I Knew It, I Knew You

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by gothpandaotaku

Summary

> “ From the moment Shane had met Rozanov’s blue eyes and shaken his hand outside a building in Saskatchawan, Shane’s entire being Knew Rozanov.”
> “Shane’s very being Knew him.
> It was a ridiculous notion that Shane chose to ignore at the time, but that didn’t make it any less true.”
>
> OR a fluffy schmoopy songfic inspired by I Knew It, I Knew You by Taylor Swift.

Notes

> Like most things in my life since the moment I heard Teardrops on my Guitar, this fic is inspired by our Lord and Savior Taylor Swift.
> I listened to the song the second it dropped at midnight and within 10 seconds I kid you not I was sobbing thinking about Hollanov and here we are.
> If you could, please listen to the song while reading this I’d really appreciate it and that way you achieve maximum impact 🙏

See the end of the work for more notes

From the moment Shane had met Rozanov's blue eyes and shaken his hand outside a building in Saskatchawan, Shane's entire being Knew Rozanov.

Oh, Shane thought, I know him. I know you.

Not just from the grainy footage Shane had parsed through online or the reports from hockey sports journals or the few news reports Shane had managed to find from Russia.

Shane's very being Knew him.

It was a ridiculous notion that Shane chose to ignore at the time, but that didn't make it any less true.

From the draft to their hands touching over a water bottle and their very first indirect kiss to fumbling hands and lips in a hotel room it was terrifying. It felt like leaping off a cliff and not knowing if you'd survive the fall. And yet, Shane trusted that Rozanov would catch him. Trusted him with this secret, with his body, with his wellbeing when his brain was feeling all floaty after sex, and later with his heart.

Somehow, Shane Knew Rozanov could be trusted.

As their thing went on, they'd go months and months without seeing each other, almost a year without seeing each other once. When they did meet up, it was only a stolen few hours in between packed schedules and hotel curfews. They hardly spent much time together. And yet.

Every time the hotel door shut behind them and they were back in their own private little bubble, it was like no time had passed. As if only the space of a single breath had passed between kisses, instead of three four five months.

Ilya still Knew just the right things to say to push Shane's buttons, just the right way to kiss Shane breathless while fucking him at just the right spot to have him seeing stars and coming untouched.

One time Shane was pacing around the building he'd bought (as an investment and definitely not specifically for their meet ups, that was just a bonus) waiting for Rozanov to arrive. Shane felt a tug in the center of his chest and looked out the window. And there he was. Through the glow of the streetlight cutting through the dark Rozanov shot him the same grin he'd had at 17 as he walked up to the building.

It hit like a punch to the gut. Not the first one, but one of the hardest to ignore so far.

There were so many times Shane thought would be it. The last time. That he'd finally get Rozanov out of his system, or Rozanov would tire of him.

That never happened.

Even after months of silence. Even after trying to find the cure in the arms of Rose Landry. Even after the death of a father.

When it mattered, Ilya still sat next to him in that Hawaiian shirt and smiled that carefree unguarded smile as he laughed about Shane having a stylist. It was one of Shane's favorite smiles he'd ever seen.

Over the years, Shane had spent a lot of time in hotel rooms. Family vacations and of course road trips for hockey games. He was used to the feeling of sharing a hotel room with his family (as a kid and teenager at least) or typically Hayden for away games.

Shane was a man of routine, so waking up in a bed that wasn't his own never stopped being disorienting no matter how many times he was forced to do it.

Except when he was with Rozanov.

They didn't sleep over after their hookups, but sometimes after a particularly vigorous bout of sex they'd doze for a little bit. Shane continued to pretend those cat naps weren't the best sleep he ever got in a hotel room.

The warmth of Rozanov's body next to him. The vibration of his slow deep breathing. The sound of his footsteps as he puttered around the room.

Sometimes during those short cat naps, Shane would dream. He never remembered what his dreams were about, but whenever he woke up he wasn't disoriented at all. He knew exactly where he was, down to the room number, and that the footsteps were distinctly Rozanov's.

Time passed, and they become something more, something that was everything, and Shane never lost that. The sound of Ilya's footsteps puttering around the room or clambering through the kitchen making breakfast, sometimes without a care sometimes soft to try and let Shane sleep, became one of Shane's favorite sounds.

Shane got to know every single one of Ilya's moods. Happy, hungry, horny (a lot), tired, sick, drunk, , silly, bored, angry, sad, jealous, lonely, depressed. He'd seen Ilya in every state imaginable.

If he was paying close enough attention, he could usually tell what kind of day it was going to be by the set of Ilya's shoulders or the planes of his beautiful sleeping face. The thought of knowing Ilya's mood before Ilya himself so he could prepare and anticipate Ilya's needs made waking up early even more worthwhile.

It wasn't a perfect system of course. Ilya still had bad days. Sometimes Shane got too caught up in his own head to notice the signs.

The first sign was Ilya's smile growing just a little too tight, not reaching his eyes. His eyes going blank and not filled with mischief or curiosity or even love like usual when he looked at Shane. Then came the silence. Ilya would answer with just one word instead of full sentences or even just grunt in response, in an effort not to snap at Shane. Shane understood,

Shane knew what he meant even when he did very rarely snap at Shane. He didn't hold it against Ilya at all and knew Ilya beat himself over it. Sometimes Shane couldn't help but snap right back and immediately regret it. Apologies in the form of breathless words between kisses were in order after that.

A sleepless night was the last sign, and Shane knew Ilya likely wouldn't be able to get out of bed the next day.

But that was okay. Shane would have a steaming mug of tea at the ready. He'd allow Anya on the bed to cuddle. And he'd be there to hold Ilya as much as he needed.

Ilya didn't like silence, so Shane would play music softly from a playlist on Ilya's phone or have the tv playing quietly, or even read the book he was currently reading out loud to Ilya.

One morning Shane would wake up and take Anya with him on an early morning run. He'd walk back up to their home sweaty and exhausted from trying to wear Anya out.

And there Ilya would be, eagerly waiting for him by the window, mouthing "Hi," with the same unguarded smile he'd worn since seventeen. Welcoming Shane home like when they'd been separated for weeks or months, instead of just the length of their sleep.

Shane walked a little faster.

X

Shane knew Ilya would make a perfect father.

Knew it by the way he played with the Pike kids like he was having the time of his life. By the way he held a baby like they were the most precious thing in the world. By the gentle tone of his voice when he greeted a young fan at events. Knew it in his bones.

But he was less sure about himself.

The Pike kids always went to Ilya first. Shane knew he wasn't exactly maternal. He was always a little awkward around kids.

A tiny voice in the back of Shane's mind worried that when they had their baby, of course they would prefer Ilya. Shane made his peace with that, and tried not to think about it too much. Honestly, Shane preferred Ilya's company to his own too.

Ilya loved to talk and sing directly to Shane's pregnant stomach. It was probably his new favorite pastime. There was no doubt that the baby would recognize Ilya's voice.

But would they know Shane's?

Would Shane hold their baby and just know them like every mother seemed to?

On a cold snowy December morning Shane gave birth to a healthy 9 pounds 8 ounces baby boy.

The nurse gently laid the bundle of warmth in Shane's arms and he looked at their baby that had grown inside him for nine months, for the first time.

Shane gasped.

Oh.

The slope of Ilya's nose in miniature form. The thatch of curls the exact same shade as his own. The set of Ilya's eyes.

While looking into their familiar eyes, he lifted a trembling hand and the baby held his finger and cooed.

I Knew It

I Knew You.

End Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING! I hope this fic makes sense and wasn't too disjointed or anything. And of course because I'm me I had to include pregnant Shane. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE *Sabrina Carpenter voice* leave a comment below letting me know your thoughts! I'd love to hear your thoughts! I live and die by your comments, please leave a comment below!
Follow me on twitter @onyxnight1989 for more hollanov and pregnant shane content! My friend and I are hosting a pregnant Shane Week in a few months!

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