

Hobbies for Shane Hollander

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Hobbies for Shane Hollander

by [Pandaocceanexplorer](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander is autistic and Ilya loves that about him. But Shane never understands why perfectly normal behavior is 'cute' to Ilya.

Notes

I wrote this during a grad school lecture, so please excuse occasional mistakes. This is inspired by a dream I had! I intend to add more later, but it is a stand alone for now :). Comments always appreciated!!

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

Chapter 1

1.

Ilya had memorized his boyfriend's schedule. Shane woke up at the same time every day. He ate the same breakfast, went on a run at six am on the dot, and god help anyone who got in Shane's way. Messing with his schedule was tantamount to sabotaging Shane's health, at least in Shane's eyes.

So Ilya immediately noticed when a new section of Shane's routine was implemented. Every day around 8 PM, Shane pulled out his computer and studied the screen intently, occasionally typing with a cute focus wrinkle between his eyebrows. If Ilya tried to distract him, Shane banned him from the room. He had important 'work' to do, after all. At first, he assumed the 'work' involved sponsorships or charity details. Yet he already had a slot in his schedule for that work, so Ilya needed to investigate.

Shane tried to shew Ilya away when he sidled up to his side. Ilya promised to remain silent, making the motion for zipping his lips. Shane looked at him suspiciously but begrudgingly went back to his work.

Ilya was delighted by what he found. At first, he just noticed a spreadsheet filled with explanations and numbers. There was a column of dates, a category of strategic moves and a column of plays. Shane wrote explanations for supposed errors, then translating those errors into his game stats.

Ilya opened his mouth to tease Shane, ready to tell him that they were in the off season. The moment he opened his mouth, Shane was already pushing him out the door. The lesson was clear—don't mess with Shane Hollander's spreadsheet time.

"Ilya! What is this?" Ilya heard his boyfriend yell from the bedroom just as he spit his toothpaste into the sink. He made sure to thoroughly wash the toothpaste to avoid Shane's ire. He was definitely not clean, but he did what he could to stop Shane's neat freak tendencies from flaring up.

"What is what, moya lyubov?" Ilya stood at the bedroom doorway, looking into the room as he leaned against the doorjamb. Shane picked up the framed photo next to Ilya's side of the bed, his expression a mixture of confusion and suspicion. Shane shook the photo. "Why did you print my spreadsheet? And why did you frame it?"

Ilya smiled, a mischievous grin slowly spreading across his face. "Can I not care about my boyfriend's hobbies?"

Shane finally settled on annoyance. "Hockey isn't a hobby, Ilya. It's our job."

Ilya snorted. "Yes. And it's your life." Shane cocked his head, confusion piquing once again. "It's our life. We're hockey players."

Ilya shook his head, his grin unflagging. “Hmm... how do you say? I play hockey for a living. You live to play hockey.” Before Shane could expound on the importance of hockey, Ilya continued. “But your spreadsheet is adorable. I could not resist, malysh.”

Aaaand Shane was back to annoyance. “Spreadsheets aren’t adorable, Ilya. They’re practical and informative. I’ve found an organized way to analyze my gameplay.”

Ilya took on a faux serious expression, his mouth occasionally trembling as a smile tried to take over again. “Yes, yes. Very practical. Very ‘fun.’ Very Shane Hollander.” Shane glared harder at Ilya’s air quotation marks around fun.

“It is fun!” Shane objected. Ilya nodded his head very sternly. “Yes, yes.” Shane suspiciously waited for Ilya to keep going. “It is Shane Hollander fun. It is very boring.”

Shane squawked in outrage. Before he could respond, Ilya pulled him into a hug. He smacked a big, loud kiss on Shane’s forehead, leaning back. “I love your spreadsheet. It was... nice enough that I framed it.”

Shane squinted his eyes in suspicion, leaning back in the cradle of Ilya’s arms. “Nice?”

“Adorable. But if you protest that word, I will call it nice.”

Shane shook his head, exasperated. “You know, it really is informative. I’ve learned a lot about what I need to practice.”

Ilya smiled amusedly. “I’m sure you have, moya Lyubov.” But are you aware it is the off-season right now?”

“Our job doesn’t end during breaks, Ilya. It’s just the buildup to next season.”

Ilya had to physically restrain himself from repeating “you live for hockey” again. He knew Shane might push himself out of Ilya’s arms if he said that.

Shane continued, inspiration alight in his eyes. “I could make you a spreadsheet if you want.” His talking started to pick up in speed, an uncommon occurrence indicating Shane’s level of excitement. “We could even make it together! We could watch some of your gameplay together, take notes, compare. It would actually be really—” Ilya kissed Shane intently, stopping his ramble.

“I do not need spreadsheet, Shane. But it is cute when you talk to me about yours.” Shane pouted a little bit, seemingly wanting to protest the ‘cute’ comment again.

“Well, let me know if you change your mind. It could really help you.” Ilya started to nod his head when a brilliant idea overtook him.

“Actually, I have excellent idea, Shane. You should make a spreadsheet for Hayden. He would probably appreciate that a lot.” Shane seemed intrigued by the idea.

“Why would you want me to do something to help Hayden?” Shane asked suspiciously. Ilya never wanted to help Hayden, unless it involved watching Hayden’s kids. But really, that was

more for Ilya's enjoyment than to help Hayden. And Ilya and Jackie were becoming quick friends to Hayden's dismay.

"He is your best friend! Maybe you can help him become 14th best hockey player." Shane pushed Ilya playfully, rolling his eyes. Shane started to turn away, heading towards the bathroom to get ready for the day. "Nooooo, Shaney. Send him one of your spreadsheets. Tell him it was my idea. He will appreciate it and Jackie will be happy that I am making peace with her husband."

Shane tossed a quick glare over his shoulder at being called Shaney. Ilya knew he loved it, but his prickly boyfriend always had to protest Ilya's verbal affection, otherwise he would get bashful. Then Ilya would tease him more.

"I suppose you did tell Jackie that you would try to be nicer to Hayden..." Shane trailed off, thinking hard about Ilya's motivation. "Okay. I'll send him one and tell him it's your idea. He might be suspicious though because you're usually an asshole."

Ilya grinned. "Yes. I am asshole. But sometimes I am funny asshole." Shane threw one more confused glance over his shoulder before closing the bathroom door.

One week later, Shane answered a very angry phone call on Ilya's behalf. He muted his mic for a moment, turning to Ilya with Hayden ranting on speaker phone.

Ilya Rozanov, professional ragebaiter, grinned wider than he had all week. "I guess he did not like your spreadsheet?" He said innocently.

2.

Ilya had been nagging Shane for over a month about getting a hobby unrelated to hockey. He was happy to support his boyfriend's special interest, but wanted him to have something separate from hockey for those times that the hockey world let Shane down.

Ilya was fully aware that coming out to his team was not easy for Shane. Some of Shane's teammates didn't react outwardly but treated Shane more stiffly. Others seemed supportive or showed no difference. And then there were the few that outright ostracized Shane, whispering slurs under their breath when he walked past. The latter were the loudest, so the small support Shane received did little to lessen the negativity. Hayden had expressed his outrage over dinner after one of Shane's teammates loudly made a homophobic joke the moment Shane entered the locker room. Shane denied its effect out loud, but Ilya knew it hurt Shane deeply to be treated differently by his teammates.

Ilya was reasonably worried that when Shane and Ilya eventually came out as a couple, Shane would be ostracized by even more of his teammates. Not to mention the pressure that the hockey world put on Shane. He always felt the pressure of high performance because of his race, both from his mom and the media. Compounded with Shane's way of processing the

world, he was quick to be overwhelmed by change and attention, positive or negative. Ilya wanted his partner to have some sort of hobby outside of hockey, something to turn to if (and when) the hockey world rejected him.

Ilya obviously planned to be there for Shane to rely on, but he knew he couldn't fill the space that a special interest could. Hockey was life for Shane. Hockey was the steady platform that Shane built himself upon. His identity, his happiness, his stability were all wrapped up in his love of hockey. While Ilya would always support Shane's love for hockey, he was worried about the day that Shane no longer played hockey. And he was terrified by the possibility that their relationship would topple the stability that hockey offered Shane.

So Ilya was determined to find a hobby for Shane, maybe even more than one, so that Shane would have something else to rely on.

Shane claimed that he already had hobbies. He liked running, yoga, general exercise, reading, and, if he was feeling crazy, to play a video game with Ilya. While running and yoga were great, Ilya pointed out that much of Shane's exercise regimen was refined to his hockey performance. The video game they played was almost always MLH hockey. And Shane only read books about hockey. He didn't fault Shane for having hobbies that all tied back to his special interest, but it only emphasized his point further.

When Shane told Ilya that he had found a hobby, Ilya was enthused. He was ready to jump headfirst into it with Shane. Without even asking more information, he happily told Shane that he would join Shane in whatever his new hobby was.

Ilya had not realized, at the time, what he would be agreeing to. Shane was obviously pleased and pulled out his own laptop, setting it up alongside Ilya's computer. Ilya sat down ready to learn about Shane's new hobby. He blinked at the screen for a moment, dread rising in his soul.

"Shane, moya lyubov, I think you have brought me to wrong website." Shane glanced over, checking the screen over Ilya's shoulder.

"No, this is the right website. Let me just grab my mouse and we can get started together!" Shane walked over to the bedroom to grab his bag, almost gleeful.

Ilya took a deep breath, summoning all his acting skills. Even if it was not his idea of a fun hobby, even if he could see a connection to hockey in it, he could still be supportive. It was a hobby that Shane could expand into other areas of his life, after all.

As Shane walked back into the room, Ilya settled in for a long session of boredom.

Ilya was begrudgingly prepared for a ten-week Excel certification course, already paid for and full of practice tests and exercises.

He laughed to himself a little bit. It was his fault, truly. He always said Shane was boring after all. He should have expected his Shane to choose a boring hobby, too.

3.

Six weeks into their Excel class, Shane overheard Ilya on the phone. He was talking to Marleau, or maybe Jackie. He had seen Ilya save her contact at dinner last month, so it wouldn't surprise him. Not only did he enjoy Jackie's company, but it also annoyed Hayden. In Ilya's eyes, his friendship with Jackie was a win-win.

Ilya had lied to him. He had proclaimed his enjoyment of their Excel class for weeks, often joining Shane at the table to practice. Sure, he was behind in the program, but Shane expected that. Ilya seemed like the kind of person who struggled with attention in school. Shane wasn't the type of person to diagnose, but he wouldn't be surprised if his boyfriend had ADHD. He assumed Ilya was behind because he struggled to focus, not because the course was "the most boring hobby on Planet Earth."

Shane didn't appreciate that comment. Moreso, he didn't get why Ilya did not tell him it wasn't his thing. Shane was a grown adult! He could handle Ilya backing out of the program once he realized it wasn't for him. He was touched that Ilya agreed to partake in the first place. Honestly, he would have assumed that Ilya would find the course boring. He expected Ilya to back out after week one.

Instead, Ilya sat through six weeks and complained privately about how boring it was. Shane was split between being annoyed that Ilya lied to him and happy that his boyfriend showed an interest in his hobby, even when he found it mind-numbingly boring.

Shane decided he would take revenge. He scrolled Ilya's social media, brainstorming ideas. To keep things organized, he used a spreadsheet, of course.

After a while, he settled on the perfect idea. It was harmless and funny but pointed enough to get his feelings across.

He put in an online order for the materials with a smug grin on his face.

"I hope you're ready to say no to me this time, Rozanov." He whispered to himself, an evil little giggle sounding in the silent room.

A week later, Shane was ready. When Ilya walked in from therapy, he was sitting on the couch in wait. "Hey, Ilya. How was therapy?"

Ilya toed his shoes off, joining Shane at the couch. "Was therapy. What are you doing? You look suspicious." Shane cringed a little, cursing his inability to act normal.

"I have a present for you." Ilya perked up a little, cautious but tentatively excited.

"It will not be kale smoothie or other food abomination?" Ilya asked hopefully. Shane laughed a little.

"No, it's not food. I've been thinking about what you said about my hobbies. How I only read stuff related to hockey? So I was thinking that maybe we could read something else

together?" Ilya seemed interested, motioning for Shane to go on.

"I looked at your favorite list of movies and wrote down some of the titles that have novels. I know you're not big on reading, but if it was with me..." Shane hesitated.

Ilya immediately jumped in. "I will read with you!" Ha! Shane knew he could make this work. Ilya had fallen into his trap.

Shane went to their room and grabbed the carefully wrapped package he had prepared while Ilya was gone. Ilya happily took it from him, excited to reveal their reading options. Shane was pleased. It had taken him a while to make the package the right shape.

As he took off the paper, Shane watched his expression fall from joyful to dismayed. "Shane." He whispered, horrified. "Shane, what is this?"

"It's for us to read! I was looking up the movies you like and read about the novels a little. But then I realized that instead of reading those books, we could read about how they were written! Or the events that inspired them!"

Ilya stared at Shane, his hand limply gripping the stack of New Yorker magazines. The stack was gigantic and had honestly taken Shane a lot of effort to acquire.

Ilya quietly said, "you did not want to try a fiction story?" He looked like there were almost tears in his eyes. Shane was holding his laughter in as hard as he could, keeping a serious expression. This was perfect.

"Oh, but Ilya, the New Yorker has a bunch of fiction short stories. And poetry too! Don't you want to read poetry together? It could be very romantic."

"Romantic..." Ilya mumbled in return. He squinted his eyes at Shane, his dismayed resignation turning to suspicion. "My Shane does not call things 'romantic.' What are you plotting?"

Shit. He screwed up. Ilya was right. It was usually Ilya's job to be romantic and affectionate, while Shane blushed and glared while secretly loving it. Not that he could ever say that out loud. "I'm not plotting. I just want to read with my boyfriend! Share a hobby together?" The last sentence came out as a high-pitched question. Shane's inner voice was chanting 'Don't let him get to you. Hold steady!'

"You are messing with me?" Ilya asked questioningly. He seemed doubtful, not wanting to hurt Shane's feelings if he was actually excited by this idea.

Shane supposed that it was a good time to drive his point home. "No. Why would I mess with you about this? This is a fun activity to do together." Shane paused, meeting Ilya's eyes. "It's not like reading the New Yorker together would be the most boring hobby on planet Earth." He emphasized the last sentence, relishing in Ilya's cringe at the words. Shane could see the moment Ilya realized he had screwed up, maybe not remembering his exact wording, but knowing by the tone that he had said this in Shane's earshot.

“Moya lyubov—” Ilya started. Shane cut him off with a hand in the air. “Besides, if you don’t want to do this boring hobby with me, you would tell me, right?” Shane upped his glare a little, while Ilya shrank back a little further.

Ilya sighed, dropping his head into his hands for a moment. “Shane. I am sorry. I did not mean to say that taking Excel certification class with you would be most boring hobby on Planet Earth.” Ilya recited his apology like it was scripted in advance, monotone and tired. Then, as if regaining a spark of life, he said “Today I have learned there are more boring hobbies, like reading the New Yorker as an activity with your partner.”

Shane rolled his eyes, pushing lightly at Ilya’s shoulder. He pulled away, looking into Ilya’s eyes intently. “Why didn’t you tell me if you weren’t having fun? I wouldn’t have been offended.”

Ilya drooped his head. “I wanted to be excited with you! I’ve been telling you to get hobby for a while. I want to encourage you.”

Shane smiled ruefully. “You do know you can encourage me without joining me right? I could just show you what I’m working on.”

Ilya hesitated, thinking for a moment. “I did not think of this.”

Shane laughed, leaning in for a kiss. “I appreciate that you want to share in my interests. I love you.”

Ilya pulled back, waiting for the ‘but.’ “But next time, tell me you don’t like it. I can handle it.”

Ilya pouted with the expression of a child who had just been scolded. “Fine.” He held out the word, making the whole conversation sound like a chore. Then, suddenly, he perked up. “Shane! I’ve just had great idea!”

Shane cautiously waited for Ilya to continue, scared to know what his boyfriend would say next.

“You should invite Scott Hunter to join you with Excel program! He is ancient so he needs classes on technology. And he is boring too. Is perfect!”

And there was the Ilya that Shane loved.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

4.

Ilya was not done with Mission: Get Shane a Hobby. While he was happy with Shane's progress, he was still determined to find Shane another hobby other than Excel spreadsheets. He was worried that if anything, Excel would serve as another method for Shane to spiral during a crisis. Knowing his Shane, he would start categorizing every catastrophic situation into neat Excel columns as a way to feel in control of his circumstances. And knowing Shane, he would do it obsessively.

So Ilya was still determined to find Shane a hobby that would serve as some form of release from the day-to-day stress of life. The idea came to him when he last visited Jackie Pike's place for dinner. He watched Shane play with the kids, moving from toy to toy, when the idea struck him. He put in an order the next day.

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"Ilya, what are all of these boxes?" Shane called out from the front entryway.

Ilya jumped up excitedly, practically skipping to the door. "Is presents for my Shaney." As usual, Shane rolled his eyes at the nickname. But he was obviously more distracted by curiosity.

"What could you possibly have bought for me that requires this many boxes? And why do I suspect I won't like it?"

Ilya gripped his chest, faux betrayal painted across his features. "Muy lyubimyy, you wound me! I would never buy you things you do not like."

Shane raised his eyebrows a little, deadpanning, "You bought me a pack of gummy candies last week. You know I won't eat that."

"It was guava flavored! I thought you would eat fruit. Fruit is healthy."

Shane rolled his eyes with a little smile. "It was candy, Ilya."

Ilya acted like he was surprised. "Whaat? Noooo. Shane, I would never try to feed you candy. This is not like me at all."

Shane laughed a little as he picked up one of the boxes and moved towards the kitchen table. "That's exactly like you. You would sneak candy into my food if you thought it was possible."

Ilya mumbled snidely, "At least I would not sneak spinach into your food."

Shane sat down the box. "Spinach is good for you. And you couldn't even tell."

"My smoothie was GREEN, Shane. Smoothies are not meant to be green. I am not color blind. A smoothie should be red or purple, never green."

"You drank it anyways."

"Because I love you. It was an act of sacrifice. But I could tell. I always tell."

"That's a lie, Ilya. I sneak veggies into your food all the time."

Ilya pretended to charge Shane, shaking him a little. "And he admits his betrayal! The traitor!! RAHHH!"

Shane started giggling, trying to get away from his hyperactive boyfriend. He moved back to the door, grabbing another box. Ilya joined him until the table was covered with various sizes of cardboard boxes. Shane turned to Ilya after staring at the table for a moment. "Do I even want to know?"

Ilya grabbed a box cutter, handing it to Shane. "You will like it. Trust Ilya."

Shane shook his head bemusedly as he started to open the first box. He paused when he realized what was inside. "I'm not a child, Ilya."

"Yes, which is why I buy you nice items for adult."

"These are toys." Shane was staring at Ilya with a pinched face, confused.

"Legos are not toys. They are, how do you say. Enrichment for at home." Ilya paused as if contemplating whether he got the right wording. Shane, completely removed from the internet, had no clue what he was trying to say, of course.

"Enrichment for at home?"

Ilya nodded his head seriously. "Enrichment in your enclosure!"

"I'm not an animal either."

"Yes, yes. My Shane is not animal or child. Excellent observations." Shane glared a little. "But..." Ilya dragged the word out as he faced Shane directly, holding his shoulders with both arms. "Legos are fun for adults, too. I got you many sets. You follow directions! You love directions. It is perfect for you."

Shane looked exasperated. "How many sets did you even get me? Wait, how much money did you spend on this?"

Ilya threw his head back with a groan. "Shaneeee, we are MHL players. I do not worry about money. I worry about your happiness."

Shane turned back to the boxes, slowly opening more of them. "You got me so many." He mumbled grumpily.

"Will you try? For me?" Shane glanced back, immediately caving to Ilya's puppy dog eyes. "I'll try sometime soon. It was... nice of you to think of me."

"Yes, very nice of me. There is my polite Canadian Shane." Shane rolled his eyes, walking away. He yelled over his shoulder, "But I won't like it!"

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Ilya was so excited to be home. He had been out of town for the past week, separated from Shane. After a whole summer together, it was devastating to spend such a long time apart from him. He didn't know how he was supposed to survive another season on a different team.

As he walked through the doors, he saw Shane was asleep on the couch. His heart squeezed when he realized that Shane, his usually routine strict boyfriend, tried to stay up for him. Shane roused a little when the door opened, blinking sleepily at Ilya. "You're back." He mumbled quietly.

Ilya walked to his boyfriend immediately, toeing his shoes off at the door. "You miss me?"

Shane grumbled. "Of course I miss you. You missed me."

Ilya was too tired to joke. "Yes, I did." He pushed Shane towards their bedroom, detouring to the kitchen to grab a glass of water before bed. What he saw on the table made him pause. On the ground and covering the full table surface, all of the lego sets he had bought Shane were done. Each one sat neatly next to their building manual, precisely completed to perfection. Ilya grinned, certain that Shane enjoyed the Legos despite any objection otherwise.

Instead of running to their room to shout an 'I told you so,' he chose a more quiet approach. He picked up the first set and started walking.

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The next day, Shane seemed confused that his Lego sets were missing. "Where did you put them?"

"They are on display." Ilya shrugged as if the idea was obvious.

Shane paused, waiting for an answer. He didn't receive one. Ilya was still tapping away on his phone in a suspiciously casual manner. Shane finally gave in, asking, "Where?"

Ilya fought a smile, clearly pleased with a successfully hatched plan. "The sets are big, Shane. How do you miss them?"

Shane huffed, walking away as he started searching the house. About three minutes later, he yelled out. "Ilya!"

Ilya rose from the couch, a bright grin across his face as he followed Shane's voice. "Yes, muy lyumbimyy." He stopped in the doorway of the room, Shane standing in the center as he looked at the carefully lined up Lego sets on the shelves.

Shane turned away from the sets, looking at Ilya exasperatedly. "Why are my Legos shelved in the trophy room?"

Ilya's grin didn't waver. "They are trophies."

"They are Legos." Shane never failed to state the obvious.

"They are Lego trophies, then." Ilya walked into the room, stopping in front of Shane. He leaned back with his hands in his pockets, his wide grin and casual stance reflecting how pleased he was. "They are trophies of first time Shane Hollander has ever relaxed."

Shane made a noise of protest, ready to argue. Before he could, Ilya shushed him loudly. "Shhhh. I told you I do not lie. I am happy for you. You have made me very proud." Shane tried to protest again as Ilya pulled him into a bear hug. He started patting Shane on the back proudly, acting like Shane was a dog who did a spectacularly good trick.

Shane grumbled, "Keep this up and I won't ever do a Lego set again."

Ilya pulled back, looking devastated. "But Shane, you love Legos now. That would be so sad."

Shane huffed, pulling out of the hug completely. He loved Ilya, but sometimes he exasperated Shane to the point of speechlessness. Before Ilya could continue his speech, Shane chose to walk out of the room, closing the trophy room door behind him.

From behind the closed door, Ilya yelled, "You can try to run from fun, but fun will chase you Mr. Boring!" Shane didn't feel the need to deny it. Ilya was fun to be around, after all, and he knew his boyfriend would never leave him alone. Loving Ilya was fun and safe, so really, Ilya had lied. Shane Hollander relaxed every day. The moment his boyfriend wrapped him in his arms, Ilya's embrace blocked the whole world out and Shane Hollander felt true peace.

Chapter End Notes

I have sadly not written my next idea yet, but I have it outlined. Hopefully I get the motivation to write it and post it soon, because the other ideas are the ones I actually dreamed about lol. Also I like them better. However, they are not hobby related, so I am debating if they would be best for a different post anyways.

Comments always appreciated. Love you all!

End Notes

My head canons about Shane's autism are inspired by my own autism (in loosely connected ways; I am not Shane Hollander autistic), so that means they're true (/joking). But since Ilya thinks Shane's boring tendencies are cute, I do think he would routinely enjoy the ways his neurodivergent tendencies pop up in nerdy or weird ways.

Also, I fully believe that Ilya would openly tease Shane about being autistic once he realized. I think Shane would struggle a lot with being identified as autistic earlier in his journey because he wants to fit in and it would just be one more thing that makes him different. But once they are secure in their relationship and Shane has accepted he is gay, Shane would probably deny autism accusations (lol) half heartedly and Ilya would see an opening for teasing.

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