

there lived a certain man in Russia long ago

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there lived a certain man in Russia long ago

by [blankjournals](#)

Summary

Ilya pivots smoothly and turns towards Shane, raising one dark eyebrow.

*If you're horny, let's do it
Ride it, my pony
My saddle's waitin'
Come and jump on it*

His jacket comes off next, and he drops it carelessly on the floor. The tank comes off, slow and sensual, as if his body is fighting him to keep it on. It doesn't drop to the floor. This time, Ilya hurls it across the bed.

Shane laughs despite himself as he catches it, resists the hysterical urge to sniff it and quickly tosses it aside, “You asshole, what if that hit my glasses—”

Ilya continues undeterred, hands trailing up his chest, and Shane's breath catches, his body heating as his nerves spark to life. Ilya's hands make their way to his curls, where he squeezes them with both hands as he thrusts his crotch up in the air.

Shane snickers, then he falls back against his pillows as a breathless sound erupts from him again.

Inspired by yet another [tweet](#) from @paulasoldestson. OR, Shane's ever-growing list of songs he has banned because Ilya does not know how to behave himself.

Notes

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

2017 - Montreal

March 30, 2017, should have been like any other day. Shane's team was playing against Tampa Bay on home ground, and Boston was playing against Dallas on home ground as well. The Metros had lost, but at least Boston pulled off a great win; it still made Shane happy for his boyfriend.

He didn't want to think too hard about his own loss, though; the Metros still gave them hell, 3-2. But right now he just wanted to go home, eat his plain salmon and brown rice, talk to Ilya for a bit and fall asleep. He's able to do all those things, in that exact order and by the time 12 am rolls around, he's fast asleep. That is, until 30 minutes later, his phone wakes him up. And Shane doesn't even have to check his phone to know, he can feel it in his spirit that it's Ilya calling.

"Rozanov, I'm going to start putting my phone on do not disturb—"

"Hollander," Ilya's voice cuts in, a breathless excitement different from the one he had when he was talking to Shane earlier. "You would not believe what happened."

Shane blinks into the darkness. "I know your team won, Ilya, we literally talked 1-hour ago ___"

"Kendrick Lamar just dropped a song. Out of nowhere. No one knew."

Shane pulled his phone away from his face, staring at the screen, like he was trying to make sure it was actually Ilya who called, that *someone* had actually called him, and he wasn't just hearing voices and hallucinating. To talk about a song that got released?

"You called because Kendrick Lamar released a song?" Shane asks in a dry tone as he brings his phone back to his ear. *He better say no, he better say no, no way he's—*

"Yes, Hollander, it is amazing you have to—"

Shane doesn't get to hear the rest of his sentence because he hangs up the phone and puts it on silent. It rings immediately again, this time with no sound or vibration, and Shane ignores it before Ilya starts bombarding him with texts.

LILY

hollander

shane

shane :(

pick up the phone



JANE

No I want to sleep

What is wrong with you

LILY

but i need to talk to u about mr. lamar

JANE

Talk to me in 8 hours

Or any of your other teammates who probably understand rap better than me

LILY

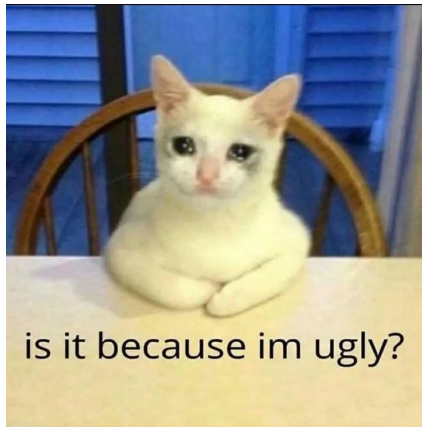
but i want to talk to u



JANE

And I want to sleep and not think about today

LILY



JANE

Ilya.

LILY

5 min

i will text

then u can sleep

JANE

Don't blame me if I fall asleep before

LILY

deal

...

you didnt say im not ugly

JANE

You are not ugly



LILY



JANE

4 min 30 seconds

LILY

hollander we didnt even know song was dropping today
was surprise

JANE

He is famous enough to do this

No marketing

Like

Beyonce?

Do you like the song

LILY



JANE

Don't wake up your neighbours

LILY



JANE

Damn, I will give it a listen later.

LILY

hollander mv was amazing
you need to watch it with me
not on phone
tv
4k

JANE

Ok later today we can

LILY

his hair was on fire



u think it will hurt if i tried

JANE

Do not light your hair on fire

What's the song called

LILY

HUMBLE

im still understanding lyrics

i think song is about me

JANE

You do need to be humbled

LILY



JANE

Do you have a favourite verse/line so far

LILY

i blew cool from ac obama just paged me

JANE

Obama is not paging you

LILY

get the fuck off my dick that ain't right

is what you should have said to rose landry

JANE

2 minutes

LILY

if i quit this season I still be the greatest

JANE

Oh, a line about me

LILY



JANE

30 seconds

LILY

WAIT

i'm so fuckin sick and tired of the photoshop

show me somethin natural like ass with some stretch marks

have i told u i love your stretch marks

hello?

shane?



30 sec over?

:(

JANE

I'm here

You like my stretch marks?

LILY

makes me



JANE

Oh my

LILY

i have not told u before?

JANE

I dont know, maybe

In the moment type thing

LILY

i mean it

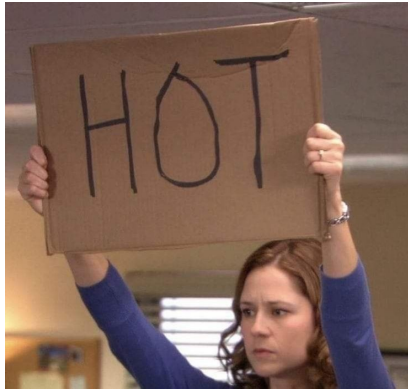
always

JANE

Okay

Thanks

LILY



JANE

Haha, okay



LILY



JANE

Alright, 30 seconds are up

LILY

what will i do if he releases new album

last one was only 2 years ago

JANE

You will listen to it?

LILY

i still havent recovered

from last album



later we watch mv
and understand lyrics

JANE

Sounds like a plan

LILY

and u send me photos of stretch marks

JANE

They are on my ass

You want me to send photos of my ass?

LILY



JANE

Goodnight Ilya

LILY

do u think if i asked fans they can make edits of me to this song

JANE

I think by the time you wake up, a dozen will already exist

LILY

yes

i will like them all

i have new material to use in tweets now

metro fans were mean today

JANE

Please do not engage

LILY

i can use my secret account

JANE

Rozanov, your manager will lock you out of your accounts

I appreciate the chivalry, but I do not need you to defend my honour.

It's okay

LILY



JANE

It really does look like you

LILY



JANE

I'm going to go I can't type anymore my eyes are closing as we speak

Love you, talk to you later

Um, wait

I have the one you like



LILY



love you too, gnight shane

Shane Hollander adds *Humble* by Kendrick Lamar to the list of songs to listen to cautiously when they are together.

2018 - Ottawa

Please let there be traffic please let there be traffic please let there be traffic—

The roads are practically empty, especially at this time of the night as they merge onto the 417 West. Shane watches with a resigned sigh as Ilya's fingers come up to tap away at the entertainment system as he riffles for the right song.

Bells chime through the car stereo—ting ting ting ting—as *Tokyo Drift* flashes on the screen.

Shane drops his head back against the car seat, his stomach swooping as Ilya hits the accelerator and the car picks up speed down the highway, engine growling in its wake. The city blurs around them, cars barely filtering into view as blurry blobs as Ilya zooms by with dangerous speed.

♪ I wonder if you know
How they live in Tokyo (はい!)
If you seen it, then you mean it
Then you know you have to go
Fast and furious (drift, drift, drift)
Fast and furious (drift, drift, drift)

Please God, if there is a God out there. Any God, I'm a good boy. I've been good. I got good grades, and I was a good kid. I eat well, I recycle. I compost! I've made a name for myself, and I make good money. I even donate to charity. I know I'm dating the son of the devil, but please don't punish me for it. Please let me live another day—

“Shane! Come on, it's the song of your people!” Ilya yells from beside him as he turns up the volume, loud enough that Shane can feel the bass booming in his bones.

“This is *not* the song of my people!” Shane yells back, keeping his eyes shut. “I swear to fucking god if we get into an accident, I will kill you.”

Ilya just laughs, a wicked gleam in his eyes as his hand steers expertly, surging them down the endless stretch of the road.

They don't die, but Shane Hollander adds *Tokyo Drift (Fast & Furious)* by the Teriyaki Boyz to the list of songs banned on further car trips.

2018 - Montreal

Shane needs to understand the psychology behind why his ringtone sounds normal, even mind-numbingly slow at any given time of the day, but so shrill and terrifying when he's asleep. A fucking jump-scare indeed.

His phone stops ringing by the time he's grogily sitting up, covers falling into his lap. He reaches over to snatch his phone from his nightstand and tries to blink away the sleep from his eyes so he can focus on the bright screen. *Who the fuck is calling him this late?*

Lily. Lily is calling him this late. No doubt, probably coming back from wherever the Ottawa team had gone out to celebrate their win for the previous game. But just because Ilya is 3-hours behind doesn't mean he can call whenever he wants (even though Shane will pick up, unhappily, of course).

He's thinking of just ignoring the call this time, probably a drunk dial anyway, and he'll just be sitting there listening to the clinking of glass, loud music and conversation he can't make out for 10 minutes before he's had enough and hangs up.

He does like to listen sometimes, though. Makes him feel like he is there, with Ilya, celebrating with him and his team. Being allowed to do that, out and about with his boyfriend, allowed to be proud of him and support him. Being a part of that world.

Ilya's world in all the ways.

The phone rings again, and this time Shane picks up, albeit with a tired sigh.

"*Shaaaaaaane,*" Ilya's happy (and very drunk) voice beams through the phone before Shane can even utter a hello.

He doesn't hear anyone else in the background or the thumping of music. He fights the urge to *shush* him and is transported back to when he had his own concussion all those years ago.

He wonders if Ilya had felt the same, trying to keep them discrete. Apparently, Shane was *not* subtle at all that day. No way the nursing staff didn't suspect something between them.

Maybe Ilya stepped outside the club?

“Hi, Ilya,” Shane says flatly. *God, he needs to be up in 2 hours.* “Having fun?”

There’s the unmistakable sounds of something being knocked over and feet shuffling. He hears Ilya let out a string of curses in Russian and then, “Stupid fucking la—”.

“Ilya,” Shane’s gentle voice cuts in, “Where are you? Head back inside, go find your teammates.”

“What? Ilya's confused voice answers back, “I'm not with the team... back at hotel.”

“Oh, I thought the plan was to be out all night?”

“*Mmm*, my boyfriend...” Ilya says, voice going a little quieter like he's sharing a secret, “My boyfriend did not want me to be... out late.”

Shane’s lip twitches up into a half-smile. “Did he now?”

“*Mmmm*, could tell, he did not say, but I can... I can read his mind. Is easy.” Ilya slurs.

Shane rolls his eyes, and he lets out a little puff of air, “Sure, you can, maybe you should head to bed? Drink some water first, you usually keep your giant 2L bottle next to your bed.”

There's a pause on the other end, rustling of fabrics, maybe Ilya is trying to take off his clothes, before his resigned voice cuts in, “You don't want to talk to me?”

Shane lets out a heavy sigh. *This idiot.* “Ilya, do you even know what time it is? It's later in the night for me; I was asleep.”

“It's a... quarter after one,” Ilya replies, very confidently.

This time, Shane does call him an idiot, or close enough. “You dumb-dumb, it’s 3 fucking am, 12 am where you are, how much did you—”

All of a sudden, Ilya’s voice rose on the other end, “*It's a quarter after one—*

Shane flinches at the change in volume and instinctively moves the phone away from his ear. *What the fuck?*

“*I'm all—alone and I need you noowww!*” Ilya howls, voice cracking as he sings.

“Oh my god,” Shane mutters as he drags a hand down his face.

“*Said I wouldn't call, buut I—*”

“You literally called me, in the middle of the night—”

“—*lost all control and I—need you now!*”

He hears the thump of something hitting the floor, probably Ilya sinking to his knees on the carpeted floors, and Shane winces. *That's going to hurt tomorrow.*

“Ilya, please get up and head to bed—”

Static crackles into the phone as Ilya moves, and then a mattress groans as a 6 ft Russian man plops on it. “*And I don't know how—do with-out, I just...need you now!*” Ilya belts his heart out, trying to sound like the second coming of Mariah Carey.

It's hard to fully make out the words. Ilya's Russian accent is stronger when he's drunk, but Shane feels his cheeks heat up regardless. Maybe because, despite being totally out of it, Ilya still sounds so utterly sincere. Even when intoxicated out of his mind, he still manages to make Shane's chest ache in fondness.

“Alright, big boy, you're fine, are you in bed yet? Get under the covers. I'm assuming you took off your shoes already?”

It's quite on the other end for a bit; Ilya must have his phone right next to his head because Shane can still make out the sound of his quiet breathing. He thinks Ilya must have finally fallen asleep when—

“*And I wonder if I ever... cross your mind...*” Ilya's voice slurs, hushed against the night, “*For me... happens—all the time...*”

Shane's breath catches somewhere in his throat and stays there. His heart beats loudly in his chest, the grip on his phone tightening till his knuckles turn white. He slowly makes his way under his covers, which doesn't do much to dispel the chill he suddenly feels.

“Of course I... think about you. All the time, Ilya” Shane says quietly, trying to steady his voice.

“Yeah?” Ilya mumbles, and Shane can hear the small smile around that simple question.

“Yes. You're my... you're my boyfriend. I love you.” Shane answers firmly, trying to blink back the pressure behind his eyes.

“*Ya teb—ya lyu... lyublyu,*” Ilya breathes into the phone, before his breath evens out and goes quiet.

Shane puts his phone on speaker and places it next to his head as he turns onto his side. *I love you too*, Shane whispers quietly, afraid to wake him.

He knows he won't be able to go back to sleep now, so he stays on the line till he needs to get up, letting Ilya's quiet snoring keep him company.

Lets himself pretend Ilya is right there with him, tucked next to him, chest-to-chest, breathing and present under his fingertips, and *his*. He lets the thought of it warm him from the inside

out, lets it fill the hollow in his chest that never seems to fill, even when he is with Ilya. No amount of time with him ever feels like enough, enough to fill the greed of his want and love.

I always miss you, Ilya.

Shane Hollander adds *Need You Now* by Lady Antebellum to the list of banned songs. It's not just Shane; Ilya's team stops him from listening to it, too, unless they want to risk hearing their Captain sad-ramble about Montreal Jane all night long.

Mark Trent @somaloserfromvaughan · 10:37 PM

someone tell ilya rozanov that just because he's played in OT for 6 months doesn't mean he's one of us

💬 18 🔄 55 ❤️ 239

Ilya Rozanov ✅ @IAmIlyaRozanov · 12:15 AM

reppin my town when you see me you know everything

Mark Trent @somaloserfromvaughan

someone tell ilya rozanov thast just because he's played in OT for 6 months doesn't mean he's one of us

💬 105 🔄 6.2K ❤️ 8.7K

Ilya Rozanov @IAmIlyaRozanov ✅ · 12:18 AM



478 9.2K 15.2K

Shane Hollander has added *Black and Yellow* by Wiz Khalifa to the list of banned songs until Ilya can prove he can listen to it without immediately acting out on social media.

2019 - Montreal

“Shane, it's freezing fucking balls out here.” Hayden hisses at him as they stand on the Pike’s residence front porch.

Shane shivers as the wind bites at his face, pulling his coat tighter around himself. “I know.”

“Does he have to do this every time? I get it! He has fancy cars, why do—”

Hayden’s voice cuts off as haunting piano notes echo from the end of the road, along with the roaring of an engine.

♪ Well, it is a weepin' and a moanin' and a gnashin' of teeth
It is a weepin' and a moanin' and a gnashin' of teeth
It is a—when it comes to my sound which is the champion sound
Believe, believe

A yellow Lamborghini glides down the road, glinting under the sunrays. It slows dramatically before gracefully swinging into the driveway. The windows on the passenger side roll down before Ilya’s head pops out, dark shades perched on his face, and Ilya brings them down enough to look at his awaiting audience. He nods at Shane and Hayden, a shit-eating smirk gracing his face.

♪ O-o-o-o-okay, Lamborghini Mercy
Your chick, she so thirsty
I-I-I-I-I'm in that two-seat Lambo
With your girl, she tryna jerk me (believe)

“Uncle Ilya!” Jade and Ruby burst through the front gate, jackets half on, as they make a beeline for the stairs.

“Oh no, you don't!” Hayden calls out as he dives for Jade, and Shane catches Ruby in return. “Rozanov, turn that music down! My kids are here, you as—” he cuts himself off before he can finish cursing.

“Dad, we wanna see his new car!” Jade whines as she squirms in Hayden's hold.

“Later, when you are both dressed properly, alright,” Hayden relents, releasing a weary breath and praying for divine intervention.

Ilya's smirk softens into a genuine smile as he waves excitedly at the twins. “My little girls, I will rescue you soon! Give me a minute, stay with uncle Shane!” Ilya shouts back.

“Please don't tell me he—”

Ilya's already stepping out of the car and grabbing three comically big gift bags from the back seat. Jade and Ruby start vibrating at a frequency unknown to mankind, and Hayden lets out another resigned sigh before he lets Jade go, hovering to make sure she doesn't bounce again.

Hayden sends his friend a look, and Shane at least has the decency to look sheepish. “I tried to stop him, he wouldn't—”

Hayden just waves him off and shakes his head. “Please bring my daughters back inside. I need a drink.” Hayden mumbles as he turns and walks back into the house.

Shane keeps both his hands on Jade and Ruby's shoulders to keep them at bay as Ilya bounds up the stairs. He drops the presents immediately and kneels down, and Shane finally removes his hands and lets the twins run into his arms.

He wonders if Ilya can even make out what they're both saying as the girls speak over each other, pointing at his car, then the presents and then Jade is pulling out a rock from her pocket to show Ilya, and Ruby is taking out her butterfly hair clip and shoving it in his face as well.

If Ilya is feeling overwhelmed, he doesn't show it; in fact, his smile grows brighter and bigger, and his eyes fill with adoration.

A wave of affection washes over Shane, fond and electric, and it makes his heart beat at triple speed as he gazes at the scene in front of him. He forgets for a second how cold it actually is outside. *How can he feel anything but warmth when Ilyas's smile burns brighter than a thousand suns?*

As per Hayden Pike's request, Shane Hollander adds *Mercy* by Kanye West ft. Big Sean, 2 Chainz, and Pusha T to the list of songs banned in the car, and Hayden's driveway.

2019 - Ottawa

"Ilya, do we really have to do this? It feels a little—"

"It will be fun!"

"How is reliving something I did that hurt you, your idea of fun?" Shane complains, from where he's still curled up in Ilya's lap, trying to clean the come off his hands and Ilya's abdomen.

His hands move slowly, as his body tries to come back to life after his orgasm. Right now, he wants nothing more than to hide himself away in the junction between Ilya's neck and shoulders and sleep for the rest of eternity. But his boyfriend has other plans. *Fun plans*, or so he says.

"We are, how you say, making new memories. Redoing."

"Rewriting?"

"Yes, rewriting! Look how far we have made it, we are now joking about it, " Ilya says matter-of-factly.

He's sex drunk, or sex-concussed, there is no other explanation for it, Shane thinks, as he stares back, completely unimpressed, into Ilya's flushed face.

"You are ready to joke about, I still feel incredibly sorry about the—"

"I know," Ilya cuts in, squeezing his hips reassuringly, "You are the most sorry Canadian man ever, is in your DNA. Come on, for me, if you are still very sorry, then say yes to this. Please." Ilya pleads, trying to knock their foreheads together in a gesture definitely meant to make Shane melt.

It works because Shane just sighs long and suffering before he nods. Ilya sends him a bright smile, before he schools his features, settles back on the couch and then yells, "Okay, okay, ready, set, action!"

Jesus Christ. Shane gingerly tosses the dirty tissues aside and sends a silent apology to the couch.

“Um—okay. Um.” he flails a little, and Ilya sends him an encouraging head nod. Shane thinks back to that... night in Boston, tuna-melt day his brain has labelled it, and tries not to wince. He slowly moves off of Ilya’s lap, different from the way he had scrambled off of him when he first freaked out.

“Shane?” Ilya asks, mouth forming into an exaggerated frown.

You didn't say my first name again like that. Shane wants to argue, but he rolls his eyes and stops himself. He reaches for his shirt, but then remembers it was actually Ilya’s borrowed shirt he had taken that night. So he reaches for his shirt instead and stands there like an NPC for a full 20 seconds, fabric bunching in his hand.

“I should go,” Shane finally says, voice flat.

“Hollander,” Ilya says, putting on his best act, hands out in a *hey it's okay come on don't be scared dont go haha i was just joking* gesture. Shane can see that he’s trying to stop his lips from twitching upwards.

“Yeah... I...uh, I shouldn’t stay. I can’t. We can’t. This is...” Shane trails off, feeling a little more comfortable seeing Ilya playing along.

“Hollander,” Ilya says again, a little more seriously, face pulled into the saddest kicked puppy face possible. *Don't go.*

This fucking drama queen, Shane thinks as he turns around, so he doesn't burst into laughter. *Okay, now I have to walk off, and put on his shirt and then Ilya is going to...* Shane doesn't even know what Ilya’s next plan is. He steps away and walks toward the front gate, putting on Ilya’s shirt as he goes, letting his familiar woodsy cologne envelope his senses, before he hears footsteps running after him and shouts of “Hollander!”

He turns around as Ilya bounds up to him, hands coming up to grab both of his and fold them between their chests.

“Hollander, I am sorry!” Ilya rushes out, looking into his eyes, his face serious but his eyes dancing with mirth.

Shane waits for him; he literally has no idea what Ilya is trying to do. Is he supposed to speak? Say sorry back? Last time he just stood outside of Ilya’s house for 15 minutes waiting for his Uber to come because Ilya used to live in the middle of rich-people nowhere, nothing but mansions and estates hidden behind trees.

“*You gotta go—get angry at all of my honesty,*” Ilya says, nodding at him, squeezing his hands.

Shane blinks at him, eyebrows scrunching in confusion. He goes to speak, but Ilya continues, “*You know, I try, but I don't do well with apologies. I hope I don't run out of time—someone call a referee?*”

Oh my fucking god. Shane barks out a surprised laugh. “You are not quoting Justin Bieber at me right now.”

He may not keep up with pop music, but he knows this song.

Ilya continues, like he didn't hear him, *“I'll take every single piece of blame if you want me to. But you know—there is no innocent one in this game for two.”*

Shane tips his head back, half groans and half laughs. “Ilya,” he says, playing along, “You don't have to take all the blame, I am so—”

Ilya doesn't let him finish. “Shh! *Is it too late now to say sorry? Cause I'm missing more than just your body.*” He adds a bonus wink when he says *body*.

“Rozanov—” Shane chokes out before he dissolves into giggles.

Suddenly, Ilya's dropping his hands and sinking to his knees in front of him. “*Yeah, I know—I let you down. Is it too late to say I'm sorry now?*” Ilya asks, his face finally breaking out into a grin as he pleads with him.

Shane almost shouts, *almost*. And now he's clutching at his stomach, laughing so hard he has tears coming out of his eyes. “Oh my—you fucking—please shut up and—*oh god*—get off the floor,” he manages to wheeze out as he grabs at Ilya's shoulder and pulls at him to stand up. Ilya's barely standing on his own legs before Shane is tipping forward, hands coming around him as he continues to laugh into his chest.

Ilya finally laughs too, his breath rustling Shane's hair as he rests his chin on top of him.

“So?” Ilya teases, poking at Shane's hip as his other arm wraps around him, “*Is it too late to say sorry?*”

“Shut up, *oh my god*,” Shane says, voice hoarse from laughing so much, “I am sorry too, okay? Like *you* said, neither of us was innocent—”

“Justin Bieber said,” Ilya cuts in smugly.

Shane smacks his shoulder, and Ilya chuckles. “But me especially, I freaked out and—didn't handle it too well.” Shane says, sobering up a little, his mouth tugging into a sad smile.

Ilya presses him closer to his chest, dropping a kiss to the top of his head. “It is okay. Too many changes in one day, I spooked you. I should have chased. Try to sing Justin Bieber, you speak the same language.”

“We both speak English, Ilya. You speak English.”

“Canadian English—”

“It's the same thing!”

“Special English. Would you have stayed then?”

Shane snorts and rolls his eyes. He smiles against Ilya's bare skin, body humming in barely concealed glee.

"If and only you sang Justin Bieber."

Shane Hollander (reluctantly) adds *Sorry* by Justin Bieber to the list of songs banned in the Hollander and Rozanov households. Only because anytime they have an argument, Ilya will bring out his horrible rendition of it, until Shane's laughing so hard he forgets what they were even fighting about in the first place.

#BR 🐻🖊️ @sunyeol33 · 9:39 AM

imagine giving the best 8 years of your life to a city that took you in just to trade it all and go to a fuck ass team like ottawa

💬 78 🔄 36 ❤️ 245

Ilya Rozanov @IAmIlyaRozanov ✅ · 12:15 PM

im here for a good time not a long time

#BR 🐻🖊️ @sunyeol33

imagine giving the best 8 years of your life to a city that took you in just to trade it all and go to a fuck ass team like ottawa

💬 205 🔄 6.2K ❤️ 8.7K

#BR 🐻🖊️ @sunyeol33 · 1:05 PM

I DIDNT EVEN @ HIM WTF

💬 35 🔄 76 ❤️ 134

Ilya Rozanov @IAmIlyaRozanov ✓ · 1:43 PM

be quiet i'm doin a toast

#BR 🐻🍷 @sunyeol33

I DIDNT EVEN @ HIM WTF

💬 367 🔄 8.5K ❤️ 12.8K

. @sunyeol33 🔒 · 1:57 PM

going on lockdown there's too many of you following me

💬 9 🔄 2 ❤️ 12

. @sunyeol33 🔒 · 1:58 PM

ottawa fans leave me alone no one cares about your shitty team

💬 24 🔄 2 ❤️ 8

. @sunyeol33 🔒 · 1:59 PM

[rest]

💬 4 🔄 1 ❤️ 5

Shane Hollander has added *Blessings* by Big Sean ft. Drake to the list of songs banned in the Hollander and Rozanov households for the same reason he added *Black and Yellow*.

2020 - Ottawa

The house was a little too quiet. Shane was propped up against the pillows on the bed, a copy of *The Subtle Art of Not Giving a F*ck* in his hands. Not his usual cup of tea, but Ilya had gifted it to him (as a joke), and Shane had finally decided to crack it open and give it a go. He found himself quite intrigued, despite the crude humour. God knows he needs to learn a thing or two about being subtle and allowing himself to give fewer fucks.

Ilya told him ten minutes ago he'd be back in two, and Shane is about to call out to ask where he went when he hears the familiar robotic chirp of the speaker in Ilya's room turning on. The neon halo lights around both ends of the speakers glow, and Shane has a moment of confusion before a slow, heavy synth baseline starts playing.

“Oh for fucks—”

Ilya struts into the room, dressed the same as he was ten minutes ago, grey sweatpants resting low on his hips, a black tank top clinging to his frame, but now, he has added a black leather jacket and his favourite black shades.

♪ I'm just a bachelor
I'm looking for a partner
Someone who knows how to ride
Without even falling off

He stops in the middle of the room, taking off his glasses and putting them on the dresser. He pivots smoothly, like he's rehearsed this, and turns towards Shane, raising one dark eyebrow.

You will not get turned on by this you will not get turned on you will not get—

♪ Gotta be compatible
Takes me to my limits
Girl, when I break you off
I promise that you won't want to get off

Ilya's jacket comes off next, and he drops it carelessly on the floor. His tank top follows, slow and sensual, like his body is fighting with him to keep it on. It doesn't drop to the floor. This time, Ilya throws it across the room, and Shane barely has time to catch it as it's hurled at his face.

Shane laughs despite himself as he catches it, resists the hysterical urge to sniff it and quickly tosses it aside, “You asshole, what if that hit my glasses—”

Ilya continues undeterred, hands trailing up his chest, and Shane can't help the way his breath catches, body heating up as his nerves spark to life. His eyes hungrily trace the movements across his beautiful skin, and Shane's hands twitch, wanting to touch as well. Ilya's hands make their way to his curls, where he squeezes them with both hands as he thrusts his crotch up in the air.

Shane blinks, and then he snickers, falling back against the pillows as a breathless sound erupts from him again.

Ilya jumps on the bed, grinning wildly at him as he crawls over, on all fours, very much like a predator stalking out his prey. He climbs on top of Shane, pinning him down with his weight, smirking seductively at him, eyes filled with heated intent.

♪ If you're horny, let's do it
Ride it, my pony
My saddle's waitin'
Come and jump on it

Shane inhales sharply as he stares up at him, mouth going dry. He can feel cock perking up in interest. *Of course he's getting turned on, of course he fucking is.*

Ilya grins triumphantly at him when he feels him get hard, his erection visible through his pants. He rolls his hips right against him, giving Shane that much-needed friction, and he lets out a gasp as the wave of pleasure rushes right up his spine.

“What do you say, Hollander,” Ilya teases, voice low enough to curl around Shane's senses, “*Can you ride my pony?*”

Shane tries to control it, even though he's so fucking turned on right now, but *come on now*, Ilya can't just say *can you ride my pony* and not expect him to crack. He hurriedly brings a hand to his mouth to muffle his sound.

Ilya sends him a glare, mouth almost forming into a scowl. “Are you still laughing at me, Hollander?”

“No, no,” Shane lies behind his hands, “Not laughing, definitely not laughing.”

“I put on show for you, and this is how you react. You laugh. You don't want to ride my pony?”

Shane doesn't know if it's the accent, the lyrics, or maybe the way Ilya sounds so utterly serious; he can't help the cackle that breaks out of him. The more he tries to stop out, the harder he laughs, and Ilya's murderous gaze, paired with the song still playing in the background, doesn't help either.

“Hollander—”

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry I—” Shane tries to placate him, failing to suppress his laughter. He reaches out to hold him when—

♪ Until we reach your stream
You'll be on my jockey team

Shane wheezes, his hands run out of energy, and he flops back, laughing all over again. His glasses fog up, and his vision blurs as he continues to shake. Ilya grumbles unhappily above him, and then he's leaning forward in surrender, hiding his face in Shane's neck in protest.

"You are a boner killer. Mr Dick Killer, you know that?" Ilya almost whines into his neck.

"No, I'm sorry it was—it was great I—very sexy, I'd slip a five-dollar bill in your underwear if we were at a strip club," Shane says, desperately trying to catch his breath. *You would never find me in a strip club.*

Ilya makes an affronted noise as he pulls back and looks down at Shane. "Five-dollars?!"

"Too much, should I throw *loonies* at you?"

"I hate you," Ilya mumbles, as he moves to get off him. Shane laughs, feeling absolutely giddy and chases after him, sure hands twisting their position so Ilya is lying back on the bed and Shane is on top of him instead. Ilya eyes him wearily, hands moving automatically to steady Shane's hips.

"No, you don't," Shane says, grinning down at him knowingly. Before Ilya can reply, he's leaning down and kissing him, slowly and languidly. Ilya doesn't waste time before he slips his tongue in, deepening the kiss. Shane breaks it too soon, doesn't want to get distracted, and he moves his mouth along his neck and down the length of his body. Ilya sighs as he tips his head back with an appreciative hum, eyes closing as Shane maps out his body with slow kisses and nips.

Shane's mouth ghosts over his crotch, and he cups his hardening length through his sweats. "Should I give your pony some attention, too?" Shane deadpans.

Ilya's eyes fly open, and Shane knows he's fighting the urge not to smile, too. "Hollander—"

Whatever protest was on the tip of his tongue gets silenced when Shane finally pulls his bottoms down enough for his cock to spring free. Shane doesn't tease him after that, and Ilya quickly forgets all about Shane laughing at him. He thinks keeping his glasses on helped.

Shane Hollander adds *Pony* by Ginuwine to the list of songs banned in the Hollander and Rozanov households. Because Ilya gets a little too good at stripping off his clothes, and won't stop whispering the lyrics to him at inappropriate times.

♪ Walk it like I talk it (Walk it)
Walk it like I talk it
Walk it, walk it like I talk it (Woo)
Walk it like I talk it (Yeah)
Walk it like I talk it (Walk it)

Shane's perched up on the counter when he hears Ilya walk through the door, music accompanying him. He watches Ilya slowly dance across the room, balancing their takeouts in his hands, phone somehow also gripped in his hand as the hip-hop track continues to play. Shane has heard nothing but the Migos over the past weekend. Shane is ready to throw himself out of the house.

Ilya takes deliberate steps, shoulders loose, rocking to the right side, then to the left, imitating the moves he learned from the music video. Shane hated how completely cool he still found the entire sight, Ilya all confidence and unbothered, relaxed like even the wind couldn't disturb him.

♪ Take my shoes and walk a mile
Somethin' that you can't do

"Woo, hey!", Ilya calls out, doing the adlibs.

Shane stares at him, unfazed, wondering how long it really takes to walk the length of the room. *Can he hurry up? I'm actually hungry.*

♪ Big talks of the town, big boy gang moves

"Gang moves!"

What gang, Ilya, seriously, what gang are you a part of, Shane thinks as he watches him take his sweet ass time.

♪ I like to walk around wit' my chain loose

"Chain, chain!" Ilya calls out, eyeing his own crucifix chain before he looks at Shane in a *do you get it* look.

Shane buries his own head in his hands, trying to muffle his scream.

"Whip it up, whip it up, cook it up, cook it up, skrr, skrr!" Ilya sings along, rolling his *r* especially hard during the *skrr*.

♪ I think my back got scoliosis 'cause I swerve the lane—

Talk about cosmic timing. Shane watches, in slow motion, as Ilya does a complicated turn (swerve) and then, he's stumbling forward, his *skrr* turning into a *fuck*, phone slipping out of

his hand and landing down with a loud thud, along with both takeout bags from his hands.

The moment freezes in time, as both Ilya and Shane stare at the food containers that have burst open on the floor with a *splat*, half of their contents spilt over. The combined smell of chicken, beef and fish fills the air, and no, it does not smell good all at once.

“My *shawarma*,” Ilya says forlornly, mouth agape as he stares at his lunch. Or what was supposed to be his lunch.

My fucking mackerel, Shane thinks with an annoyed sigh. He gets up slowly, grimacing as he walks around the food towards Ilya. He bends down to pick up his phone, does a cursory look over it to see if it cracked, and when he doesn't see anything wrong, turns off the music before he hands it back to Ilya, who's still staring at his food like someone murdered his pet right in front of him.

“Keys,” Shane says flatly, holding his hand out.

Ilya's eyes snap to him, and he blinks, coming back to himself. “Sorry about the food, I can go—”

“No,” Shane cuts in, not unkindly. “I will go get it. You will clean up this mess. Properly.”

Ilya frowns but hands over his keys. He hangs his head as he heads to the cabinet where Shane keeps all his cleaning supplies.

“Hollander,” Ilya says suddenly, when Shane is halfway towards the door. “Don't forget, beef *and* chicken. Extra garlic sauce! Extra—”

“Extra pickles, I know! I know! Saj bread if they have. Who do you think I am if I don't know by now?” Shane yells back, shaking his head as he slips on his shoes and leaves the house.

Ilya smiles as he leaves. The smile doesn't leave, even when it takes him three trips to finally pick up all the soggy food, when it takes 15 minutes for the detergent to work through the greasiness on the floor, and even when he almost burns his hands filling the mop bucket with hot water.

Shane Hollander doesn't have to add *Walk It Talk It* by Migos ft. Drake to the list of songs banned in the Hollander and Rozanov households. Because Ilya does it for him. He was quite traumatized by the loss of his shawarma.



JANE

Hey, I'll text you after the game, need to get changed.

LILY

i wanna fuck you slow with the lights on

JANE

...

What

Ilya

LILY



JANE

What's wrong with you

I'm about to go play in 20 minutes

LILY

you're the only one I've got my sights on



JANE

These are song lyrics, aren't they, you gremlin

LILY

and I just want a baby with the right one
cause I could never be the one to hide one

JANE

I. Cannot. Biologically. Have. Your. Kids.

LILY



JANE

I'm aborting that child and you

LILY

we lost a lot of things in the fire
so it took a year for me to find out



JANE

More like 8 years.

LILY

i can't lose you babe x6

JANE

Keep texting me and you will

LILY

i'm tired of being home alone

JANE

I am literally coming back in 4 hours

LILY

i used to have a girl a day



JANE

...

LILY

but I want you to stay

JANE

Lucky me.

LILY

you said you might be into girls

said you're going through a phase

keeping your heart safe

JANE

Ilya.

LILY

well baby, you can bring a friend (maybe rose landry?)

she can ride on top your face while I fuck you straight (not straight, fuck you gay)



hello?

shane?

are u changing?

did i get u hard

are you hard right now

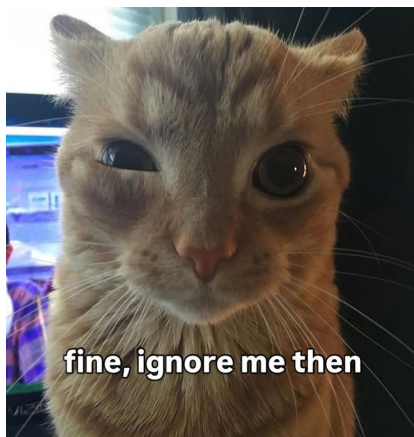


game didnt start yet?

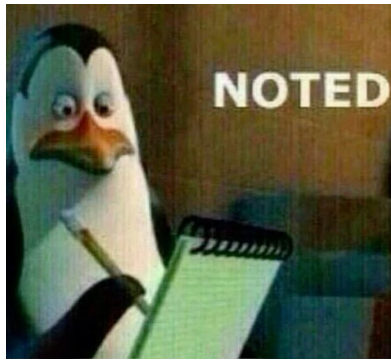
why does it say not delivering
shane?



did u block me :(



oh game started



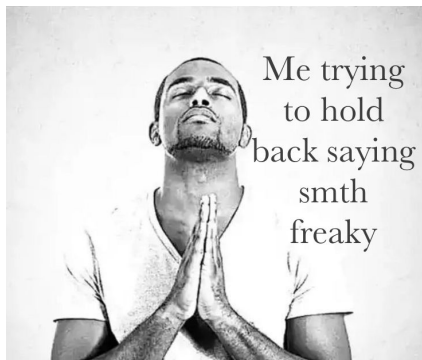
you look hot

hot when u are angry and

play angry

u are hard arent u

still hard?



playing nice tonight

r u still getting my mssgs

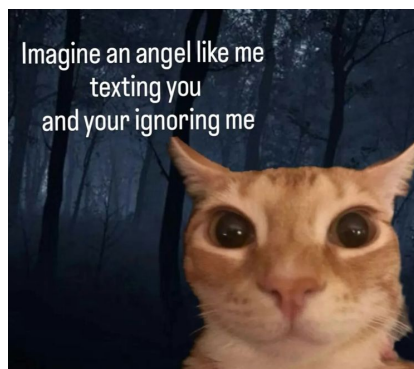
4-1 hollander good game



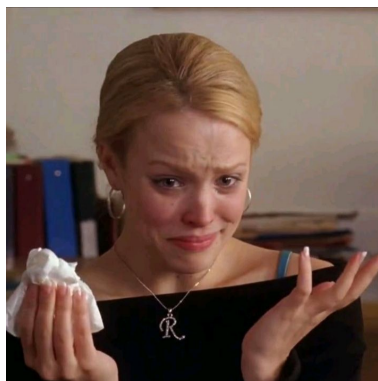
JANE

Ilya.

LILY



why did u block me



JANE

Maybe because you started sexting me before a game.

LILY

is song lyrics, the weeknd, same canadian english

JANE

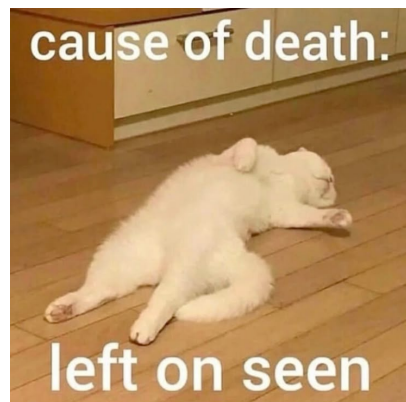
And then started talking about threesomes.

LILY

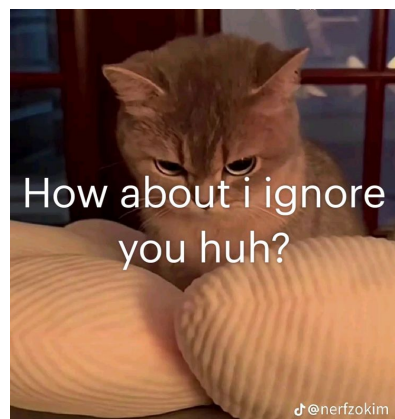
not me, the weeknd

shane?

shane :(



fine



JANE

Okay.

LILY

no :(

come back



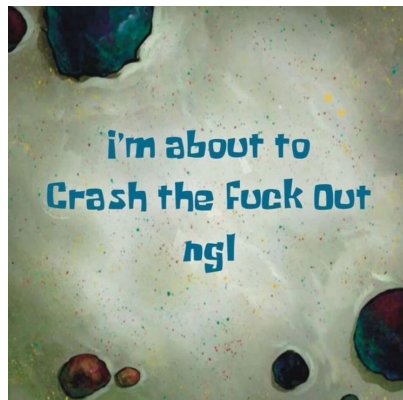
JANE

Go away

LILY

im sorry

no more threesome jokes



JANE

Good.

LILY

are u coming home



JANE

No, maybe I should crash at Hayden's today.

LILY



JANE

Excellent

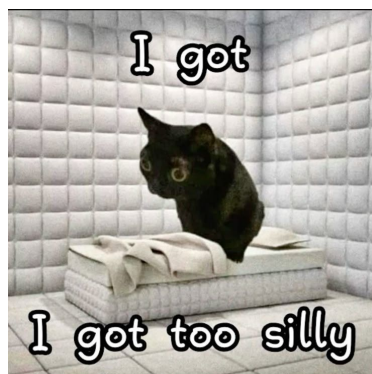
LILY



JANE

Hm.

LILY



see you at home?



JANE

Whatever.

LILY



JANE

Sigh



LILY



JANE

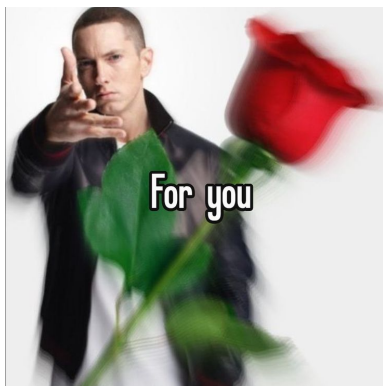
Please don't joke about that.

LILY

ok



anything



Shane Hollander adds *Lost in the Fire* by Gesaffelstein & The Weeknd to the list of songs banned in the Hollander and Rozanov households, before he even leaves the arena.

2021 - Ottawa

They were supposed to have left 30-minutes ago, and Shane has already stepped out three times to apologize to the staff for still being there. *Five more minutes*, he promises them, and they will get the fuck out.

He heads back to their room, the only one still lit up, with 10 hockey players crammed in there. He pushes open the door, ready to yell at his Ottawa team that they need to pack up and go now, before the karaoke bar staff call the cops on them.

What he's met with is absolute chaos, somehow ten times worse than when he stepped out 2-minutes ago; Luca has the light control in his hands now and he's making the room flash in strobes of neon colours like they're at a rave, he sees Tanner drop yet another can of beer on himself, Bood and Wyatt lifting lifting his husband and somehow propping him on their shoulders, Harris filming them from the side, Troy tucked into a corner, eyes focused solely on Harris, and the rest of the team hollering and hooting around them. The speakers pulse loudly as lyrics flash on the flat-screen TV at the other end of the wall. They all sing along, Ilya being the loudest.

♪ There lived a certain man in Russia long ago
He was big and strong, in his eyes a flaming glow
Most people look at him with terror and with fear
But to Moscow chicks, he was such a lovely dear

No one pays attention to him, and Shane just sighs and hangs his head in shame as he walks back to the reception. *Fifteen more minutes*.

Fucking Rasputin.

Shane Hollander adds *Rasputin* by Boney M. to the list of songs banned not only in the Hollander-Rozanov household but also in the Ottawa team's hangouts. It still managed to bypass his protests 50% of the time.

2025 - Ottawa

[Saved Drafts]

Ilya Rozanov  @IAmIlyaRozanov

beat your ass and hide the bible if God watchin

Donald J. Trump @realDonaldTrump · 6:21 AM

I'll be calling our GREAT American Hockey Team this morning to spur them on towards victory tonight against Canada, which with FAR LOWER TAXES AND MUCH STRONGER SECURITY, will someday, maybe soon, become our cherished, and very important, Fifty First State. I will be speaking before the Governors tonight in D.C., and will sadly, therefore, be unable to attend. But we will all be watching, and if Governor Trudeau would like to join us, he would be most welcome. Good luck to everybody, and have a GREAT game tonight. So exciting! PRESIDENT DONALD J. TRUMP

LILY

[screenshot of draft tweet]

can i post

JANE

Absolutely not.

LILY

how about

you better not ever go to cell block one

JANE

That's even worse?

LILY

so i cant call him a pedo

JANE

Please do not raigebait the American President.

LILY

he cannot do anything

i have canadian citizenship
i have certificate
mark carney will support me
and trudeau

JANE

You cannot start fighting politicians, Ilya.

LILY

boo
old age has made u more boring

JANE

We are the same fucking age, asshole

LILY

no
your soul is 50
mine's still 23

JANE

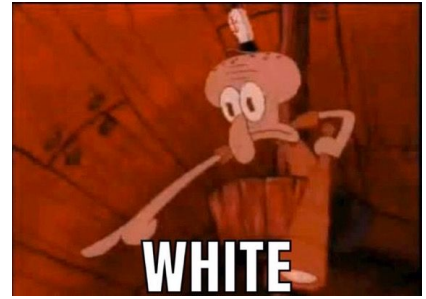
Forgot to add a decade

You are 33, my love

LILY



JANE



LILY



can i tweet now

JANE

Do not, for the love of good. I'll be home in 5 minutes. Stay off the internet.

LILY

harris and farah also told me no :(

JANE

And why did you think I would say yes?

Hello?

Ilya?

You better be off the internet

I am almost home

At a traffic light

Oh my god

Ilya

Delete that

Rozanov

Jesus fucking Christ

DELETE

You CAN'T challenge the American President to a boxing match Ilya

And offer to stream it on Netflix

They're going to think you're threatening him

ILYA

STOP leaving me on read!

LILY



Shane Hollander adds *Not Like Us* by Kendrick Lamar and any and all the songs from the Drake–Kendrick Lamar feud of 2024 to the list of songs banned in the Hollander-Rozanov household, and confiscates all of Ilya's electronics for 2-weeks.

End Notes

someone stop me i've hit the goldmines of memes on pinterest.

this was fun to write and i had to stop myself from adding more songs. i have... fucking 12 songs already. all the ones in the replies to the original tweet were spot on, i want to write about all of them.

i didnt use any russian ones, nor bad bunny, that will be another fic. when i get the chance.

hope u enjoyed. i was working on another longer fic, multi-chapter type shit and then i saw this tweet and got distracted.

i cant seem to stop writting for this pair even though theres other things i need to be doing. hollanov you have bewitched me body and soul.

also this awesome [art](#) inspired the use of the song "need you now " by lady A, artist is haeidys on ig!

if i see any mistakes i will change them later.

thats all folks.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!