

i met you in the toilet

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i met you in the toilet

by [getalittleclosey](#).

Summary

“I don’t think you’re supposed to smoke in here. And you know that’s bad for your voice, right?” Shane needed to learn how to keep his mouth shut in front of cool Russian boys with the prettiest hazel eyes he’d ever seen.

~

Shane and Ilya meet on The X Factor and get put into a boyband.

Notes

I had a dream I wrote this and my friends bullied me until i made it a reality. Yes I know GCU Shane would never be this into music, but in this universe it’s his special interest instead of hockey. Just roll with it.

Yes this is a Larry AU. You’re welcome.

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

Music had shaped Shane's life. When he was a baby, Yuna always spoke of him calming down the moment she started singing. As a child, the first christmas present he remembered was a tiny kids' piano that he pounded away at as David laughed. He sang loudly in the shower, hummed quietly along to the car radio, and scribbled lyrics in the margins of all his school work.

Yuna saw his passion and encouraged him to take piano classes in school and drove him to and from private vocal lessons twice a week. There was nothing Shane loved more than hitting a note just right or getting a melody that was tumbling around in his head to become reality. He'd play piano for his parents whenever they asked, but singing was for him. Singing was his safe space that he kept to his room and his vocal coach and no one else.

Yuna pushed him to share his talent with his family and friends, but he always shook his head and got nervous. The lyrics in his head would suddenly fly too fast and wouldn't come out of his mouth. They stuck in there until he was on his own again and could let them be free.

Yuna was determined to at least be able to show her friends and her parents how talented her son was. One day, she heard Shane singing in his room as usual, and she took her chance. She ducked in the doorway with her video camera out and recorded his beautiful voice and posted it on YouTube to share with them all. The video spread from her friends, to their friends, to strangers online who filled the comments with encouragement and praise. When she showed Shane, his whole brain froze up, but Yuna began talking about how amazing it was for someone like him, someone young and male and asian and Canadian to be seen and loved like this. If he could continue sharing this, he could become something for other shy, "different", kids to look up to.

And suddenly he was being signed up for The X Factor and being driven up to a long, long line of people on a cold Saturday morning with Yuna and David in shirts saying "Shane has The X Factor". He was shuffled from room to room and given the number "1410" to pin to his shirt. Yuna gave him a speech to boost his confidence, full of phrases stolen from books and powerful words. David rubbed his back and smiled softly as he filled out the crossword puzzle he was working on. Before he knew it, it was his turn to sing.

Shane took a last deep breath and stepped on stage.

The first person to speak in the overwhelmingly big, silent room was Roger Cromwell, the creator of The X Factor, who was well known for being the harshest judge. With his powerful voice and a tone of exhaustion and slight disinterest he said, "And who do we have here? Tell me about yourself, kid."

"I-I'm Shane Hollander, and I'm here to sing," and oh god he was already embarrassing himself. Of course he was here to sing- everyone was. He spotted Yuna making hand motions on the side stage and it encouraged him to continue, "I work in a bakery and I love playing piano and writing music and I'm ready to sing for you."

"Well they must be coming to the bakery for more than just the baked goods!" Shane looked away from Cromwell to hear the woman to his left, Rose Landry, the celebrity guest judge for

the day, speaking. He blushed and self consciously smiled and ran his hand through his hair. He did have some repeat customers from his high school that for some reason seemed want to talk to him more than they wanted to order sweets, but to hear a star like Rose Landry say that was something else entirely.

“Alright, alright Rose, let’s let the boy sing. Show us what you’ve got Shane,” said Cromwell.

Shane squeezed the mic tighter, closed his eyes, and sang like he was alone in his room.



Shane couldn’t decide if his time on stage had felt like the longest 2 minutes of his life, or passed by so fast that it felt like he was never on stage at all. He had sung for Roger Cromwell, Rose Landry, and Brandon Weibe. Like that was a real thing that had happened. And he got three yesses. He ran into his parents’ arms and just breathed. He felt nauseous and wished he had a ginger ale, but he looked earlier and the vending machines didn’t have any. The bathroom would have to do.

He brushed off Yuna and David’s praise and compliments for how well he’d done, and muttered about needing fresh air. Finally in the bathroom and alone for the first time in what felt like days but was really just hours, Shane let his shoulders drop and relaxed. As he went to pee, because might as well if he was there, another boy, with the number “1221” taped to his chest, came through the door. Instead of following common bathroom etiquette, he chose the urinal directly next to Shane’s and opened his mouth to speak to Shane. While their dicks were out.

“You very good. Will go next round.” A thick Russian accent curled around the words and Shane startled and turned. Before he could get distracted by blue eyes and light brown curls, a nightmare he never knew he had came to life. His surprise caused the last of his pee to fall, to his horror, right on the shoes of this boy who was complimenting him.

“Oh god, I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry. I can’t believe-” Shane stuttered out words before he could even process what had happened. He tucked himself in and rushed for paper towels thinking what? That he could clean this boy’s toms? Before he could embarrass himself further by kneeling down on this bathroom floor to pat canvas shoes dry, the Russian boy threw his head back and laughed.

“Canadians; all same. So polite. No worry Mr. Good Boy. Will dry.” Then he zipped up his own pants and went to the sink to wash his hands. Before Shane could get another apology out, the boy had walked over the cracked open window, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it.

“I don’t think you’re supposed to smoke in here. And you know that’s bad for your voice, right?” Shane needed to learn how to keep his mouth shut in front of cool Russian boys with the prettiest hazel eyes he’d ever seen.

“Oh really? I thought cigarette good for singing?” The blonde rolled his eyes and took another drag. Shane kept his eyes glued to the stick tucked in between his fingers, which had the result of him watching, hypnotized, as it moved from being ashed at the windowsill to

fitting back between plump lips. Not that he was paying attention to the shape of this boy's lips. He was just worried about someone getting in trouble for smoking or setting off a smoke alarm, and it caused him to focus on the cigarette.

Shane pulled his attention back up to the boy's eyes, huffed a little, and rolled his eyes back. "Well, I'm sorry for getting- you know- on you, but thank you for saying I sang well. I'm Shane by the way." He held out his hand to shake and the Russian switched his cigarette to the other hand and reached out to grasp Shane's.

"Ilya." Their hands held tight as they shook and Shane felt the warmth all the way up from his fingertips to his cheeks. He hoped he wasn't blushing. His stupid freckles always stood out more when he blushed. And why would he even be blushing! The embarrassment was over and they had moved on. He let go of Ilya's hand and stepped back.

"Well, it was nice to meet you Ilya. Sorry again and I hope that you make it to the next round." Shane walked backwards and hesitated to turn around. For some reason he didn't want to leave this boy, Ilya, and the strange peacefulness that had come over him while he was here in this bathroom of embarrassment.

Ilya's mouth twitched at the side. "Goodbye Shane, polite Canadian boy. See you in show." Shane walked out the door, his stomach finally settled, feeling like he had just had a ginger ale.



Shane went back to his parents lighter and with a small smile on his face. Time passed before he knew it and he was shuffled into a room of all the boys who had gotten enough yesses to get through. He scanned the room for Ilya, unable to help himself and hoping to have a friendly face around, but he didn't see the Russian in the crowd of teens. Before he could look further, names were being called and his chest went tight and tears pricked at his eyes when he realized the names had stopped and his wasn't listed. In the back of his mind, he noticed that Ilya's wasn't called either. He felt bad for the boy in the bathroom, but right now he just wanted a hug from his parents. He couldn't believe he had come so close, just to disappoint them. Somehow he even felt like he had let Ilya down. He didn't even know him, but he had believed in Shane.

They were allowed back into the bigger waiting room where all the friends and family were, but asked to stay to fill out paperwork. Shane had no interest in filling out more papers for The X Factor. He had failed; couldn't they just let him go home and lick his wounds in peace instead of furthering the humiliation? But he was a good Canadian boy and stayed where he was told, wiped his tears, and wished Yuna and David were wearing any other shirts.

The woman who had called names earlier came back into the room. Shane didn't pay attention until he heard a familiar name being called. His own. He looked up and the woman was looking around the room asking for a Shane Hollander. Yuna shoved him forward and he stumbled up to the front. The woman called a few more names; three boys Shane recognized from being in the same rooms all day, and Ilya. Ilya's eyes were narrowed and his arms were crossed as he approached the rest of them. Shane's own eyes latched on to him out of desperation for something comforting in the midst of whatever was going on.

As they left the room and were herded back towards the stage, Ilya leaned over to Shane and muttered in his ear, “Stupid show. Keep here to see boys cry.” Something about Ilya’s indignation made Shane giggle. Or maybe he was going delirious from the length and high emotions of the day. Either way, before he knew it, they were back on stage and Ilya to his left had his arm around his waist and the boy to his right had his arm around his shoulders as they stood in front of the judges once again. For some reason he zoned in on the heat of Ilya’s hand on the small of his back and the words that came next were a blur.

Rose Landry picked up the microphone and spoke, thanking them for being there and talking about them as performers, and then his brain tuned back in and the words became clear again, “We just feel that you’re too talented to let go of. We think it would be a great idea, to form a group.”

Shane still didn’t really understand until Roger Crowell spoke. “We’ve decided to put you through to the Judges Houses.” Shane could barely process what this meant, but once he did, he was curling into a ball on the ground. When he realized this meant he would be singing with people and not alone, he felt relief and joy wash over him. He looked up and saw Ilya. They made eye contact and Ilya’s mouth split into a full grin. Without thinking about anything or anyone or the fact that he barely knew this boy from the bathroom, he stood and leaped into Ilya’s arms. It was almost like Ilya knew what he was going to do, the way he caught him and gripped his thighs. Shane tucked his head into the crook of his neck and knew, somehow, that everything was going to be alright. He couldn’t wait for this journey to begin.

End Notes

Scott Hunter wins The X Factor and kisses his secret boyfriend Kip on stage and Cromwell cries out of anger xoxo

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