

Wait, is this song about us?

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Wait, is this song about us?

by [thingcalledlove](#)

Summary

Ilya knew it sounded crazy, but he was ninety-nine point nine percent sure he was being stalked.

Because there was no rational explanation for how his entire relationship with Shane, his very secret relationship, had been documented in painstaking detail and turned into five record-breaking studio albums by some British boyband called One Direction.

Notes

I felt compelled to write this absolute crack. You do not need to feel compelled to read it.

It fits into the same universe this series is based in, though it can be read as a standalone.

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

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Because there was no rational explanation for how his entire relationship with Shane, *his very secret relationship*, had been documented in painstaking detail and turned into five record-breaking studio albums by some British boyband called One Direction.

Like most other things, he had stumbled across this on Twitter. A song had been used over several clips of him and Shane playing hockey, and Becca, the number one Hollanov shipper, *possibly the only Hollanov shipper*, had tweeted it.

It had sent Ilya spiraling. Because how had this random, no name band known about his... thing... with Shane? No one knew. And yet, they had written an entire song about it.

It had not taken long for Ilya to discover that it wasn't just one song. No, it was much worse than that. It was albums, plural, where every single song was about... them.

For what felt like the first time in a very long time, Ilya felt at peace. He had made the decision to come to the cottage, he discovered that Shane loved him just as much as he loved Shane, and though it had been completely accidental, Shane's parents were now fully aware of their relationship, and they were being incredibly supportive of it.

On top of that, they still had another week together before Ilya needed to be back in Boston and Shane needed to be back in Montreal. One more glorious week to just bask in each other's company.

The summer rain had driven them back inside where they lounged comfortably on the oversized sectional, cuddled together as some cooking show played on the screen before them.

"I think we have stalkers," Ilya said, breaking through the comfortable silence.

Shane shot up immediately from where his head had been resting on Ilya's chest looking alarmed. "What?"

"No, not real stalkers," Ilya said, then paused for a moment before amending his statement, "maybe real, but not dangerous."

"Ilya," Shane said seriously, dark eyes boring into his light colour ones, "What *the fuck* are you talking about?"

"You know band, One Direction?" Ilya asked.

"I don't listen to them or anything, but yeah, I know of them. Everyone knows of them," Shane responded, clearly still very confused as to the directions this conversation had already taken.

“They are stalking us.”

“What.”

“Well, maybe not anymore. They broke up. But before? Yes.”

“Are you high?” Shane asked seriously, looking concerned.

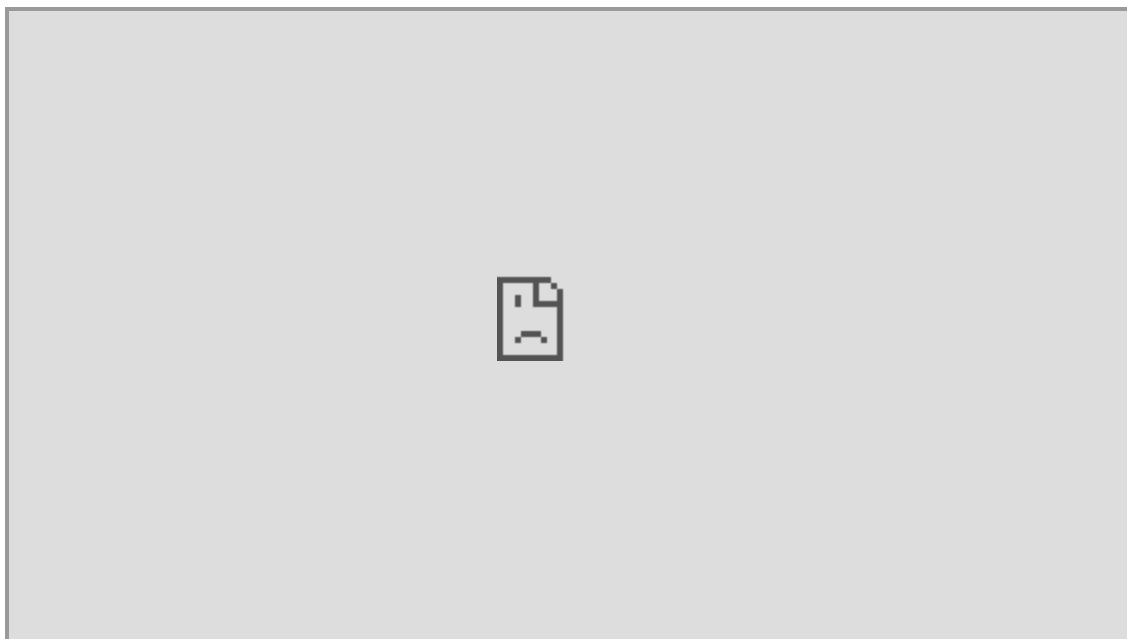
Ilya shook his head. “No. Just... listen.”

He took his phone out of his pocket and opened Spotify, navigating to a complete One Direction playlist that included all five albums, deluxe editions.

“Play any song,” Ilya said, handing the phone to Shane, who looked at him skeptically.

“Please,” Ilya added, which made Shane sigh loudly before scrolling through the list without looking and tapping on one at random.

The first few beats of the song started, and then:



[I'm like a crow on a wire / You're the shining distraction that makes me fly / Oh, home / I'm like a boat on the water / You're the rays on the waves that calm my mind / Oh, every time / But I know in my heart, you're not a constant star / And yeah, I let you use me from the day that we first met / But I'm not done yet / Falling for you, fool's gold / And I knew that you turned it on for everyone you've met / But I don't regret / Falling for you, fool's gold]

As the song dwindled to an end, Shane just shrugged, looking at Ilya with a perplexed expression on his face.

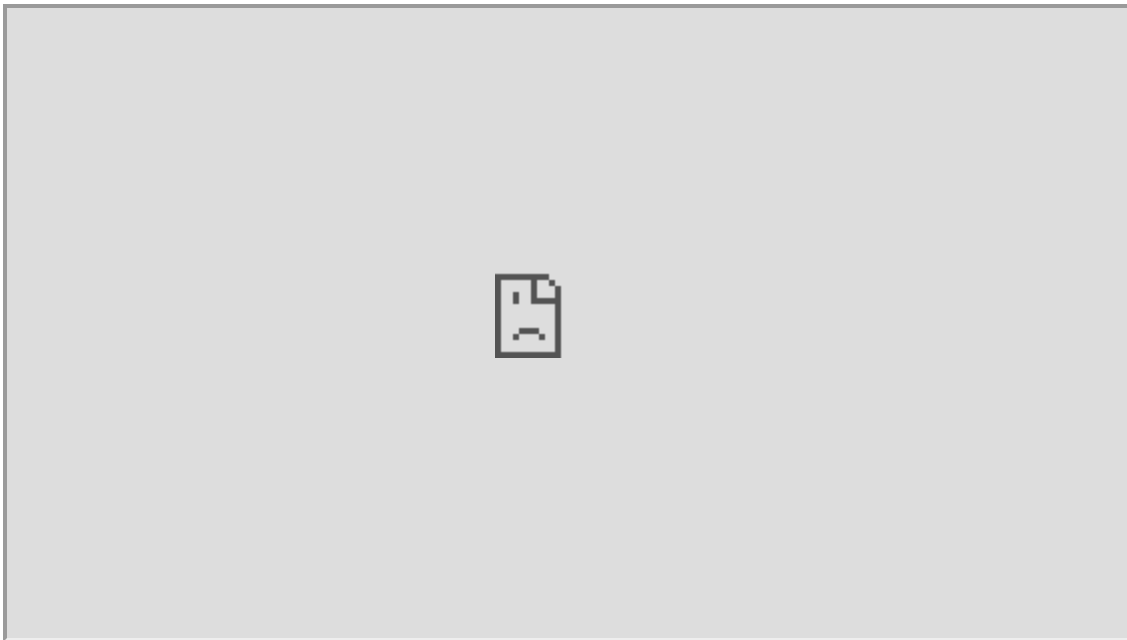
“What was I supposed to hear?”

Ilya groaned, “Shane. Did you hear the words? ‘I let you use me from the day that we first met’” Ilya quoted back at the other man, who smirked a little.

“Ilya, we’re not the only two people in the world who have used one another for... gratification.”

Ilya waved him off. “Pick another song.”

A small smile played on Shane’s lips as he once again blindly scrolled through the never-ending list and hit play on another song.



[If I could fly / I'd be coming right back home to you / I think I might give up everything, just ask me to / Pay attention, I hope that you listen / Cause I let my guard down / Right now I'm completely defenseless / For your eyes only, I show you my heart / For when you're lonely and forget who you are / I'm missing half of me when we're apart / Now you know me, for your eyes only / For your eyes only]

Shane quirked up an eyebrow.

“Yes?” Ilya asked with a slight nod, eyes on Shane, “Now?”

“I can see,” Shane started, tilting his head side to side, “I can see how you might think it could be about us.”

Ilya deadpanned. “Plan is for me to come to Ottawa, Yes? Leave Boston? Be closer.”

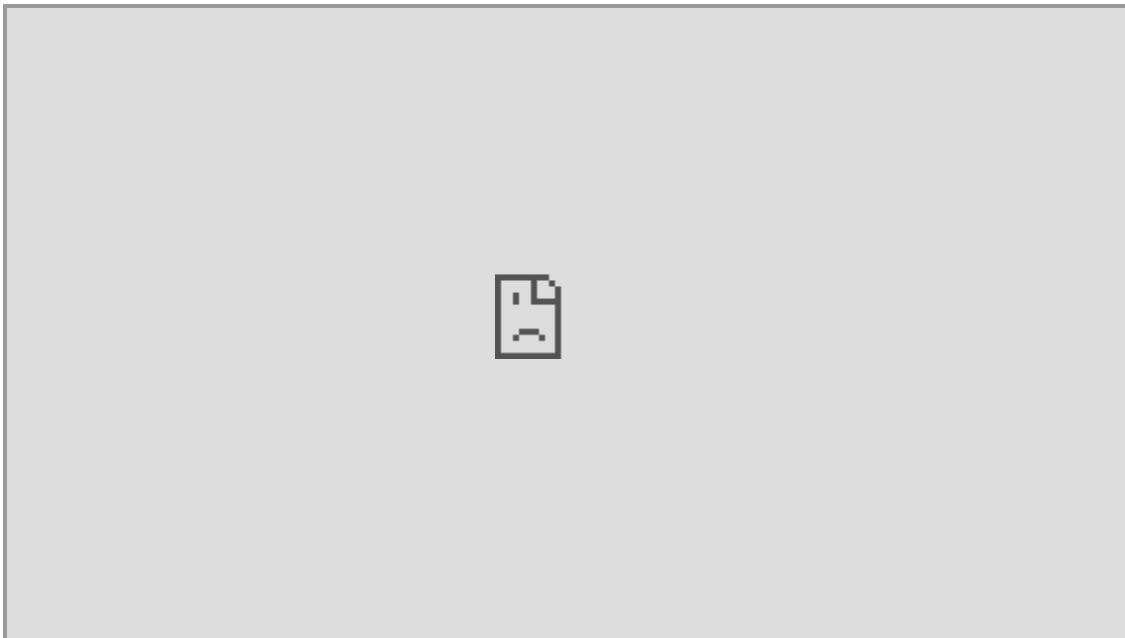
It was something they had discussed just days prior. It had kept Shane up at night as he worked through the logistics of it all.

“I thought you said they were stalking us?” Shane teased, “These songs came out years ago. Are you telling me they know our future too?”

“First they stalked,” Ilya said, using his arm to pull Shane back down on his chest so he could rest his chin on Shane’s head as he ran his fingers through the other man’s hair, “And then they just...know.”

“Right, they are stalkers and fortune tellers...” Shane said with amusement.

“Just play next song,” Ilya grumbled.



[I've got a heart / And I've got a soul / Believe me, I will use them both / We made a start / Even if it's a false one, I know / Baby, I don't want to feel alone / So kiss me where I lay down / My hands pressed to your cheeks / A long way from the playground / I have loved you since we were 18 / Long before we both thought the same thing / To be loved and to be in love / All I could do was say these arms were made for holding you / I want to love like you made me feel when we were 18/ We took a chance / God knows we tried / Yet all along, I knew we'd be fine]

“You see it now?” Ilya asked with a pointed look as the last few notes faded.

“Okay, *maybe* this one feels a little stalker-y, but Ilya,” Shane said dryly, “it’s just a coincidence.”

“No,” Ilya replied, “They were stalking us.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but there was a playful smile on his face as he scrolled through the phone and picked yet another song randomly, this time without being asked.



[Your hand fits in mine like it's made just for me / But bear this in mind, it was meant to be / And I'm joinin' up the dots with the freckles on your cheeks / And it all makes sense to me / I know you've never loved the crinkles by your eyes when you smile / You've never loved your stomach or your thighs / The dimples in your back at the bottom of your spine / But I'll love them endlessly]

“Freckles!” Ilya exclaimed, running his fingers through Shane’s hair. “Dimples on spine. It is you.”

Shane released a breathy-laugh, clearly charmed despite himself by Ilya’s persistence to this issue. “It sounds like they are singing about a girl.”

Ilya waved a hand dismissively between the two of them. “Jane, meet Lily. Obviously a trick. To fool people.”

“Misdirection,” Shane supplied.

“Yes. That.” Ilya nodded.

Shane found Ilya’s hand and twined their fingers together and hummed softly to himself, “I guess it *does* fit in mine like it was made just for me.”

“See, you almost see it now,” Ilya proclaimed, giving Shane’s hand a gentle squeeze. “One more song. Then you be sure.”

Shane hit shuffle on the phone.



[But if you like causing trouble up in hotel rooms / And if you like having secret little rendezvous / If you like to do the things you know that we shouldn't do / Then, baby, I'm perfect / Baby, I'm perfect for you / And if you like midnight driving with the windows down / And if you like goin' places we can't even pronounce / If you like to do whatever you've been dreamin' about / Then, baby, you're perfect]

There was silence, and then—

“Okay, fine. You convinced me. They were definitely stalking us,” Shane agreed, twisting so he was face to face with Ilya.

“Told you,” Ilya gloated, his gaze dropping to Shane’s lips, now only inches away.

“It’s actually a little alarming how close that one was to our entire relationship,” Shane mused, his brow furrowing slightly.

“See,” Ilya said, utterly pleased with himself, “stalkers.”

“I believe you,” Shane said, leaning in to brush his lips against Ilya’s forehead, “Every ridiculous word of it.”

Ilya grinned, capturing Shane’s lips with his own as he pulled the other man into a soft, lazy kiss, a kiss with the sun streaming in through the windows, with no need to be on guard or worry about being caught. Not right now. Not here.

End Notes

If you for some reason made it this far, thank you <3

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