

Nothing Much

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Nothing Much

by [Samilias](#)

Summary

Shane does a follow up interview. One of those slice of life things he did a few years ago at his cottage. He's adamant nothing in his life has changed.

Set a few years after canon.

Notes

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

Shane greets the camera with a bright smile. He's standing just inside the door to his cottage and waves the viewers inside enthusiastically.

"Hey Guys, come on in. It's been a while since we did one of these."

He leads them through the hall into the open plan living room. Black leather couches line the walls and he takes a seat on one of them.

The frame shifts to a shot of him close up, in a conversational distance.

"Nothing much has changed about my life. I still spend every free minute I have on the ice. And in the summers I come out here to relax. Sure, I've aged a few years, but I also got another opportunity to hold the cup."

Shane takes a sip of water and neatly sets his glass back down on a coaster.

"My personal life? Oh, yeah, everything is fine on that front. My parents are well and I get plenty of opportunities to hang out with my teammates. Hayden and his family are coming over for a barbeque in a few days." He leans forward conspiratorially. "I think my mom wants to talk him into doing publicity for the foundation. She's bought presents for all of his kids."

The camera shakes, like it wants to ask a different, more urgent, question, but Shane is back on his feet again.

"Hey, let me show you the new addition to my training rink."

They cut to the basement where Shane is standing next to an automated target practice, happily explaining how it works into the camera. In the corner of the room a duffel is leaned against the wall with a practice jersey thrown over the top. The jersey very visibly doesn't carry Shanes number twenty-four.

The camera tilts more and more towards the duffel, zooming in to the jersey until Shane is barely in the frame. Only his voice can be heard, prattling on and on about how the different settings of the computer meet players individual needs. He wants to sponsor one for next years youth training camps. His hand can be seen blurrily waving towards something off screen.

Shane leads them outside to the garden. He leans on the railing in front of his house. An icy blue Jaguar sits in the driveway. Shane can be seen frowning at it.

"The neighborhood is pretty peaceful. I'm thinking about settling down here permanently after retirement. But let's hope that's still a few years away." He knocks on the wood of the railing. "Though sometimes people abuse the quiet streets to roar down them in their fancy european cars. Annoying is what it is."

He gives the Jaguar a filthy look before turning away. "Let me show you the pool."

“Swimming is perfect for keeping up muscle mass in the off season.” They have walked around the side of the house to a decently sized swimming pool. A lonely towel sits abandoned on a pool chair, next to it a half empty glass of what might be water. “I doesn’t go too hard on the joints while still giving me decent workout. I would recommend it to every young athlete. And of course I still do yoga. A friend recommended me an online instructor last season. They are great.”

They walk back around the house. Next to the Jaguar a cherry red Mustang has appeared. Shane shakes his head at it.

“Where do they keep coming from?”

He disappears into the house and the front door falls shut behind him.

Ilya is seen walking down a quiet street while he talks into the camera. A street sign gets blurred out as he passes it.

“Ottawa is quiet city, nothing much happens, but peaceful, lovely people. Good place to live. And teammates are fun to play with.”

They reach a house in front of which a light blue Jaguar, a red Mustang and a shiny black Maserati are parked.

“Da, yes, I still like to collect. Only had a little collection for a while, but I am working on it.”

He runs his fingers over the hood of the Maserati as he passes it. They walk around the house and come up to a pool. Ilya fishes a glass from the small table next to a pool chair.

“Ah, damn it, Vodka has gotten warm.” He looks down at the tiny pieces of ice floating in the drink in despair. “No good anymore.”

He carries the drink with him to the big deck on the backside of the house. The glass door to the living room is open. Ilya looks out over the lake. It’s only a hundred feet or so down to the pier leading into the water. The camera follows as he walks down to the shore. Someone is doing yoga on the pier, their back turned towards them.

“Is not pretty? Lakes are the best thing about Canada.”

They get closer to Shane stretching on the wooden planks.

“Though sometimes people block pretty view.” He glances into the camera and jerks his head at Shane. “I have trick. I annoy them, then they go away. Problem solved.”

He fishes in his drink for a piece of mostly melted ice, winks at the camera and throws it at Shane. It hits Shanes neck and slips under the collar of his shirt. He startles wildly and whirls around.

“Hey! Oh you mother-“

The feed cuts out.

When the camera comes back it is shaky footage at best. Shane and Ilya are wrestling on the grass. After a few seconds it cuts out again.

They come back to a close up of Ilyas face. His body is cut out almost entirely, but his left arm is bulged out in a curious way. Almost like he is holding onto something, or someone. There is grass in his hair.

“No worries. I have to deal with problem all the time. I can handle it.”

The next shot is of Shane sitting on Ilyas back and pressing his face into the grass with one hand while he runs the other one casually through his own hair. He looks flushed and breathless.

“I don’t usually like to do my yoga outside. Sure, it is peaceful, looking out over the lake. But chances are one thing or another comes along and distracts you. I recommend creating a space for yourself inside, where you have enough space to move around and won’t be easily disturbed.”

In the next shot Ilya has Shane slung over his shoulder and is carrying him across the pier. The camera catches his scream as he is thrown into the lake before cutting to black.

In the next installation the camera is back in front of the house. Ilya and Shane are on the porch in front of the door, sitting so close their thighs are pressed together. Ilya wears a smug smile. Shane is dripping lake water.

“Like I said” Shane says to the camera. “nothing much has changed.”

The camera pans out to their surroundings. A dozen more sports cars are parked crookedly all over the front lawn and on the sides of the road.

When the shot returns to the pair it captures Shane smiling at Ilya who is playing with the gold chain around his neck. Next to the cross a golden ring is slung through the chain. It matches the one sitting on Shanes finger.

“Only a few little things. Barely worth mentioning.”

Ilya raises his eyebrows in exaggerated offence. “Who do you call little.”

End Notes

Sooooo... after Tumblr insisted on shoving bits of this show into my face at every possible moment I finally gave in. I haven't seen the show yet. It looks fun. Very horny. But I did just finish the book. And I have to say... it is 50% sex scenes and a very sweet story. (AND, no butts about it (haha, butts (shut up, brain)))

Hope you guys had fun with this random little thing that wouldn't leave my brain. I literally just finished the book... I do love me a good hockey romance.

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