

to make up for lost time

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to make up for lost time

by [alljustrunaways](#)

Summary

He can hear Shane's voice in his head as he quickly packs a bag and bundles up to head out to his garage and pick a suitable car, telling him that he's being ridiculous and impulsive, but he doesn't care.

Ilya would do anything for Shane, including drive five hours from Boston to Montreal in a blizzard.

Notes

God I'm so obsessed with these two so here's another post season 1 fic!

Heavily inspired by the depressing and snowy Canadian winter I'm currently experiencing and Lost Time by Lucy Dacus which is such a beautiful song (and very Hollanov coded, I encourage you to check it out)

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

When Ilya wakes to snow falling peacefully outside his home, he can't help but smile.

He's never had any strong feelings about the winters in Boston. It's cold enough to feel somewhat familiar, much more so than the terribly humid summers here do, but not as cold as Moscow.

Today, though, the snow feels magical. Not because of the way it's made his backyard look like a snow globe, or because of any nostalgia for the frigid winters of his youth, but because Shane is coming.

It's been nearly a month since they last saw each other over the Christmas break, which they spent entirely at the cottage with Shane's parents. It was Ilya's first proper Canadian Christmas, with all the western customs he had become somewhat aware of since moving to the US but never actually experienced himself.

He hadn't expected to enjoy it so much - he expected to enjoy the time with Shane, of course, and getting to know his family better - but he found himself completely engrossed in their holiday traditions immediately (the first one Shane showed him was mistletoe, which helped.)

He even had to excuse himself to go outside for a smoke break to regulate his emotions after he opened his gift from Yuna and David, a bottle of his favourite Russian vodka and a hand-knit scarf to "prepare him for the Ottawa winters next year." David said it was "something from his old home and his new home", and Yuna reminded him how excited they are to have him in Ottawa.

He won't officially sign for the Centaurs until the summer, but his agent is already in conversation with them, and he knows what an easy sell it will be for a cup-winning, all-star player in his prime to come to their struggling team. He's sure there will be a lot of public confusion and backlash from Boston fans and media when the deal is made public, but he doesn't care about that. He'll only be a two-hour drive from his boyfriend, and mere minutes away from the people who have already started to feel more like family than his own father and brother did.

The five days they spent at the cottage were the longest stretch they'd had together since the two weeks there last summer that changed everything for them. It was so perfect that it only made the impending separation that much harder when Shane drove him to the airport to head back to Boston, not knowing the next time they would see each other.

Twenty-four days later - not that Ilya's counting - they finally both have a few days off at the same time, by some miracle from the hockey gods. They've been looking forward to this for the past week, since Shane's coach confirmed on Monday that practice would be cancelled for two days due to a family thing and Ilya decided he could play up the very minor knee injury he got in last week's game against Tampa and miss a practice or two if it meant his boyfriend could come visit.

Ilya's debating between going back to sleep for a while or trying to squeeze a workout in before his attention is focused solely on Shane all weekend when his phone buzzes.

He grins when he sees the FaceTime request from "Jane", the name unchanged in his phone after all these years. He knows it's still years away, most likely, but he can't wait for the day he can proudly change the contact to his partner's real name.

"Good morning," Ilya answers the call with a sleepy smile.

Shane is in a similar position, but on his couch, with the hood of his Metros hoodie pulled up. His cheeks are a bit red and his freckles are on full display, but the poor resolution of the call doesn't hold a candle to the real thing. He looks adorable, still flushed from his morning practice that he likely just got home from.

He has a sad expression on his face, though, and it quickly dawns on Ilya that he should probably be getting ready to head to the airport right now.

"My fucking flight got cancelled."

Ilya's heart drops. "What? Why? Can you not book another?"

"I've been trying, but this stupid snowstorm - everything's cancelled," Shane sighs. "I even looked into private, but there are no flights out of Montreal right now."

The gears in Ilya's brain begin to turn - there is no way he's not seeing Shane this weekend. He won't allow it.

"I will come to Montreal, then."

"I already checked, no flights coming into Montreal either," Shane shakes his head. "And the weather isn't supposed to improve until Sunday, so we're basically fucked."

Ilya reaches to grab the TV remote and turns it to the weather channel, which shows a big cloud of blue covering much of the northeast. Of fucking course, the biggest snowstorm of the year has to hit today of all days.

"*Blyad*," he groans. "This is so shit."

"I know."

Shane's eyes have begun to water slightly, which is enough to make Ilya want to go outside and physically fight the snow, or learn how to fly a plane himself, or invent a teleportation device. Or all of the above.

"I've been looking forward to this so much," Shane says. "Like, even when we lost yesterday, I didn't care that much because I knew within twenty-four hours I would be with you."

Ilya nearly gets choked up himself at that statement, masking it with an eye roll and small grin.

“This is not true, Shane Hollander does not lose games and *not care*,” he retorts.

“Fine,” Shane admits with a shaky laugh. “I still cared, but I cared a lot less knowing I would get to kiss you today and spend the whole weekend in bed with you. And now that’s all gone to shit.”

“Yes, is very shit,” Ilya agrees. “I had big plans for us. Spent fortune on ginger ale and gross organic snack foods.”

“The kale chips aren’t gross-“ Shane begins to say, but he’s interrupted by the fake gagging sound Ilya is making. “Fuck you. I miss you so fucking much.”

“I miss you too, *moya lyubov*.”

He does miss him, more than he can put into words, but he doesn’t feel the same sadness that Shane seems to be experiencing right now.

This is because he’s already made up his mind that he will be seeing his boyfriend today, no matter what he has to do to make that happen.

They talk for a little while longer before Ilya tells him he has to take a call from one of the trainers about his knee. This is a lie, but he needs to get him off the phone so he can begin to pack.

He doesn’t want to tell Shane his plan, partly because he know that he will try to talk him out of it, and partly because you don’t get a lot of opportunities for big, romantic gestures in a secret relationship, so he’s not going to miss this chance.

He can hear Shane’s voice in his head as he quickly packs a bag and bundles up to head out to his garage and pick a suitable car, telling him that he’s being ridiculous and impulsive, but he doesn’t care.

Ilya would do anything for Shane, including drive five hours from Boston to Montreal in a blizzard.

Shane spends most of his day on the couch feeling sorry for himself.

He knows he should do something productive with his weekend off, like go to the gym or read through some of the many sponsorship-related emails his mom has flooded his inbox with, but he can’t bring himself to do anything but be pissed at the universe for ruining his one chance to see Ilya in the near future.

It’s been harder than he expected being away from him this season, and the rare nights that they’ve had together when playing against one another or when their schedules allowed for a

short trip have only made him miss Ilya more. He swears he falls in love with him more every day, whether they're together or apart.

He alternates between playing video games, watching some terrible Netflix show that Rose is in (and advised him against watching), and calling both his mom and Hayden to complain. His mom is more sympathetic, but Hayden - who is spending his weekend off with a house full of children that are all sick with the flu - tells him to enjoy his bachelor lifestyle while he still has it.

Shane wants to tell him that he would kill for what he and Jackie have, to share that kind of life with Ilya, but he just tells him he hopes they all feel better soon. Hayden, while accepting of his sexuality and, to a lesser degree, his relationship with Ilya since he found out, will never really understand what it's like. He's never had to be apart from Jackie for more than a week or two or keep his love for her a secret.

Ilya is also barely responding to Shane's texts aside from a one or two word response every hour or so, which he finds particularly irritating since he knows for a fact that he has nothing better to do today. He wonders if he's hanging out with Svetlana or one of his teammates, enjoying his weekend much more than Shane is despite their cancelled plans - the idea of that shouldn't make him as jealous or upset as it does.

By the time it starts to get dark outside, the snow still coming down as hard as it was this morning, Shane is seriously considering just forgoing dinner and going to bed at - *god*, it's only six o'clock.

He's mindlessly scrolling Instagram when a call from Ilya pops up on his screen, and he can't help but feel a bit relieved that his boyfriend is missing him, too.

"Hey--"

"I need you to go downstairs," Ilya cuts him off. "Delivery for you at back door."

Shane furrows his eyebrows in confusion. What would Ilya be sending him? And why would he have it delivered to the back door instead of leaving it with the concierge?

"What? What is it?"

"Go down and find out," Ilya says, and Shane can hear the smile on his face. "Quickly, please."

Still confused, Shane gets up and quickly slides on some shoes. The back stairwell, which he hasn't taken since the last time Ilya was over and he didn't want his doorman to see them, is freezing as he runs down to the ground floor.

He's still on the phone with Ilya, and he brings it back to his ear as he reaches the bottom.

"I'm downstairs. Should I--"

"Yes, Shane, open the door."

He braces himself for the cold as he swings the door open, expecting to see a delivery driver or a package on the ground.

Instead, all he sees is Ilya Rozanov.

He's standing there in his Team Russia parka - probably the warmest jacket he owns - with a duffel bag slung over his shoulder and a black toque pulled over his curls. He has a huge grin on his face, which only grows when he sees Shane's shell-shocked expression.

"What-how-"

"You could not fly, so I drove," Ilya says simply, like it was an obvious solution. "Can I have a kiss now please?"

Shane grabs him by the coat and tugs him inside, the door falling shut behind them as he clashes their lips together. Ilya lets his bag drop to the ground so he can wrap his arms around Shane's waist and tug him closer.

They kiss until they're both breathless, until Shane is certain he's not dreaming.

When they pull back, he holds Ilya's cold face in his hands for a moment, taking him in.

"You-you drove here?" he stammers, eyes wide. "You drove five hours in a snowstorm-"

"Took seven hours, since roads were terrible," Ilya says, pecking his lips again. "Was worth it."

The thought of him driving for that long in these conditions, in one of his stupid sports cars that probably doesn't even have snow tires on it, makes Shane feel sick.

"Ilya, that's so dangerous!" he says, now that the initial shock of seeing him has subsided. "You could've gotten into an accident."

"I was careful," Ilya insists. "Took my safest car. Not as good in snow as your Jeep, maybe, but-"

"You're insane," Shane shakes his head. "You drove for an entire day in terrible weather. Not to mention that your knee isn't a hundred percent better yet and-"

Ilya silences him with another kiss, this one much softer. Shane sighs into his mouth, his hand cupping the back of his neck.

"I missed you very much," Ilya says softly, their noses still brushing. "Is no big deal, okay? I am here, I am safe."

Shane nods. He wants to keep arguing, to tell Ilya it is a big deal that he risked his life to come here, but he also really wants to hug and kiss his boyfriend without being in a public space with several layers of clothing separating them.

"I missed you too," he says. "Let's go upstairs and warm you up, okay?"

Ilya raises an eyebrow, and Shane immediately shuts him down with a look as he grabs his bag to carry for him. He can't wait to fuck, either, after nearly a *month*, but his first priority is getting him warm and comfy after the long journey he just made.

Once they're inside his apartment, Ilya can barely get his shoes and coat off fast enough before Shane's pulling him back into his arms - this time a long, tight hug. He feels Ilya exhale as he buries his face in his neck, and his hands creep slide under Shane's hoodie to feel the warm skin of his back.

"You're cold," Shane murmurs, not caring in the slightest.

They stay like that for a while before Shane reluctantly pulls away, placing his hands on Ilya's shoulders.

"For the record, I still think this was reckless, and I'm mad at you for putting yourself in danger--"

"If you do not want me here, I can go back home," Ilya deflects. "Or maybe Pike will let me stay at his house in exchange for hockey lessons."

Shane rolls his eyes and pulls him back in for another firm kiss.

"You're not going anywhere," he says. "I'm not letting you out of my sight for the next two days straight."

Ilya smiles. "Promise, Hollander?"

Within an hour, they're curled up on the couch in front of the fireplace, thoroughly spent after making love like they were making up for lost time - which they were. Ilya had him seeing stars and forgetting his own name in seconds, and they haven't even made it to the bedroom yet.

He's in for a very good weekend.

Ilya is lying half on top of him now, both of them in only their underwear with a blanket draped over them. Shane can't imagine feeling more relaxed than he does right now, holding his love in his arms as the warmth of the fire envelops them.

"I love you so fucking much," Shane murmurs, running his hand through Ilya's hair.

He's told him that a few times now since he got here, but he can't stop himself from saying it again.

"I love you too," Ilya returns, as easy as breathing, with a kiss pressed over Shane's heart.

The silence is comfortable for a while, listening to nothing but the sound of the other's breathing. After a few minutes, though, Shane notices that Ilya looks lost in thought.

Shane combs his curls back from his forehead with his fingers again, prompting him to meet his gaze.

“Is everything okay?”

Ilya gives him a smile that isn't quite convincing.

“Of course. I am with you.”

Shane's stomach fills with butterflies, but there's still a tightness in his chest.

“Are *you* okay, though?” Shane asks. “Like, did something happen?”

Ilya hesitates a moment before shaking his head, absently fiddling with a loose thread on the blanket.

“I have just been missing you,” he says again, but the words feel heavier than they did before. “It is hard, being apart for so long. My heart feels...it is hard to explain.”

Shane doesn't need him to explain - he understands exactly how that feels. He's been feeling the same way for years, even more so the past few months.

“I understand, Ilya,” he says quietly. “It's been hard for me, too.”

Ilya shakes his head, shifting their positions so they're both sitting up a bit more.

“It's not just that. It feels like...we have already missed out on a lot of time together, yes?”

Shane frowns, not entirely sure what he's getting at.

“I mean that there was too many years when I knew I loved you and did not say that,” Ilya continues. “And now that we are...together, happy...I can't be with you so much of the time. It is unfair.”

Unfair doesn't begin to cover it, Shane thinks. All he wants is to be able to scream from the rooftops how much he adores this man. He wants to wake up with him every day and fall asleep with him every night. He wants to go out for dinner with their friends or walk through the park in the morning holding hands.

Most of this won't be possible any time soon, and he knows that. But at least this time next year, they'll only be a two-hour drive apart. They'll be launching their foundation and starting their hockey camp, giving them some plausible deniability if they're seen in public together. Slowly but surely, things will get easier.

“We'll be able to see each other a lot more when you're in Ottawa,” he reminds him. “I know it's not perfect, but we'll get there. Someday, we won't have to worry about any of this stuff.”

It's not a concrete timeline or anything, but that promise - that *someday* - is what they both need to cling to, to see the light at the end of the tunnel. It's what makes the long days and the lonely nights apart bearable.

“Someday,” Ilya repeats, almost like a prayer.

They spend the rest of the night, and most of the weekend, curled up like that - talking, cuddling, laughing, and making love to one another like they have all the time in the world.

Someday, they will.

End Notes

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