

Just Say Goodnight and Go

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Just Say Goodnight and Go

by [allyasavedtheday](#)

Summary

When he does wake up the lights are off and Ilya's chest is against his back and Shane knows without even having to look at his phone that he probably should've left hours ago. He checks anyway, just in case it's somehow only around midnight.

2.47am.

Great.

"Ugh." He screws his eyes shut for a beat and drops his phone back on the nightstand. The sound of it makes Ilya jump behind him and he spares a moment to feel guilty for waking him up.

"Why didn't you wake me, asshole?" It comes out more like a whine than an actual accusation and Ilya mutters something behind him before rolling onto his back.

Shane misses his warmth immediately.

"What can I say, Hollander? I wore you out. Thought I should let you rest, huh."

*

Every time Shane and Ilya accidentally spent the night together.

Notes

Lol so this started as a love letter to the opening montage in ep 4 (and particularly the kiss in Shane's apartment) and quickly devolved into this so this is set in some nebulous timeline of the 2015/2016 season. Canon divergent bc I know they never stayed the night pre-tuna melt and bc show! Shane had never been to Ilya's house pre-tuna melt scene either but also I don't care bc they had to start falling in love at SOME point!!!!

To everyone who asked for a part 2 to my previous fic, I hear you and I am trying to mentally prepare myself to attempt that so I'm sorry this is not that but if you've ever read anything I've ever written for any other fandom you will know bedsharing is what I'm *about* ok asdjfhas

Title: Goodnight n Go by Ariana Grande (do you know how many years i've waited for a ship that actually properly encapsulates that song!!!)

Enjoy 

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

The first time it happens it's an accident.

Ilya was supposed to leave. In fact, Shane was half convinced he *had* left when he was drifting off. But they'd been basking a little in the afterglow and Ilya's fingers were carding gently through his hair and Ilya's heartbeat was steady under Shane's head where he was using his chest as a pillow and-

And Shane doesn't really remember falling asleep.

Instead, he wakes up to the feel of Ilya shifting underneath him – looking around the mattress for his phone, most likely. In the end, he picks up Shane's wrist where it's draped across his middle to read his watch.

"Fuck," Ilya grumbles and it finally forces Shane to squint his eyes open.

The lights are still on but at least he'd had the presence of mind to dim them earlier.

"Time is it?" he asks, still cocooned in the warmth of Ilya's arms and too sleep-soft to convince himself to move.

"Just after 4," Ilya sighs, hand rubbing almost apologetically over Shane's back before he gently eases him off him so he can sit up.

"Shit." He scrubs at his eyes, pushing himself up against the pillows as Ilya drags himself out of bed to get changed. They've never stayed this late together before – not in hotel rooms and not at Shane's place. Though, he figures it's probably the fact that they *are* at his place that made it so easy to fall asleep.

"It's fine," Ilya says, pulling his shirt over his head. "Marlow will just think I was with-" He stops, giving a suggestive grin. "Jane."

Shane huffs a laugh, tipping his head back against the headboard. "If Hayden asks me about Boston Lily one more time I swear to god."

"You need to be more subtle," Ilya says with a smirk, one of his knees sinking into the mattress so he can lean across to kiss the corner of Shane's mouth.

Fuck, Shane wants to ask him to stay. Wants to say something stupid like he might as well wait another two hours for sunrise.

He doesn't because that would be reckless.

"Stop texting me right before our games then," he says instead and Ilya shakes his head.

"No chance."

He climbs back off the bed, in search of the rest of his clothes so he can finish getting dressed. Once he's changed, he finds his phone on the nightstand and pockets it, turning to

Shane with a final smile.

It's always a little awkward – these moments where they leave. Like the spell of the previous hours breaks and they go back to being acquaintances or- co-workers? He doesn't know how to define it even in his head.

"I'll walk you out," he says to dispel some of the tension but Ilya shakes his head.

"No, is fine. Go back to sleep." He rounds the bed again, leaning over and kissing Shane once, twice, before he steps back. "See you next time, Hollander."

Shane nods, dragging his fingers over the back of Ilya's hand as he pulls away – like he can't help getting one last touch in. "Next time."

Ilya flashes him a grin and then he's gone.

It's for the best.

The second time is definitely Shane's fault.

It's just- they flew in way too early to Boston this morning and the game was fucking ruthless and he's sore and tired and he definitely bruised his ribs and Ilya's sheets are so soft and he...

He falls asleep before Ilya even comes back from the bathroom.

So it's his fault but Ilya doesn't wake him either.

When he does wake up the lights are off and Ilya's chest is against his back and Shane knows without even having to look at his phone that he probably should've left hours ago. He checks anyway, just in case it's somehow only around midnight.

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Great.

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Shane misses his warmth immediately.

"What can I say, Hollander? I wore you out. Thought I should let you rest, huh."

He rolls his eyes, thankful Ilya can't see him because he definitely doesn't have any control over his smile right now. He swings his legs over the edge of the bed, yawning into his hands before dragging them through his hair and making himself stand.

“Hayden is never gonna let me live this down.”

“Pike has a million kids,” Ilya mumbles, still sounding half-asleep. “I think he knows how sex works.”

“Yeah but-” He pulls his hoodie over his head instead of finishing his sentence and by the time he’s tugged it down over his torso Ilya has turned on a lamp and is sitting up in bed.

“I thought you said he knows about Boston Lily.”

“He does, but-”

Ilya raises his eyebrows when Shane doesn’t say anything else, heaving a put upon sigh as he climbs out of the bed. He puts his hands on Shane’s shoulders when he reaches him, jostling him gently.

“He will not care.”

Shane forces his shoulders to drop, nodding once and hanging his head. It makes his forehead bump Ilya’s temple.

“Come on,” Ilya says then, hands falling away. “I walk you to the door.”

His fingers catch in the front pocket of Shane’s hoodie and he coaxes him out of the room. Shane follows and resists the urge to wrap his whole body around Ilya while he waits for his cab to arrive. This is why they’re not supposed to stay over – his brain stops working when it’s this late at night.

Instead, he leans against the wall beside Ilya’s front door while he waits and limits himself to one careful skim of his hand over Ilya’s torso.

Headlights flash outside, signalling their time is up, and Ilya brushes quick lips against his mouth and the edge of his jaw before letting him go.

Shane’s not entirely convinced the cold he feels in the cab ride home is just to do with the temperature.

The third time...well, Shane has stopped keeping track.

They’re at the base of his fire escape, tucked into the corner behind the door and every ‘Bye’ Ilya murmurs against his lips feels less and less believable.

Shane’s own hands are fisted in the back of Ilya’s jacket while Ilya’s fingers trail over his jaw and it all just feels so...teenage.

Way more teenage than whatever the fuck they were actually doing as teenagers.

Because Shane feels like giggling every time Ilya dips in for another kiss and they must have said goodbye eight times by now but neither of them is pulling away and if he could prolong

this moment – draw it out all night – he would.

Ilya's phone buzzes, most likely announcing that his uber is outside, and Shane steals one last kiss before he checks it. Ilya leans back to fish his phone out of his pocket, glancing down at it with a frown.

“What's wrong?”

“They cancelled?”

Shane furrows his brow. It's not unusual – this late at night ubers like to stay around the main city blocks so they can do more pickups but-

Ilya pulls open the fire escape door and, oh.

That's probably why they cancelled.

It's snowing. Like, a lot. Like it's probably already over a foot deep.

“I guess we haven't really looked out any windows recently,” he says and Ilya looks over his shoulder at him, letting out an amused scoff.

Tonight had been one of those rare instances where they had *time*. Their game was early and Ilya had followed Shane home within twenty minutes of leaving the stadium and for once they weren't rushing.

It maybe meant neither of them was all that concerned with anything that was happening outside of Shane's bedroom – or the shower – for at least the past four hours.

He checks his phone for any weather updates while Ilya mutters under his breath and swipes at his own screen.

“It's not supposed to stop until 4am,” Shane reads, looking up when Ilya curses.

“I thought you stupid Canadians were used to snow.”

Shane will take that as another uber driver cancelling on him.

“You could stay,” he blurts out before he can think better of it.

Ilya blinks at him, phone forgotten, and Shane forces himself to soldier on and not take it back.

“Just until it stops,” he says. “With how heavy it's falling your flight will probably be delayed in the morning anyway and-”

Ilya nudges the door closed again with foot in answer and the sudden silence feels far louder than it should. Shane clears his throat and, after getting a shrug from Ilya, he turns back towards his apartment.

Walking back up the stairs again is weird.

It feels like...like the night is starting over again, almost. Like Ilya has just arrived and they're about to kiss any second or start tugging at each other's clothes.

Not that Shane would be opposed, obviously,

This time though, the trip to the bedroom is quiet. As soon as they're through the threshold Ilya starts stripping out of his clothes but he stops when he gets to his briefs, turning to Shane with a curious onceover.

"Are you going to sleep in all those clothes?"

Shane looks down at himself, at the hoodie and sweatpants he threw on to walk Ilya to the door, and feels his body kick into gear. As he's pulling his hoodie off, he notices Ilya picking up his own clothes and neatly laying them over the chair in the corner.

It makes Shane's mouth quirk in some tangled combination of fondness and amusement. He knows for a fact Ilya doesn't give a shit about where his clothes end up usually but Shane does. Which means...Ilya is doing it because they're in Shane's room and that's-

It's sweet.

By the time he's folded his own sweatpants on top of the dresser Ilya is already back in the bed, typing something on his phone. Shane follows hesitantly, still not exactly sure what they're doing here. The other two times hadn't been planned – they'd fallen asleep without realising – but this: going to bed together in the most innocent sense of the word is new territory.

"I will set alarm for 5am," Ilya tells him and Shane nods. It's still five hours before Ilya has to get his flight.

Satisfied, he locks his phone and drops it on the nightstand, turning back over and punctuating the action with a kiss to Shane's mouth.

Shane turns off the light when they separate, still feeling oddly jittery. They've done a hell of a lot more in this bed than lie next to each other; he's not sure why he suddenly feels twenty years old all over again.

He tries to make himself close his eyes but it's impossible to ignore Ilya's presence, to pretend he's not there.

Like Shane has ever been in a room with Ilya Rozanov and not been acutely aware of his every move.

"Hollander, I can hear you thinking," Ilya groans, one of his hands reaching out in the dark to wrap around Shane's bicep. "You want me to go?"

"No," he blurts out – too fast, way too fast. "No," he says again. "Sorry. Just feels weird sharing a bed just to sleep."

Ilya huffs some approximation of a laugh, shifting closer. “I think if we try for round four you might actually kill me.”

Shane laughs; glad the dark can conceal the flush in his cheeks. God, it had been a good night. “That wasn’t what I was saying.”

Ilya hums like he doesn’t believe him, kissing the ball of Shane’s shoulder. “Maybe just before alarm,” he offers and Shane momentarily gets lost in the image of all the ways he *could* wake Ilya up.

“Deal,” he agrees, finally feeling himself relax into the mattress as he rolls onto his side and lets his hands reach out for what he wants. Ilya lifts an arm, allowing Shane to curl into him, and they probably can’t fall asleep like this – it’ll probably get too suffocating eventually – but right now, Shane can’t think of anywhere else he wants to be.

A moment later he feels Ilya’s lips press to his forehead and Shane closes his eyes, sighing out a breath.

*

Despite his best intentions, Shane doesn’t wake up before Ilya’s alarm. Instead, he wakes up to a beeping that is quickly silenced, to gentle fingers running through his hair, and then, to a kiss pressed to his eyebrow and his cheek in quick succession.

He doesn’t open his eyes, wondering how many more of these soft moments he can hoard if Ilya still thinks he’s asleep.

He hears Ilya moving around the room and getting dressed. And just when he’s convinced he’s already gone, he feels Ilya’s hand on his cheek – so careful, as his thumb slides over Shane’s cheekbone.

“Bye, Hollander,” he whispers.

“You think we can figure out a way to make this happen at the MLH awards too?”

Ilya laughs, his chest rumbling under Shane’s head as he runs a hand through Shane’s sweat-soaked hair.

“It will not be very subtle if we ask.”

Shane scoffs, rolling his eyes and hiding his smile in Ilya’s chest.

He still can’t believe how lucky they got.

Whoever was in charge of the room allocation for this year’s All Star game deserves a fucking trophy of their own because, by some miracle of all miracles, his and Ilya’s hotel rooms are right next to each other.

Not even the irony of Scott Hunter being assigned the room on Shane's other side is enough to ruin it. Not when Shane has no plans to be *in* his room since Ilya's got the corner suite and no other neighbours.

No one will get suspicious if they catch either of them in the hallway. No one will even question seeing him outside Ilya's door because that's also basically outside his own door.

It's freedom, in its own very contained way.

"What time do you think the other guys will be leaving their rooms for early morning gym sessions tomorrow? Or for breakfast?"

"No one is going to gym after All Star game. Except you, maybe." Ilya says, ruffling Shane's hair again to soften the joke.

"You think Scott Hunter is boring too," Shane points out. "He might."

"You know what, Hollander? You are right. Maybe you should just leave now."

Ilya's arms tighten around him, defying his words and removing any creeping worries from Shane's mind that Ilya doesn't want him here.

Biting back a grin, he moves as if to get up. "You're probably right. Wouldn't want Scott Hunter to suspect anything-"

He barely manages to sit up before Ilya's yanking him back down and rolling them so he's on top, crowding Shane into the mattress.

"We're not done here yet," he murmurs, eyes already on Shane's mouth and, well. Shane sort of has to kiss him when he looks like that.

He tilts his chin up, a silent request, and Ilya immediately dips down, brushing their mouths together in a way that's a little too close to tender. It's unravelling, kissing him like this.

Unhurried. Lazy, Soft.

So fucking soft Shane feels like he might melt right into the bed.

"What did you have in mind?" he mumbles when they break for air.

Ilya pulls back, gaze flickering all over Shane's face as a grin slowly spreads across his cheeks.

Shane wants to kiss it right off his face.

"We should clean up," Ilya says decisively.

That is the absolute last thing Shane cares about right now and he's about to say as much but then Ilya's climbing off the bed. Before Shane can protest, he's tugging him with him and heading straight towards the shower.

And oh. Okay. Shane can get on board with that.

*

He leaves at 7am. Ilya presses a lingering kiss to his jaw and Shane slips out the door into the hallway on unsteady legs, resisting the urge to press his fingers to his neck like he could still feel Ilya's mouth there.

He's at his door, fumbling with his keycard, when another door in the hallway opens.

"Hey, man! Didn't think there'd be any other early risers around this morning."

Shane jumps, blinking rapidly at a smiling Scott Hunter.

His mind buffers, searching for an excuse, and eventually he lets out an uneasy laugh. "Oh-yeah. I was just gonna head down to see if breakfast had started yet but I uh- I forgot my phone in my room."

"I'm going for breakfast too," Scott says enthusiastically. "I'll wait for you. I'm pretty sure most of the other guys won't be leaving their rooms until checkout time. Last night got pretty wild, huh?"

Shane gives him a tight smile. Wild is one word for it.

"Cool. I'll um, I'll just be a sec." He gets his door open before Scott can say anything else, hurrying inside and immediately collapsing against the wall.

Fuck. So much for his plans to crash until he needs to check out in four hours.

Jane: You won't fucking believe who I ran into in the hallway.

Lily: Have fun at breakfast! 🤔

"I fucking hate Boiziau!"

Shane snorts, giving Ilya's curls a sympathetic pat. "It was an accident."

"He might as well have broken my dick too with these stupid fucking injuries-"

Shane hides his grin in Ilya's hair. He doesn't think it would be appreciated right now.

Because Ilya has a split lip.

And a bruised nose.

And a sprained wrist.

It really was an accident. JJ had caught him against the boards but Ilya had fallen awkwardly and the right side of his body had taken the brunt. Given that Ilya's right hand is his dominant

hand...well, it certainly interfered with the night they had planned.

Shane is privately thinking about all the drills he can make JJ run at practice when they get back to Montreal to make up for it.

With Ilya hissing out pained grumbles every time they tried to kiss and his hand out of commission, Shane had settled for sucking him off and getting himself off with his hand but even that hadn't seemed to take the edge off. Ilya was still frowning and wincing, shifting on the bed every few seconds like he couldn't get comfortable.

He's probably still in pain, Shane thinks.

"Hey," he says, curving a hand to Ilya's cheek to get his attention. "Did the doctor give you any pain meds or anything?"

Ilya looks at him, chewing on the inside of his mouth for a beat before he nods. "They're in the kitchen."

"I'll get them," Shane says, pressing a quick kiss to his temple. "You want an icepack too?"

Ilya deliberates again until he seemingly decides the pain is worse than his pride and he nods once more.

"Be right back," Shane promises.

He finds the meds in a bag on the kitchen island before rounding it to grab an icepack from the freezer and fill a glass with water.

When he returns to the bedroom Ilya is in the exact same spot, looking petulant and adorable, and the fondness that wells up in Shane's chest is so strong he almost gives himself his own split lip when he tries to contain it.

He hands off the water and the pill bottle to Ilya as he climbs onto the bed and he's ready and waiting by the time Ilya has deposited them both on the nightstand. Ilya doesn't even hesitate in lying back against Shane's chest, resting his head on the ball of Shane's shoulder.

Shane uses the arm he has around him to carefully press the icepack against the worst of the bruising across the bridge of his nose.

Ilya hisses a little at the cold but it turns into a sigh after a few seconds and he goes boneless in Shane's arms.

And Shane just- wants to hold him. All night, if he was allowed. Instead he settles for skimming the backs of his fingers over Ilya's cheek. "I can stay until you fall asleep if you want?"

He says it half into Ilya's hair, like if he's quiet enough Ilya might not even hear him.

Ilya only hums in answer, his good hand reaching up blindly to catch on Shane's wrist. He squeezes once before letting go.

And then Shane...waits. He keeps the icepack against Ilya's nose and presses his cheek to the top of Ilya's head and eventually, he feels Ilya's breathing even out.

He gives himself five minutes after that. Just to make sure.

When he's certain Ilya is asleep he lifts the ice pack, letting it drop somewhere on the bed as he tries to dislodge himself as carefully as possible. He almost thinks he succeeds until Ilya is grabbing his arm with his bad wrist and turning into him in a way that presses at the tender part of his nose.

The quiet of the room is immediately broken by a pained, "*Fuck*," and Shane makes himself stop moving.

"Sorry," he whispers. He's on his side leaning over Ilya now and trying desperately not to smile at the cranky glare Ilya is sporting. "I was just getting up to leave; I didn't mean to wake you."

Ilya huffs, staring at nothing for a moment before his gaze slides to Shane. "You should stay."

"What?"

"I don't have enough pillows."

Shane blinks. "What?" he repeats.

"The doctor – he said I need to keep my head, what is word? Elevated? To help with breathing."

Shane looks down at the bed. Ilya has four pillows. Shane is currently occupying two of them but if he wasn't here it'd be plenty to keep Ilya upright. He thinks of his own bed back in Montreal, of the throw pillows Ilya mocked that first night and every single night he's been there since.

"Wow, if only we were in *my* bed with all *my* pillows--"

"Mm yes, will you go to Montreal and get me some?"

Shane laughs, the sound petering off as Ilya's question returns to him. He asked him to stay. It feels...bigger than it is, probably. He tries to imagine if the roles were reversed. If he was the one injured and in pain and Ilya had gotten him an icepack and played with his hair and held him until he fell asleep.

He's pretty sure he'd be begging Ilya to stay in a way that would probably sound far more desperate and far more pathetic than the half-assed excuses Ilya's currently making.

He's got an early flight in the morning but fuck, how can he say no?

"I can stay," he says and tries not to react when the corners of Ilya's mouth twitch in a clearly repressed smile.

“Good,” Ilya says, all business, as he moves to return to his earlier spot on Shane’s chest. “You can help me breathe.”

“Sure,” Shane agrees, pressing his smile against Ilya’s temple in a move that quickly becomes a kiss. “Do you want the icepack again?”

“Mm, no. I’m fine.”

Shane nods, bringing a hand up to scratch through Ilya’s curls. He tries not to feel too smug when Ilya lets out a contented sigh.

“Night, Rozanov,” he whispers, smudging one more kiss against Ilya’s forehead because he can’t help himself.

“Good night, Hollander.”

Shane closes his eyes.

He tells himself it’s because Ilya’s thumb gently brushing over his cheekbone is enough to lull him to sleep; really it’s because the look on Ilya’s face is too much. Especially this close up.

Ilya’s already been here longer than he usually ever is, save for those handful of times that Shane hoards in the deepest recesses of his mind and only lets himself think about too late at night when he can’t sleep. But it’s their last night together until next season and, well, Shane definitely isn’t gonna be the one to kick him out.

As if reading his thoughts, Ilya kisses the corner of Shane’s mouth and says, “I should go.”

He should but-

“It’s our last night,” Shane complains before his brain can catch up with him. Fuck, that was definitely supposed to be an inside thought.

He cringes, refusing to open his eyes even when his words are met with a beat of silence.

Steeling himself, he tries for damage control. “I mean-”

“Woah, it is?” Ilya interrupts. “You know something I don’t, Hollander? Are you dying?”

Shane puffs out an exasperated breath, rolling his eyes and finally meeting Ilya’s amused grin. “I meant until next season and you fucking know that.”

Ilya raises his eyebrows, enjoying this far more than he should. “You mean you can’t even go three months without seeing me now? Wow, that is-”

“You know what, never mind. You can leave.” Shane shoves Ilya away, rolling over onto his other side and hoping desperately Ilya can’t see the blush that’s no doubt colouring his cheeks now.

Ilya is at his back instantly, throwing an arm around Shane and pulling him close. “No, I think I stay a bit longer,” he says, kissing the hinge of Shane’s jaw. “It’s our last night, like you say.”

Shane makes a noise that’s supposed to be annoyed but probably just sounds relieved. He settles his arm over Ilya’s where it sits around his waist, fingers tapping out a mindless rhythm on the back of Ilya’s hand.

“When are you going back to Russia?” he asks.

“Two days.”

Shane doesn’t ask if he’s looking forward to it. He might not know everything about Ilya’s family but he knows better than to ask questions like that by now.

“You think anyone will notice if I do not go back to my room?” Ilya asks then, quiet and careful.

Shane doesn’t answer right away, considering. He’s the one with the penthouse suite this time but he figures back to back cups gets you those kind of privileges. Even so, Ilya’s room is only one floor down and there’s a rooftop bar above them with open access. If anyone saw him they’d probably just assume he was up there smoking. Besides the MLH Awards after-party goes on for so long no one would even question if they saw him still in his suit the next morning.

He shakes his head then. He’s being reckless. Just thinking about it is reckless. Every other time it’s been one of their apartments or that one time the universe was on their side at the All Star game.

Ilya should go. Now. While everyone who’s still up is still at the party and everyone who’s left is already in bed.

But-

Ilya’s chest is warm against his back and his mouth is pressed to the juncture where Shane’s neck meets his shoulder and they won’t get to touch for another three months. Maybe four depending on their schedule. And Shane knows what this is. He knows what they are and what they can and can’t be.

They were right here two summers ago and Shane was in an elevator, trying not to cry and typing out texts he never sent and he *promised* himself then that he wouldn’t look for anything more.

He’d take what Ilya offered and be fine with it.

But right now Ilya is offering to stay.

Maybe tonight he could just stay.

“We could set an early alarm,” he says finally, hand stilling over Ilya’s as he holds his breath.

They've done that before. Three times. It hasn't steered them wrong yet.

"Okay." Ilya presses the word into Shane's shoulder and Shane finally gives into the impulse to fold their fingers together, pulling Ilya's arm more tightly around him.

He turns his head, just enough that Ilya gets the hint and leans up. The kiss lands off centre but Shane doesn't care. He tries not to think about how much it feels like a goodnight kiss.

By some unspoken agreement, they settle again in their previous position and it takes hardly any time at all before Shane feels his eyes starting to droop.

It's one of the best night's sleep he's ever had.

*

In the end the sun wakes them up instead of an alarm. Shane didn't even realise he'd never shut the blinds.

They stand at the door – Ilya with his suit jacket over his arm and his shirt untucked and mostly unbuttoned and he looks...beautiful.

Way too fucking beautiful to be real.

Shane catches his free hand, twining their fingers together loosely and tugging. Ilya moves easily, swaying forward until their foreheads are bumping and their mouths are slotting together in a lazy kiss.

It's too sweet for what they're supposed to be to each other but Shane is happy to blame it on being half asleep as long as Ilya doesn't pull away yet.

When they do separate Ilya lets his head thump back against the hotel room door and gives Shane an appraising look.

He's still holding Shane's hand.

"See you next season, Hollander."

Shane ducks his head, trying in vain to get his smile under control before he looks back up again. "See you next season, Rozanov."

Ilya's eyes glint and his mouth twists in an almost smile. His hand falls out of Shane's slowly, landing instead on the doorknob and Shane steps back so he can open it. He gives the hallway a cursory glance, winking over his shoulder back at Shane before he slips outside and closes the door behind him.

Shane slumps against the door, pressing his fingers to his chest like he can somehow force his heartbeat to slow down, and takes a steadying breath.

Next season.

End Notes

Next season ur gonna fall in LOVE, babe!!!! But let's be real he's already hafway there lmao

Thank you for reading!! I'm at [littlespoonevan](#) on tumblr if you're looking 😊💕

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