

You Are My First Pick

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You Are My First Pick

by [ItsMayBiTheWay](#)

Summary

The first time it happens, Shane doesn't even realize what is happening. The mystery package does not have any return address, but is directly shipped to Shane's home. Curious as to what it is, he carefully opens it.

OR

Five times Shane gets anonymous Valentine's Day gifts and one time he figures out who they are from!

Notes

Happy Valentine's Day, loves!! I hope you are having an amazing day of love and celebrating it with our favorite couple Hollanov!!! As usual, my fic is NAWT beta read, all the mistakes are my own. I am too lazy to reread and fix them and drowning in over five WiPs, I frankly can not be bothered by it. Hope any mistakes that made it into the fic are small enough to not disrupt your reading.

Also Happy Valentine's Day to my lovely girlfriend. It is an honor and privilege to spend the day with you yet another year, and happy year and a half anniversary!!!!

For those of you who are waiting for the Irina fics, they both are coming!!!!

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

1. 2013

The first time it happens, Shane doesn't even realize what is happening. He grabs the several boxes left in his driveway, and heads inside his house. He sets them all down on his kitchen island and starts separating personal deliveries from PR boxes.

The PR boxes—a few sneakers from Reebok, some energy drinks and protein bars, what he assumes is the new Canada Goose coat, and a few branded stuff he doesn't even know about—get left of the island as he picks up the rest and settles on the couch.

He meticulously opens his shampoo and conditioner subscriptions, setting them down on the coffee table. The next box reveals the books he ordered while the third one is holding some of his skin care. The last one comes in a standard USPS package, but instead of the white and blue packaging, this one is pink and covered in red hearts.

The mystery package does not have any return address, but is directly shipped to Shane's home. Curious as to what it is, he carefully opens it. Pressing on either side of it, he looks for its contents. There are a few smaller boxes, and unable to help himself, Shane reaches inside to pull them out.

The small boxes all look identical with only the branding on it, and pictures of earplugs. Upon further inspection, he realizes there are several earplugs for various different occasions. There is one for background noise reduction, one for sleep, and one for loud events.

Opening each one, Shane finds each of them look very sleek, almost more like an accessory than an aid. Constantly dealing with overstimulation and sensory overload, Shane has always needed something to make things more manageable, but regular earplugs either got him mocked by his teammates, or blocked out the noise too much for him to function in public. These, though, they seem perfect.

In an attempt to figure out who they are from, Shane picks up the package, and shakes it upside down. Nothing comes out, but somehow Shane can still feel the care that went into the little gift. He reverently caresses the boxes with his thumb, somehow so touched by the anonymous gift.

Once every new item finds their place in his home: his skin care on his bathroom counters, shampoo and conditioner on the shelves in his shower, books in the shelves in his bathroom, and his two outdoor earplugs on the top drawer on his nightstand, he puts on his sleep earplugs on, and reaches for his phone.

He checks his schedule for the next day, February 15th, then makes sure his alarm is set for 5.45 am before going to sleep.

2. 2014

The second time around, Shane is too distracted by the Olympics to parse things out, until Carter Vaughan and Scott Hunter spell it out for him.

“Shane Hollander,” they call for him in unison, making him jump. “You got a package there?” Carter asks, inspecting the padded manilla envelope Shane’s been fiddling with.

“Yeah, I got right before I was heading out for my flight,” Shane dryly supplies, unsure how much he should share.

“Uuuh, a Valentine’s Day gift, huh?” Carter pokes at his side with his elbow, his eyebrows suggestively moving up and down.

Flustered and a little surprised, Shane stammers. “No. I mean- I don’t have a girlfriend,” he finally settles.

“A gift from a secret admirer, Rook?” Scott pipes in, his voice coming out flat despite the enthusiasm in his words.

And the thing is, Shane has not stopped thinking about where the first package came from. It had been almost a year, maybe to the day, when he got the first package delivered to his house; and when the second one came, he secretly hoped this one was sent by the same person.

He still has the earplugs, using them almost religiously, and getting a similar package makes him feel giddy with anticipation. Those were some of the most thoughtful gifts he’s ever gotten, and he’s dying to know what’s in this one.

“C’mon, Hollander, let us see what your secret admirer got you,” Carter nudges his side.

The envelope sits heavy on the table, Shane’s fingers absentmindedly tracing the package. From the feel of it, Shane knows it’s a book; but he feels uncertain, opening it in front of others. “Oh, it’s okay, I’ll see what it is when I get to the hotel,” he dismisses as politely as he can.

Luckily neither Carter nor Scott press him any further, their conversation naturally drifting toward figure skaters and anti-queer Russian laws, and Shane’s mind toward Ilya Rozanov.

Only once he’s left to his devices, once again alone in the little shop, his package steals his attention. He carefully unclips the metal pieces, and pulls the mystery book out. It’s a signed first edition of *Tarasov: The Father of Russian Hockey*

Before he even opens the cover, the contents of the book sends a jolt of excitement through his body. He knows this book, he’s been on a hunt for this book for years. It’s a semi-autobiographical book written by the founding father of Russian hockey, dissecting the similarities and differences between the Russian and Canadian styles of hockey.

Something akin to hope blossoms in Shane’s chest, what Carter has said sets down roots on the traitorous part of Shane’s mind that’s always thinking of Rozanov offers him the impossible thought of Rozanov being the one behind these mysterious gifts.

While a quick conversation with Rozanov where he tells Shane they are nothing kills the thought, Shane still can’t help but fall asleep holding his new book.

3. 2015

For all intents and purposes, Shane's life is going well. Hockey is good, his schedule is packed, he's still seeing his parents when he has a chance. There hasn't been much going on with Rozanov, but that's shut in a box in Shane's mind that's buried deep inside.

But as February rolls around, he can't help but feel excited for his gift. He's never been one to value special days, but ever since he—with the help of Carter—figured out he's been getting Valentine's gifts, he's been feeling the spirit of this one holiday.

For reasons he's unwilling to face, he desperately wants the gifts to come from Rozanov, but thinking back on Sochi, he lets Rozanov's words crush that hope. "We're not... anything." But a stupider, more hopeful, traitorous part of his brain holds on to his second sentence like a life line. "Not here, Hollander."

Not here. Not that they could be anything anywhere else. Groaning to himself, Shane gets out of his car and heads to his apartment, his eyes already looking for a package.

It takes him no time to spot the one he's been looking for, one without a sender. This time it's a big and heavy box, unlike the previous, smaller packages. He lifts it, leaving behind a few other packages, and places it on his coffee table.

Grabbing the boxcutter, he carefully cuts through the tape, only to reveal three volumes of what he can guess is an encyclopedia. He pulls the thinnest of the volumes, then feels the back of his eyes sting with unshed tears. The collector's edition of *The Trail of the Stanley Cup*.

He has the second volume on his shelves, a fairly newer edition, missing the dust jacket, but these three books, volume one through three, are almost in pristine condition. The pages are yellowed, and there is a distinct smell of dust and cigarettes permeating from them. To Shane, they are perfect.

He goes fishing inside the box, for a card or for any indicator of the sender, but just as the previous years, he comes up empty handed. That night he goes to bed later than he'd normally allow himself, lost in the pages.

4. 2016

By the time Valentine's day rolls around in 2016, Shane can't tame his excitement, to the point of his teammates realizing his buzz.

"Big plans?" Hayden finally asks the day of, many of their teammates talking around them about their own Valentine's plans.

With a casual of a shrug he can manage, Shane tries to play it off. "No, nothing special. I mean- I'll head home, watch a tape and get ready for the game against Jersey next week." Realizing the expectant look on Hayden's face, he feels compelled to ask. "Do you need a babysitter?"

Hayden returns the question in a sheepish tone. “Would you mind?”

“No, not at all.” He prays to gods he doesn’t even believe in that his reluctance does not bleed into his voice. All he wants is to go home and see if there is another package waiting for him, but he can take a few hours of delays if it means making his best friend’s life a little easier.

By the time Hayden and Jackie come back, Jackie tipsier than he’s ever seen her, it’s already past midnight. He graciously accepts their thanks and the chocolate covered strawberries Jackie insisted on getting for him—already planning on giving them to his mother—and hurriedly heads home.

When he gets home, he quickly sorts through any and all PR and personal packages, and tries to not feel too disappointed as he finds nothing that resembles any of the packages he’s gotten over the last three years. He takes a brisk shower and gets under his covers.

The sleep doesn’t come, not the way it normally does for him. Instead of tossing and turning, he decides to unpack everything that’s been sitting in his mudroom. He quickly gets through his own packages, then makes his way through the PR ones.

He opens the few winter wears he’s gotten from the brands he’s associated with, and looks at the Under Armour package with heightened interest. He is not affiliated with the brand, a clause in his Nike contract strictly preventing him. And although all of his training gear is their products, he keeps it on the down low, afraid of upsetting Nike and his mother.

Shane rips through the plastic bag to find several of his usual picks. At first glance, everything looks like his regular order, but he’s so sure he hasn’t placed any new ones. He even knows they’ve stopped producing the compression shirt he’s come to love and get used to, but here, right in front of him, there are five of them.

With careful fingers, he lifts one. It is not identical, for one this version doesn’t have the side tags he hates and immediately cuts off. And they all have #24 Hollander pressed onto them in bright blue and red. He inspects the others, all the same as the first one, then goes to look at the matching shorts.

He carefully folds each item back, knowing deep in his bones that this is the making of the same person. Same thoughtful gift. He picks up the plastic bag they came in, walking towards his trash can when he hears the faint sound of paper hitting his parquet floors.

“It is an honor custom making training gear for a hockey legend. Your gifter wanted to let you know if you have issues with the print on the sleeves, please contact us through the special customer services line written below.

Enjoy

-The Under Armour Team

Fuck. It is from the same person. The same person who knows Shane to his fucking bones. Who knows his preferences. Who thought about how even the slightest change of having

print on his shirt and shorts might affect him. Shane feels seen, loved, in a way that he has never felt. Who went out of his way to make a brand reproduce something they discontinued.

The next day he shows up to practice in his new favorite set.

5. 2017

2017 comes with a lot of changes: breaking up with Rose, being brave, starting something new and tentative with Rozanov, well *Ilya*.

And although it all seems like changes in the right direction, in the direction of better things, Shane still doesn't do well with change. He knows it'll settle, *he'll* settle, but the slight thrumming buzz under his skin is making him feel uneasy, restless.

When he comes home on the 14th, and finds another box already waiting for him, he feels a little better. Something familiar. The box is slightly smaller than the one that carried the Stanley Cup boxes, but it feels significantly heavier. Almost as if it carried several weights.

He opens it with a good kind of anticipation, eager to see what the contents are, and feels only slightly surprised to find a dark blue blanket staring back at him inside a laundry bag.

The fabric feels incredibly soft under his fingertips, the stitch around the small divots almost impossible to trace. He pulls it out of the box, surprised by the weight of it, at least forty-five pounds. A weighted blanket.

As he unravels the folded material, a small card falls by his foot. It reads the washing instructions alongside a small typed note.

It is washed with your favorite detergent, ready to use.

That night, under the weight of his new blanket, feeling surrounded by comfort and love, Shane gets the best sleep of his life. Right before the sleep takes him, he lets his mind wonder if sleeping with Ilya's weight on him would feel as good, if not better.

+1 2018

In 2018, Valentine's Day comes with secret plans to meet up on the 12th, the only day both he and Ilya are available closest to the date.

Despite all of Shane's protests, Ilya makes a big fuss about celebrating it, and Shane is helpless against his boyfriend's insistence and pleading, puppy eyes.

After making the drive to Boston, Shane watches as Ilya makes them an amazing dinner, hand feeding Shane the pieces of salmon he cooked, before pulling out two engraved champagne flutes.

"I can't- I can't drink during the season," Shane half-heartedly protests.

In lieu of an answer, Ilya just pushes the bottle towards him. "Is not alcohol."

When Shane inspects the bottle, he grabs Ilya's shirt and pulls him for a deep, downright filthy kiss. "You are ridiculous."

"My boyfriend is ridiculous," Ilya shrugs.

"So you went ahead and got ginger ale in a champagne bottle?" He keeps on planting open mouthed kisses to his boyfriend's neck. God, he loves this man so much.

"Not you are being ridiculous. It is not a thing, Hollander. I had to get it custom made." Ilya pulls him off, looking in his eyes with so much love Shane thinks he might explode. "Now, will you suck my cock or do I need to make you?"

Shane drops to his knees so fast, he knows he'll feel it even tomorrow.

They eventually exchange gifts, after Shane gets thoroughly eaten out and fucked. He hands Ilya the ridiculously expansive tie he has got for him, red and black, in Ottawa's colors, and a matching gold tie pin with his name engraved. And Ilya gives him a Rozanov Bears jersey.

"Fuck you," Shane retorts. "What the fuck am I supposed to do with this?"

Feigning indifference, Ilya shrugs again, but now Shane now knows this is just a facade. "It's signed. You can sell it when you're retired." Then he gently grabs the hem. "Is the jersey I wore to my last home game against Montreal. As a Bear. End of an era and all that." He waves a hand dismissively.

Shane sees his vision blur, more than feeling the tears prickling in his eyes. He softly pulls the jersey out of Ilya's hands and pulls it over his head. "You were very sexy in that game," he murmurs as he climbs on top of Ilya, straddling his legs. "Shame you only scored twice."

Ilya's pupils dilate, his cock rapidly hardening underneath him. "Are you chirping me, Hollander?" He asks, his voice filled with mirth.

Shane lines Ilya's cock with his hole, slowly sinking in until Ilya fully bottoms out. "I'm giving you an opportunity to turn it into a hatty, asshole." With a sinful roll of his lips, he watches his boyfriend's head thud back against the headboard. They've only gone without condoms a handful of times, but now Shane *needs* to feel Ilya come inside of him. "Make this one count, Captain."

Shane only gets a growl as a response before both of them lose any train of thought.

When Shane comes home from an away game, on the fifteenth of February, the last thing on his mind is a Valentine's Day gift from his secret admirer. The bone deep ache on his body protests against doing anything but taking a shower and heading to bed, and the empty feeling inside just yearns for Ilya to be here.

So when Shane sees a pink packaging, very similar to the very first one he's gotten, his step flutters. Despite the pain and sadness, something light and happy blossoms inside of him.

He dutifully showers, slips on a pair of sweatpants, and only feels a little guilt about putting on his boyfriend's sweatshirt when opening a Valentine's Day gift from someone else.

He carefully rips the lip of the package, pulling out its contents. Underneath a small velvet box, this time there is a card accompanying the gift. Not like the little small card from last year, but an actual Valentine's Day card.

Unable to tamp down his ever growing curiosity, Shane opens the card first. It's clearly a generic one, with a pair of skates and two hockey sticks displayed on the front, and the inside reads "You are my first pick!" It's cheesy but it feels fitting, even if he were the second pick of the draft. Shane checks the back for any inscriptions but there is nothing added to it. No personal touch.

Once he feels satisfied with his inspection of the card, he moves on to the velvet box, opening it carefully. Inside the box lies a pair of cufflinks. Shane picks one up and turns it around in his hand. The little engraving on the back catches his eye. Putting his glasses on, Shane takes a closer look. While he can't exactly read what it says, it is clearly written in Cyrillic.

Without giving it a second thought, he picks up his phone and presses the dial button. "What does it say?" he breathlessly asks as soon as the call connects.

Ilya's laughter fills his ears. "It says my heart on one and my soul on the other."

After a comfortable stretch of silence, Shane breaks it. "All this time?" he asks reverently, thinking of every single gift he's gotten over the years. "It's been you all this time?"

"I didn't know," Ilya confesses. "The first time around. I realized it was almost Valentine's Day when I went to the post office. The next time, I just- I don't know. I wanted to share a part of Russia I still loved with you. Then it became a thing."

"Fuck. I wish you were here." The ache of being apart hits Shane harder than it ever did. He wants to be surrounded by everything Ilya, his voice, his scent, his hands, his lips. He thinks about all the gifts he's gotten over the years, then something hits him. "The- the compression gear. It was custom made. You must have ordered it when..." He can't bring himself to say it. When he left. When he was with Rose.

"Hollander," Ilya's voice comes out rough, almost as if he's forcing the words out. "Just because you were with her, didn't mean I stopped caring about you."

Quickly taking a glance at his calendar, Shane does something he's never done in his life, acts spontaneously. "I'm driving up there. Wait for me."

"What?" Ilya asks, sounding incredulous.

"Tomorrow's training is optional. I can live without attending one singular one. I don't think I can live without kissing you before I sleep tonight."

"But--"

“I’ll drive back tomorrow night. Ilya, please. I need you.” With his keys in hand, Shane is already out the door.

“Okay,” Ilya resigns. “Happy Valentine’s Day, Shane.”

“Happy Valentine’s Day, Ilya.”

End Notes

Thank you guys so much for reading!! You guys' comments and kudos keep my Tinkerbell spirit alive <3 

And you all know the drill by now I hope

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