

My heart is saying 'don't let go'

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My heart is saying 'don't let go'

by [photographer_of_thoughts](#)

Summary

“You don’t...?” Rozanov trails off. “You don’t remember?”

“Nope.” Shane says, popping the ‘p’ sound. “Amnesia. Oh my god, when I woke up, Rozanov, I thought we were filming that commercial. Do you remember it? Apparently it was a long time ago but to me it’s today. Fucking crazy.”

or, after Shane's injury he wakes up with no memories of his hockey career or of his relationship with Ilya.

Notes

-There will be a happy ending, I promise.

-Title from 'Hopelessly Devoted to You' from the movie Grease.

***Just as a note, nothing sexual will happen between them while Shane doesn't remember their relationship**

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

Chapter 1

Shane has no idea what's happening.

Where the fuck is he? And why does his head hurt so badly?

He blinks against the harsh white lights above him as he registers that he's lying down. And he has the stupid thought of, *why are the lights on if I'm asleep in my bed?*

"Mr. Hollander? Can you hear me?"

He tries to look over to the side of the bed, trying to answer whoever is speaking to him. But his head is killing him and he can't help but make a sound of pain, barely able to see.

"Don't try to move. You're okay, but you're in the hospital." The voice says again.

Panic surges through Shane as he involuntarily opens his eyes again, moving as if to sit up. "W-what? I don't -"

"Sir, you need to lie back down. You have a severe concussion."

A concussion? What the fuck? When did that happen?

He tries to think back. He'd just gotten to the rink. He hadn't even been on the ice yet. Had he fallen down and hit his head before they started filming the commercial?

He has the insane thought that Rozanov pushed him or something. As a joke, probably, but then maybe Shane actually hurt himself?

"Did he push me?" Shane asks, feeling hands trying to gently push him back down onto the bed.

"Who? Sir, everything is okay. You were taken out in a game. You need to lie down."

A game?

What game?

Why is absolutely nothing making sense right now?

Shane feels himself start to cry because he's so confused. He can't make sense of what's happening and his head is killing him. His whole right side hurts too.

"Can you get his mom or someone? He's really panicking." A woman's voice asks, and Shane must pass out or something because it feels like only a moment later that he opens his eyes again and sees his mom's face in front of him.

"Shane? Oh baby, it's okay. I know you're confused right now."

He reaches for her with both hands, but then stops because he can't move his right arm. It's in a sling.

"What happened? I don't remember anything."

"I know. But it's okay. Just try and rest. You just need some time to recover." She strokes his face, something she's done for as long as Shane can remember, and he leans into it like a life line. It anchors him.

"Was it Rozanov? Did he push me down before shooting?"

His mother frowns at him and then slowly shakes her head.

"No. He didn't push you. His teammate did, but I don't think he knew what would happen."

This panics Shane again. "His teammate? What do you mean? It was just us doing the commercial."

He watches as his mom's face shifts into some kind of realization. Shane waits, desperately needing an explanation because he feels like he's been dropped into another dimension where absolutely nothing makes sense.

"Honey, you weren't filming a commercial today. That - that was a *long* time ago."

Shane frowns.

"No, the *commercial*." He snaps, because he can't believe she forgot. "Mom, we're filming it *today*. You brought me to the rink. Rozanov and I were -"

His mom strokes his arm that isn't covered in a sling as she says, "Shane, I think you might be experiencing a bit of - memory loss from the hit. The commercial you filmed with Rozanov was quite a few years ago. But -"

"*Years?* What the fuck do you mean?" Shane tries to get out of bed again, but he's attached to IV's and other monitors so he's stuck.

The feeling of being trapped has always terrified him.

"Shane, sweetie, it's *okay*." His mom tries to soothe, hands on his side so he can't get up. "But you need to lie down. You've really hurt your head."

Shane is crying again. He can't help it. How can he have forgotten years of his life?

"Memory loss is temporary. It should stop once you're recovered more. But you can't recover if you don't rest."

"*Fuck*." Shane whispers, trying to calm himself down. He takes some deep breaths as a nurse and his mom positions him back in bed.

He tries to tell himself he'll be alright. He'll get all his memories back. This won't last. He's heard of players having temporary amnesia after they get slammed into boards. Guess the universe decided it was his turn to experience it, too.

"What year is it?" He asks, but as he looks back at his Mom he realizes he might not want to know the answer.

"It's 2017, Shane."

**

A few hours later, Shane is feeling better but that's probably because of the drugs. Apparently he's been on the good drugs for hours, but when he first realized what was happening earlier he didn't feel anywhere close to good because it had been such a shock.

He's feeling it now, though.

He's feeling giggly and stupid. He keeps laughing out loud at the whole situation. He can't remember nearly his entire hockey career. But he's won the cup *two* times. He's rich. He has a super nice house in Montreal, and a cottage in Quebec. He dated a fucking *movie star*.

"We're going to get some food, honey. We'll be back soon." His mom tells him, stroking the side of his face.

"Okie dokie." He grins, thinking how much he loves his parents. "I love you guys so much."

His dad laughs. "We love you too, kid."

"Hey, m'not a kid. Apparently I'm a full adult now. I have more money than you guys. Oh, lunch is on me. My wallet must be somewhere." He babbles, and then laughs again when he sees his parents looking at him strangely.

Once they leave, Shane drifts for a bit. He can't watch TV or look at his phone. Screens are bad, apparently.

He's nearly asleep when he hears the door open again. As he looks towards the door, expecting it to be his mom or dad, he frowns when he sees who it is.

"Rozanov? Holy shit, you look so different." He says, unable to help the way he chuckles.

If anything proves to Shane that this really is the year 2017 and not 2010, it's how grown up Rozanov looks. His hair is sleeked back and he's wearing a leather jacket that hugs his massive shoulders.

And he looks so serious. Rozanov closes the door and then leans against it, taking a deep breath as he looks at Shane.

"I wanted to -" He begins, clearing his throat. "I wanted to see how you are."

Shane chuckles again. “Really? I wouldn’t have expected that. But oh shit, you’re the captain right? My mom said that! How professional of you, coming to check on me. Oh wait, *I’m* captain too. Look at us. Captains of our teams.”

Once again, this new information is extremely funny to Shane so he continues to laugh. But as he looks at the other man again, Rozanov looks anything but amused.

“You don’t...?” Rozanov trails off, looking like he’s about to puke. “You don’t remember?”

“Nope.” Shane says, popping the ‘p’ sound. “Amnesia. Oh my god, when I woke up Rozanov, I thought we were filming that commercial. Do you remember it? Apparently it was a long time ago but to me it’s today. Fucking crazy.”

Despite their rivalry and the fact that they’re not friends, Shane expects Rozanov to laugh at what he just said. It’s pretty insane. If the roles were reversed and Rozanov told him this, he would have at least smiled.

But Rozanov just stares at him, looking like Shane has just told him his entire family died or something.

“The commercial.” Shane says again, feeling like it’s the hundredth time he’s said that word today. “Remember? The one where -”

“I remember.” Rozanov finally says, interrupting him.

“Was it good? Did we do a good job? I can’t look at screens so I can’t see it, but I wanted to look it up.” Shane grins, imagining how they would have filmed it. Serious pictures of the two of them against each other, probably glaring into each other’s eyes from across the ice.

“It was fine.” Rozanov nods, wiping at his eyes for some reason.

“So, we’re still enemies or whatever? The media still always pinning us against each other? I thought maybe that would change over the years. *Years*. Jesus. I can’t remember most of it, but I won the cup two times? Have you won the cup yet? I bet you have. You’re so good. Probably got even better.” Shane knows he’s rambling. It’s definitely the drugs, but being close to Rozanov has always made him nervous, too. And Shane rambles when he’s nervous.

Right now he’s especially nervous because Rozanov has only gotten more attractive.

“Sh - *Hollander*,” Rozanov snaps, sounding a bit angry for some reason. “I just wanted to come and tell you that Marleau feels really bad about what happened. And I hope you get well soon.”

“Oh.” Shane says, nodding. “I don’t know who Marleau is, but tell him it’s okay. Part of the game. I didn’t expect to lose my memory but oh well. It should come back. Fuck, I *hope* it does.”

The doctors said that in most cases, people recover their memories and their life continues like nothing happened. But what if Shane is in the small percent of people who never

remember? What if he can't play hockey again because even though he's physically twenty-six years old, he'll only be able to play like he's still eighteen?

The heart monitor next to him is beeping loudly, and when he looks over he sees his pulse is jumping up and up. 100. 109. 123.

"Hollander, is okay. Just breathe." Rozanov commands, and Shane realizes he's right next to him.

"Oh shit. Sorry. M'okay. I'll remember, right?" He tries to laugh again, missing how silly the drugs were making him feel a moment ago. But it doesn't soothe the ache in his ribs.

"Of course you will." Rozanov nods, reaching out and wrapping his hand around Shane's wrist. He grips it tightly, bringing Shane back into his body, and bringing his heart rate slowly back down.

120. 116. 105. 97. 90.

Shane takes deep breaths as he concentrates on Rozanov's touch, probably embarrassing himself but the other man's hand feels too good for him to care.

"Sorry, I -" Shane begins, but Rozanov cuts him off.

"Don't be sorry. You are scared. I - I would be too."

Then it's like Shane is being part of another conversation in his head.

You are scared, in Rozanov's voice. And then -

M'not scared, in Shane's.

What the hell? Has Rozanov said that to him before? Everything is such a mess in his head right now.

Rozanov's expression is hard to read. He seems so fucking sad, and Shane doesn't understand why.

He doesn't have time to ask though, because then the door opens and Rozanov flinches away from him like he's been caught doing something wrong.

"You're not going to smother him with a pillow are you, Mr. Rozanov?" The nurse asks, smirking playfully at them. Shane smiles a little, but Rozanov just shakes his head and walks back to the door.

"No, I'm heading out now. Get well soon, Hollander." He says curtly, barely glancing back at Shane before he's gone.

**

Over the next two days, before Shane is released from the hospital, he meets a lot of people that he apparently already knows but doesn't remember. Hayden. JJ. His coach. Rose Landry - the famous movie star - apparently took time out of her busy schedule to come and see him because she had been so worried.

His mom kept giving Shane these weird looks the entire time Rose was sitting next to him. Maybe she really likes Rose and wants Shane to get back together with her?

Clearly their breakup hadn't stopped them from staying friends because Rose talks to him like nothing bad happened between them. So Shane couldn't have fucked things up that badly.

He's really trying to keep it together and not show how overwhelmed he is, but inside he's spiraling. He can't stop worrying that his memory will never come back. Each day he wakes up still thinking he's basically a teenager, no gaps filled in. Just a continuous void that seems to go on forever.

He decides that he's going to stay with his parents during his recovery because whether or not he has his memory, he won't be part of the playoffs due to his collarbone. He'll need help with things. And if he goes somewhere familiar, maybe his brain will stop endlessly panicking.

"I want my phone." Shane tells his parents the next day, five hours into his first screenless afternoon at their house. He's been listening to an audiobook while dozing on the couch, which was fine for a bit but now he's bored as hell.

"I don't know, honey. It might be a lot for you to handle, seeing so many things about your life." His mom sighs, sitting next to him. She hands him a smoothie.

"Maybe it will help me actually *remember* my life." He quips back.

But he knows she's right. He'll probably get overwhelmed with seeing pictures or messages he has no recollection of. He's curious, of course. He wants to know how he is as an adult.

He just doesn't know if he's ready for that, either.

"Maybe tomorrow." He tells her, and she leaves him alone after that.

**

It's not until five days later that Shane finally asks for his phone again. It's not just that he's bored anymore. He wants to try and trigger his memories because he still can't remember anything.

It's infuriating. He's terrified. He keeps feeling like his life is over, like he'll never be able to get past this. He wishes he had more of the happy drugs to make him laugh about all this rather than want to scream.

When his mom hands him his phone, he ignores her wary glance.

His first thought is that phones have changed a lot in seven years. And then he realizes that he doesn't know his passcode.

"Mom, call my phone so I can answer and unlock it."

She does, and once he has access to his phone - which is really fancy and he's not able to navigate it super well, hands clumsy - he manages to change his passcode so he knows what it is.

He takes a deep breath as he goes into his messages. He figured he would start here to potentially jog his memory.

But he's looking at names that he doesn't know. Well, he knows Rose and Hayden and JJ now, but only as acquaintances. He sees their conversations with him, but ignores them because seeing them in person didn't jump start his memory so why would their messages.

He sees his parents' names. His coach. Probably guys who are also on his team, but he doesn't recognize them. He searches for one of his oldest friend's names, Josh, who he grew up with. And he finds it. But they haven't talked since 2015.

Guess being a famous hockey star isolates you a little bit. And even when he clicks on Josh's name, they barely used to talk at all. They sent happy birthday messages and Merry Christmas greetings. But no actual conversations. Josh didn't even reach out after he got hurt, as far as Shane knows.

Shane is about to just throw his phone out the window because he's already discouraged, but then his eyes land on the name 'Lily.'

Shane doesn't know anyone named Lily. Well, this version of himself doesn't anyway. And it's not as if he knows most of the other names in his phone either, but for some reason he's drawn to his messages with Lily.

Maybe it's because he sees that he has an unread message from her.

He opens it, realizing it was sent two days ago.

Lily: Remember me yet?

He frowns. So this person knows he was hurt and can't remember things, but didn't show up to see him? Maybe she lives far away. Maybe she contacted Shane's parents already and they forgot to tell him, trying not to overwhelm him. They've been walking on eggshells around him for the last week.

Shane looks back a little bit through their conversation. He's surprised to see the amount of suggestive messages they've sent the last few weeks. And apparently they've met up, too, because there's a few messages talking about Shane coming to see her or 'see you soon.'

He tries to swallow past the horrible feeling in his chest as he thinks, *so I'm still pretending?* He thought by now he might have...

But of course not. He's a famous hockey player. He's part of something that is and always has been against the kind of person Shane is. Of course he'd still be hiding and hooking up with people named Lily.

He tries to brush off his disappointment as he attempts to type on his phone. Touch screens are stupid.

Shane: No, sorry. Still no memories. I guess we're...together?

Lily replies almost instantly.

Lily: No, not together.

Shane frowns. Do they just hook up sometimes and that's it? He's never been all that excited by the idea of hooking up with people casually. It always seemed so awkward to him. He's definitely a relationship type of guy, but maybe that changed when he got older. Maybe he was better able to differentiate sex and emotions.

"Do I know someone named Lily?" Shane asks his dad who's sitting across from him on the other couch.

His Dad thinks for a second but then says, "You've never mentioned a Lily."

Weird.

Shane: Can you tell me how we met, then? I'm trying to remember things.

Again, Lily replies quickly.

Lily: Maybe it's better if you forget. It will be easier.

Shane doesn't know how to feel about this, but he knows he's getting anxious. It sounds like they're together in some way, considering the amount of messages between them - especially over the last month. But maybe they were going to break up, or had just broken off whatever was between them before Shane's accident.

Shane: Were we dating before?

Lily: Not really.

He's getting frustrated now.

Shane: Being cryptic isn't helping me. Unless you're pissed at me, can you please tell me what we are to each other?

"Shane? Everything okay?" His mom asks, always able to tell when his mood shifts. He glances up at her, annoyed and not wanting to be interrupted.

"Yes. Fine, I'm just talking to someone."

“Oh, okay. Do you know who this someone is?” She asks, and he rolls his eyes.

“No! I don’t know who ninety percent of the people in my phone are, Mom. And it’s pissing me the fuck off. Sorry for being blunt, but...”

“It’s alright, Shane.” His dad intercepts, smiling sadly at him. “You can feel however you feel about this.”

Right now he feels guilty for being so angry at them, but instead of dwelling on it he looks back at his phone.

Lily hasn’t replied yet.

Shane: Okay, maybe I won’t be getting an answer. I don’t remember anything about us, but if I did something wrong I’m sorry.

He puts his phone face down beside him and closes his eyes. He can already feel a migraine starting to form and he hates it. It means he won’t be able to look at his phone anymore, but maybe that’s for the best.

But then he feels his phone buzz and he can’t help but look back at it.

Lily: You don’t need to be sorry. You did nothing wrong.

Shane scoffs as he replies.

Shane: Can you answer me, then? Are we together? Or were we?

Lily: I am not trying to be secretive, but that is a complicated question. And you probably won’t understand it. You are about eighteen years old in your head.

Shane really wants to keep talking to Lily, but his head throbs and he can’t bear to look at the bright screen anymore.

He asks his Mom to take his phone away again.

**

The next day, when his migraine is finally gone, he checks his phone again. He’s surprised to see eight or nine messages from Lily.

Lily: I am sorry for yesterday.

I was hoping you would remember.

There was something between us, but it cannot be more than it was.

Even if we both want it to be, it can’t.

There's a few hours between the first messages and the next ones. And whoever Lily is, she was clearly drunk when she sent the next few.

Lily: Why did this happen? I'm killing the fucker who hurt u

He took you away from me

I'm sorry, i shoulda stopped him

Gdnight shane

Shane stares at his phone for a long time, trying to think of how to reply. He can feel he's upset, that he's actually close to tears, but he doesn't understand *why*. All he knows is that Lily feels important. She feels like all Shane wants to think about, and despite not remembering what they are to each other, he finds that he wants to somehow make it right.

Based on her messages, Lily likes him. Cares about it. She's upset that he can't remember her and that the Marleau guy caused him harm. Clearly her feelings are in this, too. She was trying to play it off yesterday, apparently, but she was more free with her words when she was drunk.

Shane: Hey. I still don't remember you, but I read all your messages from last night and it seems like you care about me. I can't remember, but I feel like I care about you too. Could we talk on the phone or something?

He waits for a reply, but Lily doesn't respond as quickly as she did yesterday. In fact, Shane is practically ready for bed again before she finally messages him back.

Lily: It's not a good idea.

Shane feels the weight of his disappointment like a brick to the face.

Shane: Fine. I guess I was wrong when I assumed you cared about me, then. Or maybe I really hurt you. Maybe I'm the asshole. But I can't fix anything if you don't tell me what we are to each other.

He waits. And keeps waiting. But another hour goes by with no more messages, and eventually Shane gives up and goes to sleep.

**

When he opens his eyes the next morning, and he still can't remember his life and who he is or who *Lily* is, he immediately starts crying.

He wants to be held. He wants...

He wants to wake up with strong arms holding him against their flat, masculine chest.

I'm hungry, the unknown but very male voice says in Shane's head.

Oh god, another memory? This hasn't happened since the hospital with Rozanov.

For what? Shane asks sleepily.

His pec is being squeezed and then, *for food, pervert.*

He remembers being held like that. He remembers it like it's real. And as he grabs his phone, he realizes something.

He has to ask Lily one more question. Maybe Lily won't answer, but he has to ask anyway. And maybe if he read more of their messages to each other than what he has, he might find the answer. But he decides he needs to just ask.

Through tears, he types.

Shane: Are you a guy?

After only a minute or two, Lily replies, and it makes Shane cry even more but this time from relief.

Lily: Yes.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Shane: Can we please meet?

Shane: Do you live far away?

Shane: I feel like seeing you will help me remember things.

Shane: Does anyone know about me? About us?

Shane: Please text me back.

It's been four days with no text from 'Lily,' and Shane is losing his mind.

He's so incredibly frustrated because he doesn't know how much his family or friends know about his sexuality. He knows he hasn't come out publicly - a quick Google search told him that - but that doesn't mean that nobody knows. He keeps trying to ask his mom or dad if he has a boyfriend, if he's told them about himself.

But every time he goes to ask, he chickens out. Because what if he *hasn't*?

It's incredibly sad to think that Shane has had to continue to keep this secret only to himself. That he hasn't been able to be honest with anyone in his life.

He doesn't want to ask JJ or Hayden because if he hasn't told them, he's potentially risking his career. What if they outed him and then he's no longer able to play hockey?

He thinks about asking Rose because she had been incredibly kind to him when she came to visit. She seems genuinely sweet and as a celebrity, she must understand how hard it is to keep your private life actually private from prying eyes.

But again, every time he thinks to ask her during her daily check ins, he can't get himself to actually do it.

It feels too risky.

On the fifth day without a message from Lily, just after his parents leave for the grocery store, Shane decides to be brave and hits the 'call' button.

'Lily' picks up after the third ring, but doesn't say anything. No greeting.

"H-hello?" Shane tries, looking back at his phone to see if the call dropped but it says it's still connected. "Can you hear me?"

“Mhm.” There’s a sound of confirmation from ‘Lily’ but no actual words.

“Seriously? You can’t even say hello?”

“Mm.”

“What the fuck? Am I not even worth saying two words to?” Shane asks, and he knows that he sounds desperate and stupid but he can’t help it. He feels so fucking alone in this. He feels like he can’t make a wrong move for fear of destroying everything he’s worked hard to achieve, even if he can’t remember it.

He still can’t shake the feeling that ‘Lily’ is important to him, but the guy won’t give him *anything*.

Maybe they’re just fuck buddies after all.

He hears the guy sigh on the other line, and then his phone vibrates with a new text.

Lily: You will recognize my voice

“Okay...? So that means I knew you before my accident?” Shane asks.

“Mhm.” The guy confirms.

Shane sighs, feeling like he wants to punch a hole through the wall. “Okay, but you don’t seem to understand how fucking awful this feels. I don’t remember *anything*. I have no clue about my life now, except that it feels like you mean a lot to me. Maybe you don’t give a fuck about me and everything I’m feeling is one-sided, but *fuck*. Can you please just tell me who you are?”

There’s evidence that this guy does care about Shane, but maybe he can only admit it when he’s drunk. And that might just be worse.

There’s a few long moments of silence, and then the guy says in a *very* distinctive accent, “Hollander, I give a fuck about you, and if you were *you*, you would remember that. But you don’t remember anything about us, and I’m sure now that you know it’s going to make you more confused. But you are always stubborn. Even with head injury. So fucking stubborn.”

Shane feels his heart racing as he gasps, “*Rozanov?*”

“Yeah.”

“Holy fucking shit.”

“*Yeah*, Hollander.”

Shane gets up and starts pacing. “We’re - we’re *together*? Like a couple?”

Rozanov sighs deeply again. “Is complicated, like I said.”

“Complicated because of hockey?”

“That’s part of it, yeah. But there is more to it, and you are not ready for it. Is why I have kept my distance and not told you.”

Shane can’t believe this. He’s been hooking up with Rozanov? The hottest guy in all of hockey and maybe the world? And Rozanov *cares* about him?

Shane never would have thought that Rozanov liked guys.

“Does anyone know about us?” He asks, a bit scared of the answer.

“No. Is easier if it’s a secret.”

“Right.” Shane nods, understanding. “That’s why you’re in my phone as Lily?”

“Yes, and you are Jane in mine.”

Shane can’t help but laugh. “That’s sneaky. It’s close to our real names.”

“Yes, I am smart like that.” Rozanov says, and Shane can hear the smile in his voice.

“Oh, that was your idea?”

“All the best ideas are mine, Hollander.”

“Fuck off.” Shane says, chuckling again.

There’s another silence that falls over them, and then Shane remembers that Rozanov came to see him in the hospital. He suddenly feels awful, even though this isn’t his fault.

“I guess that was a shock for you, huh? When you came to see me in the hospital and I didn’t remember?” He asks, and he hears Rozanov clear his throat.

“Yes, a shock. I was - I was worried about you.” He says quietly, and Shane doesn’t know him very well at all but he can tell Rozanov’s tone is thick with emotion. “I know you don’t remember yet, but are you okay? Lots of headaches?”

“Yeah, I get a lot of migraines. I can’t look at screens for very long.”

“I’ve had concussions before. They suck.”

Shane chuckles again. “Yeah, they suck big time, especially when you can’t remember your life because of them.”

“Yes.”

Shane takes a deep breath, not knowing what to do now. He has so many questions about this. He wants to know how it started, what they really mean to each other. He wants so badly to remember.

“Hollander, maybe I -”

“Please don’t go yet. Please?”

Rozanov takes a deep breath. “Okay. I can’t talk for much longer, though.”

Shane nods. “Busy being a hockey star?” He tries to joke, but he feels tears in his eyes again.

“Yes, is very busy.”

Shane wipes his face as he says, “I wish I could remember you. I sort of remembered something you said to me, but I have no idea when it was. Something about me being scared, but I don’t know.”

“Mm.”

Shane waits, but Rozanov doesn’t say anything else.

“I’m - I’m going to be going to my parents cottage soon. They thought it might be a nice place to recover. I guess I have a cottage too, now.”

“Yes, I know. You have done interview about it.”

“Have you been there before?”

Rozanov makes a small noise in his throat and then says, “No.”

Shane swallows, trying to work up the courage to ask something. “Would you - I mean, if you have time at some point in the next few weeks - would you come and visit me? Maybe in the summer when you have time off? I might have my memories back before then, too. Fuck, I *hope* so. But even if I don’t, would you -”

“I’ll be in Russia, Shane. *Hollander.*”

Shane frowns, realizing that Rozanov never really uses his first name. Which is weird right, considering they’re apparently dating? He’s been sticking to calling him Rozanov but that’s because he can’t imagine calling him Ilya. They don’t know each other like that. Well, apparently they do, but it doesn’t feel like it to Shane at this current moment.

“You can call me Shane, you know.”

“Mm.” Rozanov says *again*, and Shane realizes how pissed off he is.

“Can you actually answer me instead of making that sound?”

“No.”

“What the fuck?”

“Is *complicated*. I cannot tell you all of it, okay?”

“But maybe it would help me remember.” Shane says, aware that it sounds like he’s begging. But he doesn’t even care. He wants to remember and Rozanov is still keeping him at such a distance.

“Hollander, it is too much to tell you in one phone call, okay?” The other man sighs, sounding tired.

“I get that, but you’re not really giving me anything here.”

A few beats of silence before Rozanov finally says, “I don’t want to make things worse for you, *Shane*.” He tuts, making a point of saying Shane’s first name. “I am worried if I tell you too much it will just make you more confused. And you need to focus on getting better, not more stressed.”

Shane understands to a certain point, but he’s still not happy about it.

“Okay.” He says, not knowing what else to ask. Rozanov is determined not to share very much with him, and he’s tired of pleading.

“I have to go. I’m sorry.”

Shane hates that he’s crying *again*. Maybe he’s grown out of that as he got older. Maybe he’s stronger than he is now. He’s always hated the fact that he cries so easily.

“Okay.” He says, trying to sound stoic. He’s trying so hard to be brave, but he just wants someone to hold him and make it all better.

“Don’t cry, Shane. Is breaking my heart.”

“M’not crying.” He sniffles.

“You are.”

“What does it matter to you, anyway?” He snaps, and he knows it’s childish but he doesn’t care.

Rozanov suddenly says something loudly and passionately, but it’s in Russian and Shane can’t understand.

“W-what?”

Rozanov continues speaking, and Shane has a thought that maybe Rozanov taught Shane Russian and if he was really himself, he’d be able to understand. But he doesn’t.

The other man stops speaking and Shane can hear him breathing heavily. He waits a few more seconds before he asks, “What did you say?”

“Nothing.” Rozanov says firmly. “Goodbye, Hollander.”

“Wait -”

But Rozanov has already ended the call.

**

Shane's lying on his bed staring at the ceiling an hour later, hating absolutely everything, when his phone starts to ring.

He sits up when he sees that it's Rozanov.

"Hey." He says, clearing his throat as he gets up and closes his bedroom door. He doesn't want to be overheard by his parents.

"Hi." Rozanov replies, and then quickly, "I'm sorry, Shane. I didn't mean to get angry before."

"That's okay."

"No, it's not. You are the one suffering here and I do not want to make it worse."

Shane doesn't understand why his chest suddenly feels warm. He physically feels himself calm down a little bit at Rozanov's apology.

"Thank you. For saying that. Although, I don't think anything can make this worse." Shane sighs, sitting on his bed. "Where are you right now?"

"Home. In Boston. I was out earlier when you called me. You have not been keeping up with hockey? We had a game earlier."

"No. I tried, but I'm a bit - uh, overwhelmed? I don't really want to accidentally see news about myself. Kinda weird." He admits, feeling his cheeks heat.

"Right. That makes sense."

Shane rubs a hand over his face. "This is so weird. Everything is so fucking weird. The idea that we - that *you* -" He doesn't know how to finish that sentence.

That you like guys. That you like me. That we've had sex with each other.

"The idea that what?" Rozanov prompts, clearly wanting Shane to keep going.

"I don't know. That you like... guys?" He tries, hoping like hell he doesn't sound too stupid.

Rozanov chuckles. "Oh. Is so hard to believe?"

"Yes, actually."

"Ah. Right. Well, your memory went away at a crazy time, Shane."

"What does that mean?"

“Well,” Rozanov starts, clearing his throat. “Shit, I don’t know if this is wrong to tell you. Feels weird, telling you our story like you weren’t there too. But we, uh, the first time we hooked up was after the commercial.”

Shane feels like his eyes are going to bulge out of his skull. “I’m sorry, *what?*”

“Yes. But that is all the detail you get. You are like eighteen right now. Yuck.” Rozanov says, making a gagging sound.

“Hey, I’m actually not that young, Rozanov.”

“Yes but in your head you are. I’m not talking about anything sexy with you.”

Shane immediately feels disappointed, even if he understands. He wants details. He wants to know how it feels to kiss Rozanov. What it’s like to - to -

“Fine.” He sighs.

Rozanov just laughs. “Sorry, Hollander. Have to wait until your memories come back.”

“You’re so mean. Are you always this mean to me?”

“Yes, but you like it.”

“I probably don’t.” Shane smiles.

“You do.”

Shane gets comfortable on the bed, leaning against the headboard. “I wish my brain had remembered the first time, at least. That’s fucking awful. It’s like my memory just deleted you.”

He expects Rozanov to laugh at that because the mood still feels light-hearted, but all Shane is met with is silence. And not the comfortable kind.

“Rozanov, sorry. I didn’t mean -”

“No, I know. I know what you meant.” Rozanov says, but his voice sounds tight now.

“I wish it hadn’t, if that means anything to you. I really fucking wish I remembered how we are together. Especially if we’ve been together for - holy shit, like seven *years?*”

Shane can’t believe he didn’t realize that earlier.

“Well, not exactly. Fuck, this is why I thought it would be better not to tell you.” Rozanov says, sighing. “We haven’t been uh, *dating*, for that long, Hollander. It’s only been the last little while that we kind of decided to maybe be more.”

“So, we just hooked up every once in a while at the start?”

“Yes. Was mostly just for fun.”

Shane can't believe it. He's *not* a hook up person. He's too awkward for that kind of thing. He had two girlfriends in high school and that was it. He never kissed anyone at house parties because he didn't go to them. He knows he never went clubbing before the commercial because he was so focused on hockey.

And once he realized he was very likely gay - he knew he would have to keep that part of him secret for a very long time, if not forever, especially if he got into major league hockey the way he has - he didn't prioritize anything romantic with anyone.

"Wait, wasn't I dating Rose recently?" He frowns, trying to think back to when they had apparently been going out. "How does that work if you and I -"

"Shane, I really can't tell you how awkward this is because of how mentally in your head young you are." Rozanov interrupts, groaning into the phone. "So, *so* awkward."

"Rozanov, for fuck's sake."

"Okay, okay!" The other man says, then takes a deep breath. "You and I hooked up every few weeks. Sometimes every few months, starting after the fucking commercial. Not during the summer, though. Other times, we are with other people. Not exclusive. Then, this winter, you met Rose and started dating her for real. We did not see each other."

Shane feels a rock of dread settle in his stomach. "So, we kind of broke up then?"

Rozanov is silent again. Shane realizes this happens when the other man is upset, or doesn't want to share any more information.

"Or, I guess, we didn't see each other for a while?" He tries again.

"Yes. We did not see each other until the all star game in Florida. Then it started again. When you and *Rose* broke up." Rozanov says, sounding like he resents having to still discuss this.

He actually sounds upset - potentially about their time apart - but Shane doesn't know if he's reading into things too much.

"Did that happen before when you would date people, too?"

Rozanov scoffs. "No. I do not *date* people."

Shane frowns. "Except for me?"

Rozanov groans again. "Hollander, we haven't talked about this yet. You and me. The *real* you. We did not figure it out yet. I have barely seen you since Florida before your accident."

"Oh." Shane says. "But did you...want to date me?"

"I'm not talking about it until you're better, Hollander. Is too complicated."

"I really hate that fucking word."

“Well, it *is* complicated! Things have always been complicated for us. Because of hockey. Because of secrets. Because of Rose fucking Landry. Is just how it is. I’m sorry if it is not what you were wanting, but it is what happened with you and me.”

Shane hates that it feels like he’s having a conversation about someone else. He hates that he doesn’t remember any of this. He hates that he has no clue how Rozanov feels about him. But he does know how he feels about relationships and romance, and he knows that if he’s anything like he was at the age he is mentally right now, he would very likely be harbouring some intense feelings for the other man.

Because Shane has never been able to separate sex and feelings. Even when he was dating his girlfriends in high school. He cared for them so deeply, even if he wasn’t really attracted to them.

And even though he doesn’t remember, he can *feel* how much he cares about Ilya.

Rozanov.

Thinking of him as Ilya is too fucking weird.

“Sorry. I’m getting upset again, but not at you. At what happened.” Rozanov says, and Shane realizes that he’s been quiet for probably too long.

“I know. I’m frustrated too.”

“Yes. I understand that.”

Shane is the one who scoffs now. “I don’t think you do. I’m getting glimpses of my life but I don’t actually remember it. I don’t understand it because what you’re saying about me makes no sense. I don’t hook up with people. I’m not...*casual* with sex. It’s not who I am. But you’re telling me we were just fuck buddies for seven years until I dated a woman who I know I wasn’t attracted to because...why? Who fucking knows. You probably don’t even know either. Does anyone actually know me? Or have I just kept everything to myself the way I always did as a teenager?”

“Hollander, slow down.”

“I’m trying to, but I - I - I’m freaking out.” Shane tries to take a deep breath, but his chest is so fucking tight.

“Shane, you are okay. Try to breathe.”

Shane really tries. He lies down on his back and closes his eyes, counting backwards from twenty the way he’s done for years. It usually helps him.

“Just talk to me, please?” He whispers, wiping his stupid tears away.

“You are safe. You are home. I am here with you. Deep breath in and out.” Rozanov says, over and over again like a mantra. Shane listens to him, telling himself to calm down.

You're going to remember everything. You won't be this way forever. You're okay. You're going to be okay.

After a few minutes, he feels a bit better.

"Sorry." He mumbles, feeling insecure. Why does Rozanov even like him? He's still such a goddamn loser.

"Don't be sorry, moya lyubov."

Shane wants to ask what that means, but he knows Rozanov won't tell him anyway.

They stay on the phone together, neither of them speaking. It goes on for long enough that Shane feels himself getting sleepy. His panic attack gave him a migraine, and he's been sleeping through them as much as he can because they've been powerful the last few days.

Just as he's about to suggest that they hang up and talk later, he suddenly remembers something Rozanov texted before Shane knew he was Lily.

Maybe it's better if you forget. It will be easier.

Shane pulls the phone away from his ear and scrolls back in their conversation, finding the text so he knows he's not crazy.

"Were you -" He begins, clearing his scratchy throat. "Were you going to end things for real, Rozanov?"

"What?" Rozanov asks, clear surprise in his voice.

"You texted me last week that maybe it's better if I forget you, because it will be easier. What would be easier?" He asks, and even though his head is killing him he makes himself sit back up.

"Hollander, that's not -" Rozanov begins, but then he cuts himself off. He swears under his breath and then mutters something in Russian.

"Stop saying things I can't understand. Is that you meant? 'Good thing my hook up buddy lost his memory, that makes it easier to walk away from him?'"

"No, Shane."

"What did that mean, then? You said we haven't talked about it yet - about *us*. But when we did talk about it, what were you going to say? 'No, I don't want you?'"

Rozanov says nothing. One second goes by in silence. Then two. Three. Eight.

"Yes." Rozanov says, the word firm.

"Yes, what?" Shane asks, but he doesn't really know if he wants the answer. His hand is shaking as he holds the phone.

Rozanov stalls for another few seconds before he says, “Yes, I was planning to tell you that we should not see each other anymore.”

Shane feels himself go completely still. And then it feels like someone ripped out his heart through his chest and stomped on it.

Which doesn’t make sense because he doesn’t remember being with Rozanov. He knows he was, but he doesn’t actually remember. He doesn’t even know how he feels about the other man. Not in any real sense.

The words shouldn’t hurt him. But they *do*.

Shane feels like his whole world is collapsing around him.

“*Fuck*. Hollander, I shouldn’t have said that. I’m fucking this up.” Rozanov says, sounding a bit panicked now. He says a few more things in Russian, and then, “I’m sorry. I told you we shouldn’t talk until you’re you again. I’m not trying to upset you.”

“I’m not upset. I don’t even remember you, right?” Shane states, his voice flat.

Rozanov is silent again.

The silence stretches and stretches until Shane can’t take it anymore.

“I guess I’ll lose your number then.” He says, wiping furiously at his face.

“No, Shane, just wait -”

“I have another migraine. Goodnight, Rozanov.”

“Hollander -”

But Shane ends the call before he can say anything else.

**

“Shane? Do you need some Advil?” His mom asks a little while later, knocking as she walks into his room.

Shane is huddled under his blankets, wrapped up like a burrito, and he stays as still as he can with his eyes closed so she thinks he’s asleep. He hears her come over to the side of the bed. She runs her hand across his forehead, placing a kiss there, and then silently walks back out.

Shane falls asleep like that, desperately hoping that when he wakes up everything that happened tonight will have been just a dream.

But instead, he wakes up and remembers everything.

In the book, I'm pretty sure Ilya is considering ending things with Shane right before his accident. I tried to have that shine through here, even though it's not mentioned in the show.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

*The small amount of Russian is from Google translate, apologies if it's wrong

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

Shane walks into the kitchen where his parents are sitting. It smells like coffee and pancakes.

His mom smiles at him as he sits down and then comes over to bring him food. She's talking about something, and Shane really is trying to listen, but he's too distracted by his own thoughts.

He needs to tell them. About his memory coming back, to start.

But then he needs to tell them other things, too.

"Yuna, the boy has barely woken up. Give him a minute to breathe." His father chuckles, rolling his eyes fondly at his wife.

Shane smiles as his mom sits down and as they all start to eat, he feels an enormous amount of gratitude for them. He couldn't have asked for better parents. They've always supported him, always told him they're proud of him.

He doesn't know why he hasn't trusted them with this.

But he can't keep it a secret anymore.

"I remember everything." He says. "Woke up and it was just like, *oh yeah this is my life. I remember now.*"

His mom and dad both reach for him.

"Oh, sweetheart, I'm so glad." Yuna gasps, her eyes filling with tears as she rubs his forearm.

"I knew it would happen, Shane. Just needed some time." David nods, patting Shane on the back like he always does.

"Yeah. God, it feels nice to be back."

"I bet. Oh baby, I'm so relieved." His mom says, standing up and kissing him on the cheek. "I still think you should stay with us during your recovery."

Shane nods. "Me too. But um, there was something else I wanted to tell you."

The nerves come back tenfold, but he pushes through. He has to do this. He might not have a...*boyfriend* to introduce to them, but he needs them to know.

His parents stare at him, eagerly waiting for him to explain.

“I’m - I’m gay.” He says, because he might as well just say the words. His stomach feels like it’s about to cave in on itself and his palms are sweaty as he rubs them on his jeans, but he also feels an immense sense of relief.

They know. He’s told them.

Surprisingly, it’s his father who says something first.

“I think we thought you might be gay.” David says slowly, glancing at his wife. “But Shane, we love you no matter what. I hope you know that?”

Shane nods, tears of relief streaming down his face.

“Of course we do, honey.” His mom says, reaching for his hands across the table. “We love you so much. What made you want to tell us now?”

That’s something Shane can’t tell them.

I was kind of in love with a guy.

I thought he might have loved me too.

Then I lost my memory, and I was reminded of how long I’ve kept this to myself. And it seems stupid to keep doing it.

Maybe one day I’ll find another guy to bring home for you to meet. But it won’t be the one I want.

“Losing my memory kind of put things into perspective for me. I wanted you to know.” Shane says, keeping it simple.

They talk for a while longer about things, about how Shane will continue to keep it a secret until he’s retired, about how he doesn’t want to come out publicly even if it means good brand deals *Mom*.

And it’s so fucking nice to be honest with them. Even if everything else hurts like hell, at least his parents know who he really is.

**

Lily: Can we please talk again?

Lily: Stop ignoring my phone calls, Shane.

Lily: You are not being fair.

Lily: Please, Shane.

Shane has been getting texts like this from Ilya for five days now. He's ignored them all. He's declined every phone call, too.

On some level, he knows he's being unfair. He backed Ilya into a corner during their conversation. He pretty much made Ilya tell him things he otherwise might not have.

He knows they need to properly talk.

But Shane doesn't want to hear Ilya say the words again. *I don't think we should see each other anymore.* He doesn't want to face it.

And he's so fucking angry. He's angry that his accident happened. He's angry he forgot everything.

But most of all he's angry that Ilya wants to give up on them.

Shane thought they were getting closer. All their talks while Ilya was in Russia. Confessing that they feel more for each other, even if it's hard to be together for a number of reasons. Sure, they haven't really talked details, but Shane figured they would once Ilya was back from Russia.

He was going to ask Ilya to -

But it doesn't matter now because Ilya doesn't want him. Maybe Shane isn't giving him a chance to tell Shane all the reasons why, but that's because he already knows what Rozanov would say. There's a number of potential things, but Shane can predict them all and he doesn't want to fucking hear it.

I can't go home to my country again if people know, how could I give that up?

Even if I don't hate you, Hollander, I don't want to be exclusive because I still like women and I don't do relationships.

Putting a label on it doesn't change anything, Hollander, so why bother?

Basically, *this is too complicated and not worth it.*

He's thought about just blocking Ilya's number, but he can't quite bring himself to do that. So he continues to ignore the other man. It goes against every instinct he has, but he manages to keep ignoring him.

**

Exactly one week after Shane gets his memories back, he's at his parents cottage lying on the couch when Ilya tries to call him again.

His parents are both asleep. He's up late reading, thoughts too busy to let him sleep.

He stares at his phone as it rings, so torn about what to do. On the one hand, he wants to talk to Ilya. He wants to tell him he remembers everything. He wants to beg Ilya, *don't do this, please don't end things, please give us a chance.*

But he *also* wants to keep ignoring Rozanov, too, because he's still so mad.

In the end though, he can't resist anymore.

"Hey," He says quietly, swallowing past the anxiety crawling up his throat.

"Hi. Oh, fuck." Ilya says, sounding relieved. "Thank god you answered me, finally."

"Mm." Shane says, mimicking the sound the other man was making the last time they talked.

"Shane, I'm fucking sorry. So sorry. I was an asshole." Ilya says, words coming out so fast Shane can barely understand. Rozanov's accent comes through stronger when he's speaking quickly, or when - Shane reluctantly remembers - he's upset.

"Rozanov -"

"No, no. Let me speak. *Please.*" Ilya insists, and Shane bites his bottom lip. "I know you don't understand us. I know there are so many gaps for you, in your memory. I shouldn't have told you anything about it. But I wanted to hear you. On the phone. I could not keep myself away. I was trying. But I was so worried about you."

Shane takes in a shuddering breath, his eyes watering.

"I almost threw up at the rink when you did not move from the ice. I was so scared you were going to be dead. And you think I do not care, but I *do*. I know you don't know me, not really, but I do not want you to think that I don't care."

Shane wants to yell at him now.

If you care then why did you say we shouldn't see each other? Why would you act like we could be more but plan to take it away from me?

"*Fuck,*" Ilya chokes, sniffing. "I don't know how to - words are not good for me. I am not good with English words. I have been trying to think of what to say to you if you ever answered the phone, and now I am forgetting it all -"

"Ilya, I -" Shane states, and just as he's about to continue, Rozanov interrupts him.

"*Shane.* You remember? It is really you now?"

How could he tell that? Shane didn't even say anything yet, hasn't explained.

But then he realizes. He said Ilya and not 'Rozanov.'

“Yeah.”

“*Fuck*. Shane, I’m so fucking sorry.” Ilya practically wails through the phone, more emotion in his voice than Shane’s ever heard before. He’s pretty sure Ilya is crying, but he doesn’t want to read into it too much.

He listens to Ilya clear his throat a few times, clearly trying to gather himself. He thinks of what to say, but he really doesn’t know where to start. So he stays silent.

“You are mad.” Ilya says after a few long seconds of silence.

Shane balls his hand into a fist. “No shit, Ilya.”

“I know. I didn’t - I shouldn’t have said anything to you. I should have waited until your memories came back to talk.”

Shane laughs humourlessly. “You wanted to wait until I remembered how much you mean to me before you break my heart. Right. That makes it so much fucking better, Ilya.”

“Fuck. No, is not what I meant.”

Shane tries to take some steadying breaths, but he knows he’s too angry to talk. He can’t see past the red hot anger and rejection surging through his blood.

You’re not worth it, he doesn’t want you, let him go.

“I shouldn’t have answered. I’m too upset to talk. And it doesn’t sound like you have anything new to say so -”

“You are not giving me a chance to speak!” Ilya yells.

“Are you going to say anything you haven’t already? Are you going to take it back? If all you want to do is give me a list of the reasons you don’t want me, I don’t wanna fucking hear it, Ilya.” Shane says, hating that his voice breaks halfway through. He hates that he’s already sobbing.

“*Shane.*” Ilya says softly, soothingly. “*I do* want you.”

“Oh, fuck you.”

“It’s the truth, Shane. I want you all the fucking time.” Rozanov continues, and the words sound genuine. “I felt like *I* was dying when I saw you get taken down by Marleau. I couldn’t do anything but look at you. I was watching my whole world collapse around me, thinking of you being gone.”

Shane sighs, feeling so confused. Ilya said they shouldn’t see each other. He said he didn’t want to continue things, even in secret. But now he’s waxing poetic about how watching Shane get hurt made him feel like his world was ending?

“You are -” Ilya continues, and the way the words are barely understandable confirms for Shane that the other man *is* crying. “You are brightest thing in my world. So good. So...what is word? Pure? And I am -” He curses under his breath. “I am darkness, Shane. Full of nothing but dark. Everything I touch...breaks. And I do not want to break you.”

Shane feels like he’s falling off a cliff.

What?

That’s how Ilya sees himself? As some sort of dark, black hole that consumes everything in his path?

“No, Ilya. *Ilya*. That’s not what you are.”

“It is, Shane. You don’t really know me. I am - my family is -” Ilya continues, voice thick with tears.

“You’re not your family, Ilya. I don’t care about them, I care about you.”

“But I do not know how to be - how to be good for you. Is why I don’t do relationships. I’m fucking scared, Shane. How much I care for you scares me. And you deserve -”

“Don’t say I deserve better.”

“But you *do*. And that’s why I said we shouldn’t do this anymore. Not because I don’t want you.”

Shane didn’t see this coming. He didn’t anticipate Ilya wanting to end things because he doesn’t think he’d be good enough. He thought it would be anything but this, and he feels so guilty for being as angry as he was.

“Ilya, I care about you too. So fucking much. And I’ve never once thought that you’re not enough for me. I don’t know what it’s like to - to be with you for real. Like actually dating. But I have never doubted that you’d be a good...” He takes a deep breath, hoping his next words aren’t too much. “...a good *boyfriend*.”

He listens to Ilya quietly cry for a few moments, wishing he was there to hold him.

Shane thinks of what to say, how he can make Ilya believe that he’s worthy of being cared about. Worthy of being *loved*. Because Shane has loved Ilya for a long time - longer than he’s let himself believe.

“I don’t want to stop seeing you, Ilya.” He begins, wanting to be honest. They’ve spent so much time not being honest with each other, it seems. “I know we can’t be public. I don’t think I’m ready for that. But I know that I’m also not ready to give up on us. So, *please* don’t end it. I wouldn’t be alright if you did. When you said you didn’t want to see me anymore, even before I remembered everything, it felt like you might as well have stabbed me in the chest. It hurt so fucking bad.”

“I’m sorry.” Ilya sniffs.

“I’m sorry, too.”

“*Fuck*, Hollander. You don’t have anything to be sorry about.”

“Yes, I do. I didn’t answer your calls, didn’t hear you out. I was too busy feeling rejected and hurt.” Shane admits, his eyes still wet and sore from how much he’s been crying.

“We’re quite a pair, hm?” Ilya jokes. “Crying on the phone together.”

Shane smiles. “Such losers, I know.”

Another few beats of silence, this time much less awkward and strained. Shane thinks about what he’d wanted to ask Ilya the night of the game. He planned to ask him something important, and he wants to do that again now.

“I wanted to ask you something.” He starts, his stomach tightening nervously. “When we were supposed to meet up after the game. I never got the chance.”

Maybe he shouldn’t do this now. They still haven’t really figured shit out. But he *has* to ask. It’s been driving him crazy.

“What Shane?” Ilya asks, sounding a lot less miserable now. More relaxed.

He swallows. “Will you come to my cottage this summer? Or, whenever. Some time after the playoffs? I hate the idea of you going back to Russia and being miserable around your family. You don’t deserve that, Ilya.”

Ilya is silent for long enough that it makes Shane worry, but then he says, “Maybe. It might be too risky if -”

“Do *you* want to come? That’s all I’m asking. Risks be damned.”

Ilya chuckles a little. “Yes, Shane. I want to. But I will not say for sure yet.”

It’s not a no, and that’s going to have to be good enough for now.

“I can handle a ‘maybe.’ Means that we’re not ending things, right?” Shane asks, desperately needing clarification on this.

He needs to know Ilya isn’t lost to him.

“I still do not think I am good for you, Shane.” Ilya says, sighing deeply. Shane pictures him running a hand over his face like he does when he’s really tired.

“That’s for me to decide, Ilya. And I think you are.”

He waits and waits for Ilya to reply, feeling a little bit nauseous because of the nerves.

“Okay, Shane.”

Shane smiles so wide his cheeks hurt. “Okay, Ilya.”

**

April

Lily: How is your head?

Jane: Not too bad today.

Lily: Drink lots of water.

Jane: Yes, mom

Lily: Seriously

Jane: I literally have two drinks in front of me right now

Lily: Yes, but is one of them water?

Jane: YES

Lily: Okay 🤔

Jane: 😞

**

Lily: How are you feeling? I have not heard from you today

Jane: Bad migraine, sorry

Lily: Is okay, don't worry about looking at screen to answer me

Jane: I want to talk to you, though

Lily: We can talk later when you feel better

Jane: 😞

Lily: Rest for now, Hollander

Jane: I'm going to call you

“Shane, you need to be resting.” Ilya says instead of ‘hello,’ and it makes Shane smile.

“I *am* resting. I'm in bed with the lights off. Talking doesn't make the pain worse.”

“Okay, if you say so.”

“What are you up to?” Shane asks, keeping his eyes closed. The migraine really has been awful today, but it’s his own fault. He was doing too many exercises, went too quickly, and now he’s paying for it.

But he’s been so fucking bored, and so sick of having to limit himself during his workouts. He wants to be himself again.

“Nothing, I’m just at home.”

Shane frowns. It’s a Friday night. Usually, Ilya would be out somewhere. Maybe not to hook up - Shane really fucking hopes not considering everything they’ve gone through and talked about - but at least to drink with a friend.

“Really?”

“Yes, Shane. You surprised?”

“I mean, yeah. You usually like going out.”

Ilya grumbles something in Russian before saying, “I do not want to get laid by anyone but you, Hollander. You do not need to worry about this.”

Shane feels like jumping for joy, and he would if his head didn’t hurt so bad.

“Oh. Yeah, that’s, uh -” *great, amazing, wonderful, all I’ve ever wanted to hear.* “ - good.”

“Have you? Been hooking up with people up in butt fuck nowhere Quebec?” Ilya suddenly asks, breaking Shane out of his temporary happy buzz.

Rozanov sounds angry as hell.

“What? *No*. Why the fuck would you -”

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to sound like that.”

Shane waits for more of an explanation, hearing Ilya breathing heavily on the other line. He feels like he should continue reassuring the other man that he doesn’t want anyone else either, but he knows Ilya sometimes needs more time to get his thoughts in order.

“I have been assuming that we are - what is the word? Exclusive, now?” Ilya asks, sounding timid and almost *shy*. “But maybe I got it wrong.”

“You’re not wrong.” Shane immediately says. “I don’t want anyone else, either, Ilya.”

Ilya makes what Shane is interpreting as a pleased sound in his throat, which makes Shane smile.

“Okay. That is also...good.” Rozanov finally says. “Sorry, I don’t know why I - I got so upset just now.”

Shane hums. "Were you jealous? At the idea of me being with someone else?"

Ilya clicks his tongue. "Yes, I think so. That is the right word. But I know is unfair of me."

"It's not unfair." Shane reassures him. He's been insanely jealous of the women who Ilya has slept with over the years. He doesn't know all of them, but the one he saw in the club in Montreal back in winter made him feel like his skin was crawling. Watching Ilya suck her face was one of the worst moments of his life. "I get jealous, too."

"Yes." Ilya says. "Every time I mention girls you clamp your lips shut."

Shane nods. "I didn't think you were ever...jealous of me, though. Didn't seem like you ever cared what I did with other people."

"I care. Like I told you before. I care a lot when it comes to you." Ilya says, not hesitating.

Shane has a thought to tell him something, but doesn't know if he should. He doesn't know if it's too vulnerable. But he trusts Ilya. *Loves* him. He doesn't think Ilya will make fun of him for it.

"Um, you know, you don't really have to be jealous of anything, Ilya. Until I dated Rose, I hadn't really -" He clears his throat, biting his lip for a second. "I hadn't really been with anyone else at all. I've never been a hook up person. So, for most of the time since that first time we were together, it was just you."

There's a long pause, and then Ilya whispers, "*What?*" He sounds incredulous.

"Yeah. So, you don't -"

"Nobody else except Rose? For seven years, Shane?"

"No. I didn't - *fuck*, Ilya - I didn't want anyone else. Just you. You've always been enough for me."

And it's the truth.

He expects Ilya to tease him, make some kind of joke about how dick-whipped Shane is. But instead, Ilya moans into the phone and the sound goes right to Shane's cock.

"*Fuck*, Shane. I cannot handle that. How dare you be so far away right now?" Rozanov says, breathy and turned on.

Shane puts the phone between his ear and his shoulder, reaching down to palm himself. He wishes his one arm wasn't still in a stupid sling.

"Sorry. God, I wish you were here." He says, unable to help the way his voice catches. He's already fully hard.

"Touching yourself?" Ilya pants. "Because I am, and all I'm thinking about is how hard I'm going to make you come next time I see you."

Shane arches his back and puts his hand under his briefs to stroke himself. “Yes. I want you so bad.”

“I know you do. Nobody else but me, hm? God, you’re so fucking sweet for me, Shane.”

They breathe into the phone for a long few seconds, and Shane’s embarrassed that he’s already close. Hearing Ilya moan always turns him on like nothing else.

Nothing compares to Ilya Rozanov, and Shane’s been all too aware of that for a long fucking time.

“Want you to - to fuck me, Ilya.” Shane gasps out, trying to stay quiet because his parents are only two rooms away. He’s leaking all over his hand, trying not to come yet. He doesn’t want this to be over.

“Oh, I will, sweetheart.” Ilya laughs breathlessly, and then groans. “Bury myself in you so deep you come for me. Just like the first time. I dream about that sometimes. Always so good.”

“*Ilya*, m’so close. Wanna come for you.” He doesn’t recognize his voice, the needy desperation lacing his tone. But he doesn’t care.

“Yes, *moya lyubov*. I’m there too. Come for me.” Ilya practically shouts, just as Shane spills over his fingers - imagining Ilya’s face scrunched up in pleasure.

It lasts a long time. Shane hasn’t gotten himself off in days. It feels so good he keeps making small noises, wringing out the last few drops as he listens to Ilya say something in Russian - something sweet, he hopes.

“What did you say?” He asks when he can finally form words again.

Ilya huffs a laugh and then says, “Come so good for me, baby.”

Shane moans at the words, dick twitching in his hand like it’s trying to get hard again. “You’re gonna kill me.” He whines.

Ilya just laughs again and Shane hears him shuffling around. “Only with my dick. The one you love so much.”

And there’s the teasing Shane was expecting.

“Shut up.”

“No, no. Never, sweetheart. Always have to tell you how much it pleases me to know you are...just mine. *Moy malysh*.”

Shane feels himself blush. “And what does *that* mean?”

“My baby.”

May

Jane: Sucks Boston is out now

Lily: Yes but is okay

Jane: You're not angry?

Lily: Fucking pissed but is okay, like I said

Jane: Admirals are probably going to win

Lily: Fuck that

Jane: My mom is good at predicting things and she says they're going to win

Lily: Your mom can be wrong sometimes

Jane: Not usually

Lily: Good for Scott Hunter to win before his 100th birthday at least

Jane: OMG he's not that old

Lily: Says you

Shane's at his own cottage making dinner when Ilya calls him.

He's finally convinced his parents he's alright to spend a few nights a week at his own cottage alone. They weren't easily swayed, but he finally managed to convince them he's an adult who can take care of himself.

The headaches have been better. He feels stronger. And they're only a phone call away if he needs them.

"Hey," He smiles as he answers his phone, turning the burner down low.

"Hey yourself." Ilya says. "Making dinner?"

Shane wonders how he knows that, but they're in the same time zone so he must have guessed. "Yeah. What are you up to?"

"Oh, nothing. Just tired."

Shane nods. "Long day or something?"

“Yes. Flying is always tiring. And driving, too. Can’t believe how much driving.” Ilya says, but now Shane’s even more confused.

“Flying? I thought you were home in Boston for the next little while.” He has the horrible thought that Ilya is back in Moscow, that he went home early and this is his way of telling Shane he won’t be coming to the cottage in the summer.

“I was. But I had to do this thing.”

Shane frowns, waiting for more but Ilya is quiet. “This...*thing*? What does that mean?”

“I told someone I would visit them. Well, we didn’t confirm it yet, but I always thought it would happen because I can’t tell them no.”

Shane fully turns the stove off, so confused it’s making him angry. “Ilya, what do you mean? Who are you visiting? Why are you being so cagey right now?”

Ilya wouldn’t be visiting Svetlana or some other woman he used to fuck, right? Not after everything. But that’s immediately where Shane’s mind is going and it’s an *awful* thought.

“Cagey? What does this mean?”

“Answer the goddamn question, Rozanov.”

“Oh, Shane. You do not need to sound this way.” Ilya says, sounding amused like the *motherfucker* he is. And Shane’s about to tell him exactly that, but then he gets distracted.

Because the doorbell rings.

Shane turns towards the door, heart absolutely pounding in his throat.

“Sounds like you have a visitor.” Ilya says in his ear. “Better not keep them waiting.”

“Oh my God, you didn’t.” Shane mutters, and then practically runs to the door. He flings it open and then drops his phone to the floor as he sees Ilya standing there grinning at him like a fool.

“Hi.” Rozanov says, then looks down. “I think you broke your phone.”

“I don’t give a fuck.” Shane whispers, leaning in and kissing the other man.

Ilya wraps his arms around Shane, careful not to hit the sling, and kisses him back so deeply and lovingly it makes Shane’s eyes water. The kiss goes on and on. Ilya wraps his hand around the back of Shane’s neck, tilting his head to the side so he can kiss him at a better angle.

God, Shane’s missed this.

“Is okay I’m here? I don’t know if you like surprises but -”

“I love surprises. When it’s you, I do.” Shane laughs wetly, wiping at his face. He tugs Ilya inside, closing the door. “I didn’t even see you pull up. I guess I have the blinds closed, but usually I know if someone’s here.”

“I drove slowly. Didn’t want you to see me before I called you.” Ilya grins mischievously.

“How did you know where the cottage is?”

“You sent me a picture a few weeks ago showing me the island. It was on your maps and your house was there. Address at the top. I might have saved it.” Ilya looks embarrassed, and it’s so cute that Shane can’t handle it.

“I can’t believe you’re here.” He says, burying his face in Ilya’s neck. He wishes the sling wasn’t preventing him from hugging the other man properly, but he doesn’t even care.

Ilya holds him like that, back against the door, running a hand up and down Shane’s side. “I wanted to be with you.”

Shane is really trying not to continue crying. He would much rather be trying to take Ilya’s clothes off. But he’s too overwhelmed. And when he feels a lot, no matter the emotion, he often cries.

“Hey, hey. Is okay. What’s wrong, *moy malysh*? Hm?” Ilya whispers, putting soft kisses along Shane’s neck and cheek.

“Nothing’s wrong. I’m really happy.” Shane tells him, words shaky. He looks up at Ilya through wet lashes and chuckles when he sees how content Rozanov looks. “You too?”

“Yes, Shane. Nowhere else I’d rather be.”

He leans down and kisses Shane softly on the lips again. It’s just a kiss. They’ve shared hundreds of them over the years. But this one settles something in Shane’s chest; something that has been aching for years. And it calms him immediately.

“Are you hungry? I think I made enough food for two.” He offers, feeling a bit more together now. He goes to pull away, but Ilya keeps him against his front.

“Later. Right now, I want you. Need to make good on my promises, hm?” He whispers, coaxing Shane’s mouth open with his soft tongue.

And all he can say is, “yes.”

**

Shane wakes up tangled around Ilya. The sun is shining through the windows and the other man is still fast asleep.

Shane looks at him for a long time, admiring. He can’t believe how beautiful he is; that he gets to call this man *his*.

He can't resist running a hand through Ilya's soft curls. He feels a little badly though, because this movement is what wakes Ilya up.

"Sorry, I -" He starts, but then Ilya lightly grabs his hand and puts kisses along his knuckles.

"Is okay, Shane." Rozanov whispers, leaning forward to kiss Shane's mouth.

Shane smiles, so content and warm and happy it feels like he's dreaming. And it's because of this insanely wonderful feeling that he blurts out, "I love you so fucking much."

Ilya freezes. Shane freezes. And then he starts to spiral. *Oh my god what did I just say, fuck he looks shocked, that was too much -*

"I love you too, Shane." Ilya says, simple and easy.

He leans back in and kisses Shane again, quieting all the thoughts in Shane's head. They kiss for a long moment before Ilya pulls away.

And if they both have tears in their eyes, neither of them mention it.

Chapter End Notes

*I'm a bit unsure of the timeline in the show from Shane's injury until the cottage, so I made it up as I went ;)

*Thanks so much for reading. I struggled to finish the ending of this but tried super hard.

*Happy new year!

End Notes

Comments/feedback welcome and appreciated :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!