

## resolutions

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# resolutions

by [Tizniz](#)

## Summary

His phone reads 12:05am when the call comes through. Lily appearing on his screen.

Smiling, Shane swipes to answer the video request, something in his chest settling when Ilya's face appears. "I thought you were busy partying."

Ilya wrinkles his nose, adjusting the phone so the light from whichever darkened corner he's found illuminates his face, "Doesn't mean I would not call. Happy New Year."

"Happy New Year." Shane echoes, shimmying down into his pile of pillows.

## Notes

Still a couple hours to go for me with 2025 but posting this now as a lil celebration and thank you.

A thank you to all of you for reading my stories and enjoying the silly words I come up with. Whether it has been through Buddie or more recently through Hollanov. I appreciate all of you.

I cannot wait to continue to share stories with you as we enter 2026. A new year full of new possibilities and new words and new stories.

I already have a handful of both Buddie and Hollanov stories to share, and I'm so excited.

So thank you again, for being here.

Happy New Year 

Here's to 2026!

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

“Happy New Year.” Shane says quietly to the empty hotel room he’s sitting in. On the TV are people cheering, celebrating, and exchanging kisses as they ring in the new year. He can hear the noise from outside of his hotel, where others are also celebrating together. Shane doesn’t mind that he’s not there. His teammates had invited him to come hang out, but he had turned them down. The thought of being around a bunch of people, even his friends, was too much for him. Plus they had all brought along their girlfriends, partners, or wives, planning to ring their new year in with a kiss.

Shane didn’t want to see that.

Not when he couldn’t have it.

His phone reads 12:05am when the call comes through. *Lily* appearing on his screen.

Smiling, Shane swipes to answer the video request, something in his chest settling when Ilya’s face appears. “I thought you were busy partying.”

Ilya wrinkles his nose, adjusting the phone so the light from whichever darkened corner he’s found illuminates his face, “Doesn’t mean I would not call. Happy New Year.”

“Happy New Year.” Shane echoes, shimmying down into his pile of pillows. “Kiss anyone at midnight?”

“No.” Ilya shakes his head, “No one here I want to kiss.”

Shane’s smile fades a bit, “Yeah...”

Their schedules hadn’t lined up to allow them to be close enough to meet up for New Year’s. Where they’d both be able to slip away and celebrate the holiday together. Instead, Shane was in a hotel in some random city, and Ilya was back home with his teammates and their various other halves.

Shane was just glad Ilya wasn’t alone. He didn’t deserve to be alone.

“Where are you?” Ilya asks, “Not out with the boys?”

Shane shakes his head, “No, I’m in my hotel room.”

“Shane...”

“I’m okay.” He assures Ilya quickly, “I just...” He trails off, tugging at his bottom lip.

“*Solnyshko.*”

“It felt like too much.” He admits into the quiet. “I already felt...off. I was out for dinner with them earlier. And there were just...so many people...” Shane shakes his head. “I came back here, had a shower, and watched a movie.”

“You are okay now?” Ilya asks, voice gentle, eyes searching Shane. “Not...off?”

Shane smiles at the phone screen; it would be better if Ilya was here in person, but they both knew this was how it had to be. For now. “I am because I’m talking to you. I’m glad you called.”

Ilya smiles back at him, hazel eyes nothing but fond, “Would have called right at midnight if I could have.”

“It’s okay. You called. That’s all that matters.”

“Always.” Ilya promises, pressing his index and middle finger to his lips and then to the camera. Shane blinks away tears as he returns the gesture.

“So.” Shane clears his throat, curling onto his side, propping the phone up against a pillow so he can tuck his hands under his head but still see Ilya. “What are your plans for this year?”

“Besides give you more orgasms than last year?” Shane blushes and untucks one hand to flip Ilya off, the Russian’s loud laughter filling the otherwise quiet hotel room. “That is most important plan, Shane! I must give you as much pleasure as possible!”

“You’re such an asshole.”

“Because I want to make you cum?”

“...No. Shut up. Be serious!”

“Okay, okay,” Ilya shifts as he slides to the floor, using his knees to help prop his phone up, giving Shane a better view of his face. “Hmm...I mean, see you as much as I can is important. Whether you cum or not.”

Shane’s heart flutters, “Yeah?”

“Always, *solnyshko*. What about you? Give me ideas.”

“I...” Shane’s eyes dart away from the phone, teeth trapping his bottom lip.

“Tell me, sweetheart.” Ilya coaxes sweetly, “There is no hiding with me.”

“That’s...that’s exactly what I don’t want to do next year.” Shane admits in a whisper, heart racing for new reasons.

“Hide from me?” Ilya’s brows form a crease between them, “What are you hiding?”

“No, nothing.” Shane corrects quickly, “I’m not...I’m not talking about hiding from *you*.” He takes a breath, rubs his feet together under the blanket, trying to calm the itchy sensation spreading across his skin. “I just...I don’t...I want to hide *less*.”

Ilya stays quiet for a minute, clearly processing what Shane is saying without actually saying it. Shane waits, wondering if he’ll have to use more words. Ilya will let him know if it’s needed. He’s done it before.

“You want to tell people.” Ilya states, voice low and careful, tone neutral. “About us.”

“I...yes?”

“Is that a question?”

“No. I don’t...I mean, it is because if you aren’t okay with it, obviously we won’t, but I just...” Tears blur his vision again. “I love you, Ilya. And I want...I want people to know. Maybe not...not *everyone*. But...but the people that matter.”

A smile spreads across Ilya’s face, beautiful and vibrant, “Of *course* I am okay with it. I love you too, Shane. And I would very much like people to know about my beautiful boyfriend.”

Even though it’s been some time since the first time Ilya has spoken the word *boyfriend*, Shane still finds a thrill zing through his body at the sound of it.

“So maybe. Maybe we tell people. Some people. Ones we trust.”

“Whoever you want.” Ilya assures with a nod. “I want you to be comfortable.”

“I love you.” Shane has to say it again. Because he does. He loves the amazing, patient, wonderful, caring man.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*.” Ilya replies with ease. Shane loves when Ilya says it in his mother tongue, and Ilya knows it.

A squeal of laughter comes from Ilya’s phone, and his eyes flicker away from the screen. Shane knows that their time is up.

Ilya meets his eyes once more, his smile sad this time. “I must go.”

“I know. It’s okay. Go party and have fun.”

“You text if you need me though.” Ilya tells him. “I am here if off feeling comes back.”

“I’ll be okay,” Shane replies and he thinks that it’s true. Talking to Ilya always helps. “But I will. I promise.”

“Good.” Ilya nods, and the two stare at each other for another minute before he sighs. “Okay. I must go and party.”

“What a hard life you live.” Shane teases with a laugh. Ilya rolls his eyes and flips him off.  
“Be safe.”

“Of course.”

“And text me when you wake up tomorrow.”

“Yes.”

“And I love you.”

Ilya smiles, “I love you too, Shane Hollander.”

Shane ends the call with a smile on his face, turning his face into his pillow to hide it even though he’s alone.

This may be the best New Year’s yet.

End Notes

Tumblr: [Tizniz](#).

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