

I'll be Jane

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I'll be Jane

by [gurlsrool](#)

Summary

It's not going viral because Jane's true identity was exposed—or even because Ilya was blatantly sexting in public. That part's as expected as Shane doing yoga or any human being on earth breathing.

No, the texts are going viral because no one can believe how bad this “Jane” is at sexting.

The women of the world are outraged. The men of the world are baffled. No one can understand why Ilya Rozanov, whose abs have their own fan club, is wasting his time on ‘a piece of cardboard that wished to be turned into a real girl’ (this particular joke has 300k likes and counting).

Or: After a social media trend mocks Shane's sexting skills, he tries to improve them. It goes about as poorly as you'd expect.

[Now available in Russian](#)

Notes

This borrows predominantly from show canon so no book knowledge required really. It takes place in a nebulous period of time post 2017 all star game, pre...literally everything else in that eventful year lmao

Thanks to user lastdanceandgo, this fic is [now available in Russian](#)

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [\[翻译\] 我来当Jane](#) by [Yening](#)

All things considered, they're lucky.

The texts don't reveal much. Not Shane's name, not his gender, not that he plays for the NHL.

By some insane luck or maybe divine intervention, they're safe. This weird, maddening, impossible to end *thing* is still theirs and theirs alone, even after Rozanov was stupid enough to get their texts photographed at a fucking club.

Their very mortifying texts. The exchange now making the rounds on social media is relatively brief, even tame by Ilya's standards, but no less embarrassing.

Jane: Still doing your place next week, right?

Ilya: Yes

Ilya: Someone's eager

Jane: Shut up no I'm not

Ilya: My needy little cockslut

Jane: Don't call me that. Who taught you that anyways?

Ilya: I looked up a definition and there was a picture of you

Jane: Stop

Ilya: You are dying for my dick, I know

Ilya: You're so wet just thinking about taking it

Jane: No I'm not

Ilya: You can't pretend when last time you spent two hours begging for it

Jane: Two minutes maybe

Ilya: Two hours. I would never forget seeing you so whiny and desperate

Jane: Shut up

Ilya: Don't worry I won't make you beg this time. Has been too long

Jane: Yeah

Ilya: What do you want first? Should I let you ride me or should I fuck your throat?

Jane: I don't know. Either's fine I guess

Ilya: Yes. Because you're a cockslut

Jane: Fuck off

It's not going viral because Jane's true identity was exposed—or even because Ilya was blatantly sexting in public. That part's as expected as Shane doing yoga or any human being on earth breathing.

No, the texts are going viral because no one can believe how bad this “Jane” is at sexting.

The women of the world are outraged. The men of the world are baffled. No one can understand why Ilya Rozanov, whose abs have their own fan club, is wasting his time on ‘a piece of cardboard that wished to be turned into a real girl’ (this particular joke has 300k likes and counting).

There's a hashtag for it and everything, which Shane spends far more time scrolling through than he cares to admit.

81 Winona @winonar3ads4

So Ilya "Big Dick" Rozanov tells you “don't worry, I won't make you beg. It's been too long” and your only response is "Yeah" ?? YEAH? PUT ME IN COACH #IllBeJane

lucy 99 @iluvlucosey

I kinda think those texts are fake because no way would Rozanov waste his time on the human equivalent of paint drying, but on the off chance they're real #IllBeJane

Meghan @meghanmodelz

I'll throw my hat in the ring!! I'm a former Victoria's Secret model and #IllBeJane any day of the week :)) call me the next time you play LA @IlyaRozanovWins 🙌

steph @stephaknee2

Are those texts sexist? Sure. Would I still respond to them in ways that would get me permanently banned from this platform if I typed them out rn? Absolutely #IllBeJane

Finn @finnadmirals111

I fucking hate Boston but I feel bad for Rozanov. Yeah, he was being crass, but those replies are dryer than saltine crackers. Block and move on my man #IllBeJane #NotReallyThough #NoHomo

dove <3 @rozsbeartattoo

Ilya Rozanov could call me ANYTHING and I'd say "yes sir" with a smile. Shut up would NEVER be in my vocabulary around that ass #IllBeJane

Sierra @sierradelphia

Honey what do you mean you have the hottest man in history in your DMs ready to fuck you into next week and the best you can come up with is “I don’t know, either’s fine”?? Gimme a turn, I VOLUNTEER AS TRIBUTE #IllBeJane

Matt @mattknowshockey

Man, I’m a straight dude and I could do a better job than that. #IllBeJane

I’ll Be Jane. It’s trending in Canada. Not as high up the list as Beyoncé’s pregnancy announcement, but it’s still on there. At number *four*.

And it’s not even a good hashtag. It doesn’t work since you have to leave out the apostrophe in I’ll. It looks like they’re saying “ill be Jane”, like they’re casting an old timey curse to give him the plague or something.

He tries his best to focus on this grammatical offense and not the heated tug in his gut as he boards the team plane. Idly, his thumb scrolls the hashtag, past one bikini model after another.

All these gorgeous women with pouty lips and giant boobs are volunteering to be *him*. Not just to sleep with Rozanov, no, that’s not enough. They want to personally take Shane’s place in Ilya’s phone, his fantasies, his bed.

He can’t even muster up the energy to be pissed at Rozanov for sexting in public without bothering to conceal his screen. Well, he definitely can later, because seriously, what the hell was he thinking?

But right now all he feels is blood rushing to his ears and the weighted certainty that these women are right. They would be better for Ilya—in every conceivable way.

He sits down and pulls his hood up over his head, like that will serve as a barrier between him and his teammates. He’s terrified that somehow, they know. That they read those texts and heard them in his voice.

He side-eyes Hayden settling in beside him, searches for any hint of recognition on his face. It wouldn’t require a massive leap to figure it out. Jane rhymes with Shane. Rozanov, quite famously, lives in the same city as Boston Lily.

God, they couldn’t have mixed up the names more? How stupid are they? He’s convinced that the first time Rozanov sucked his dick, he swallowed 30% of Shane’s brain.

Hayden nods at him. “So?”

“So?”

“Are we finally doing this? Taking your Ocean’s Eleven virginity?” Right. The movie they texted about two days ago. That’s all.

“Yeah. Totally.”

“I still can’t believe you haven’t seen it. I love David and Yuna, but they failed you, man.”

“I only really watch movies on planes,” Shane says.

“You do realize that’s an objectively deranged sentence, right?”

Shane laughs, squeezes his eyes shut for a second, savoring that he still has this. That he hadn’t typed out the unspoken “after our game” when he asked Ilya if they were on for next week. That Ilya hadn’t called him the second best player in the league or mocked his backhand.

For now, he still has Hayden and J.J. and his team. They don’t hate his guts.

They do, however, hate Ilya’s.

“Do you think Rozanov gets off on this shit?” Charlie, one of the rookies says loudly. Because they’re discussing the texts. Of course they’re discussing the texts in a confined place that Shane physically can’t leave. “Like negging or whatever.”

“This isn’t negging,” Miity says from two rows back. “It’s flat out rejection. That girl wants nothing to do with him.”

“No shit,” Wiles pipes up. “If I called my wife a cockslut, she’d have me by the balls. Of course she shut him down.”

Shane almost rises to his feet and thanks him. Exactly! You don’t just let Ilya Rozanov call you a *cockslut*. No matter how hot he is.

“Yeah, but she’s fucking Rozanov,” Charlie says. “Comes with the territory.”

Shane frowns. What, so he just has to accept being called a cockslut? Not even a slut. A *cockslut*.

Like Ilya absolutely had to clarify that the sluttiness is cock specific. And sure, maybe sometimes it is, but that doesn’t mean he had to say it. In writing. In full view of some asshole with a camera that has impeccable zoom.

“Totally,” J.J. agrees, which only makes Shane’s frown deepen. “Of course he’s even a dick to his three hundred girlfriends. No surprise there.”

“You just gotta wonder what this girl looks like,” Charlie says. “She’s boring as hell. She must be hot as fuck for him to put up with *that*.”

Shane pulls the strings of his hoodie tighter, hopes they conceal his wince. There’s that word again. The same one used by his fans, haters, directors on shoots of all his brand deals.

The directors never say it outright, of course, too afraid he’ll never work with them again. But they imply it. *Can we get something a little more...dynamic, Shane? A little less one dimensional?*

One dimensional. As if he's flat. As if he's cardboard.

The whole world thinks so. Even Ilya does. The word never felt as loaded when he used it, but now Shane can't help but wonder about all the girls in his phone. How interesting they must be.

"Well, I like seeing the asshole put in his place," Hayden says, elbowing Shane and jostling him back into the conversation. "Right Shane?"

"Uhh," Shane says eloquently.

"And hey, just another way you beat Rozanov," Hayden says in a quieter voice. "Lily's way filthier."

Shane chokes so hard on nothing that J.J. comes across the aisle to give him the heimlich.



They don't get the chance to talk about it until he touches down in New York. Until he turns off airplane mode to two waiting texts.

Well, three technically. His mom always asks if he's landed yet.

Lily: Have you heard the news?

Lily: My Jane is very boring. Is making headlines

Shane: I thought the news was that you shouldn't be sexting me in public

Shane: Seriously, what the fuck?

Lily: Club was boring. Even boring sexy texts were more interesting

Shane: That could have been so much worse and you know it

Lily: Good thing you are so wet

Lily: Any other man I would say hard. Give us away.

Lily: But you're always so nice and wet for me. So desperate

A hand hits his arm. He startles. "Time to deplane," Hayden says. "You can beat Rozanov in the sexting race later."

Shane blushes, texts off a tried and true, "*Fuck off.*"

He doesn't see Ilya's reply until after he's deplaned and gotten some distance from Hayden and J.J.

I don't think this is what you want.

He doesn't plan on bringing it up to Rose.

But he also didn't plan on drinking two glasses of wine. They're in a private room at some swanky restaurant. The decor is all gold and so gaudy.

Ilya would hate it, would make some stupid joke about it that Shane would try not to laugh at. He'd fail in the end, of course. He always does.

"Okay, what's going on?"

"Hmm?"

"You just sighed for the sixth time since we've gotten here," Rose says. "It's been less than an hour. Is my company that awful?"

"No!" It's his first time seeing her in person since the breakup, and he doesn't want her to think that it's going to be weird, transitioning to friendship. It feels the opposite of weird, actually. It feels right. So for her sake, he manages to blurt out the truth. Or an entryway to it, anyway. "I'm dealing with...something. Something complicated."

Okay, that's basically nothing, but for him it's a lot.

She reaches out, squeezes his hand tight. "Whatever it is, you know I'm here for you, Shane."

"It's not—it's not a big deal. It's just...there's this guy."

Her eyes light up. He chews the inside of his cheek so hard he's pretty sure it'll scar. "Um, tell me everything!"

"I can't. I mean, he's closeted too. And it's just...it's casual." God, it feels awful to actually say that out loud. It's not a lie, but it may as well be for how badly he wishes it was.

"Casual?" She raises her eyebrows. "Who are you and what have you done with Shane Hollander?"

"It can't be anything more," he says. "It's too..."

"Complicated?" she echoes. He nods. "Okay. And you're upset that you feel like it can't be serious?"

Shane bristles. There's no *feels like*, it's just the reality. Ilya made that much clear during all-star weekend. "No. I mean, yes. But it's...he doesn't live near me and lately I've just been thinking that I...I'm not the best at texting."

"Aww." Her lips lift into a small smile. "That's all? You're busy, sure, but you've always been great about texting back when you can."

“No.” God, he wishes it were that simple. He grabs his wine glass, chugs half of it. “No, I mean yes, but I mean—I mean that I’m bad at...like. You know.”

“Please just say it.” She lets out a sigh of her own, like she’s exhausted by him, which is fair. He’s exhausted by him. “I promise whatever it is won’t bite you.”

“Sexting,” he whispers.

“Oh!” Rose says. Then, she laughs. Hysterically.

“It’s not funny,” he grumbles.

“It’s not!” she says through a fit of giggles. “No, it’s not that, it’s just—you looked like you were about to tell me he shot your dad or something. Not that you’re mediocre at sexting.”

“I’m not mediocre,” he says. “Mediocre implies I can do it at all. I mean, you know I can’t.”

They sexted once or twice when they were together. It was...abysmal feels too generous of a word. It probably didn’t help that he spent half the time trying desperately not to think of Ilya, which he always managed to do until five seconds before he came.

“Yeaah,” she says. He groans. “No, you were a perfect gentleman! Maybe too much of a gentleman. Remember when I asked if you wanted a tit pic and you said ‘sure, if you’d like to send one’?”

“Oh God,” he says. “I’m so sorry.”

“I’ve heard way worse.” She waves a hand. “And that’s just because you’re gay, right? It must be different with your mystery man.”

“I mean...” He doesn’t know how to tell her that in a way, he’s even worse. He just wants it so badly that he doesn’t know what to do with himself, let alone how to put the desire into words.

Sexting Rose felt like if someone threw goalie pads at him and put him in the net tomorrow. Like being cast in the wrong part.

Sexting Ilya is like...like that moment in game seven of the finals, when there’s three seconds on the clock but you’re two ahead, so you know it’s over. That in a few more breaths, the Cup will be yours.

It’s that vibrating anticipation. That excruciating promise. That guarantee that as soon as he steps foot on Boston soil, he’ll get to have Ilya—even if only for a night.

“Alright.” Rose holds her hand out. “Give me your phone. I need to know what we’re working with.”

“No.”

“No?”

“I can’t...It’s too...” That would be like letting her see him naked. Again.

“Fine. We’ll have to roleplay then. So what would you say if he said,” she pitches her voice unnervingly low, “Can’t wait to have my big, massive dick inside you next week.”

“He doesn’t talk like that.”

“All men talk like that. Come on. What would you say?”

“I don’t know.” Shane fiddles with the hem of his shirt. “I’d tell him to fuck off, probably.”

“Shane.” She looks at him like his mom does when she catches him wearing his old Nikes. “Do you actually like this guy?”

“Yes.”

“And he’s hot? And nice?”

“Sure,” he says. At least one of those things is true.

“Then show him that. Think about what you want from him, what you want to do *for* him, and embellish.”

“Embellish?”

“Yeah,” she says. “No one’s totally honest when they’re sexting. Like if he asks what you’re wearing, you say no shirt and gray sweatpants even if you’re wearing some stuffy outfit your mom picked out for you.”

“Okay...” Shane frowns down at his current outfit picked out by his mom. That makes no sense to him. Why would Ilya ask what he was wearing if he didn’t want an honest answer?

He’s not sure he’d want a lie himself. He wouldn’t really need one, since anything Ilya wears is hot to him. The last time Shane saw him, Ilya was wearing a Hawaiian shirt that looked better suited for a surfing cartoon character. And Shane still found himself thinking, *I want to lick him*.

“And be extra eager. Like, no one *loves* sucking dick but when you’re sexting, you’ve gotta act like it’s like the best part of your day.”

“Oh.” Shane blinks. Okay, now he’s *really* confused. Sucking dick *is* the best part of his day. Besides being on the ice, it’s basically the only thing that turns his brain off.

“And definitely don’t tell him to fuck off. This isn’t a hockey game, you know? Keep the chirps on the ice.”

He’s unable to stop himself from laughing at the irony. Their food comes, thank God, and they move on to talking about Rose’s latest drama with a co-star while they eat.

After they fight over the check (Shane wins), Rose says, “One thing.”

“What?”

“Tell me one thing about this man of yours. He must be really special if you’d brave talking about sexting with me.”

Shane thinks of gentle hands and sharp wit and shower damp curls framing a somehow perpetual eye twinkle. How can he answer that? How can he possibly pick one?

“I feel like I can be my true self around him,” he admits finally, because somehow that’s easier than trying to sum up Ilya Rozanov.

“Maybe,” Rose says softly, “it’s more than just casual then?”

She has the decency not to push when he doesn’t answer.



That night, buzzing from three glasses of wine and the thrill of kind of sort of talking about Ilya, Shane does research.

Lots and lots of research.

He reads articles on Cosmo and BuzzFeed and even Women’s Health about how to sext, how to make a man “go wild” with lust using a few words.

It’s thanks to this research that he realizes something alarming. He never initiates. Only Ilya does.

Maybe it’s time he changes that. Cosmo says that sexts are more thrilling if you receive the first one, which makes sense.

He takes a deep breath, grateful he’s not sharing a room with Hayden tonight.

Some of the articles recommended leading with something you miss from your sexting partner. Something only they can provide.

It seems too much too soon to confess that he wants Ilya to fill him up, to fuck him so hard he can feel it reverberate through his skull, wants the occasional graze of that gold chain to be the only thing connecting him to this mortal plane.

So he starts off simple: *I miss your gorgeous mouth on my neck.*

He sends it. No preamble. No hi. Just the plain, honest truth.

He throws his phone across the bed. Thirty seconds later, he scrambles to pick it back up so he can watch for Ilya’s response.

Dots appear. Disappear. Appear again.

Lily: Who is this?

Shane's jaw drops. What the fuck? He knows he's not the only person Rozanov's seeing, probably not the only one he's sexting on any given night, but really? He can't be bothered to check the contact name?

He almost types, *it's Jane you dumbass*, but Rose's voice comes to him, loud and clear. No chirping.

What would Ilya say? What would any human being who knows how to sext say?

Shane: The same person who's going to get on their knees for your perfect dick in a few days

There. That's good, right? The articles said to bring up giving more than receiving. That seems backward knowing Ilya, but whatever.

It's a good text. He did good. It's on par with some of the other women on Ilya's phone, he thinks. Or at least, he hopes.

But then, his phone rings, Lily's contact filling the screen.

He stares at it dumbly. They don't do this. Ever. Is there an emergency or something? Or was Ilya so turned on he just had to call?

Hesitantly, Shane answers.

"Who is this?" Ilya says, sharp, impatient. "Where did you find this phone?"

"Uhh...what?"

"Hollander?" He sounds shocked. Why does he sound shocked that Shane's answering his own phone?

"Yeah? Who else would it be?"

"I thought your phone was stolen." Ilya pauses. "Oh, are you drunk?"

"No?" He's been reading articles for so long that the wine buzz has pretty much worn off completely.

"Why do you sound weird then?"

"I don't!"

"Okay." He falls silent long enough that Shane can hear noise in the background. A thumping bassline. A woman's laughter. His stomach twists. "What's going on, Shane?"

"Nothing."

"Okay," he says again. A woman calls Ilya's name, lighter, looser than Shane ever could. "I have to go then. Goodbye."

"Bye?"

He hangs up. Shane stares at the ceiling, trying and failing to figure out where he went so wrong.



The press asks Rozanov about it.

Of course they do. The press doesn't care if Shane has a heart attack and collapses on the locker room floor. They'd probably like that, it would make good news.

"So, about this Jane," a reporter says coyly. Shane can't even grimace to his full potential, because he's watching on a phone with at least six of his teammates. "Can we expect to see her in the crowd anytime soon?"

"Maybe," Ilya says. He's shirtless and sweaty and smirking and maybe that's the worst part. That even now, Shane's too attracted to him to truly hate him. "I have many fans, but she is the biggest. Hi Jane!" He blows a kiss at the camera.

Shane eats his words. He hates this man. This gorgeous, infuriating man. He's overcome by the urge to punch a wall.

"Jesus," Miity laughs, a stark reminder that it's not just him and phone-Rozanov here and he shouldn't punch said wall. Even if he really, really wants to. "What an asshole. Who calls their girl a *fan*?"

"So it's serious?" the reporter asks. Shane hates himself for it, but he holds his breath.

"Yes, her obsession with me is very serious. She says I am the best hockey player in the world. She's right, of course." *This asshole.*

"How do you respond to the fans who say they'd gladly take her place?" another reporter chimes in.

"I can't believe they're allowed to ask about this," Hayden mutters. Shane sends out a silent agreement.

"They will have to take that up with my Jane." Rozanov shrugs.

"What do you have to say to Jane, if she's watching?"

"Oh, she's watching," Ilya says, smug as ever. Shane's fists tighten around his water bottle. "Jane, I won for you today. In a few days, I will beat Montreal for you."

The entire locker room starts jeering. Shane has to lean in close to hear Ilya's last line. "Text you later," he says with a wink. Shane swallows.

"God," Hayden says, "I can't believe Rozanov has a serious girlfriend. I guess hell's frozen over."

Shane's head snaps up from where Ilya's now answering standard questions about his game against Ottawa. "What? He didn't say it was serious."

"He may as well have. He was blushing and shit."

"Yeah, and that's gonna clear most of his roster," Miity says, "talking about one girl like that."

In spite of everything, Shane smiles.



As promised, Ilya texts him.

Lily: Like my interview?

It's an opening. A pass he won't flub, not this time.

Shane: I liked seeing you all hot and bothered for me, yeah

Ugh, just sending it makes him sort of sick. He wants to say, "No, actually, I hated it".

He wants to say, "Why the fuck did you tell them any of that?"

He wants to say, "I'm gonna beat you, asshole".

Instead, he's being *nice*. He's openly, earnestly, without a hint of irony, hitting on Ilya Rozanov. It feels awful.

Lily: I wish they asked me about how you are a cockslut. I would tell them how pretty you look, whimpering for my dick

Whimpering? Shane doesn't *whimper*. He pushes down every natural instinct to fight. Takes one deep breath, then two.

Shane: It's not my fault it makes me feel so good

Ew. He wants to die. People do this? He feels disgusting, like he played a tough game and didn't shower after. Sure, he likes stroking Ilya's dick, but that doesn't mean he wants to stroke his ego.

Ilya: So good that you would give up one of your Cup wins just for a chance to suck it, yes?

Shane staggers back from his phone. He's barefoot and wearing a thin T-shirt, but he almost walks outside just like this, lets the cold dark nothing of a Montreal winter consume him.

He knows it's a joke, but it's a sick one. Shane wouldn't give up his Cup rings for anything. Not for a billion dollars, not for every player in the league going on record saying Shane Hollander is better than they are, certainly not to suck Ilya Rozanov's dick.

The only thing he can see himself retroactively giving up a Cup for is world peace, and even then he'd hesitate first.

He forms his hand into a fist and resists the urge to bite down on it. He needs to pivot here, shift the course of the conversation completely.

Shane: Is it hard right now?

Lily: Maybe

Lily: Is yours? Must be so wet. Will need a straw the next time I see you

Shane's nose scrunches up. Ew, what the fuck? Of course he's not hard. This is awful.

Usually, Ilya tells Shane how he wants to fuck him and Shane tells him to fuck off. The more he says to fuck off, the more Ilya describes what he wants to do to Shane.

By the third or so text, Shane gives in and jerks off. Or, if the texts come in when he's out, he reads them again as soon as he's alone and gets off in under five minutes.

At this rate, he's pretty sure they'll be here all night. But maybe this is what sexting is supposed to be? Like virtual foreplay. The slow build is good. Probably.

What's he supposed to say though? That he's softer than mashed potatoes right now?

Wait, no, he can lie. Rose told him he should.

Shane: Yeah, I'm rock hard

Shane: and leaking

Ilya: Of course. So good for me.

Okay. That's kind of hot, at least. Enough for Shane to start palming around down there, looking for signs of life. But then Ilya texts again and ruins everything.

Ilya: I'll do that thing with my mouth you like if you throw the game next week

Throw the game?! What the fuck?

Betting on their games is normal, of course. The last time Boston beat Montreal, Ilya edged him for nearly two hours after.

The winner gets a prize, and Ilya's choice tends to be torturing Shane until he's incoherent in two languages.

Shane's choice tends to be getting what he wants, when he wants it, taking the power back and making Ilya fuck him hard without drawing it out.

Shane's way comes with the added benefit of having more time after. Time to just *be*, to cuddle, and talk, and laugh til his ribs hurt. Once when Montreal won, they got off in half an

hour, then gossiped about other NHL players like teenagers at a sleepover. It was glorious.

All of this to say: bets are commonplace. Asking the other to throw a game, even as a joke, is unheard of.

Like, so unheard of that Shane's going to puke. But he has to remain hot. Sexy. He has a goal and when he has a goal, he doesn't back down. It's why he has two Cups and a silver Olympic medal.

Shane: I'm pretty sure I can think of other ways to convince you :)

There. He didn't say he'd throw a game for Ilya, he could never say that.

But he didn't say what he really wanted to, which was "go fuck yourself".

He kept it coy. Flirty. Sensual. He even included that little smiley face to mask his rage.

So he's pretty confused when Ilya never texts back.



Three days.

There are three days between Shane's second earnest attempt at sexting and the game against Boston.

Three days spent rereading those texts, wondering where he went wrong.

But he *didn't* go wrong. He knows that. He listened to all the articles, he followed Rose's advice, he was *good*.

So why did Rozanov disappear in the middle of the conversation?

"You look like shit," Hayden says when he gets on the plane. Shane squeezes his eyes shut, flips him off. "Dude, what's up?"

"Nothing," Shane mutters, "just tired."

What is he supposed to say? *I think somehow, trying to charm the pants off of 'Boston Lily' blew up our whole non-relationship?*

He doesn't even know if Ilya still wants to see him tonight. He's been too scared to text and ask, but once he gets on the ice and that 81 enters his field of vision, he knows he has to. At the very least so he can get the rejection over with and focus on the damn game.

He skates up to where Ilya's crouched on the ice stretching, nods at him in the most bro-like way he can muster. It's harder than usual, considering all he wants to do is fall into his arms. "Still on for tonight?"

It's been long enough that Shane knows when Ilya's surprised. It's a subtle thing, his mouth forming the tiniest O. He saw it the first time he came untouched, has seen it a small handful of times since. Most recently, when he said he and Rose weren't compatible.

"You want to be?" Ilya asks quietly.

"Yes? Of course."

"Okay," Ilya says. "I'll text you the code. Let yourself in."

"Okay."

"Okay," Ilya says again, and Shane skates off.

"What the hell did Rozanov want?" Hayden asks.

Shane shrugs. He honestly has no clue.



Montreal wins, no thanks to Shane. Miity worked his ass off to keep pucks out and deserves all the glory, something Shane makes sure to tell him three times over.

"I have the room to myself tonight, right?" Hayden asks as soon as they get to the locker room.

"Yeah. I may come back early, but..." Shane says, because he honestly has no clue how tonight's gonna go. His whole chest burns just thinking about it.

Hayden groans. "Please don't. Stop trying to be a bigger playboy than Rozanov and spend the night at this poor girl's house, will you?"

"You just want the room to yourself," Shane grumbles.

"Obviously! I have three children and a pregnant wife. I'd sell my left leg for eight hours of uninterrupted peace and quiet."

"Oh yeah?" J.J. grins. "*That's* what you want the room for?"

"Shhh." Hayden slaps his hands over Shane's ears. "There are grown men who pretend to be virgins present."

Shane shoves him off. After a quick shower, he hops in a cab, fingers drumming on his thigh the whole way.

He double checks the code and lets himself in. The place is quiet. Ilya doesn't meet him at the door, doesn't even shout out a wry hello. They're new to letting themselves in, sure, but nothing about this feels normal.

He takes off his shoes and pads into the living room. He finds Ilya there, sitting on the couch in black sweatpants and a gray T-shirt, staring at a wall.

“Hey,” Shane says, because it seems nicer than *what the fuck is happening?* “Um. I hope you’re not taking the loss too hard?”

“Hollander,” Ilya says sharply. “Just do it, okay?”

“Do what?” Shane crosses the room hesitantly, sits on the couch. Ilya’s all Rozanov, his body language screaming *don’t fucking touch me*, so Shane doesn’t bother trying. No matter how much he wants to.

“End it.” Ilya’s voice is so quiet Shane barely hears it, wouldn’t if he wasn’t already looking at his lips pulled tight. “I know the text leak was too much for you. You want out. I understand. Fine.”

“What?” Shane blinks, his own jaw dropping. “I don’t—no, no way.”

Ilya’s eyes go, by his standards, impossibly wide. “Then why are you being so weird?”

“Weird?” Shane frowns. “I’m not being weird.”

Ilya looks at him like he’s an idiot. “I asked you to give up a Cup win. I asked you to throw a game. You did not tell me to fuck off.”

“What?” Shane says. “Well, yeah, because the articles said—“

“Articles? What fucking articles?”

Shane has no idea what’s happening, but he does know he has to explain this now, no matter how embarrassing it is. “After...everything that happened, I was trying to get better at sexting. For you. And Rose said I shouldn’t chirp in bed, and I read all these articles that said —“

Ilya laughs. A full body, all consuming laugh, like when Shane told him he got a stylist. “Oh fuck off,” Shane says. “It’s not funny.”

And then, Ilya only grins wider. It takes up his whole face. If it wasn’t so cute, it would be creepy.

Shane starts pulling further away, but Ilya darts a hand out, grips the back of his neck. “I thought you were leaving me. Ending this. Us.”

“What? Why would I do that?”

“Because I was stupid and someone saw our texts, posted them. I thought you got scared again.”

“I am scared,” Shane confesses. “I’m always scared. But I like being scared with you.”

Ilya leans in, kisses him hard. It feels like breathing. Like he's been underwater since the all-star game and finally, he's coming up for air.

"I thought maybe you did throw the game tonight," Ilya says. "You played so badly. Had to be on purpose, yes?"

"Oh fuck you!" Shane pushes his chest and Ilya pulls him back in for another kiss, still smiling. He's almost distracted enough not to ask. Almost. "Wait, hold on. You thought I was ending things because my sexting got better?"

"Better?" Ilya tightens his hands looped around Shane's neck. "You think that was better? Oh Hollander."

"It was totally better! I read articles and everything."

"I know." Ilya presses a kiss to his jaw. "Such a good student."

"But that actually made you think I was done?" Shane pushes, because Ilya's moving his lips to that tender spot beneath his ear. And fuck, he wants *more*, but he knows a diversion when he sees one.

Ilya sighs. "Shane. I told the whole world you are obsessed with me and you didn't threaten to kill me."

"I wanted to!" Shane practically yells. "I nearly flew to Boston to do it myself."

"Tell me more." Ilya smiles, nipping behind his ear like this is *doing it* for him. Even worse, it's definitely doing it for Shane.

"I was gripping my water bottle so tight I almost broke it," he says through a pant. "And you know I love my water bottle."

"The black one with the white lid?" Ilya asks. Shane nods, and Ilya tilts Shane's chin back, ghosting careful lips up his neck. "What a nightmare."

"You shouldn't talk about Jane."

"Why not?" Ilya says innocently, dropping a kiss to the hollow of Shane's neck. "She adores me. She thinks I'm the best hockey player ever."

"She does not! You're the third best hockey player active right now at most."

"Third?" Shane can feel Ilya's frown soft against his skin.

"After me," Shane says, already smirking, "and Scott Hunter."

Ilya pushes Shane hard until he's lying flat against the couch. "You take that back!"

"Haven't you seen? Hunter's on a hot streak these days."

“Do not ever use the word *Hunter* and *hot* in the same sentence,” Ilya says, moving to straddle Shane’s thighs, and Shane laughs.

“Maybe he would appreciate my texts. I should tell him I’ll get on my knees for him.”

He moves his hand, as if to grab his phone, and Ilya pins his wrist in place. “You don’t text anyone like that,” Ilya says so possessively that Shane, impossibly, gets harder. “Even me.”

“Even you?”

“I do not care what the articles say.” Ilya pulls Shane’s pants and briefs down roughly. “When I call you my fan to the whole world, you tell me to fuck off.”

“You *do* like when I’m mean to you.”

“No,” Ilya says, dropping his eyes like he can’t bear to meet Shane’s. “I like when you’re you.”

And Shane, well. Maybe Shane does whimper sometimes. On occasion.

“Now, are you going to shut up and let me reward you for your terrible win?” Ilya asks.

Shane tosses an arm behind his head. Right now, he’s happy to let Ilya’s mouth do the talking.



It starts, like most terrible things in Shane’s life, with a post.

anya unofficial @hollanoveru

wait, does anyone remember that #IllBeJane thing back in 2017? what are the odds that Jane was just a code name for Shane?

He thought he had prepared for every possible negative consequence of coming out and marrying Ilya, but apparently he missed one.

There’s no definitive proof, of course. But it’s the internet so that one idea, that one theory, snowballs. Massively.

Dawn @breakofdawn24

Reading those texts back now, it’s so fucking obvious omfg. More like #IllBeShane

steph @stephaknee2

Back then we were all like “why the fuck is Rozanov wasting time on the most boring girl on the planet?” and I’m staring at Hollander’s Calvin Klein shoot going oh BOY do I get it #IllBeJane #IllBeIlya tho

lucy 99 @iluvlucosey

okay well now that I know who he was texting #IllBeIlya any day of the week damn

Jake @croissantsncups

Anytime Rozanov credits his success to Hollander on social media, Hollander responds the same way: “shut up.” Yup, Jane’s our boy #IllBeJane

kj ²⁴ @kyliebluejeans

@ShaneHollander24 PLEASE forgive me for calling you "more boring than 8 straight hours of golf" in 2017!! I was trying to shit on your rival's love life, I had no idea you WERE the love life 🤦‍♀️ #IllBeJane #IllBeIlya

greyson + ° ❄ @m0therpuck3r17

If Vibes alone aren’t proof enough for you, you need to watch this interview from the #IllBeJane era where Rozanov mocks Jane for being a "fan" and says he’ll BEAT MONTREAL FOR HER

soph @freckleshanes

Oh yeah, I would happily accept a catty little “shut up” in response to every last one of my texts if they were coming from THOSE baby browns #IllBeIlya

bebe @moony4hollanov

Ilya Rozanov at the club, not flirting, not dancing, not picking up, just doing some weird little combo of rage baiting and sexting...that's what I call husband material baby #IllBeJane #IllBeIlya #BothBothIsGood

Jordan @twinkadjacent

I was like “okay but it could very well be some random woman” then my dumbass realized that Jane rhymes with Shane...they’re not even SUBTLE #IllBeJane

Just like that, I’ll be Jane is trending again, like a ghost that will never be fully exorcised. Only this time, I’ll be Ilya is trending along with it.

He ignores the posts (besides the few that Ilya reads aloud while he blushes), but he can’t ignore the texts.

Mom: I’ve sent two privacy screen protectors to your house. They black your phone out to anyone nearby. I should have gotten them for you boys years ago

Shane: Thanks. Can we just pretend this didn't happen and never speak of it ever?

Mom: Already the plan

Mom: Make sure Ilya puts his on immediately. I overnighted them

If that wasn't mortifying enough, Rose messages soon after.

Rose: This is why you asked me for sexting advice, huh?

Shane: Maybe

Rose: That's actually really sweet

Rose: But if I knew the full context, my answer would have been very different. Everyone knows you guys chirp as foreplay

Shane: Shut up

Rose: Stop sexting me, I'll tell your husband!

And of course, his group chat with Hayden and J.J.

Hayden: JANE?

Hayden: You do realize you could pick any names right?

J.J.: Not like we figured it out anyways, even when the texts leaked

Hayden: The rhyme is more obvious. I like to think I would have connected the dots if he was in Shane's phone as Lilya

J.J.: Whatever you need to tell yourself to sleep at night bud

J.J.: Also that's your first question? Not Shane, is that actually, seriously how you sext?

Hayden: I've met the man. Of course that's how he sexts

J.J.: It's terrible

Hayden: I'm fucking proud. All these beautiful women throwing themselves at Rozanov and he gets tamed into monogamy by a few "shut up"s from our boy

J.J.: Sure, but you do realize this also means Shane was seduced by the biggest asshole on the planet actively calling him a cockslut

Hayden: Oh no

Hayden: Shane WHY

Shane doesn't bother responding. Instead, he turns to Ilya, who's laughing at his phone. He tilts the screen to show Shane a text from Cliff Marleau.

Marleau: I figured out Shane was Jane forever ago. These kids are slow.

Shane shakes his head. “This is all your fault, you know. I still can’t believe you were sexting me in a *club*.”

“I wasn’t.”

“You can’t deny it. There are pictures.”

Ilya huffs out a breath. “Sweetheart, when I sent those texts I was fucking myself into a mattress. I was just reading them again at the club.”

“Oh. Really?”

“Yes. I reread your texts all the time back then.” Ilya smooths down a stray hair on Shane’s forehead. “Before I had you here every day, yelling at me about my socks and underwear.”

“It’s not hard to walk the extra foot and throw them in the hamper,” Shane grumbles, and Ilya smiles like he’s won something.

Ilya turns, goes back to scrolling, but Shane can’t stop watching him, playing his words back. “You were really touching yourself to those texts?” he asks.

“Yes? Of course. How is that surprising?”

Shane shrugs, fiddles with a loose string on Ilya’s shirt. “I mean, the internet’s not wrong. I was being boring.”

“You were being you,” Ilya says, putting his phone down. “There is nothing sexier. How many times do I have to tell you this? You’re a terrible listener.”

“Shut up,” Shane says, a small smile crossing his lips.

Ilya slaps a hand over his own chest. “Keep talking dirty to me.”

“Fuck off,” Shane says, leaning closer.

“Mmm, more.”

“Go fuck yourself.”

“No,” Ilya says. “I think I’ll fuck you instead.”

Once Ilya’s lips are a breath away from his, Shane whispers, “I love you.”

“That one.” Ilya throws his arms around Shane’s waist. “That one is my favorite.”

“I love you so much,” Shane whispers, the words behind the words, what he meant all along.

“I love you too.” Ilya hoists him up, carries him to the bedroom. “I’m going to fuck you so hard you’ll have to skip practice tomorrow, my cockslut,” he says, and Shane knows by now that that was always his way of saying it back.

End Notes

If you've read my other social media fics and think you recognized some of the usernames... yes, yes you did!

Thank you for reading! Comments are appreciated as much as Ilya appreciates a good "shut up" from Shane

Works inspired by this one

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