spin silence into gold

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by Marleycat

Summary

“Boston captain Ilya Rozanov is coming off an impressive game versus Pittsburgh with two goals and two assists. Will he be able to maintain his momentum as the season goes on, keeping dynamic Metros’ Captain Shane Hollander under him?”

If they only knew how wrong that was.

Ilya's plan to get Shane to stay over had been going so well until a scared Shane ran away. Ilya tries to deal with the fallout when he is left alone, realizing how deep he is falling for Shane.

When he makes it to Shane's cottage, nothing will keep him from shedding a tear or two over shopping lists, shared clothing, dental hygiene, and having someone be the one to take care of him again, finally.

Notes

Thanks to Shane's Secret pals for the fun geeking out over the books, show, and the inspiration for this fic. 🥰

It has been over 2 years since I have posted, but these boys got me writing again. Excited for the first time in a new fandom.

Title from "Lilacs" by Waxahatchee

See the end of the work for more notes

November 2016

"Boston captain Ilya Rozanov is coming off an impressive game versus Pittsburgh with two goals and two assists. Will he be able to maintain his momentum as the season goes on, keeping dynamic Metros' Captain Shane Hollander under him?"

If they only knew how wrong that was.

Ilya didn't know how long he had been sitting slumped back on the couch since Sha—*Hollander's* hasty exit, but the game that had been on in the background was over. The in-studio talking heads on the post game show had since moved on to dissecting Buffalo's slow start to the year and the rumors of their coach being replaced, but Ilya was still frozen in place.

How could he have let himself slip? It was risky enough inviting Hollander to his house for an entire afternoon as it was. Seeing him, the closest embodiment that Ilya had ever felt to home and belonging in the physical space he had tried to protect himself with? It had already felt like too much.

If he had been here longer, would Hollander have teased him about the pillows, or pointed out all the black and yellow highlights and asked if he had hired an interior designer too? Sitting on that expensive couch in which the softest cuddling led to one of the most mindblowing orgasms of his life, how could he have been so *stupid* as to call him by his first name like that?

But today had been a day of firsts and unfortunately Ilya had hit on the one that made it all come crashing down. Watching Shane slip out of his hands and clamber off his lap felt like he had been dunked in the frigid Boston Harbor and left on the shore alone.

Ilya had tried to be casual after they fucked when he suggested that Hollander stay, letting his anxiety churn via his legs under the cover of the sheets, afraid Hollander might run away right then. Ilya's stomach had swooped at how quickly Hollander had acquiesced after a little teasing. The tension in Hollander's shoulders released as Ilya had kissed down his bicep to the inside of his elbow before he could change his mind.

Ilya rolled back over top of him, caging Hollander in and pressing gentle kisses across his chest. He could feel Hollander's core release, and a deep breath huffed out against his hairline as they sunk more into the pillows. It was Hollander's comically large yawn as Ilya's mouth traced his collarbone that broke the moment.

"Oh, am I boring you here, Hollander?" Ilya's fingers danced up Hollander's sensitive flanks as he pulled his head up to place a smacking kiss on top of those freckles he had always been so enamored with.

Hollander made a halfhearted effort to squirm away from Ilya's touch, "Sorry, sorry. Long day with training and the travel, you know," before another involuntary yawn shuddered through his body.

“I tire you out with that last ride too,” Ilya said with a wink. “We rest then.” Ilya moved to Hollander’s left and turned the man on his right side to spoon him.

“Maybe I just need a coffee. I can wake up,” Hollander tried to sit up to face him, a flash of tension going through his sleepy body as if he was afraid of insulting Ilya, but Ilya had hooked his arm tightly across his ribcage, keeping him in place.

“Hollander, when I ask to you to stay, it wasn’t just to fuck, at least mostly,” Ilya quietly said into the nape of Hollander’s neck with that little bit of sarcasm sprinkled in to keep him from falling completely head over heels. Ilya could barely admit to himself that at this point, he wanted to spoon Hollander as much as he wanted to have sex with him. “We take nap, we can do more later. It is okay.”

Ilya could feel Hollander’s body try to settle again. Hooking his chin over Hollander’s shoulder, Ilya had closed his eyes and let himself breathe deeply to help Hollander drift off. While Ilya managed to snooze a bit, he had spent most of the time keeping his body still and enjoying the weight of Hollander’s back safely in his arms.

Maybe they could do this, he had thought at the time.

If he had only known how wrong that was.

The vibration of a text notification from Marleau, asking if Ilya had any plans tonight, jolted Ilya from his rumination of the time earlier. He sucked in a sharp lung full of air, which only made him want a cigarette. Hollander would hate that. After glancing at his phone, he tossed it face down onto the coffee table before grabbing the remote and turning off the TV.

He stood and readjusted his sweatpants after he had hastily pulled them up earlier, his stomach still tacky from their shared release. Sliding his feet back into his house shoes, Ilya stoically piled the plates, napkins (Hollander’s neatly folded one versus the now-balled up one he had used), and cans from their lunch on top of each other and walked back into the kitchen. After unceremoniously scrubbing his abs with a damp paper towel, he wanted to leave everything in the sink to deal with later, but he knew it would feel even worse then. He came close to throwing the whole pile into the garbage if he was being honest to just get away from it all.

After the kitchen was cleaned, Ilya opened the refrigerator to grab a bottle of water, forgetting that the remaining cans of the ginger ale would be sitting there, now as cold as he also felt. After staring at them long enough to make the fridge’s door alarm beep, he angrily pushed them back behind the other sports drinks, ready-made protein shakes, and beers so he wouldn’t have to look at them for now. Another problem to solve later.

Not sure what he was doing, but knowing he couldn’t sit still, Ilya started to go back upstairs only to nearly trip on the second step. There on the dark wood were the meticulously folded black shirt and pants that he had given Hollander to wear. Ilya had to bite his lip to stop the smile that almost broke across his face when Hollander had come downstairs wearing them earlier.

After making out with Hollander perched on his counter, he had taken no time to strip the other man down to his boxer briefs right in his dining room. He knew Hollander was in deep because he hadn't complained a bit when his clothes were strewn over the backs of the chairs before Ilya led him up to his bed.

Ilya probably should have felt some shame, but he still lifted the clothes up to his nose for any remaining trace of Hollander, disappointed when the only real scent was his laundry detergent. How he had wished maybe Hollander would have kept his black t-shirt and left the white one here for him, but the sad thought of a rattled Shane trying to quickly pull his own clothes back on as he called for a car sent an icy chill down Ilya's spine.

Ignoring the continued siren call of the pack of cigarettes that rested on the sideboard, Ilya took the clothes and dragged himself upstairs. Going into the en-suite, he tossed the pants and shirt into the hamper and figured all he had left to do was strip the bedding. It would be like Shane Hollander had never been here and could have been an apparition in Ilya's bed, mind, and heart.

As he grabbed the extra fitted sheet, Ilya turned toward the sink and saw it, the toothbrush sitting next to the basin, perfectly aligned with the bristles up as if it was waiting for its new owner to return later. It was blue, of course.

Ilya didn't usually have anyone except Sveta over, so he had added some toiletries to the shopping list with the ginger ale to place in the cavernous bathroom vanity. The toothbrush, the fancy sensitive teeth toothpaste, a pack of combs, a travel bottle of mouthwash. He could play it off as being a good host even if its intended user was only one person in Ilya's mind. If Hollander had looked any further, he may have found the spare Dopp kit towards the back of the deep drawer that held the shampoo, conditioner, and body wash that Ilya had remembered knocking over a time or two in Hollander's own shower.

So focused on getting Hollander to see that staying was an option, Ilya hadn't registered the minty breath he had returned to bed with. Ilya would have paid any amount of money to see the smile that probably crossed Hollander's face when he opened the drawer to find all these things. It just made Ilya's jaw clench now.

After looking at the toothbrush then staring through his reflection in the mirror, Ilya opened the door under the sink and flung the toothbrush in the direction of the garbage can, slamming it closed with more force than necessary. Even though his body was telling him to go change the sheets and get on with his life, all Ilya could do was slide down the smooth wood of the cabinet front and curl in on his knees, blocking the light, his thoughts, and the potential of what tonight and the future could have been with his palms over his eyes.

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July 2017

Ilya woke up with the lengthening afternoon sun beams right in his face. Not flinging that remote control behind him earlier would have probably been smart, but too late for that. Instead, he threw his forearm over his face and gave himself a minute to reorient and come

back into his body. From an open screen in the hall, he heard the chorus of birds chirping outside and beyond that, the shuffle of movement and clanking in the kitchen.

It had only been about thirty minutes before when he had first woken up with a naked Shane draped over his chest, anchoring him to the bed. After running his palm up and down Shane's spine, Shane had blinked awake, a grin breaking across his face before he gently kissed Ilya as if he was as surprised and delighted to find themselves here as Ilya was. Shane had gotten up and told Ilya to rest some more and he'd get some food started.

Alone in Shane's bed, Ilya could properly appreciate earlier. It almost felt like a dream being able to look out on the property as the sun glimmered over the water while Shane's plush and eager mouth swallowed him down. It was even better when he had pulled Shane up, turning him around to take in that view, and whispered into his ear about how all his hard work and dedication towards hockey had given him this place and their time together all while slowly stretching Shane on his fingers. When Shane was past the point of even being able to beg and nearly sliding down the glass, Ilya laid him out on the bed and helped them both forget the difficult past few months until they had both come loudly. Ilya would have to remember to find the Windex later.

Shane had grimaced as Ilya reached for his discarded tank top to clean them off. "I have more clothes, *moy vozlyublennyy.* And you have a washing machine, *da*? Now we can just stay in bed for now," Ilya had proclaimed as he dropped the shirt off the side of the bed and let Shane splay over top of him for the next hour.

Before he could get too carried away with reminiscing, Ilya's stomach growled loudly and he was ready to try some of that relaxing Shane had promised before they surely went at it again. Ilya was determined to fuck Shane in every conceivable way throughout this beautiful home and then watch that ESPN documentary back to appreciate the architecture in a new context.

Bleary-eyed, Ilya swung his feet over the edge of the bed and saw his roller bag lying across the small bench next to the dresser with his leather backpack leaning beside it, giving him a small smile thinking of Shane quietly bringing it in. He stretched his body out as he stood, feeling a slight twinge from his healing ribs. As he walked into the en-suite, he saw Shane's blue shirt and his own now-defiled traveling clothes in the hamper together. He was slightly tempted to walk back out into the main area of the cottage naked just to see Shane's reaction. He *did* say it was private.

Before he could get any other ideas, Ilya's eyes widened when he looked upon the bathroom countertop.

There next to the sink sat a new toothbrush. Black, of course.

Ilya would deny it if ever asked, but he could feel his cheeks flush and tears prick in his eyes. For so long he had to take care of everything, take care of everybody, and it was never appreciated. Now here he was, crying over toothbrushes. But really, crying over Shane.

If only the world could only see what they were together.

From the back door of the cottage, Shane called out. “Ilya, I’m just on the patio grilling. There are some loungey clothes above the hamper if you want to borrow anything.”

With a chuckle, Ilya opened the cabinet and pulled out a well worn black cotton polo and a pair of long, red basketball shorts which he couldn’t even imagine Shane wearing. He would have to tease him about them later before he stole them for good. Throwing the clothes on, he went to dig out his slides from his backpack.

After brushing his teeth, Ilya dropped his toothbrush into the cup next to the matching blue one and went to find Shane.

This was how it was always going to be.

End Notes

Never forget that as of 1/6/2026, the Buffalo Sabres are 10-1 since being called out in Season 1, Episode 4 of Heated Rivalry. #KeepBuffaloASecret

moy vozlyublennyy / my beloved

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