all the things he did

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all the things he did

by blankjournals

Summary

4 times Shane was strict with Ilya and the 1 time he wasn't ft Ilya having an emotional crisis over it.

OR: inspired by the tweet: ilya actually love having a strict boyfriend. like no his bitch do not let him have friends NO he not allowed to be out past 11 and NO U CANNOT SIT HERE!!!

Translation in Russian available, here and here.

Notes

thanks, twt user paulasoldestson, for the tweet, and the following quote tweets to it. I was dying reading all the replies.

See the end of the work for more notes

It should have been annoying, the way Shane is always scolding him, redirecting him, relentlessly interfering with whatever Ilya thinks he's about to do, or not do.

Ilya, we can't do that.
Ilya, let's do this instead.
Rozanov, you really shouldn't be doing that.
No. Ilya. That's not how it's done.

It would be annoying—probably a little irksome—if Ilya were a normal person.

He has long since established that he is not.

Shane's constant fretting doesn't bother him. In fact, it endears him—makes his heart trip and his body heat, nerves tingling with the urge to press closer. If he's honest, it turns him on, sharp and sudden, desire tangled up with affection.

He now has the clarity to understand his own feelings, recognizing how much these moments matter to him.

Before, he didn't. Not until he almost lost it.

1

Shane likes doing laundry a certain way. The *correct* way, he would tell you.

Ilya is more of a shove-it-all-in, toss-in-a-couple-of-Tide-pods, call-it-a-day kind of guy. Shane, on the other hand, separates clothes by colour, by fabric, and by dirt level. He pre-soaks. He measures detergent. He owns OxiClean. Tells Ilya to be careful with the smelling beads cause they can ruin the washer.

He even has a little laminated chart taped to the washing machine—washing instructions and detergent ratios in neat rows. When Ilya laughed and asked if Shane had made it, Shane informed him, very seriously, that his mother, Yuna, made it. Recently redesigned. On something called Canva.

Ilya stopped laughing immediately. He would never laugh at his future mother-in-law.

It's a lot of work for one person, and Ilya doesn't want Shane doing it for his clothes, too. Even if Shane doesn't look remotely bothered by the idea.

"Shane, leave it. I can do my own laundry." Ilya clutches his laundry basket to his chest like Shane might try to pry it from his hands.

Honestly, Ilya fears he might.

“You turned your socks pink last time,” Shane says flatly. “I’m already doing mine. Just let me do yours.”

“I can do laundry,” Ilya argues. “You just have too many steps.”

“You told me your clothes feel and smell better after I wash them,” Shane replies easily.

“Hollander—”

“Dammit, Rozanov, just let me wash your clothes,” Shane says, with a little more force now, holding his hands out expectantly.

And if Shane is going to look at him like that—face completely unimpressed, eyes daring him to argue, determined in that quiet way that means he really wants to do this for him—well. Who is Ilya to fight it?

When Ilya finally surrenders the basket, relief breaks across Shane’s face. It’s like he’s just won a medal, and not forty-five minutes of labour sorting cotton and soap. Shane turns and walks away, a satisfied little hum slipping out of him as he goes.

Ilya watches him disappear down the hall. He is hit with a wave of cute aggression so strong he has to clench his fists till his knuckles go white. He plants his feet to stop himself from tackling Shane to the ground.

So this is what Shane is like with laundry.

Ilya doesn’t care. Not when this is what it looks like to be cared for. Not when, for the first time in his life, Ilya is being taught that care can look like this.

Gentle nudging and soft looks and just a tad bit of exasperation curled under words that make Ilya feel like a choice instead of a burden.

Not the hard looks he grew up with. Tough love, constant reminders on how he could be better, comparisons, probably meant to inspire, but instead, left him questioning why he can't ever be good enough. *Can he even be good enough?*

He’d grown up thinking that was how all families operated, were supposed to take care of you. How they showed love. To shape you to be the best version of yourself.

Being around Shane, Yuna and David is a startling reminder that that's not really the case.

Speaking of clothes, Ilya is not allowed to leave the house wearing whatever he wants. And not in the *I don't want you going to the club wearing a sheer tank with a harness underneath* way, which he's 99.9% sure Hollander wouldn't like either. No—if it's the winter months, or there's even a hint of wind chill outside, his sweetheart Shane makes sure he's not in shorts, ears covered, gloves on at a minimum.

He tries to tell Shane that he's Russian; Canadian weather has nothing on him. *The cold never bothered me anyway*, he insists. He is Mr. Elsa. Shane did not get the reference, and Ilya had groaned, rolled his eyes, and made him promise they'll watch Frozen together, probably with Hayden's kids.

"Front camera. Let me see." Shane's voice crackles through the phone, his face filling the screen, looking entirely too adorable snuggled up in bed, hoodie drawn over his head, sexy fucking reading glasses perched on his nose.

Ilya makes a show of groaning, even as something flutters in his chest at the tone of Shane's voice. "It's just to check the mail. It's not even that cold. Only five degrees."

"And it *feels* like minus five."

"Then why does the weather say five?"

"It's because of the wind chill—"

"Fuck the stupid wind chill, why can't the weatherman just say—"

"Ilya." Shane's voice cuts in, and he pulls the phone back a little so Ilya can see his full face. The full, very unimpressed face—though his eyes are soft with concern. Like he is truly afraid of Ilya shivering a little in the cold.

He doesn't stand a chance.

"Fine. Fine! I'll wear pants, even though the mailbox is right down the road," Ilya grumbles. "But nothing else. Don't ask me to wear gloves!"

Ilya had, in fact, worn gloves.

And red-and-white earmuffs with the matching scarf. Because Shane got them for him.

3

"Ilya, you went grocery shopping yesterday. I know—you had me on call the whole time."

“But I don’t feel like cooking. Or waking up early tomorrow.” Ilya whines into the phone, sprawled on the couch with it on speaker.

“You can’t keep going to practice without eating. You get cranky halfway through.”

“I do not.”

“Yes, you do.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“No, you won’t. You’ll get takeout on the way and feel like garbage.”

“I won’t eat McDonald’s for breakfast. Don’t worry.”

“Right. You’ll just get *Timmies* instead.”

“What’s wrong with a breakfast wrap? It’s good!”

“I thought we established your body can’t handle more than three of their hash browns a week.”

“My body is perfect.”

“Of course it is,” Shane says dryly. “Come on. I’m prepping breakfast for tomorrow. Let’s do something easy—overnight oats.”

Ilya is halfway to sleep. Practice was rough, and he barely slept last night. He should say no, should tell Shane he’ll microwave something frozen for tomorrow instead.

But then Shane sends a video call request. When Ilya accepts, Shane is already in the kitchen, phone propped up on the counter, wearing the ridiculous *Kiss the Chef* polka-dot apron Ilya got him as a joke.

Suddenly, Ilya doesn’t care how bone-tired he is. Not when he gets to do this. Watch Shane move around his kitchen. Listen to him ramble about a new protein powder—*I swear it tastes just like tiramisu, Ilya*—like it’s world-shattering news.

Even though they live only two hours apart, Ilya aches with a loneliness so keen it's physical. He craves this closeness, hungry for the ordinary, for Shane's voice echoing in the kitchen, for the warmth of being seen and wanted in the smallest moments.

Domestic. Side by side for boring things. Chopping vegetables. Shane handing him plates so they can load the dishwasher together. Every menial house chore becoming a 2-man job.

He doesn’t get that enough, not the way he wants. So he takes whatever version he can get. Whatever form of connection he can get at a time. Let it fill the hollow that still exists. Because even though Shane is his—*mine*—Ilya wants more.

Selfishly. To be closer. No space between them. With the promise that they'll never be distant.

And if all Shane is asking in return is that he eats something decent before practice?

Yeah. Ilya can live with that.

The next morning.

Hazy: hey boys are making a McD run, what should i tell them you want

Ilya: im good

Hazy: youre saying no to free food?

Ilya: i can buy 3 mcdonalds restaurants if i wanted, money is not issue

Hazy: ok, so your usual?

Ilya: my lover doesnt want me eating trash food

Hazy: your “lover” isnt here

Ilya: in my heart

Hazy has reacted to [in my heart] with 👎

Hazy: im blocking you

_____

Lily has sent a screenshot.

Jane: What the fuck

Lily: its true

Jane: They're going to think I'm controlling.

Lily: you are not?

Jane: Fuck you 🖕

Lily: more like fuck me please

Jane: Just for that i am blocking you as well.

Lily: so i can still call us lovers 😉

Jane: No.

Lily: But we love each other, so we are lovers

Jane: Gross

Jane has reacted to [But we love each other, so we are lovers] with ❤️

4

Ilya couldn't tell you where he was. What city, province, country, hell, he didn't even know if he was on planet Earth. What time was it? What was his name? All he could feel was heat—molten and heavy—burning in the pit of his stomach. His head was fuzzy, his face flushed bright pink, intoxicated in a way no alcohol out there could ever make him feel.

Shane was straddling him, skin slick with sweat, hands clutching Ilya's bare shoulders. Ilya's fingers dug into his waist as Shane rode him, breath ragged, mouth parted.

He reached up to pull Shane closer and sealed their lips together, stealing his oxygen, devouring every breathy whimper and groan, swallowing them like they were made just for him.

"Fuck," Ilya hissed, as Shane rolled his hips harder, chasing friction with reckless abandon. The sounds between them grew louder and needier.

Ilya always knew. Always could tell the moment Shane began to fall apart—the tremble in his thighs, the way his rhythm faltered, hips shifting into desperate little grinds. Ilya didn't even need to see his cock to know he was close.

He sat up, and Shane let himself be flipped, muscle memory taking over. He opened his legs without a word, and Ilya sank back in with a groan.

"Come for me, *moy lyubimiy*," Ilya whispered, voice rough.

Shane obeyed instantly, slippery hand flying to his cock. It took three, maybe four strokes. Then Ilya saw it—the way he broke apart with a choked whimper, head thrown back, clenching tight around Ilya as he came, streaking his stomach with his release.

Not long after, Ilya followed, both of their hands clutching desperately at each other, pressed chest to chest, molecule to molecule, buried deep, spilling into him with a shaky gasp. Mind both drunk and empty on nothing but *Shane Shane Shane.*

He could've fallen asleep like that. Just him and Shane, lost in the haze. And Ilya was pretty sure he did, nodded off sprawled on top of Shane, sweaty and boneless.

Then Shane had the audacity to wake him up.

Told him they needed to clean up. *No, we can't just wipe ourselves off with a few tissues and call it a night*. That Ilya says he's fine now, but tomorrow he'll be cranky and sticky—especially when they have to change the sheets half-asleep.

Ilya groaned and grumbled. He argued because arguing with Hollander brings him unholy joy.

And to be met with eye rolls. The exasperated sighs. The deadpan logic-filled rants. It turned Ilya on more than he'd ever admit. He had the brief, insane thought that maybe he had a teacher kink, and filed that away for future roleplay negotiations.

So he let Shane push him around. Nudged toward the shower. Directed to his spot in the bed after. Shane curled into his side, freshly clean, sheets soft, hand patting Ilya's cheek affectionately.

Maybe I am a dog, Ilya thought, as Shane's fingers trailed down his jaw in slow, sleepy passes. Ilya almost rumbled.

Definitely a dog. A very obedient one.

One Shane rubs behind the ears until he's barking with happiness.

Maybe I want to be a pet, Ilya thought hazily, just before slipping into sleep, Shane's comfortable weight right within reach.

+1

It was supposed to be the best summer ever. Just him and Shane; no hockey, no practice, no cameras, and no hiding (to a degree). It was going to be great. It was going to be fun.

And it would be, if his boyfriend didn't get replaced by an alien.

Okay, hear Ilya out. Something is wrong with Shane. And Ilya should've known, because it started two weeks ago when he was on a call with him one late evening. Ilya had shamelessly pulled out his pack of cigarettes, winking at the camera, flaunting the white box at Shane.

And then he waited for the inevitable. For Shane to sigh, tell him he shouldn't smoke. He was just recovering from a cold, and this would make it worse. For him to say his tried and true line: *If you die of lung cancer because of your smoking, I will kill you.*

But Shane never does. He schools his features and sets his mouth in a firm line. Ilya can tell he's trying really hard not to throw him a disapproving look.

Ilya won't lie, it catches him off guard. So much so that he stares at his phone longer than he should, not moving, just waiting. Box held stupidly in his hands.

"Um, you were going to smoke, right?" Shane's voice comes through the speaker, carefully neutral.

Ilya blinks, snapping back to his body. He clears his throat and sends Shane a half-smile. "Nothing to say?" he asks, almost goading him on.

Shane just shrugs. "One shouldn't be so bad for you."

One can be *extremely* bad for him, considering this isn't Ilya's first, not by a long shot. Shane knows that.

He props his phone up on the windowsill and makes a show of pulling out the cigarette and lighting it. The package is brand new. He truly hasn't smoked in weeks, possibly months. He waits for Shane to stop him. For his eyes to furrow, his mouth to twist in that little adorable way. For his expression to look like a kitten you just blew smoke into the face of.

But Shane doesn't say a word.

And in that moment, as the familiar taste of burnt chemicals fills his lungs, Ilya wonders what's more bitter: the cigarette or Shane's apparent lack of concern.

He tries to look past it. Truly, he does. In fact, he should be happy Shane isn't lecturing him. He's a grown man. He should be able to do what he wants.

But he's been at Shane's house for a couple of days now, and every night he'll announce his intention to smoke. Wait for Shane to argue, to tell him *you really shouldn't*. To say anything, even remind him that he's going to die of throat cancer.

Shane doesn't. And Ilya resists the urge to knock over some potted plants outside.

He doesn't get why Shane won't say anything to him. Especially after he comes back inside and tries to kiss him. He knows he smells awful, probably tastes worse. He thinks that might finally push Shane over the edge. Knows Shane absolutely hates kissing him like this.

And when it doesn't, Ilya feels so bad he stops the kiss midway himself, goes and changes his clothes, and nearly downs a full bottle of Listerine to neutralize the taste in his mouth.

And then it's not just the smoking, which was the biggest red flag.

Shane doesn’t say anything when Ilya does his laundry. He was halfway through before realizing he wasn’t using one of the methods Shane taught him. He had looked over to the side of the machine for that familiar laminated poster and found it gone.

When he yelled for Shane and asked where it went, Shane had just shrugged and said he got rid of it; he had it memorized already. When Ilya told him *he* didn’t have it memorized, Shane gave him a curious look and said, “It’s too much work, right? Do it your way. I won’t judge.” Then walked away.

Ilya had just stared, clothes bunched uselessly in his hands.

He did the laundry his way. And yes, they didn’t smell as nice or feel as soft. No, his socks did not turn pink.

They turned orange.

He almost texted Yuna to see if she could share the link to her homemade laundry poster with him.

It didn't stop there. And Ilya was slowly losing his mind.

Shane didn’t say anything when Ilya forgot to floss before bed. Didn’t say anything when Ilya wouldn’t stretch before a workout. When he had his headphones in too long at full blast, and definitely contributing to his hearing loss. He doesn’t say anything when Ilya walks around the house after a shower with wet hair, even when, later, Ilya is sniffling on the couch, blanket around his shoulders under the full blast of the AC.

Nothing. Not one complaint. Not one lecture. No *nagging*. Ilya has learned that word now.

A couple of his teammates were in Montreal for the week and invited him out. He wishes Shane would come with him, but even if their relationship is still under wraps from the majority of the world, he knows the club isn’t exactly Shane’s idea of fun. And he’d never force him to go somewhere that would cause him more anxiety than relaxation.

So he kisses Shane all over his cute face, with his stunning little freckles, muttering all sorts of names of animals in Russian (*zayka, kotik, myshonok*) until he’s groaning and laughing and swatting Ilya away.

“Don’t wait up for me! Me and the boys will be out late!” Ilya calls over his shoulder, flashing Shane a grin.

Shane just rolls his eyes and tells him to have fun. He doesn’t say, *but not too much fun*, and Ilya pretends the absence of those words doesn’t twist somewhere deep in his chest. Pretends his ears aren't practically twitching at it.

Ilya has fun. He really does. The music is good, it drums and pulses beneath his skin, thunders in his ears. The alcohol is just okay, a fact he's grown accustomed to living outside his country for the better part of a decade.

His teammates tease him any time they catch him glancing at his phone, asking him if his "girlfriend" is texting him, and telling him he needs to get back home early.

Ilya rolls his eyes and flips them off, because *no*, Shane hasn't texted him to come home early. No curfew. No warning. No reminders.

He does send Shane videos and photos all night. And not for the first time, Bood and Hazy catch him grinning down at his phone like an idiot. Shane keeps sending flat commentary to every photo and video:

Looks fun.
That's a nice shirt.
What's that drink?
Is there a crack on that table?

Lots of women here, Ilya texts him. He waits for the eye-roll emoji, for the cat-sticker reactions Shane uses now, because Ilya saw them on the app store and told him, *"Hey, Hollander, they turned you into memes*. He waits for Shane to tell him *you're not allowed to flirt with women*, so he can reply *oh, so can I flirt with the men,* and Shane can reply *how about I shove my foot up your ass, asshole.*

That conversation should've happened on the couch before he left. It didn't. And Ilya pathetically waits for it now, like the absolute loser he is.

But what Shane sends back instead makes Ilya choke on his drink: *It is National Women's Day in South Africa, maybe that's why women are out celebrating.*

What the fuck, Ilya thinks, staring incredulously at his phone. He shuts the screen with an irritated little huff.

Oh, look at me, I'm Shane Hollander. My boyfriend is talking about all the women at the club he's in, and I don't care one bit, Ilya thinks sarcastically as he chugs the rest of his drink, throat burning.

He gets up and joins his teammates on the dancefloor, trying to get lost in the rhythm of the music. Of the bodies moving around him.

Key word: tries.

The final straw comes when his friends invite him out again, and it also falls on the last day he and Hollander have together. Surely, he will say something now. *No way he's going to let Ilya go to—*

He shows Shane the texts. His friends are going to a fucking strip club. No way he's not going to say anything when Ilya pulls out his see-through dressshirt and asks Shane's opinion on it.

Ilya gets ready. Showers. Sprays on his cologne. Slicks back his hair. Puts on the fucking sheer shirt, black jeans that hug him just right. He looks good, he always does. But tonight, just... extra wow, is all Ilya can think as he stares at himself in the bathroom mirror, hands bracing the vanity top.

He takes forever to get ready, regardless. Dragging his feet, fixing his collar over and over. Slipping into the kitchen and drinking water under the guise of hydrating himself for the night of fun.

Shane doesn't say anything. Not a goddamn word. The only time he says something is when Ilya comes out of the washroom, dressed and ready to go.

Shane had flushed, eyes shamelessly going up and down his body, and Ilya felt like he was preening under his gaze.

"Look good?" Ilya had asked, voice low, a smirk grazing his face.

Shane had stepped forward, hands rising to trace the fabric of the shirt, pressing it against him until his skin was visible through it. "You always look good. Better than good," Shane had replied, a little breathless.

Ilya couldn't resist, kissing him right then and there, pulling his body flush against him. Lips moving languidly and with intent, like they had all the time in the world.

Have fun, Shane had said to him.

But not too much fun? Ilya had asked, his last attempt at... Ilya doesn't even know. To find Shane. To get Shane to say something—*anything*—the old Shane would say. But all Shane had done was shake his head, give him a half-tight smile, and wave him off.

He's breaking up with me, the thought flashes through Ilya's mind three minutes after he leaves Shane's house, driving down the main road. *He's trying to end it—no, he wants me to end it. That's why he's being like this. Maybe I did something wrong?*

The thought presents itself, and then lodges itself into him, its claws biting with no mercy, unwilling to let go. The pressure of it hurts so much, like a weight against his chest threatening to cave him in entirely. He immediately turns into a nearby plaza, heart racing as the cars honk loudly behind him. He does a full circle, then reverses, driving back to Shane's house.

Asshole. How dare he, Ilya thinks, as he punches the heat up in his car. *Letting me walk out of the house, dressed like this—yeah, it's fucking August, and it's hot, but it's still chilly tonight, and Hollander let me leave without a jacket, in a shirt you can see through! Does he want me to get a cold and die?!*

He didn't say anything when he saw Ilya packing his cigarettes. Didn't say anything when Ilya took his broken charger instead of running upstairs and grabbing his new one.

He gets back home in record speed, a fact he will also tell Shane—see if he cares that Ilya drove 15 km over the speed limit (he better!). He turns into the driveway with a screech, parks crooked, and stumbles out of the door. He marches up to the door, punches in the code with more force than necessary, and bulldozes his way in.

"Hollander!" Ilya yells into the house, kicking his shoes off like they've offended him, not caring where they land.

Ilya doesn't wait for a response. He walks up the steps just in time to see Shane stumble out of his trophy room, pyjamas on, a cozy woollen blanket around his shoulders.

"Ilya? Did you forget something?" Shane asks, eyes filling with part alarm, part confusion.

Ilya doesn't reply. He walks up to Shane and offers him his hand. Then he tugs him back into the room. He lets go once they're back inside and whirls around to look at him, crossing his arms over his chest.

Before Shane can utter a word, Ilya beats him to it. "What did I do?" Ilya asks. He means for it to come across as cross, but even he can hear the tremble in his voice, the plea behind his words.

Shane blinks at him, eyes searching his face. "What do you mean?" he asks hesitantly.

Ilya uncrosses his arms and holds his palms up in front of him. "What did I do to make you mad?"

"Mad?" Shane asks, eyebrows going up. "I'm not mad."

"Yes, you are. You are very mad."

Shane sighs and pulls the blanket tighter around himself. "I know my own emotions, Ilya."

"If you weren't mad," Ilya argues, voice rising, gesturing at himself, "you wouldn't have let me leave the house like this."

"I told you—you looked good."

"I know I look good! But Hollander, I am going to a strip club in a *transient* shirt—"

"Translucent—"

"—and you don't have a problem with this?" Ilya asks, hands falling heavily to his sides, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

"Ilya—I don't know what you want me to—"

Ilya cuts in sharply, "I didn't do the laundry right. You showed me a colourful poster. I don't stack dishes properly in dishwasher; you show me how to. I want to check my mail, and you make sure my ears are covered. I want to eat McDonald's, and you tell me it is garbage. I smoke, you tell me I will get cancer and die. I go to a strip club, and you just tell me to have fun? No curfew! No threatening to cut my dick if I flirt with strippers?? You just let me go!"

Ilya stares wildly at Shane. He feels a little insane. Hearing himself say it out loud, he's not even sure himself why he's so mad—why it's bothering him—Shane's lack of constant nagging.

And maybe it's not about the nagging. Not really. It's his constant worry. Or maybe, just worry in general that he's missing.

Because that's what you do: you worry and care about the people you love. Because you want them to take care of themselves. Want them to be happy and healthy.

And Ilya wants, defeatedly, to be taken care of for once, by someone else. Wants Shane to fret over him eating bad food. Catching the flu. Wants him to tell him morbid statistics about tobacco because underneath it just means, *hey, I want to spend many years with you, so don't you fucking dare die young.*

He wants Shane to threaten to castrate him if he even thinks about looking at another person. Wants him to warn him before he leaves. Wants him to text him all night to come home at a respectable hour. Wants him to ask again when he comes back home if Ilya had *too much fun without him*. Because jealousy and possessiveness are some of the few emotions Shane is so.... so, so, so very bad at hiding. Ilya will let him pretend he's good at hiding everything else when, in fact, Shane has the world's most expressive eyes; it's like looking into an endless galaxy full of stars.

And to be loved like that, to be wanted like that, to be taken care of like that, ignites him in ways that leave him breathless and wanting more. Not afraid to ask for more.

Ilya stands there, having this epic realization happen in real time in his head, and he almost—*almost*—misses the way Shane's face falls.

"It's... It's a lot, isn't it?" Shane says quietly.

Ilya snaps out of his head, eyes refocusing on Shane's face. And for a minute, he thinks his vision is playing tricks on him. Because Shane has that look on his face—the one he gets when he has so much to say but is afraid to speak it out loud. When he's frustrated with how

he feels about himself. When his eyes turn glassy from holding back tears, because if you don't let them fall, it doesn't count as crying.

Fuck, Ilya thinks, heart twisting, *why does Shane look like he's about to cry?*

Any last remnant of his frustration frizzles out of him, and he deflates like a balloon that's just been popped.

Shane Hollander's tears will do that to you. A fact Ilya came to terms with long before he even accepted he loved Shane.

Ilya immediately steps forward, hands reaching out to hold Shane's carefully—hands that were previously clutching his blanket around him, like he was trying to disappear behind it. "Shane—what's wrong?" Ilya asks softly.

Shane doesn't meet his eyes. He takes a long, shaky breath like he's bracing himself. "I thought it wasn't so bad, but I—I nag you a lot. About everything. Don't I? I'm not—I'm not trying to be like—your parent or something. You are an adult, and I should not be so... so controlling. Shit." Shane lets out a humourless little chuckle. "No wonder you would rather spend our last day together with your friends."

The words land like a blow. Ilya's mouth parts unconsciously. Alarm bells ring in his head, which still do nothing to drown out the sound of his own heart, beating so fast in sync with the blood rushing into his ears.

"So you are… not mad and… not breaking up with me?" Ilya asks carefully.

Shane's eyes snap to him, finally, wide and red around the edges. "Break up with you?" Shane chokes out. "I should worry about you breaking up with me. I'm such a—"

Ilya doesn't let Shane finish whatever ugly thought he was going to say out loud. Instead, he leans in, hands coming up to hold his face steady and kisses him hard. Like he can kiss the thought out of him, steal it from his lips and swallow it whole and let it die inside of Ilya, never to be spoken of again. Shane gasps against him, hands coming up to clutch at his shirt as he pulls Ilya closer, until only a breath of space is left between them.

When Ilya pulls away, he rests his head against Shane's, both of them breathing heavily against each other.

Ilya pulls back slightly, hands still holding Shane's face, and he tilts it until the latter is making eye contact with him. He wipes under his eye, collecting the wetness, thumbs tracing over freckled skin. "Hollander, you will listen to me, yes?" Ilya asks gently, voice still firm.

Shane blinks at him and nods, eyes searching his.

"You know I do not exaggerate. I do many things, but exaggeration is not one of them?"

Shane huffs out a tiny laugh and hums in return.

“I love it *so much* when you nag at me. When you remind me to floss because gum disease is a big problem. When you tell me to wear socks that cover my ankles because dry ankles are very annoying. When you force me to prepare a meal for next day even when I am so tired I might fall asleep with the stove turned on—”

“Ilya—” Shane cuts in, a little exasperated, mouth twitching into a smile despite himself.

“I love when you show me pictures of smoker lungs. When you show me videos of McDonald’s employees spitting in people’s burgers.”

“Oh my god,” Shane says, groaning, embarrassed at himself.

“I love that you give me a curfew. I know I’m a grown man. You think I listen because you force me? Hollander, no. I love listening to you. I want to come home to you. I wish you would tell me I need to return by 9 p.m.,” Ilya tells him very seriously, but his eyes are soft with teasing.

“9 p.m. is a little unfair,” Shane mumbles, smiling down at the floor.

“I want you to tell me I am never, *ever*, never allowed to flirt or be friendly with anyone else. I want you to lecture me before I leave the house. I want constant texting all night, and I want you to ask questions like Sherlock Holmes after I come back.”

Shane snorts, and then he can’t help the laugh that bubbles out of him. He tips forward, and Ilya releases his face so Shane can tuck himself into the crook of his neck as he vibrates against him. Lets the magical sound wash over him, like salve to a wound, relief and healing in equal parts. Ilya's hands circle comfortably around him, one hand at the base of his spine, the other running up and down Shane's back.

“You stopped doing all these things. I thought…” Ilya trails off, voice faltering.

Shane waits for him, turning his head to indicate he’s listening.

“I thought you didn’t care. Maybe. About me. Or—I don’t know,” Ilya confesses, trying desperately to sound casual, failing miserably.

Shane shakes his head immediately. “No, Ilya. I—I was afraid I was caring too much and—okay, don’t laugh, okay? I did some stupid relationship test, and it said I was the 'controlling girlfriend' type—”

“Hollander, you are not my girlfriend. You are my *boyfriend*.”

“No, I know, okay? I know. And then I did some research, and the internet told me I needed to loosen up a little because the tighter I hold, the more suffocated you would feel,” Shane finishes lamely. “I’m already boring. I can’t add annoying and controlling to that list.”

“Shane, I’m going to turn off your Wi-Fi. I’m calling Bell and cancelling service,” Ilya grumbles, voice pitched a little too low to sound like he’s just joking. Fully, anyway.

“I didn't mean to take it so seriously, the people on Reddit—”

“Send me the quiz so I can leave a bad review. Send me Reddit accounts so I can yell at them for giving bad advice.”

“It wasn't bad advice, just maybe didn't get our situation. I should’ve done better research. I should’ve—”

“I am research,” Ilya cuts in. “You should’ve talked to me.”

A pause befalls them as Shane considers his words, a few pieces clicking into place on his face. He hesitates before he says, “I just wanted to fix it before I bothered you about it,” he offers softly.

And well, isn’t that the story of Ilya’s life? He can’t even fault Shane for thinking that way, not when Ilya is the exact same way.

“Well. No more fixing,” Ilya says firmly. He pulls away until he can tilt his head down and look at Shane directly again. “No more pretending. I want my old Shane back.”

“Nagging Shane?” Shane asks, smiling up slowly at him.

“Caring Shane,” Ilya corrects him, knocking their heads together.

Shane flushes, face going warm. He leans up and softly presses his lips against Ilya’s—not even a full kiss, just a touch, an echo of sensation. Because he’s allowed. Because he can. Skin against skin.

“I love you. Always will. Will never stop caring about you.” Shane mumbles against his lips.

Ilya’s heart soars in his chest, his body buzzing with the kind of adrenaline only Shane can cause.

“I love you too,” Ilya replies easily. *All of you, every part of you, not one part left unaccounted for. Not one part less than the other.*

All fighting to be the thing Ilya loves most. In a hopeless competition because Ilya loves and sees every part of him. And he always will.

5: Bonus

Lily: team wants to hang out. send me text back saying I can’t go

Jane: Why? You deserve to have fun. You guys played well today.

Jane: Nearly as good as the Metros.

Lily: haha Mr. Comedian 🤌🏻

Lily: i don't want to go, i want to watch my show. need to catch up.

Jane: Game of Thrones?

Lily: no, show with little kids

Jane: ...

Jane: Please never repeat that again.

Jane: Stranger Things?

Lily: yes

Jane: Ilya, you told me the new season doesn't come out till next year.

Lily: i forgot what happened in the first two seasons

Jane: It will still be there when you come back.

Lily: hollander pleeeaassseeee

Jane: Your team will really hate me, and they don't even know it's me.

Lily: they already hate you by default because you play for enemy team

Lily: i ask, be serious

Lily: hey babe, can i go out with my team today 🥺 celebrating our win

Jane: Babe? Gross.

Jane has reacted to [hey babe, can i go out with my team today 🥺 celebrating our win] with ❤️

Lily: HOLLANDER

Lily: i'm deleting. again.

Lily: hey babe, can i go out with my team today 🥺💞😘 celebrating our win 🏆

Jane: …

Jane: No. You bruised your shoulder during that last goal, the weather is terrible, and you do not know how to dress. And you will eat nothing but bad fries and cheap alcohol all night. Go home and rest.

Lily: 😔 ok

———

Ilya has sent a screenshot to the group chat.

Ilya: sorry guys, not today

Tanner: oh come on

Bood: boo

Bood: also why is the name blacked out, we all know this is the infamous Jane you're always texting 😂

Ilya: i don't know any jane

Hazy: she really keeps you on a leash

Bood: even Cassie isn't that strict

Ilya: sorry boys, can't upset the mrs

Tanner: dude, you're whipped

Ilya: whipped cream?

Hazy: down bad

Ilya: down where?

Bood: wow. domestic.

Ilya: i steal that one

End Notes

so i wrote this and then, injured my arm in the most canadian way, fell on some ice on the way to work. but i wanted to post it and tried my best to edit it with my limited motor skills. if you see any english grammar mistakes, no you didnt.

im putting it all out there, if i read it again i'll edit it later. for now, enjoy.

also thanks for all the love on "they say it's my fault but I want (him) so much" like wtf, that was my first fic for this pairing and you guys left such lovely comments, meant a lot.

thats all folks.

OH even tho i am canadian i unfortunately know not much about hockey so if someone wants to be my hockey consultant that would be great please come yell at me in twt!

twt: link

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