

Graffiti My Whole Damn Life (Honey)

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Graffiti My Whole Damn Life (Honey)

by [Signsofsam](#)

Summary

Shane doesn't like social media. For one, he's so used to shoving his private life so deep in the closet that it can't see the light of day, but also, he's a naturally private person, and the thought of letting people see any part of what keeps him stable and going—it scares him. So mostly, his social media accounts are run by his mom and his social media team, mostly ads and sponsorships and sharing Metros posts and information from the Irina Foundation.

Every once in a blue moon, it's something truly him, the cottage or him and Hayden and JJ, a yoga mat (a tuna melt, a coke, a loon at the cottage).

And then, just like that (and one ill-timed Fanmail video), his carefully curated private world implodes, and while picking up the pieces, he decides he's done.

He has this amazing life, this amazing boyfriend (fiancé!), and he wants the world to know at least a piece of it because he and Ilya deserve to finally be openly in love.

Notes

Looks like I'll be sticking around the new fandom for awhile. You guys are so welcoming!

Title is from Honey by Taylor Swift

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

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one.

Shane's parents learn quickly just how *unloved* Ilya was growing up after his mother died. It's the way he grows quiet when fathers and childhood memories are mentioned, the way he's not sure how to bask in the clear affection David and Yuna shower him with. It's such a conundrum how Shane's heart both hurts and is so very full the first time David cooks a meal that Ilya vaguely mentions wanting to try and the look of utter surprise on Ilya's face as David sets the plate on the table for family dinner, how his husband hugs David just a bit tighter as they are leaving for the night, leftovers in hand.

The first time Yuna calls Ilya about a solo brand opportunity, he whispers a shocked, "you... you found this for me?" as his eyes well with tears, and again, Shane's heart clinches at the parental love Ilya deserved but didn't receive after his mother left him.

The first candid photo he posts on his Instagram after his and Ilya's coming out is a photo of his husband and parents playing Monopoly, Ilya's hands up in the air, exaggerated disbelief on his face as he's arguing at Yuna, who's grinning widely at the fact that she just bankrupted her son-in-law after he landed on Park Place with one too many hotels on it. David is sitting beside Yuna, his head tilted back as he laughs.

Ilya's learning a valuable Hollander Family Lesson: Yuna Hollander will crush you.

two.

It's been a tough stretch of road games, and Shane feels like they haven't seen their house in months (it's really been just over a week, but he's too exhausted to think logically about it), so when they stumble home in the early hours, all he can think of is *bed* and maybe sleeping for the next week. There will be no sex, there will be no cocky flirtation, there will be no heated looks; there will be Shane and Ilya somehow, some way making it their bedroom and passing the fuck out.

He wakes up at some point the next morning and he knows instantly that his husband isn't there. He's cold, and if there's one thing Ilya refuses, it's to let him be cold in bed. Usually, Shane wakes up almost sweating, his face buried in the warm, bare skin of Ilya's chest, a bar of heat across his back. Today, the other side of the bed is cool, which means Ilya's been up for awhile, and Shane frowns, wondering if he just slept that much or if Ilya didn't sleep well.

Ilya not sleeping well is sometimes caused by nightmares, and sometimes means it's going to be a bad day.

He pulls on a hoodie (Ilya's well-worn Bears one, the one he can't seem to part with, and Shane can't, either) and heads to search out his husband.

It's not a very long or difficult search; Ilya's in the kitchen, singing his heart out to Hit Me Baby (One More Time), dancing around at the stove as he scrambles some eggs, Anya sitting patiently at his feet until he grins down at her and feeds her some bacon (ha! Shane knew he'd been sneaking her human food), and Shane finds himself lifting his phone to take a video. He wants this memory to stay with him forever, and, more importantly, he wants the world to see this moment as well, especially when Ilya catches sight of him and his brilliant, genuine smile comes out.

It goes up hours later (because Shane has *other* things to focus on, thankyouverymuch), captioned **mornings with moya lyubov**.

three.

"I seem to have lost my husband," Shane mutters to Harris, looking around the room the Centaurs had commandeered at Ottawa Humane Society for their promotional video. Ilya, Shane, Troy, Bood and Luca had brought in a bunch of donations the Centaurs had collected the past week for the Humane Society, and, of course, had been given a tour of the facility, helped walked some dogs, and said hello to a bunch of the adoptable animals (and newly adopted pets and owners) for a video Harris would put up leading up to a big adoption event at OHS, and, somehow, in the chaos, Ilya's gone missing.

"You know, I want to say I'm shocked," Harris replies back, swiveling his head around to see if he can see Ilya, "but nothing about losing your hyperactive golden retriever of a husband surprises me."

They head down towards the adoptable animals, and suddenly hear Ilya. Shane follows his voice to the cat area, and there, in one of the rooms used for Meet and Greets with cats, is Ilya, talking softly to a fluffy black cat that, if Shane remembers correctly, is named Cinder and was found as a stray on the streets of Ottawa a few weeks before, skinny as a rail underneath all her floof.

"I know this is very scary place," Ilya is whispering, hand trailing softly through the cat's fur, "but you will find a home soon, I promise. And it will be the perfect home for you, and you will have lots of treats, and a family that loves you, and you will give very, very rotund and live a fat happy cat life, and-"

“Ilya.” Shane’s whisper has the man looking up, smiling brightly. “There you are. I thought we’d lost you to the puppies.”

“Alas, no,” Ilya answers, standing up and curling Cinder into his chest, pressing a kiss to her head as he hands her to the volunteer who’d been waiting for them. “Just telling my good friend that she doesn’t have to worry, that soon someone will choose her.” He looks around, frowning slightly at Harris. “Were you filming me?”

“Well, this is a promotional event, and if there’s any way to get her attention, it’s a video of a cute cat being snuggled by an oversized hockey player,” Harris snipes back, with zero heat.

With a glance back to the cat, Ilya reaches for Shane. “Time to go home?”

Shane smiles. “Time to head home.”

It’s another week before the video is posted on Instagram, and right after Shane gets the notification for the post, he makes his own, a picture of Ilya napping on the couch, Anya laying on him, and a floofy black cat on his chest. **Just a note**, he writes. **Cinder has been adopted. The Cat Distribution System has finally found Ilya.**

four.

Ilya retires at thirty five, and Shane is so god-damned proud of the man who’s chosen to love him, of the career that man has made. In the years since they’ve both been on the Centaurs, they’ve managed to win the Cup three times. During the second run, Ilya Rozanov went on an absolute tear that netted him the Conn Smythe **and** the Art Ross in the same year, and then the Hart trophy the year after. He’d pushed past so many objects in his way, his father, his brother, *Russia*, to become a generational talent, someone who might be brought up in conversation for *the greatest*.

Shane knows his own time is coming soon, but this season of heartfelt goodbyes and tributes? This season was Ilya’s.

He’s quiet on social media, letting Ilya own the spotlight until they are raising the Cup again, a true fairytale ending for Ilya’s career.

The next day, he posts several slides: he and Ilya at World Juniors, at their first commercial together, at their wedding, with a bunch of the coaches at one of their camps, with Hayden and Jackie at dinner, with the team at the parade to celebrate their first Cup for Ottawa, at the Olympics, the first Ilya played for his adopted country, of their trophy room, of Ilya’s many accomplishments, and, finally, of a photo of a very young Ilya on ice, his mother holding his hands, and one of Ilya smiling up at the signage for the Irina Foundation.

It’s captioned **that’s a real fucking legacy to leave.**

five.

Shane saves the photo for months.

He waits and waits, knowing it's for the perfect moment, and, until then, it will live as his background screen on his phone.

He knows, when they first talked about kids, that Ilya was nervous. He was so scared of becoming like his father, becoming hard, of making his child as miserable as he himself was as a child. Shane knows that Ilya would **never** let that happen, but it'd taken quite a few conversations with Galina, with Yuna and David and even Hayden and Jackie, until he'd finally talked to Shane, finally decided he was ready.

And to think that the world might have been deprived of Ilya Rozanov as a father.

Eventually, they adopt the girls, Kat and Mia, and now they are seven and five, and Shane never knew just how much love his heart could hold until they completed his family. And Ilya gets to see that there was no way he'd ever be the kind of parent his father was. He's so loving with the girls, always willing to play barbies or paint nails or have a tea party, always encouraging them to find their own paths and their own loves. Sure, Shane knows Ilya hopes that hockey will be one of the things the girls love, but no matter what, Ilya's going to be their biggest supporter.

He posts the picture on Father's Day, of Ilya with a girl curled on either side of him, all of the snuggling on Kat's bed, the girls clutching stuffed animals as Ilya reads to them, and he writes **Irina would be so proud of the father you are.**

+ one.

Unlike Shane, Ilya loves giving people glimpses of his personal life. Even when it couldn't be *them*, it could be a balance ball and a loon and a foosball table, pieces of them for the world to know. After the video, Shane makes a more regular appearance, out on the dock, cooking in the kitchen, Hollander Christmases and New Years together and vacations.

Ilya's Instagram could be one big love letter to Shane.

His favorite, though, comes from after he retires, the first game he gets to watch Ottawa from the stands with Yuna and David. It's a picture of him standing in excitement when Shane scores, and it's taken from the back, from a kind woman behind them who'd offered him the photo after she took it. HOLLANDER is written across the back of his Ottawa jersey, Shane's 24 prominent.

He posts it with the words **that's my man.**

End Notes

This **could** be read in relation to I'll be Your Father Figure, but it's definitely also a standalone.

Could I possibly have idea for another 5+1 for Ilya? Yes, yes I could.

P.S.: Y'all, the reception to IbYFF is more than I could every hope for. I'm so glad you all love it as much as I do, and thank you for all the comments and kudos! I've read every comment (and definitely laughed at the ones about you and your daddy issues, because same, girl, same), and they all mean so much to me.

Thanks in advance for all the comments/kudos, and if you want, come follow me [here](#) on tumblr.

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