

Rooted to the place (that you sprang from)

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by [nowyoucantjudgemynname](#)

Summary

The Montreal Metros have been on a never before seen losing streak. Desperate, Shane Hollander cuts out anything in his life that could be causing the wins to slip away from them.

There's just one vice he can't seem to get rid of.

Or, Shane goes to Ilya's hotel room to break up with him after one too many losses. It doesn't exactly go to plan.

Notes

Title from Soldier's Grin by Wolf Parade

This concept has been stuck in my head for the last few days. I wrote this to take place some time after they both become captains but still in the earlier stages of their relationship. Just don't think about it too hard haha.

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

Shane knew the result before the buzzer even sounded.

Something wasn't clicking, passes weren't connecting, his teammates were never where he needed them to be, wanted them to be.

The locker room was always quiet after a loss, but it's different today, the dismal feeling in the air more suffocating than usual.

Three losses.

It was starting to feel like bad luck.

Or bad captaincy.

The Metros hadn't lost like this since before Shane got drafted, eighteen years old and *good* in a way that felt like something special, hailed as Canada's savior.

He's felt more like a curse lately.

He can tell his team wasn't exactly buying his post game efforts to encourage them, their respect for him probably dwindling.

People didn't want another speech.

They wanted a win.

Shane hits the gym after, despite his body's protests. He bikes watching game footage until he memorizes every single one of his mistakes.

Slow.

Sloppy.

He gets off, heart pounding erratically, chest heaving.

Shane stopped taking warm showers. He's worried the comfort will spiral somehow, and he'll start eating fried food and skipping extra workouts.

And then the Metros will lose. Again.

They play Boston in a week.

He went through his cupboards, back after their second loss, and got rid of anything he should have never been eating. His macrobiotic diet is the only thing that sits safe in his stomach. Everything else would feel like a variable, another thing to further their losing streak.

He's cut out everything.

Well...

Lily

See you soon ;)

Shane laughs from the irony of it, but it dies in his throat just as fast as it began. He misses Rozanov so much for a second, his dry humor, his touch. He stopped going out to clubs with the team, he didn't frequently before, but he'd pop in, talk to his teammates a bit. He doesn't like partying, but he misses people sometimes.

After this game, Shane is going to break things off with Rozanov. He rehearsed what he'll say. It's logical, his explanation. Ilya Rozanov can be logical, can't he? He finds himself thinking back to the last time they met and coming back with only half a memory. It was good, Shane is sure, but it's always good. Maybe he should've tried harder to remember it. He didn't realize it would be their last time.

"Hey, you okay?"

Hayden nudges his leg which has started bouncing unconsciously, knocking Shane out of his train of thought.

"Yeah," Shane nods quickly. His teammates can't catch on to his off mood. They need this win.

"Just ready to destroy Boston."

Shane tries to say it in an encouraging way. Hayden nods, not looking entirely convinced,

"You can talk to me Shane," Hayden says, seriously. Shane doesn't like the way this conversation has turned.

He opens his mouth to say he knows, or maybe that there's nothing to talk about, but Hayden gets up and gives him one last reassuring pat on the shoulder before going off to talk to JJ about something.

Lily

Room 351 😊

Rozanov's text makes something swirl in his stomach, even though he hasn't eaten anything today. The hotel didn't have anything on his diet and he was worried that he couldn't afford to mess up the consistency of his routine now. Better to eat nothing than something really bad for him. He'd find something healthy enough after the game, he tells himself.

Shane doesn't respond to the text, putting his phone back into his locker and trying his best to will the thought of Rozanov out of his mind, where it belongs.

They lose. Again.

To their credit, the Raiders really were something else today. They've been on fire for the last couple games. Shane is sure they could take one look at the Metros, and smell the desperation and uncertainty wafting from their entire team.

The Raiders were confident.

The Raiders knew they could win.

Four losses in a row.

Fuck.

Shane makes no effort to connect with his team afterwards. He shoves his gear in his locker, drones out any noise and tries to not do something really stupid, like punch a wall. He's a terrible captain.

"Shane."

It's Hayden again. Shane ignores him, pointedly focuses on unlacing his skates. He's vibrating with a reckless sort of energy.

Shane is just angry that they keep losing, he tells himself as he stalks out of there and into his room. But as soon as he fully gets there and closes the door behind him, there's another, more powerful feeling overwhelming him.

He slides down with his back to the door and puts his head between his knees.

Thinking about the game makes his head hurt.

Thinking about how he treated his teammates, however, splinters something deep within his chest. They need him, and today he left them to feel the depths of their misery alone.

Shane remembers his mom's words, something about how a lot of people are looking up to him, people who aren't represented often. He wonders what those people are thinking now.

Are they disgusted? Embarrassed that they thought someone like him could ever cut it?

He gets the sudden urge to get off the floor, even though he wants to be there forever. He should be working out more right now, pushing harder, not wallowing pathetically.

Lily

Are u coming?

Right. Shane had something else he needed to do tonight. It would be cruel, he thinks, to break things off with Rozanov over text. He scrolls up to see the plain evidence of his recent neglect. Texting Rozanov had felt dangerous, like food, like everything else.

Jane

Give me thirty minutes.

Shane breathes out, trying to steady himself. He gets up, grabs onto the wall to blink out the black spots around his vision and heads to the shower where all he feels is ice.

Standing outside Rozanov's usually fills him with anticipation, but now all he can feel is sickening dread. He feels unsteady on his feet, either from the game or from the lack of food. He knocks softly.

For a second he imagines Rozanov won't answer, it would be easier that way, he imagines. He could text him that they can't keep seeing each other. Maybe Shane would get a girlfriend, a nice safe girlfriend that could come to his games and he could love, more than-

Rozanov opens the door and Shane steps inside, hesitant like it's their first time.

Or their last.

"Hollander." Rozanov says smirking, he looks up and down at Shane as if he's something important.

He's not anymore, doesn't Rozanov know that?

Still, the sight of Rozanov makes him feel something he hasn't in awhile, a spark deep in his gut. Shane stupidly wants to reach out and touch him again.

“Rozanov.” Shane responds evenly, hoping his voice doesn’t betray the turmoil he feels, the wanting.

“Can we talk?” Shane lets irritation bleed into his voice, he wants Rozanov to take this seriously.

“We are talking, no?” Rozanov cocks his head slightly, searching Shane’s face for something. Shane hopes he didn’t find it.

“No, let’s sit.”

Rozanov lets Shane lead him around, it’s nice of him, especially because he knows Rozanov likes telling him what to do.

~~He likes listening.~~

In the end, they end up sitting looking at each other, Rozanov on the couch and Shane in a chair he pulled up to face the couch. It’s silent for some awkward seconds, Shane planned out what he was going to say weeks in advance but it’s so different to be here, looking Rozanov in the eyes. It feels so familiarly intimate for a second that Shane feels dizzy.

Rozanov raises an eyebrow at Shane’s bouncing leg. Shane wills it to stop.

“We can’t keep doing this. I’ve been thinking,” Shane cringes at the phrasing, he’s already gone off script.

“It’s dangerous for both of us. We’re going to get caught some day, when we feel too safe to be cautious enough and then our lives will fully and completely implode within themselves. I have a lot of people who are looking at me.”

Shane swallows.

“To be the representation they need,” he continues, “they can’t see this side of me. And Rozanov, you would never be able to go home again. It doesn’t make sense, the two of us...”

He hesitates,

“...logically,” Shane ends lamely.

Rozanov’s mouth has been open slightly this entire time, in a half sort of disbelief but now his brow is furrowed. He takes a bit to respond, as if he’s replaying Shane’s words in his head.

“Has always been risky,” Rozanov reasoned slowly, “Why now?”

Shit.

Maybe Shane should have planned for follow up questions.

“I was just thinking recently,” Shane maintains, hoping it’s convincing enough.

Rozanov looks at him with something skeptical, and Shane starts to panic. He just wants Rozanov to believe him so he can go back to his own room, where things feel so cold and tired but safe all the same.

“I’m not gay, okay Rozanov?” The words force themselves out of him.

That definitely wasn’t in the script. Rozanov looks more confused than ever.

Shane can feel his face and neck getting uncomfortably warm. He’s angry all of a sudden, the locker room energy working his way back into him.

“I can’t do this shit with you because I’m not gay, I can’t be gay, especially right now because my team is losing, do you get that? Have you been paying attention to any team besides your own? I can’t spend time and energy texting you and wanting you and thinking about when we’re going to meet up next because I need to actually win games for my team and I need to be disciplined enough to say no to things that are bad for me.”

Shane is breathing heavily now, wired in a way he’s never felt before and fucking *angry* that Rozanov couldn’t just listen to him the first time and leave it alone, because now he’s said something too honest, something raw and *childish* throughout it all. Rozanov is probably laughing at his confession, will tell him to get out if he wants to so badly and Shane will never see him again besides brief moments in games and stupid advertisements. That’s fine. That’s actually what Shane wanted, right? So why-

“Breathe, Hollander.”

Rozanov’s voice is low and comforting. Shane listens, sucks the air back into his lungs, wishes he could also put the words back into his mouth. When he looks up, Rozanov has shifted closer slightly, like he wants to do something. Shane moves further back into his chair and Rozanov backs up again.

“I still do not understand, Hollander,” Rozanov says after a minute of silence, where the only sounds in the room are Shane’s shaky breathing and his heel tapping the floor slightly. The leg bouncing has started again at some point evidently. Shane focuses on holding his legs perfectly still.

“You are breaking up because your team has been losing?” Rozanov questions softly, like Shane’s a scared animal or something.

The poorly concealed pity, or dismissal, or whatever Rozanov is thinking is too much for Shane, it’s wrong coming from Rozanov and Shane really should’ve been back at his hotel room ten minutes ago.

“I am not breaking up with you, Rozanov, because we aren’t anything. I am giving you a formality in person so you are not confused when I stop responding to you.”

Something in Rozanov’s eyes flickers with hurt before he schools them into cool neutrality.

Shane ignores the twinge in his heart.

“I’m leaving.” He says coldly, digging his nails into the palm of his left hand to ground himself. Rozanov looks like he wants to say more.

Shane is ready to never be this close to Rozanov again. He won’t even miss it that much probably. Maybe he’ll finally start winning when he puts all this behind him. Shane blinks the spots out of the corner of his eyes, he can't seem to focus recently.

He stands up, using the armchair to balance how unsteady he feels.

Then everything goes dark.

Shane is being propped up with Ilya Rozanov’s arms under his armpits, right where he was about to leave.

“Wha-?” Shane begins to say, confused how Rozanov teleported.

Rozanov carries him easily and gently places him onto the couch where he was sitting before.

Rozanov’s eyes search his face, muttering a mixture of “Hollander” and Russian words that Shane doesn’t understand.

The whole situation is odd, Shane moves to get up again.

“No, Hollander.” Rozanov puts a hand on his shoulder, not aggressively, but enough that Shane is forced to stay seated on the couch.

“What the fuck? You can’t force me to stay here Rozanov. I told you I was leaving.” Shane stares incredulously at Rozanov.

“Yes. Yes. I know all details. You tell me you are coming over after ignoring my other, very funny texts. You tell me we need to talk. You have panic attack. Then you tell me you are leaving. Then you faint. Rules change now.”

Rozanov’s voice drones on with an air of finality, like there’s no room for debate. It is infuriating to Shane.

Shane fires back, trying to not sound as weak as he feels.

“I did not have a panic attack? Fuck you, I didn’t faint I fucking tripped.”

Shane cringes at his own words, just because he didn't remember falling doesn’t mean he fainted. He’s not that kind of person, who needs to be caught when he falls and talked to like Rozanov is talking to him now.

“...And by the way, you still can't force me to stay here.” Shane continues again.

“Is not safe for you, Hollander. What if you ‘trip’ and fall down many stairs of hotel? Then Metro’s will really be fucked for next game.” Rozanov says gravely.

Shane scoffs, “That won’t happen.”

Rozanov stares at him, like he’s trying to figure something out.

Shane stares right back at him. He’s being ridiculous, he’ll probably realize that soon.

They both silently have a mini staring contest, clearly at an impasse. Shane blinks first.

“Okay,” Rozanov says slowly,

“...but you must pay for our last meal together. Is courtesy for break up.” Rozanov looks very seriously at Shane.

Shane almost corrects him again, that this isn’t a break up, but he feels like that might be too redundant. Maybe Shane’s being an asshole and this is some sort of language barrier thing.

And really? You buy a meal after you break up with someone? Shane thinks very hard about his other relationships and finds, embarrassingly, that any old girlfriend he could remember ended things with him before he could. They had always felt transitory anyway, with him out of convenience or random chance. Not something like this. But what was this? Him and Rozanov weren’t meant to last either, were they?

“Fine.” Shane says, clipped.

Rozanov settles down next to him on the couch, still keeping about a foot of space between them and takes out his phone.

“I ordered takeout from the nice Japanese place nearby,” Rozanov announces, after a couple of silent minutes.

Shane wonders if Rozanov will notice if he doesn’t eat any of it, can he push the food around his plate until it’s time to leave? The last time Rozanov ordered something for the two of them, the Metro’s had a stunning 7-2 win. Shane had scored three of those and had been dizzy from euphoria. He would’ve said yes to anything.

Shane doesn’t think he can eat something so good after a loss, let alone a string of losses. It’s not in his meal plan, and definitely isn’t a deserved cheat day.

Explaining that to Rozanov would be difficult, though. Rozanov had never treated hockey like Shane did. He smokes, eats whatever, ~~fucks whoever~~, and is still something beautiful on the ice—the best, Shane thinks sometimes.

Whatever Shane thinks puerilely, *we can’t all be Ilya Rozanov.*

Shane crosses his arms, trying to fend off the chill from the room, and stares at the dark TV. He thinks about the game again, of every way he let his team down. What was it that Rozanov had said to him before?

Will you disappoint them, Hollander?

Shane should have said yes.

He feels sort of like he's going to cry right here, in Ilya Rozanov's hotel room. There's a weary sort of exhaustion deep in his bones, its familiarity is too much to feel near Rozanov. Rozanov, who always seems to know what he's thinking. Can he see through Shane right now?

Does he know he's weak?

He clenches his fist to stop it from shaking, restless energy seems to have made its way through Shane's entire body.

This whole thing could have been a text, Shane thinks miserably, his comity towards Rozanov seems to have only made things harder.

Rozanov gets up abruptly; Shane tracks the movement, wondering where he could be going. He reappears just as quickly, holding three blankets.

"You are cold." Rozanov drops the blankets in a pile on Shane.

"I'm okay," Shane protests, but takes the blankets anyway. It would be rude to turn down the hospitality. Rozanov gets under them as well, forcing them ever so slightly closer.

Warmth spreads throughout his entire body, maybe he was colder than he thought.

"Have you been sleeping well? Eating well?" Rozanov's questioning tone borders on demanding and Shane rolls his eyes at the interrogation.

"Always," he says dryly.

He means it too. Lately he's been sticking to his routines like never before.

Except, well, he hasn't been sleeping that great. His midnight workouts and early morning runs may have disrupted his usual sleep slightly, but that's not even the issue. The real problem is that Shane can never seem to close his eyes without thinking too much about their last game, and everything he did wrong during it. Then he thinks about how depressingly unmotivating he's been towards his team, how his teammates will start resenting him if he keeps this up.

The past few weeks have been even worse. He couldn't stop thinking about...

Another person in particular.

And he didn't eat today, he supposes. But that wasn't on purpose, and he can't tell Rozanov that. He knows what he needs to function best, and for most hours he can function the best on an empty stomach. Other food would have made his game worse, Shane is sure. Empty, at least, he knows he's in control.

"Even today?" Rozanov's voice grounds him back to reality, but Shane tenses at the question.

He could make up some fake answer. He's been doing it for awhile, every time Hayden invited him over, or during team breakfast, but Rozanov would be able to tell.

Shane sighs and looks at him slightly,

"We're in this shitty hotel, we were playing your team today, and we've lost four times. I just wanted to be in control for the game."

He turns to face the TV again, not wanting Rozanov to see his face

"I was going to eat after, but you texted me," Shane says rushed, the words barely formed out of his mouth.

Was he planning on eating afterward? He probably would have gone to the gym first, and he never likes eating much after a loss.

"Hollander," Rozanov's voice is so soft, so gentle, with a mixture of something that sounds like sadness. Shane can't stand it.

"You are... amazing player. One of the best. Probably the best." Rozanov's voice sounds ablaze with determination now.

"Roz-" Shane begins.

Rozanov shushes him, "Just listen, please."

The politeness of it coming from Rozanov makes Shane falter for a second.

He starts again,

"You do not need to punish yourself for your team's losses."

Shane bites his rebuttal back, that it's not a punishment, it's discipline.

Rozanov starts again, "If every Metro was Shane Hollander, they would never lose."

Shane opens his mouth to defend his team, but closes it again. He wants Rozanov to know he can listen.

"...Is fine." Rozanov continues, "Part of hockey. But not your fault. You are a great captain, you work very hard."

Shane feels his eyes start to water. Fuck. He can't cry, especially here in front of Rozanov. He blinks them away hoping he's not looking at his face.

"Your teammates know that. Even Pike, who probably doesn't know much of anything."

Shane chokes back a wet laugh at that, it's so unexpected but so *Ilya* that he forgets for a second, that he's supposed to leave soon.

“You are allowed to want things, Hollander. Even when you lose.” Ilya finishes, with an air of finality. Shane wants to trust him so desperately, even if only for a moment. The water in his eyes comes back with full force.

At some point Shane had shifted closer to Ilya, or maybe Ilya closer to Shane. He scrubs his eyes with the fabric of his sweatshirt sleeves. Maybe in the morning he can blame it on his delirium and hollow stomach, but the promise of warmth is too much all at once. He wants something he’d never be able to put into words. Slowly, shaky, he rests his head on Ilya's shoulder.

Shane almost expects to be pushed away. Maybe subtly—a deferential rejection, but a rejection nonetheless.

Instead Ilya moves closer than he has all night, wraps his arm where it was resting on the back of the couch and pulls Shane in closer, keeping his arm on his shoulder. He kindly doesn’t mention the wetness on Shane’s face even though Shane is sure he’s seen it by now.

He focuses on his breathing for a while, hearing Ilya’s familiar pattern of breath intake. For a couple of minutes, Shane is convinced they are perfectly in sync, two pairs of lungs.

Shane feels his eyes closing and doesn’t even try to stop them. It feels like everything that exists is in this one room. No more games, no more losing. Just Ilya and him, together.

He wakes up to the feeling of Ilya softly shaking him,

“Food is here.” Ilya speaks gently.

Shane blinks awake blearily and then immediately flushes at the fact he fell asleep that easily, in his biggest rival's hotel room. Why didn’t Ilya wake him up?

As if reading his thoughts Ilya frowns slightly, “Is okay to sleep. You were very tired.”

Shane’s eyes flick over to the table where arrays of steaming food in containers lay, it smells so good his stomach hurts.

“I need to go,” He winces. He needs to find something that fits on his meal plan. Maybe not eating on a game day was unwise, but he can’t just...

“Please Hollander,” Ilya almost sounds desperate, maybe even tired.

The second please of the night makes Shane falter again.

“Okay.” Shane breathes out, “Just a little.”

He takes one of the plastic containers that seems to have miso soup in it and pours it into a bowl that Ilya has nicely set on the counter.

He raises the bowl to his lips to take a sip and the savoury broth makes its way down his throat and settles pleasantly in his stomach. Ilya watches him carefully, not overbearing but in that comforting way he always does. Like he knows what Shane needs.

Shane feels like a new hunger has awoken in him after the first sip, he quickly finishes the soup and scans the table to see what else Ilya ordered.

“Oh.” Shane says quietly.

“Something wrong?” Ilya’s curious eyes follow where Shane is looking.

“No. No, just how did you know-”

Shane cuts himself off before he says something stupid.

Ilya grins, winking at Shane, “I always know what you like, Hollander.”

“Shut up,” Shane rolls his eyes, but there’s no real heat behind it.

After being convinced enough that Shane is actually eating, Ilya nods with a self satisfied kind of look and joins in, ravenous in the way he devours the food. It's enough to make Shane laugh a little to himself.

The room gets quiet again, the soft sound of eating and utensils occasionally scraping filling the otherwise quiet room.

When Shane is done, he feels full and satisfied and more alive than he’s been in months. He looks at Ilya, who has separated from him at some point while they were eating, trying to figure out what he’s thinking of him, if he’s allowed to be close again.

Ilya beckons him over, the corners of his lips curling with poorly disguised amusement at Shane's indecision.

He curls into Ilya again. This time Ilya strokes his hair gently, eliciting a soft sound from Shane that Ilya is kind enough not to comment on.

“You are perfect, Hollander.” Ilya whispers.

It feels different when it’s not said during sex, something a little too close to the truth, something real.

They stay like that for a good amount of time, Ilya’s hands in his hair, Shane feeling the rise and fall of his chest.

Shane wonders how long it's been since he got here. It really was only supposed to take ten minutes to break things off, but things are always more complicated when Ilya is involved.

A feeling of melancholy overtakes him all at once. After this, he and Ilya will really be over and it feels impossible all of a sudden, especially when he’s wrapped in his arms and body heat.

Shane can’t find it in him to feel regret though. He’s confident that he won’t be able to forget this ever, the quiet comfort, the warmth. In a way, it was a nice ending to everything.

Eventually, Shane shifts with a sigh.

“I should probably go, I have an early flight tomorrow.”

Ilya looks at him with a fake pout.

“My couch will miss you,” He says mournfully.

Shane chuckles, “I bet.”

Ilya rises off the couch and offers his hands for support.

“I don’t need-” Shane starts but sighs and grabs on to them anyway. He kind of wants to touch him one last time, anyway.

Ilya lingers behind him as he walks to the door, Shane doesn’t know if he thinks he’s going to fall again, or just wants to say his goodbyes.

Shane reaches for the door handle.

“Wait.” Ilya catches on his arm, Shane pauses. He turns around curiously.

Ilya moves closer to him slightly, forcing Shane’s back to the door.

Shane looks at him, surprised. It doesn’t stop his eyes from wandering to his lips before he remembers where he is and looks back up at Ilya.

“I will see you next season, Hollander.” He smiles secretly.

Shane blinks at the formality. I mean, don’t they always see each other every season?

“Yeah. See you.”

“No, Hollander.” Ilya shakes his head, sighing like he’s exasperated, but his eyes are still glimmering with a sort of mischief. He’s so close that Shane can study every detail in his blue eyes.

He looks like freedom and Shane can’t stop himself from reaching towards him one last time. He would never ask, but he begs in his mind.

Please. Just-

Ilya closes the distance and his lips brush his, soft for a second before he pulls away. He looks at Shane closely, studying his face like he likes what he sees. Then he kisses Shane again, harder slightly this time, but still so gentle. Shane melts into the touch, leans into it as much as he can.

“I will see you next season.” Ilya whispers again, smiling against Shane’s lips.

The implication isn’t lost on him this time. It’s so pathetically sweet that Shane idiotically wants to miss his flight and spend the rest of his night with him.

“I guess you will,” Shane breathes, voice cracked and raw.

Ilya looks satisfied with himself and steps away from Shane, giving him room to depart. Shane pauses for just a second, soaking in the moment before turning to leave again.

“You will text me, yes?” Ilya asks, voice hopeful as Shane reaches for the handle.

“Maybe I will.” Shane admits. His words are mostly to the wall, but he thinks Ilya hears him because he laughs quietly.

In the hallway Shane can’t stop smiling despite himself.

He gets to his room eventually, struggles to put his key in the door, turns the handle, and-

“Shane?” A voice calls from the dark room.

Right. He’s sharing a room with Hayden. He realizes Hayden might have still been in the locker room when Shane came in the first time, or maybe he was giving him space. Either way, Shane is thankful for the consideration.

“Hey Hayden.” He says hesitantly, venturing deeper into the room

Hayden props himself up and looks up at him from his bed, seeming half asleep still, “Shane I want you to know the game isn’t your fault and...”

He trails off the more he looks at Shane.

“You’re not all mopey right now.” He states.

“Um. No?” Shane questions.

“Ah. Okay.” Hayden nods like he understands something, “Carry on then.”

Shane tiptoes around the hotel room, trying to complete his nightly routine with the least noise possible.

Eventually he lays in bed, about to drift off for good when Hayden speaks again.

“You were with Boston Lily, yeah?”

Shane’s heart stutters in its chest for a second. He forgot that Hayden had some sort of clue of who he was seeing from the glimpse of Ilya’s contact name, and using all of his detective skills to deduce Shane only sees “her” in Boston.

He waits a couple seconds, wondering if Hayden would think he’s just sleeping.

“Yeah,” he sighs eventually, voice sounding so loud in the silent room. It makes him feel exposed, like he’s giving away too much.

“I’m glad you have her.” Hayden says eventually, “She seems really good for you.”

Shane doesn’t know how to respond to that. He opens and closes his mouth like a fish for a couple minutes, trying to conjure a response, but eventually Hayden's snores fill the room.

Shane sighs, closing his eyes once more.

He sleeps better than he has in months.

The Metros win their next game. Shane scores four goals and his teammates are brimming with so much excitement that anyone else would think they’d just won the Stanley Cup. It’s not just the game, they can all feel the magic’s in the team again.

“That’s our captain!” He hears someone roar, and for once he takes the compliment, beaming from ear to ear.

They are so back.

In the midst of the celebration he opens his locker and looks at his phone.

Lily

Just lucky goals

Shane laughs and starts typing his response when another text comes in.

Lily

Good job

Shane freezes, thumb hovering over the send button, and deletes what he was going to type.

Jane

All thanks to you.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! This is my first fic and honestly I'm not the best at commenting sometimes (sorry to all the great authors out there) so I get it, but seriously I would love to know what anyone thinks.

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