

i wish i'd had a chance to

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by [eemolu](#)

Summary

Shane wrote in the car. He wrote on the couch of Ilya's house in Ottawa and his own apartment in Montreal. Ilya often woke up to find him in bed with a pen in his hand, scribbling.

It wasn't until they got to the cottage that Shane forgot to put one away, or throw it out, whatever he did with them when he'd used all the available space. Ilya found one on the kitchen table, a well-worn, lined bit of paper with deep creases just lying there as he was trying to clean up. He hesitated for just a second. If Shane wanted him to see them, wouldn't he have said something by now? But also, Ilya was beginning to feel jealous of these papers, for knowing things about Shane that he didn't.

Ilya unfolded it, holding it delicately between his fingertips. I want to be able to pick out produce at the grocery store, it read. I want to go for a run on the beach. I want to schedule our dentist's appointments at the same time because it's easier. I want to have a picture of him in my wallet. I want to kiss him at the farmer's market in front of the stand with all the blueberries when he insists we get some because I like them.

(ilya wants to know what shane is writing down on his little notepad... obviously it is love)

Notes

i am afraid that this show has bewitched me, body and soul, and i can't stop writing fanfic about these two losers while listening to leith ross songs on repeat. this one is titled after you (on my arm) which is one of their many masterpieces and is the perfect shane & ilya song (listen now for optimal reading experience)

there shouldn't be anything in here that needs a content warning - all of it is canon typical topics etc. - but as always please let me know if there's anything i should add.

i hope you enjoy!!!!!!

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

It started in the car, on the way to the airport. Ilya had consented to drive Shane's boring, nondescript car and drop him off for his flight to St. Louis. It was only because the other options were Shane getting caught climbing out of Ilya Rozanov's Maserati at Montreal-Trudeau or missing out on an hour together, neither of which he was willing to choose. So Ilya got in the stupid, practical car, and he held his boyfriend's hand, and he listened to him talk about the game strategy he'd been debating bringing up with his coaches.

After a while, Shane turned to Ilya and asked, "What do you think?"

And because Ilya didn't care about the Metros' offense, and he didn't particularly like Shane's coach, and there was really only one thing he'd been thinking about, he said, "I think I want to be able to get out of the car and kiss you goodbye."

Ilya changed lanes. The blinker clicked into the silence. Shane brought Ilya's hand to his mouth and held it there, not kissing, just breathing. His eyes were closed, and their joined hands were high enough in the air that anyone could've seen them through the car window. Nobody did. They drove anonymously down the highway, and eventually Shane put Ilya's hand back down in his lap.

"I want that, too," he said, and he didn't add any qualifications because they both already knew them all. Their careers, their reputations, their lives. "I want it so bad."

"You will win and come back, and I will kiss you then," Ilya commanded. As compromises went, it really wasn't a bad one, and Ilya was used to missing out on things he wanted.

But instead of agreeing, Shane reached down and rummaged around in his bag. Ilya couldn't resist moving his free hand to muss around with Shane's hair as he was bent into the footwell, and he left it there when Shane popped back up holding a notepad and a pen. He ripped off the first page—something about a new gym routine, Ilya noted out of the corner of his eye—and started scribbling. He didn't tell Ilya what he was writing, and Ilya didn't ask. Eventually Shane folded up the paper and slipped it into the back of his phone case, which was also boring and practical, just like the car. "Will you be awake to talk after the game?" he asked.

"Of course," Ilya said, playing up how offended he was just to catch the corner of Shane's smile. "You are the old man with 9pm bedtime. Not me."

"And yet somehow I'm never in bed by myself," Shane teased.

“Yes, well, that is because you need me to fuck you, not because I need to sleep.”

They devolved into easy bickering until they reached the terminal. Then Ilya had to make do with a long, meaningful look all the way from across the car’s center console. It was too far. A single centimeter would have been too far. But then Shane said, “I love you,” and even if it was probably the thousandth or even the ten thousandth time Ilya had heard it, it still made his heart skip a beat. “Five days.”

“Not so many,” Ilya lied.

Shane lingered in the passenger’s seat. There was a car behind them that flashed its lights. Neither of them turned around. “I’ll call tonight,” Shane said, sounding more like he was reminding himself than Ilya.

And they could both use reminding, Ilya thought, of one other thing: “I love you. And if you score more goals than me, I will let you-”

Shane opened the door in the middle of Ilya’s sentence. Ilya could see him bustling around the trunk, grabbing his bags, and he quietly noticed the blush creeping its way down his cheeks and onto his neck. Their eyes met in the rearview mirror for a long moment before Shane closed the trunk and walked off towards his gate.

Ilya took a minute to close his eyes, grip the steering wheel until he’d lost most of the feeling in his hands. Then he put the car into gear and drove away.

The next time Ilya saw the paper was at Shane’s parents’ cottage. He watched as Shane popped the case off his phone and slid it out, a little folded, tattered scrap, and then he jotted something down and folded it back up.

Ilya couldn’t imagine what he would need to take notes on—they’d been talking about movies, particularly the last one Rose had been in. Yuna had gone to see it in theaters and had a lot of good things to say about it. Ilya had said they couldn’t wait to catch it at home, once the theater run was over. He waited until Shane put the paper away and then leaned in close to his ear, murmuring, “You are afraid you are going to forget the title?”

Shane just turned his head and kissed Ilya’s jaw, that cheater. It made Ilya feel too soft to make fun of him, or tease him to figure out what he was writing down.

Ilya paid more attention, after that. Shane reached into his phone case a few times a week. The paper changed after a while—sometimes it was from a notepad, sometimes it was a Post-It, and once it was even a gas station receipt—but the process was always the same. Shane waited for a quiet moment, got it out of the back of his phone, and wrote something down using the palm of his hand to brace the paper against. Then he folded it up and put it away again, looking up at Ilya like nothing had happened at all.

He wrote in the car. He wrote on the couch of Ilya's house in Ottawa and also his own apartment in Montreal. Ilya often woke up to find him in bed with a pen in his hand, scribbling.

It wasn't until they got to the cottage that Shane forgot to put one away, or throw it out, whatever he did with them when he'd used all the available space. Ilya found one on the kitchen table, a well-worn, lined bit of paper with deep creases just lying there as he was trying to clean up. He hesitated for just a second. If Shane wanted him to see them, wouldn't he have said something by now? But also, Ilya was beginning to feel jealous of these papers, for knowing things about Shane that he didn't.

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Ilya ran a finger across the paper. *I want, I want, I want*, all in Shane's careful handwriting. He could remember the conversations they came from, the moments when they'd stepped away from each other instead of closer, times he'd driven away from the cottage while Shane stayed behind. When it was the other way around, and Ilya was the one who was left behind, he ached. Not because he couldn't handle being alone, but because he had to be. He hadn't known Shane felt the same way.

Ilya slipped the paper into the pocket of his shorts and wandered outside, looking for Shane. He was on the patio, stretched out on the bench by the fire, a book facedown on his chest. His eyes were closed but Ilya knew he wasn't sleeping. They'd both grown up in cold places, even if they were halfway across the world from each other. Neither took the summer sun for granted. Shane, in particular, liked to bathe in it like he was a cat.

For a long moment, Ilya simply looked at him. He had one hand in his pocket, fingers toying with the folded paper. "Good morning," he said, finally, and drank in the sight of Shane blinking his eyes open, arching up to stretch his back ever so slightly.

“It’s almost noon,” Shane said, which was his way of saying it was also a good morning for him. Or, at least, that was how Ilya had chosen to interpret it. “C’mere.”

Ilya did as he was told and fit himself into the space Shane made for him on the bench. It wasn’t close to being big enough, so he let Shane shift him half into his lap. Their shoulders were slotted one over the other, and Shane took the opportunity to press a kiss to the back of Ilya’s neck.

It was almost easier to start the conversation when they couldn’t look at each other. Instead of worrying about if he’d stepped too far or been too nosy, Ilya could stare at the grass and the trees and the dance of the sun across the surface of the lake. “What are you always writing?” he asked.

The thumb Shane had been using to rub circles underneath the hem of Ilya’s shirt stilled for a second, and then picked its rhythm back up. “Just reminders,” he said slowly.

Ilya waited, but it seemed like all Shane was going to say. He took the paper out of his pocket and pressed it into Shane’s hand. “I am sorry,” he said. “This was on the table. I was too curious. I read it.”

“You, um...”

“Are these all things you want,” Ilya asked, and his voice hitched, “now?”

Shane was gripping Ilya’s hip then, instead of caressing it. “It’s not like that,” he said, and then he tried to move so they could look at each other, but there was no room. “This stupid fucking bench is too small. Ilya, look at me.”

Ilya sat up. Shane never broke contact, instead letting his hand glide from Ilya’s hip to circle around his wrist. Ilya took in Shane’s face, its beautiful openness, the way his eyes were already welling up with tears. He said, “I would do these for you now. Or, I would try harder to make up for the fact that we cannot.”

“It’s not like that, I promise,” Shane said, and then he was standing up and pulling Ilya with him by the wrist. They walked back into the house and then up the stairs to the bedroom. Shane paused when they were standing in front of the closet, and Ilya thought about making a joke that maybe this was the wrong kind of message to send, at least metaphorically, but he still felt like he could cry at any moment, and that might ruin the humor.

Shane walked Ilya backwards and pushed him gently, a hand on each shoulder, so he was forced to sit on the bed and watch him go into the closet and rummage around. It didn't take him long to emerge holding an old journal. He offered it to Ilya who, on taking it, saw that it was actually a Metros planner with the year 2010 embossed on the cover.

Ilya must have made a face, because Shane said, "They gave that to me on my first day, but I didn't really need one since my mom kept all my appointments, and it's just kind of been lying around ever since."

"What am I supposed to do with this?" Ilya asked, and Shane responded with an exasperated look. So Ilya flipped open the cover, and there, on the first page, were three pieces of paper, creases still obvious, taped down neatly. He bent towards his lap so he could read them and only got through about three lines before he was blinking tears out of his eyes instead.

I want to let him kiss me goodbye at the airport, Ilya read. The handwriting was shaky, like Shane had written it in the car, but the rest was scrawled all in one go underneath: I want him to carry my passport so we have to go through ID check together. I want to put my feet in his lap at the gate. I want to sit next to him on the plane. I want the flight attendant to come around while he's asleep on my shoulder and order him a Coke so he doesn't have to wake up. I want him to convince me to have sex in the airplane bathroom. I want to carry his backpack to baggage claim when he's tired.

"I didn't want to forget it all," Shane said, and his voice was close enough that Ilya looked up and realized that he'd gotten to his knees in front of Ilya so they were on the same level.

"One day, when we can do all this, I want to check it off one by one."

Ilya should've responded, he knew he should've, but instead he turned the page. There were more, in various shades of ink, hundreds of things Shane was holding for their future, and Ilya kept looking and looking and looking. "I want them too," he said when he got to the end. "All these things."

Shane's glance flitted down to the book. "There's no way you read them all."

"I don't need to," Ilya said, because he didn't. He wanted everything. His brain was short circuiting, because he wanted to grab at Shane, haul him up into his lap, but the book was in the way and he didn't want to squash it or damage it in any way, this representation of the future they were going to have together. Luckily Shane knew exactly what he was thinking, or wanted the same thing too, or maybe those were the same things, because he took the book away and put it gently on the floor, and then he climbed up onto Ilya's lap himself.

It was a good kiss, if a little salty from the tears, and Ilya felt Shane grinding down into his lap not long after they started. He always wanted this—wanted Shane, every way, all the time—but he stopped to lean back and say, “Is probably better this way than the airplane. Those bathrooms are small.”

Shane’s thighs tightened around Ilya’s hips as he asked, “Have you-?”

Ilya just shrugged.

And it was always that way with them, Shane pouncing and tackling Ilya backwards against the bed, half annoyed and half turned on and all of that encompassed in a smile that Ilya made his mission to turn slack and moaning. There was so much Ilya wanted but so much he already had. He could wait for the rest of it, so long as he always had this: Shane underneath him, eyes closed, head thrown back against the pillows, saying his name.

When they finished, Shane got up even though Ilya whined at him to stay. He cleaned himself up and then bent down to pick the book up off the floor. He set it down on the top of their dresser and then went back for his shorts, pulling his phone out of the pocket and sliding yet another piece of paper out of the back of the case. Ilya demanded that he come back to the bed and write it there, so he could watch.

Shane rolled his eyes but he did what Ilya asked. *I want to read these out loud at our wedding*, he wrote. Ilya felt his breath catch in his throat.

“We are having a wedding?” he asked, as casually as he could manage.

Shane, of course, answered like it was a foregone conclusion: “Eventually, yeah. My dad’s been talking about getting ordained so he can do the ceremony, but I told him you might want to get married in a church or something so he should hold off.”

Ilya was still sticky and sweaty and gross, but then again so was Shane, so he draped his arms over Shane’s shoulders and pulled him into a hug, Shane’s back against Ilya’s front. “I am excited for eventually,” he whispered, “when we will get to do everything we want.”

“Mmm,” Shane hummed, easy agreement as he folded the paper back up and put it away.

From then on Ilya always had paper on him, too, but he was horrible about keeping pens around. He was always chewing on them and leaving them all over the place, until there were

several pens with bite marks all over the cap in every drawer in the cottage. It drove Shane crazy, in a bad way and in a good way, and when Shane wasn't climbing all over him, Ilya wrote. It was everything he wanted, couldn't wait to do, and when the first book filled up, they started a new one. Even when they started checking things off, when everyone in the world knew how much they loved each other, they kept it up, filling one shelf in their house and then another, wanting, always.

End Notes

so that's it!!! set out to make this one maybe not so sad. who knows if i succeeded?
regardless. hope you liked it. comments & kudos sustain and give me life, as does people
coming to freak out with me on tumblr (also @eemolu)

(~ ³~) byeeeeee

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