japanese culture. Just calling you by your first name is a huge deal." Shane explains to him, and Ilya has to strain to hear Shane speak from where he's still pressed against him, the words muffled.

"How about French?" Ilya suggests.

It's quiet for a moment, and when Ilya sneaks a look down, he notices Shane's face has turned five shades of red. Shane has his arm slung over his middle, and Ilya can feel his hand clench once before it opens again and rests comfortably against his back.

"What is it, Hollander?" Ilya teases, voice going low.

Shane groans, tugging the blanket higher until only the top of his head is visible. "Give me a few days so I can work up the nerve to call you something in French. There are a lot of them in French... terms of endearment." Shane says, voice carefully neutral, but Ilya can hear his shyness bleeding through.

Ilya doesn't say anything more, just pulls him closer till his cheek is resting against his head, Shane's hair tickling his face. He feels his heart swell till it feels too big to contain behind his ribcage. His limbs and muscles feel loose in ways they haven't in months, boneless in a way where one push and Ilya will be a pile of mush.

Terms of endearment. *Endearment*. Because Shane is *endeared* by Ilya.

How does Ilya tell him? How can he possibly put into words that he'll be anything Shane wants him to be? Any nickname he'll give him. Any adjective Shane wishes for him to be.

He'll do it. He will be. As long as he gets to be Shane's, and Shane's alone.

I just wanna be yours (wanna be yours)

"Oh my God," Shane mutters. He and Ilya are sitting on the couch, at opposite ends, legs stretched out so their socked feet touch in the middle. They are both on their phones, scrolling away mindlessly. Wrapped up in their respective throw blankets. The house is a little chilly because the weather decided it wanted to be dramatic today.

Water droplets splash against the glass walls of the cottage, and the trees' leaves rustle and sway in tandem with the chilly wind. The sky is hidden behind the dark clouds, painting the

atmosphere in grey. The sound of it is still comforting, a little hypnotic. Perfect excuse to stay indoors.

“What is it?” Ilya asks, glancing up from his phone.

Shane shakes his head as he presses the right earbud of his wired headphones a little closer to his ear, eyes trained on his screen as he reads something. Eventually, he pops it out and looks up at Ilya with a, *you won't believe what I'm about to tell you* smile.

“My mom said, if we ever change our mind about coming out early, that she already knows the perfect song for our coming out video, that 'our generation' would love it,” Shane says, voice both exasperated and fond, rolling his eyes at his mother's antics.

Ilya snorts, a little intrigued now. No, Shane didn't know about Ilya's embarrassing Spotify Wrapped history. No, he never needs to find out how bad he was pining for those two months.

“Why does my mom know who One Direction is? It's a song called “18”.” Shane tells him, eyes still trained on his screen as he reads the lyrics.

Ilya tries not to react. Tries not to blush, Russians do not blush.

He knows that song. Of course he does. We've already established that Shane makes Ilya act out in ways he never thought possible.

“Wonder why she—oh God, it's cause we told them this has been happening since our rookie days. They don't really know that the words “I love you” were said, like moments before we told them about us.” Shane says, glancing up and sending him a half-smile.

“I have loved you since we were eighteen, long before we both thought the same thing,” Ilya recites slowly, before he can stop himself, like the words were fighting to escape and finally allowed to tumble out.

Shane's eyes snap back to him, half-smile disappearing, eyebrows going up. “Oh, you know the song?” he asks, slowly, eyes colouring in surprise.

Ilya shrugs. Casual. Be casual, you idiot. “Yes.”

Shane studies him for a second, and Ilya gazes back, eyes unwavering even though his heart is beating rapidly in his chest and his hands are starting to feel clammy.

“I should tell her no, right? We didn't fall in love when we were 18. We didn't even... kiss till we were 19.” Shane quietly asks, voice barely above a whisper.

A moment passes, and all that can be heard is the pitter-patter of the rain outside, the fireplace crackling and hissing as it continues to eat up wood.

“We didn't fall in love when we were 18,” Ilya replies eventually, voice low just like Shane's.

Shane nods at him, biting his lip before his fingers begin to move again on his phone.

“We didn't meet at 18, we met when we were 17, couldn't have fallen in love at 18,” Ilya says, with quiet certainty.

Shane's fingers falter on his phone, and his eyes widen by a fraction as he stares again at Ilya, like he can't believe the combination of words that came out of his mouth.

Honestly, neither can Ilya.

They stare at each other for a couple of seconds, Ilya trying to keep his face blank. Shane stares back, his gaze searching.

Shane moves first; he pulls his feet away from Ilya's, legs moving back. A wave of dread washes over him, thinking he revealed too much again, said too much. But before the panic can spread like a wildfire to the rest of his body, Shane tosses his phone and headphones to the side. He shoves his blanket away and crawls towards Ilya, closing the distance. His body settles on top, and Ilya has a moment to just barely comprehend that Shane is in his arms before the latter is surging down and kissing him, hard.

Wow, hello there ok, yes, Ilya thinks, stunned, as he kisses Shane back.

Shane's hands tangle themselves in his hair, and Ilya wraps an arm around his waist, the other settling on his face as he hauls him closer. He tilts Shane's face so he can deepen the kiss, tongue's meeting, chasing the warmth of each other's mouth.

When Shane finally pulls away, he leans his forehead against Ilya's, both of them panting against each other. Shane's pupils are blown wide, with something more than just need, more than what just the effects of the kiss they shared.

“Sometimes,” Shane whispers, voice shaking slightly, “sometimes I think, for me too. Since then. Since even before we were rookies.”

Shane swallows, throat bobbing as he looks back at Ilya, his gaze both hesitant and affectionate.

The admission knocks the wind out of him. Ilya's heart stops, starts and then beats overtime to make up for the loss in rhythm. His skin tingles like he's been shocked, still releasing zaps of current across his skin that are making his hair stick up.

“Even though it makes no sense. Makes me feel stupid, cause we—we just met. We were just kids, how could we even know what it meant to...” Shane trails off, eyes darting away, but Ilya can fill in the blanks for him.

*We took a chance, God knows we've tried
Yet all along, I knew we'd be fine*

“It's not stupid,” Ilya tells him gently, and then, because he can't help himself, “I was a good-looking kid, even when 17, of course, you fell instantly.”

He waits for Shane to give him his signature unimpressed eyes, the ones that still have fondness hidden beneath them. Waits for that deadpan smile and dramatic eye roll. Shane

does all three.

“Fuck off, you're so full of yourself, just like you were back then.” Shane shoots back, lips twitching despite himself. He leans back, shifting to move off of Ilyas's lap, but Ilya stops him, hands tight around his hips. He almost huffs in protest.

All I can do is say that these arms were made for holdin' you

“You were cute too, even then.” Ilya teases, looking up at him.

Shane rolls his eyes as he eases back down, huffing in disbelief. “I'm pretty sure I had acne, and sounded like a total hockey nerd.”

“You are still hockey nerd.”

“Shut up.”

“No, you are my hockey nerd. With amazing freckles.” Ilya tells him sincerely, tapping Shane's cheek, fingers tracing those exact freckles.

“You've had a fetish for them since day one, haven't you?” Shane mutters, eyes narrowed, trying to sound annoyed, but secretly pleased underneath.

“I think yes, fell in love with them the first time I saw them,” Ilya mumbles back, fingers still tracing and mapping his skin.

“Are they the only reason you're with me? Do you secretly love them more than you love me?”

“Yes, you have found out my big secret. I only love your freckles.”

“Maybe I should cover them up.”

Ilya, honest to God, gasps. And he stares up at Shane in horror. The thought alone, even as a joke, makes him feel uneasy.

“I will die, Hollander. Do you want me to die?” Ilya asks, mock-serious, head dropping back in a defeated manner.

Shane laughs from above him, ridiculously endeared.

“Seriously, Hollander, don't ever do that. No matter how mad you are at me.” Ilya tells him, trying to meet his eyes because this is a serious matter, and Shane keeps giggling above him like some schoolgirl.

“Oh, I definitely will, next time you say something stupid,” Shane replies, with a shit-eating grin on his face. His eyes sparkle with delight, and Ilya feels like he can stare into them forever.

“I have never said anything stupid in my life ever. I am a very smart person,” Ilya argues back.

“A week ago, you said you'd marry Svetlana for citizenship,” Shane murmurs. He's trying to sound annoyed, but Ilya can hear the hint of vulnerability behind it.

Ilya knows this is a sore subject for Shane; he didn't even realize it would get him so worked up. Enough that he spent that night staying up, orchestrating a foolproof 20-year life plan that would end with them retiring together, and Ilya, hopefully, with a Canadian passport.

Ilya was trying to do the same, come up with a plan for their sake. Not only was his safety at stake, but also the chance that he would still be able to be with Shane, even if they had to maintain a long-distance relationship across the North American continent. Of course, his boyfriend's idea was much better.

He doesn't even have it in himself to tease him about it, not when the risk is Shane's eyes going wide and glassy, mouth set in a hard line, looking every bit like a kicked puppy. Or abandoned kitten.

“It was just a suggestion—”

“A stupid suggestion,” Shane grumbles, the corners of his mouth twitching into a frown. “Talk about it again, and I'm covering them for a week.”

“*Noooo*, they don't even treat prisoners this badly.” Ilya all but whines, pulling the other close till Shane relents and is pressed chest to chest with him. Ilya's hands come up to cradle his cheeks, fingers moving in slow strokes like he's trying to take off the imaginary concealer himself.

“Don't marry Svetlana.”

“Hollander, I won't marry Svetlana. If I ever marry for citizenship, it'll be with this short Canadian man I know, with stunning freckles.”

Shane inhales sharply, face going warm, the tips of his ears turning a beautiful shade of pink. “Okay,” Shane concedes, voice going breathless, “I won't hide them.”

Ilya sighs in relief. “Good.”

“For now. You're still suspended. Yellow card.”

Ilya lets out an affronted squawk, and then he's flipping them over until Shane is under him on the couch, landing with a soft *oof*. Ilya straddles him, hands making a beeline for his underarms to tickle him.

Shane shouts in return, hands coming to slap him away even as he throws his head back in laughter, his freckles darkening in contrast over rosy skin. Their laughter fills the air, warm and bright. Curses flying out of mouths with less bite and more care than either of them would ever admit out loud.

*I wanna love like you made me feel
When we were eighteen*

Not eighteen. Don't be ridiculous.

Seventeen.

End Notes

hello everyone, happy new years!

i hope this fic came out half as good as i had it imagined in my head.

spotify 2016 wrapped came out early december, for the sake of the story i had it moved to late december.

there are actually so many many western songs i feel like i couldve used (so badly wanted to use sugar by brockhampton) but i wanted to stick to the 2010 era to be book/tv show time accurate.

i actually created a playlist to help me organize my song choices LOL: [link](#)

also holy shit, "all the things he did" has like 100 comments on it guys wtf, thank you so much?? this fandom is so great, yall are so vocal and it really further pushes me to write more and better. my god.

thats all folks, hope u enjoyed.

songs mentioned:

- All I Do Is Win — DJ Khaled
- All I Ask — Adele
- Hotline Bling — Drake
- Needed Me — Rihanna
- Sorry — Justin Bieber
- Montreal — The Weeknd
- Znaesh` Li Ty — MakSim
- 40 Gradusov — LOBODA
- It's All Set — Elvira T
- We Are Never Ever Getting Back Together — Taylor Swift
- Honeymoon Avenue — Ariana Grande
- Somebody That I Used to Know — Gotye (feat. Kimbra)
- I Wanna Be Yours — Arctic Monkeys
- 18 — One Direction

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