GRWM: Ilya's Version (ft. The Most Exhausted Man in Canada)

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GRWM: Ilya’s Version (ft. The Most Exhausted Man in Canada)

by slec

Summary

The one where Ilya becomes a beauty influencer using Shane’s $300 moisturizer, and Shane tries (and fails) to remain invisible.

Inspired by Hudson's GRWM

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The hotel room in Dallas was silent, save for the hum of the air conditioner and the aggressive tapping of Shane Hollander's finger against his Kindle.

Ilya was currently draped upside down off the armchair, his blood rushing to his head, staring at Shane with the intensity of a starving wolf. He had been bored for exactly fourteen minutes. In that time, he had reorganized the mini-bar by bottle height, Googled "can you die from boredom," and tried to catch a fly with his bare hands.

"Shane," Ilya said, staring at the ceiling. "Entertain me."

"Read a book," Shane said, not looking up. "Meditate. Go to sleep."

"I am not a monk like you," Ilya grumbled. He rolled off the bed and wandered into the bathroom. The counter was covered in Shane's things. Shane was, frankly, high maintenance. His toiletries bag was organized with military precision.

Ilya picked up a heavy glass jar. *La Mer.* He squinted at the label. He knew for a fact this tiny jar cost more than a rookie's monthly per diem. Shane treated it like a holy relic.

A devilish idea formed in his mind.

He pulled out his phone, opened TikTok which he usually only used to watch clips of dogs falling off couches and hit the *Record* button.

"Hello," Ilya said to his reflection in the mirror, zooming in on his own face. "Today, I show you how to be beautiful. Like me."

From the bedroom, a sound drifted in. A long, suffering, heavy exhale. It was the sound of a man who was questioning every life choice that had led him to this moment.

Ilya grinned at the camera. "First step. You find the most expensive cream your... *roommate* owns." He held up the *La Mer*. "And you use a lot of it. Like, a handful."

"Ilya," Shane's voice drifted in, low and warning. "Do not touch the moisturizer."

"Too late!" Ilya whispered to the camera. He scooped a generous, wasteful amount onto his fingers—probably fifty dollars' worth of product—and slapped it onto his cheeks with zero finesse. "Rub it in hard. Attack the face. Beauty is pain."

"I can hear you wasting money," Shane called out from the other room.

"It tingles," Ilya told the camera. "That means it is working. Or I am allergic. Who cares? Look at that glow."

Another sound from the bedroom. A louder sigh this time. Then the distinct *thud* of a Kindle being placed aggressively on a nightstand.

Ilya stopped recording. He watched it back. It was chaotic, blurry, and the lighting was terrible.

He posted it immediately.

@ilya_rozanov81

Skincare routine. Very expensive. **@roommate** you are out of cream.

When Shane woke up the next morning, the first thing he noticed was that Ilya was already awake. This was never a good sign. Ilya was sitting up in bed, the duvet pooled around his waist, scrolling through his phone with a look of maniacal glee.

Shane groaned, rolling over and burying his face in the pillow. "What did you do?"

"Shane," Ilya said, his voice vibrating with excitement. "I am famous."

"You were already famous," Shane mumbled into the mattress. "You won the Hart Trophy."

"No, I am *internet* famous. Look."

Shane cracked one eye open. Ilya shoved the phone into his face. The video—the stupid video of Ilya slapping cream on his face had *4.2 million views*.

But it was the comment section that made Shane's blood run cold.

@HockeyHottie99:

Omg Ilya using $300 cream like it's hand sanitizer is sending me 💀💀 The chaotic energy is off the charts.

@PuckBunny_xo:

OKAY BUT WHO IS THE GUY IN THE BACKGROUND? "Do not touch the moisturizer"??? Hello???

@TrueCrimejunkie:

Enhancing the audio. The voice says "Do not touch the moisturizer." It sounds... authoritative. Daddy? Sorry. Daddy?

@RozanovStan:

That sigh. I felt that sigh in my soul. That is the sigh of a man who is deeply in love but also exhausted. Who is he??

@Y/N_Lover:

> Enhancing the audio. The voice is deep. It’s authoritative. It’s giving "tired dad dealing with a toddler." I am looking respectfully. 👀

"They think you are my Daddy," Ilya said, delighted. "Look, this person says 'I want the Mystery Man to manage my finances.'"

"Delete it," Shane said, sitting up. His hair was messy, and he looked terrified. "Delete it right now. People are going to figure it out."

"No," Ilya said, clutching the phone to his chest. "Look at the engagement, Shane! #TheSigh is trending. I am an influencer now. This is my retirement plan."

It didn't stop. It became a thing. *The Thing*.

Shane tried to stop it. He really did. But Ilya was relentless, and frankly, Shane was weak. Every time they managed to sneak a night together, a serendipitous schedule alignment in New York, a secret getaway to a cabin during the All-Star break—Ilya made a GRWM video.

And Shane, despite his best efforts, was always there.

The camera was propped up on a stack of towels in a cramped bathroom. The shower was running in the background, steam fogging up the lens slightly.

Ilya stepped into the frame, wearing nothing but a towel.

"Today," Ilya announced, "we style the hair. You must use this clay." He held up a grey puck. "It is unscented. It is hypoallergenic. It smells like sadness."

The shower water cut off abruptly.

"It smells like flowers and clean ingredients," a voice called out from behind the shower curtain.

"It smells like nothing!" Ilya argued. "It is boring paste!"

The shower curtain ripped back. A bare arm reached into the frame. It was pale, muscular, and wet. A distinct tan line from a watch was visible on the wrist. The hand snatched the clay out of Ilya’s grip with impressive speed.

"Hey!" Ilya yelled.

A wet, sharp exhale. "Get your own hair products. You have the hair of a chaotic poodle."

COMMENTS:

> **@ForearmDetective:**

STOP THE PRESSES. WE HAVE AN ARM REVEAL. Analysis: Pale. Muscular. Veiny. Watch tan line. Conclusion: This man is an athlete. Or a vampire.

@IlyaUpdates:

"Chaotic poodle" 😭😭😭 TSB (The Sighing Boyfriend) is roasting him and Ilya is just letting it happen? They are MARRIED your honor.

@GenericHockeyFan:

Why does that arm look familiar? I feel like I've seen that arm hold a Stanley Cup. Am I crazy?

Ilya was standing in front of a full-length mirror in a hotel hallway, wearing a sharp, navy blue suit. He looked devastatingly handsome, and he knew it.

"Fit check," Ilya said to the mirror. "I look incredible. No filter needed. The drip is severe."

In the background, a figure blurred past. Shane was trying to sneak behind Ilya to get to the door, moving fast to avoid the camera. But Ilya had left his massive duffel bag in the middle of the floor.

Shane tripped.

THUMP. "Ow. Fuck! Ilya, pick up your shit!"

Ilya didn't even flinch. He just smirked at the camera. "Watch your language, TSB. There are children watching."

Shane let out a groan of pure, unadulterated misery from the floor level.

COMMENTS:

@LipReaderPro:

Okay, TSB swears in English, but the accent is North American. We have ruled out the Russian teammates. The search narrows.

@SoftForIlya:

The way Ilya is smirking??? He did that on purpose. He left that bag there to trap him. This is a psychosexual game and we are just witnessing it.

@HabsFan4Life:

That swear word sounded... oddly familiar. Like, 'referee just called a bullshit penalty' familiar.

Shane was sweating. He was literally sweating in the locker room and practice hadn't even started yet.

"So," Hayden said, taping his stick. "Have you guys seen Rozanov's TikToks?"

Shane froze. "No. I don't have TikTok. It's spyware."

"Dude, it's hilarious," Hayden laughed. "He's got this secret hookup he drags around everywhere. The internet calls him TSB. The Sighing Boyfriend. People are obsessed. There's a subreddit dedicated to identifying his breathing patterns."

Shane felt his soul leave his body. "That's... crazy."

"Yeah," Hayden mused, ripping the tape with his teeth. "Though, the guy sounds kinda familiar. Like, super uptight. Sarcastic. Reminds me of—"

Hayden stopped. He looked at Shane. He looked at Shane's watch tan line.

"Reminds you of who?" Shane asked, his voice an octave higher than usual.

"Uh. No one," Hayden said, frowning slightly. "Just... my high school math teacher. Anyway, let's go. Coach is yelling."

Later that night, Shane FaceTimed Ilya from his hotel room.

"You have to stop," Shane hissed the second Ilya's face appeared. "Hayden almost figured it out. He recognized my *sigh pattern*, Ilya. My sigh pattern. I am going to have to fake my own death."

Ilya was currently applying a charcoal face mask. He looked like a raccoon. "You have a very distinctive sigh, *Solnyshko*. It is the sound of a man carrying the weight of the world and also a very heavy ego."

"I hate you," Shane said, though the venom was gone from his voice. "I'm breaking up with you."

"You can't," Ilya said, unbothered. "I am viral. I am famous for my skin. You are just a hockey player. You need my clout."

"I'm hanging up."

"Don't you dare. I need you to tell me if this mask makes me look scary or sexy."

It happened in Chicago. It was always going to happen in Chicago.

They were rushing. The Metros had a morning skate, and the Metros were flying out in two hours. The room was a mess of suitcases and room service trays.

"I need one more for the views," Ilya announced, standing by the bed.

"We are going to be late," Shane stressed, shoving his feet into his shoes. "Ilya, please."

"Just a 'What's In My Bag'. Very fast." Ilya dumped his toiletries kit onto the white duvet. "Okay, look. Deodorant. Floss. And this..."

Ilya held up a small, silver grooming kit.

"This is for the nails," Ilya said to the camera. "You cannot have ugly claws if you want to hold the Cup."

He held the shiny, silver case up to the camera lens to show off the brand logo.

He forgot that polished silver is reflective. The internet did not forget.

Ilya posted the video and jumped in the shower. By the time he got out, his phone was vibrating so hard it was slowly moving across the bedside table.

Within twelve minutes of the video going live, a user named **@CSI_Hockey** posted a screenshot. They had zoomed in 500% on the reflection in the silver nail clipper case.

It was warped and fish-eyed, but the image was undeniable.

It was a man sitting on a hotel bed.

He was wearing reading glasses.

He was wearing a sweater that said: **Montreal Metros**

And he had the distinct, severe eyebrows of Shane Hollander.

> **@CSI_Hockey:**
>
> LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WE GOT HIM. THE SIGHING BOYFRIEND IS SHANE HOLLANDER. REPEAT. THE CALL IS COMING FROM INSIDE THE RIVALRY.
>
> **@IlyaUpdates:**
>
> NO WAY. NO. WAY. THE "DO NOT TOUCH THE MOISTURIZER" WAS SHANE??
>
> **@HockeyTwitter:**
>
> **
>
> **

HOW DID WE MISS THIS? THE SIGHS MAKE SENSE NOW. SHANE HAS BEEN SIGHING AT ILYA FOR TEN YEARS.

@MetrosFan:

NO WAY. NO FUCKING WAY. THE "DO NOT TOUCH THE MOISTURIZER" GUY WAS SHANE HOLLANDER???

@Hockey69:

Retweeting @CSI_Hockey: I AM HYPERVENTILATING. THE WATCH TAN LINE MATCHES. THE ARM VEINS MATCH. THE SIGH MATCHES.

@HockeyNews:

BREAKING: Internet sleuths claim to have identified Ilya Rozanov's mystery "roommate" as rival Captain Shane Hollander. Neither team has commented, but #TheSigh is currently trending higher than the President.

Shane's phone buzzed. And buzzed. And buzzed.

He picked it up.

Text from **PR Manager:** Shane. Call me. Now.

Text from **David:** *Dude. I KNEW IT WAS YOUR SIGH.*

Text from **Mom:** Is that the moisturizer I gave you for Christmas? Why is he using so much of it?

Shane stared at the ceiling. He let out a long, deep, soul-shaking sigh.

From across the room, he heard a giggle.

"Ilya," Shane warned.

"I didn't film it!" Ilya promised, holding up his hands. "But... if I *had* filmed that sigh? It would have been my masterpiece."

Shane looked at him. He looked at the wet hair, the stupid grin, the utter lack of shame.

"We're going to have to do a press conference," Shane said, rubbing his temples. "We're going to have to explain why we were in a hotel room in Chicago sharing nail clippers."

"Yes," Ilya agreed. "But first, we do a collab. 'My Boyfriend Does My Makeup.' It will break the internet, Shane."

Shane grabbed a pillow and threw it at him. *Hard.*

Ilya caught it, laughing, and tackled Shane back onto the mattress. "You love me. And you love that my skin is glowing."

Shane looked up at the ceiling, then back at the idiot hovering over him. He smiled, small and helpless.

"Yeah," Shane muttered. "I guess I do."

The ring light was blinding. It was set up in the middle of their living room, casting a clinical glow over the coffee table.

Shane was sitting on the couch, arms crossed, looking like he was awaiting sentencing at a tribunal. He was wearing a plain grey t-shirt.

Next to him, Ilya was vibrating. He was wearing a silk robe (stolen from Shane) and had arranged an arsenal of products on the table like they were preparing for war.

"Are we doing this?" Shane asked, his voice flat. "Can we just post a picture and be done with it?"

"No," Ilya said, checking the framing on his phone. "The audience demands content, *Solnyshko*. They need to see the chemistry. They need to see the pores."

"I hate the word 'content'."

"Shh. Action." Ilya hit record.

Ilya beamed at the camera, a dazzling, self-satisfied grin plastered across his face. "Hello. Today is a historic day. Today, the internet broke, and I fixed it. I am here with the man, the myth, the very heavy sigh."

He nudged the man next to him sharply with his elbow, earning a look from Shane that suggested he was mentally redesigning the defensive lineup for the next season.

"Introduce yourself, TSB." Shane stiffly offered, "Hi. I’m Shane Hollander."

Ilya scoffed at the boring delivery. "booooooring. Say it with pizzazz! 'Hello, I am Shane, and I am lucky enough to date Ilya Rozanov.'" Unsurprisingly, Shane refused.

Ilya turned back to the camera. "He says it every morning in the mirror. Okay! Today we are doing a couple’s GRWM. Because now that you know it is Shane, you all understand why my skin is so good. I steal his expensive shit."

Ilya reached for a sleek, silver tube on the table, but Shane's hand shot out instantly, guarding the product. "Don't touch that. That’s the peptide serum. You don't need peptides."

"Everyone needs peptides, Shane," Ilya argued, gesturing dramatically at his forehead.

"Look at this forehead. It is stressful being this beautiful." Shane responded with a sigh so deep, so resonant, and so full of suffering it was practically vintage Hollander.

Ilya's grin widened. "THERE IT IS! Say hello to the famous noise!"

Rubbing his face in exasperation, Shane asked, "Can we just apply the stuff so I can go to the gym?"

"Fine," Ilya conceded, "But you have to apply it to me. Like a French facialist." Shane stared, first at Ilya, then at the camera, then back at Ilya, before finally resigning himself to his fate. He squeezed a tiny, precious bit of serum onto his fingertip. "Come here."

As Ilya leaned in, turning his face, the entire dynamic shifted. Shane's usual "robot" persona cracked, his expression softening into one of intense, focused concentration. He gently dabbed the serum under Ilya's eyes with his ring finger, his movements incredibly careful.

"Too much pressure," Ilya's voice was quieter now, less of a performance. "You are bruising me like a defenseman in the corners."

"Shut up. I'm barely touching you. Your skin is just dramatic. Like the rest of you." Shane finished the under-eye area, using the excess to smooth over Ilya's eyebrows, his thumb lingering near Ilya's temple for half a second longer than necessary.

Ilya smirked as he noted this, "See? You love doing this. You love taking care of me."

Shane immediately pulled his hand back as if burned, scowling at the camera. "I am doing this under duress."

"He loves it," Ilya insisted. "Okay, next step. The La Mer. The star of the show." Ilya grabbed the infamous heavy glass jar and went to scoop out a huge amount.

"I swear to god, Ilya. A dime-sized amount. A *dime*."

Ilya, with a theatrical "Oops. My finger slipped," slapped a huge glob onto his nose.

"That jar is three hundred dollars. You just put fifty dollars on your nose," Shane groaned.

Ilya aggressively rubbed the cream in. "It is an investment in our future! When you retire and become a grumpy old coach, my face will still be paying the bills."

Before Shane could respond, Ilya grabbed his face with both hands, squishing his cheeks together and smearing the remaining expensive cream onto Shane's skin.

"Get off me," Shane grumbled, his voice muffled, fighting a smile. "Look at him. The Golden Boy. He is glowing now. Say thank you, Ilya."

Pushing Ilya's hands away, Shane finally gave in to the smile threatening to break through. "You're the worst thing that's ever happened to me."

Ilya grinned triumphantly. "And cut! That was gold. We are going to win an Oscar for skincare."

@ilya_rozanov81:

THE REVEAL. TSB is here. He is grumpy. #GRWM #BoyfriendReveal

COMMENTS:

@HabsGirlie:

I AM DECEASED. I AM PASSING AWAY. The way Shane's whole demeanor changed when he started applying the eye cream??? That was so soft I can't handle it. 😭😭😭

@RozanovStan:

The contrast between "Chaos Goblin Ilya" slapping $50 of cream on his nose and "Robot Shane" gently dabbing with his ring finger is the dynamic I live for.

@Hockey_Analysis:

Forget the stats, this video explains why Boston lost the playoffs. Ilya was too busy stealing Shane's peptides.

@SoftForHollander:

Did anyone catch the thumb caress at 1:45? That wasn't skincare. That was pure affection. I'm crying in the club.

@MetrosFan99:

Shane looks like he wants to die the entire time but also like he would burn the world down for Ilya. It makes no sense and total sense.

@PuckLife_87:

Bro, I came here for highlights of the Chicago game and watched a 3-minute tutorial on peptides. Why did I watch the whole thing? Why do I want to buy the cream? What is happening to me?

@BeerLeagueLegend:

Does the La Mer help with playoff beard itch? asking for a friend. (It's me. I'm the friend).

@CSI_Hockey:

TIMESTAMP 0:32: Look at the background. That is NOT a hotel. That is a condo. Specifically, the molding matches the architectural style of Old Montreal.

CONCLUSION: Ilya is in Shane's house. Ilya is wearing Shane's robe. This is not a visit. This is cohabitation. I rest my case.

@LipReaderPro:

At 1:12, when Shane mumbles "Get off me," his body language actually leans into the touch by 15 degrees. He is lying. He loves it.

@SoftForShane:

"You're the worst thing that's ever happened to me." -> TRANSLATION: "I would die for you. I would kill for you. I will buy you another $300 jar of cream tomorrow."

@LaMer:

Please stop slapping our product. It is designed to be pressed gently into the skin. Please. We are begging you. 😭 (DM us for a refill).

@MontrealMetros:

Admin has no comment. Admin is currently looking up how much peptides cost.

@BostonBears:

Admin would like to remind everyone that Ilya Rozanov is a fierce competitor. Usually. 🐻

Shane put his phone face down on the coffee table. The notifications were giving him a migraine.

"Twenty million views in three hours," Ilya crowed from the kitchen, where he was making toast. "I am a marketing genius. The league should pay me a bonus."

Shane walked into the kitchen. He leaned against the counter, watching Ilya aggressively butter a piece of toast. Ilya was wearing Shane's robe now, his hair sticking up in every direction, his skin ridiculously shiny from the La Mer.

He was a menace. He was a walking PR disaster. He was expensive and loud and impossible.

Shane walked over, wrapped his arms around Ilya's waist from behind, and rested his chin on Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya froze, surprised by the sudden affection without a camera present. He leaned back into the embrace.

"Did you check the comments?" Ilya asked softly. "They love us."

"I don't care about the comments," Shane mumbled against Ilya's neck. He tightened his arms slightly. "But you used too much moisturizer again. You're slippery."

Ilya laughed, a real sound that shook his whole body. He turned around in Shane's arms, smearing butter on Shane's fifty-dollar t-shirt, and kissed him.

"Next time," Ilya whispered against Shane’s mouth, "we do a hair tutorial. You will braid my hair."

Shane let out a sigh. But this time, he was smiling when he did it.

End Notes

I was just rewatching hudson's grwm for the nth time and I realized that shane would never do this voluntarily but ilya would. I had fun doing this. Thank you for reading!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!