

## the body just knows

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# the body just knows

by [seariarly](#)

## Summary

“Rozanov?”

Ilya’s ears rang, the air suddenly very heavy and suffocating. Because that wasn’t the voice Shane used to address Ilya with. Those weren’t the soft eyes Shane used to look at Ilya with. That wasn’t the body language Shane used to welcome Ilya with. Yet right now, Shane’s voice was filled with confusion and distance, his pretty-doe eyes full of wariness and his body tense.

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After the game accident, Ilya goes to visit Shane at the hospital only to find out that Shane had no recollection of the past eight years they've shared together.

## Notes

as I rewatched, and rewatched, and rewatched the hospital scene because I was obsessed with Ilya's aching expression and Shane's cute behavior, I suddenly thought "what if Shane lost his memories?" and this fic came to be lolol it has a happy ending, no worries ;)

you can rt this fic post [here](#) if you want! <3

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

Ilya's flight left in two hours. But it'd be impossible for him to fly over to another state without seeing with his own eyes that Shane was okay. His mind was still filled with replaying images of the accident, making Ilya's entire body run cold. Throat tight, he tried to take a deep breath where he stood outside Shane's hospital room, before knocking and sliding it open.

Ilya didn't know whether his heart jumped from the joy he felt of seeing Shane awake and well or out of fear of things being worse than he imagined. He closed the door behind him and waited for Shane to notice him, eyes scanning over his body to make absolutely sure Shane was *there*. And, just a moment later, Shane's eyes met his. Ilya was dying to see his smile, to reach out and touch him, and—

“Rozanov?”

Ilya's ears rang, the air suddenly very heavy and suffocating. Because that wasn't the voice Shane used to address Ilya with. Those weren't the soft eyes Shane used to look at Ilya with. That wasn't the body language Shane used to welcome Ilya with. Yet right now, Shane's voice was filled with confusion and distance, his pretty-doe eyes full of wariness and his body tense.

“W-Why are you here?” Shane huffed a soft laugh, eyes observant and curious. Ilya felt his body lose ground.

He tried to offer a smile but his face felt numb, “Are... are you okay?”

Shane swallowed, a faint blush blooming over his freckles, “Uh, yes, I guess? I really don't remember much of what happened but the doctors... um, said I have a fractured collarbone and—”

“*Hollander*,” Ilya cut him off, voice broken. He let out a shaky breath, “Hollander, this is not funny.”

Shane frowned, almost seeming offended, “Obviously it's not. What exactly about what I said gave you the idea that I'm joking?”

“You—” Ilya raked his fingers through his hair, frustration bleeding through the movement. “Why are you talking as if we had not spoken hours ago?”

Shane's forehead furrowed deeper, “We did? Like I said, I don't remember shit, Rozanov.”

Shane's voice had started to blend into distress, eyes evidently showing he was being honest and hinting at growing unease. Ilya gritted his teeth, letting out a long exhale in an attempt to ground himself. His hands were trembling.

*Please, no.*

“Hollander... Do you...” Ilya swallowed, eyes straining to keep tears back. For the first time in a life of pretending to be okay, he felt himself unable to keep his expression unreadable. It was as if the air had been trapped in his lungs and he was choking.

“Do you remember me?” he finished. Shane tilted his head, confusion reigning on his face. It was Ilya’s favorite expression, for the way it accentuated his pretty freckles. But not now. Now it only brought agony to Ilya’s heart.

He rephrased, knowing well Shane would say “*Of course, didn’t I just call you ‘Rozanov’?*”.

“Us,” he said instead. “Do you... remember us?”

Ilya’s eyes were pleading, lips pressed together to hold back a trembling sob that threatened to escape his throat. This couldn’t be real. He sure as fuck had to be dreaming. Just yesterday they had been rolling around in bed laughing, kissing...

But Shane blinked, puzzled. His cheeks were pink as he laughed, looking at Ilya like he’d gone mad or spoken to him in Russian.

*No, Hollander—*

“Us as in... being rivals? Because, yeah, of course,” he laughed, sinking the knife further into Ilya’s chest. “How would I forget?”

That was the moment Ilya’s world fell apart. He opened his mouth, as if seeking for air, then closed it again; lips trembling. He bit down on his lip, trying not to lose himself in the ache that twisted his guts and mumbled under his breath, “You don’t remember.”

Shane shifted on where he rested on the bed, leaning forward with concern, “Rozanov, what?”

“Sorry,” was all Ilya could muster to say before sliding the door open and stepping outside.

He roamed down the hallway, temple throbbing and chest tight. When he was met with the nurses’ counter, he stopped and just stood there, completely petrified. His mind was blank. He felt his hands clammy and his chest rise and fall with quick, uneven breaths, jaw clenched so tight his face hurt.

But the ache in his heart was so intense his brain couldn’t even process it.

“Um, sir? Is everything alright?”

A nurse carefully approached him, making Ilya step out of his stupor and force himself to ask, “Shane Hollander. Diagnosis, what is?”

The nurse gave him a troubled look, “Sorry, diagnoses are confidential and only fam—”

“Just fucking tell me!” Ilya shrieked, a tear trailing down his cheek, voice strained. “His head. Why does he not remember? Why does he not fucking remember *me*!? Please—”

Like a dam breaking, flooding everything, Ilya came undone. At this point, he didn’t give a fuck about hiding— about pretending like he wasn’t dying inside and overwhelmed with a love that was bigger than him. He didn’t give a shit. Shane didn’t remember *them*.

“He doesn’t remember...” he whispered, huffing a dry laugh.

Ignoring the nurse’s attempt to calm him down, Ilya turned around and walked away.

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A cloud of smoke drifted before his hazy eyes, the remainder of the cigarette idly fidgeting between his fingers. He’d stopped smoking, telling himself he needed strong lungs if he wanted to keep winning the Stanley Cup. However, that was only an excuse, one to convince himself that the real reason wasn’t that Shane had constantly nagged him about it. And if he was being honest, he loved whenever Shane did. It was cute, and Ilya enjoyed knowing Shane cared about him.

But now Shane not only doesn’t care, but he doesn’t even have memories.

Ilya sniffled, the cigarette suddenly tasting of iron as he took a last drag before throwing the butt on the floor and stomping on it. His head hurt, his body felt oddly sore and exhaustion was heavy on his shoulders. He had no idea what to do. It’s been over half an hour since he stood outside at the back of the hospital building. He was aware he was going to be late for his flight if he didn’t leave now, but how could he? The man he loved was right *here* but with not a single recollection of the time they spent together. And still, Ilya needed to see him again. It was almost physical— the crave and urgency to just *look* at him, even if it meant enduring the pain of watching Shane’s guarded countenance once more.

“Fuck this shit,” Ilya muttered, pushing himself off the wall to head back into Shane’s room.

Despite his long legs, Ilya felt the walk to the room stretch into something endless. He thought maybe this is what it meant to feel empty— to roam around in life without any sense of purpose. Because, what did anything matter anymore? Shane had no idea that they’ve been fucking for years, that it *just* had started to be something *more* even if it terrified Ilya down to his bones. He only remembered Ilya as an asshole, probably, and solely saw him as his hockey rival.

*This has to be a temporary thing. He has to regain his memories back, fucking please.*

Standing once again in front of Shane's door, Ilya took a deep breath and walked in. Shane was sitting now, hands idly fidgeting with his phone while he looked lost in thought. There was a heavy... *something* in his eyes, a shadow that made him look almost broken. Ilya quickly moved over to him, his brow creasing with worry.

"Does something hurt?" he asked anxiously, hand reaching over to touch Shane's forehead. His fingers gently grazed the skin, lingering for a moment longer. He saw Shane's face turn a pretty shade of red, and Ilya's heart soared even through the ache because at least he still had this effect on him.

Shane shook his head, looking away from Ilya's gaze, "No, I, um... I'm good, just... just thinking, I guess."

"You have too many of those," Ilya said, hand still gently brushing the strands of hair from Shane's forehead.

Shane seemed to be in a daze; confused but not pulling away. Ilya loved him so much, "Too many of what?"

Ilya smiled, "Thoughts. You think too much."

"Asshole," Shane mumbled, a smile playing on his lips. Ilya could feel himself be able to breathe again. He saw Shane fidget where he sat, his face betraying the struggle over whether to say what he wanted to say. Over the years, Ilya had learned to read most of Shane's expressions; and he had found himself adoring each and one of them.

He made up his mind a moment later, just as Ilya retreated his hand from where it had lingered on his face longer than necessary, "I, and this might sound crazy, but... I don't know why this," he signaled between them, "feels so familiar, though... Is it weird?"

Working his jaw to hold himself grounded—to not show how devastated yet relieved those words made him feel—Ilya replied, eyes helplessly soft, "No. It is not weird at all."

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A week had passed. Ilya was still in the midst of processing everything, but at least things didn't look unpromising. When he arrived at the hotel, he began looking up online any sort of information that could give light to what was happening to Shane. Then, a recent update was posted on the news. Doctors had explained that Shane's concussion had been fairly severe and that amnesia in cases like his was common, with high likelihood of recovery. The moment Ilya read it, he felt himself deflate. Relief was so overwhelming, sleep finally found him and he stayed in bed for an entire day. A few days later, he heard some teammates talking in the locker room that Shane had been discharged.

Now, a week later, Ilya was sitting on his bed in Boston, leg shaking and fingers itching with the need to text Shane. But, fucking hell, what would he say? And that wasn't even the bigger problem. In Shane's phone, Ilya was saved as 'Lily'. Imagine the level of confusion Shane would experience when he saw a message pop-up on his screen saying '*Hi, I want to see you, yes?*' from some 'stranger' named 'Lily'? It might further extend his memory blockade, for fuck's sake.

*As if sending it with my real name would be better.*

Yet even so, Ilya really wanted to talk to him. He wanted to be close to him. He *needed* him. He guesses that, thinking he could've lost him, made him want to hold on to every little bit of chance he could grab.

As he debated whether to just say fuck it and do it, his phone vibrated. He stood up in a flash, hands shaking as he read the message that'd just popped on his screen.

[Jane: Hello, sorry but who is this?]

Ilya squeezed his eyes shut, pressing the corner of his phone between his brows. Fuck, he completely forgot Shane would still be able to *read* those past messages between them even without Ilya texting him. He must be losing his shit wondering who is this Lily chick he had been sexting and meeting to fuck all this time.

Ilya knew he shouldn't laugh in this situation, but he could picture Shane's terrified face perfectly and he wasn't able to hold back a chuckle. With a smile, he began to text back—heart racing at the prospect of finally being able to communicate again with him.

[Lily: you sure you want to know?]

[Jane: Yes?]

[Jane: Sorry. Did I offend you?]

[Jane: I had an accident and I don't remember much.]

[Jane: Jesus Christ, this is so fucked up. I'm sorry, can you tell me what was going on between us?]

Ah, Ilya's heart was so full— Shane was too adorable. He thought of messing with him for a little longer, just to gather more cute reactions, but decided not to. Instead, he wrote to him, “*answer.*”

[Jane: What?]

Ilya tapped on ‘call’ and placed the phone to his ear. Swallowing, he tried to steady his breathing. He was uncharacteristically nervous, but also so excited he thought he could jump out of his skin. And when the call got picked up and he heard Shane's soft, shy voice, he felt like crying.

“Hello? Lily?”

Ilya cleared his throat, “Yes.”

Silence greeted him, only broken by the faint sound of a gasp. Ilya's lips curved into a small smile, “I am your Lily.”

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“1919”

Shane's voice kept playing on Ilya's mind as he made his way to Shane's house— the *front* door passcode almost becoming music to his ears.

“*Can you come over next week? Boston plays here, right? You need to fucking tell me what the fuck is going on, Rozanov.*”

His trembling, agitated voice shook Ilya's heart with endearment, and he had so badly wished to reply with “*Is the thing I want most right now. To see you.*”, but he simply had agreed nonchalantly to meet, before reluctantly saying goodbye and hanging up. Ilya had texted him, though, *all* week and, to his relief, Shane had texted back. They weren't long conversations, but at least he had indulged Ilya with a ‘good morning’ back when he greeted him or with a cute ‘asshole’ when Ilya playfully teased him. It had almost felt like nothing had changed.

Almost.

Ilya brushed his hair back, straightening his denim jacket before entering the code. The door opened with a click, and Ilya took a moment to steady himself before walking in. Shane had assured him it'd only be him in the house for a few hours, and that he could let himself in freely. But even so, he was in Shane's *house*. He was dying to see his room, his bed—

“You a thief or something? Why are you so quiet?”

Ilya flinched, head snapping over to where the voice came from. Shane stood on the stairs, arm in a cast and tousled hair. He wore an awful set of pajamas and his freckles were accentuated by his black-rimmed glasses. He was fucking beautiful.

Shrugging, Ilya walked closer, “What, did you want me to talk to door? Is there ghost?”

“Freaking asshole,” Shane scoffed, descending the last remaining steps. He stopped right in front of Ilya, and Ilya had to curl his hands into fists inside the pockets of his jacket to keep himself from pulling Shane to him and just *breathe* him in.

“Well, I have come.”

Shane swallowed, “Yes you have... Should we sit?”

He started to make his way to what Ilya guessed was the living room, before Ilya spoke again, “Hollander.”

“Yeah?” Shane turned around, brown eyes ending Ilya right there.

“Cute pants,” *I love you*. “Where did you buy? At thrift store?” *Can I hold you? I want to kiss you*.

Shane huffed in disbelief, “You fucking asshole! Unbelievable,” he muttered under his breath and walked on, unaware that Ilya was barely holding it together. He followed after him, sitting down at his side on the couch. Shane looked up at him, a faint blush on his cheeks. Ilya held his gaze, trying to convey through his eyes everything he was so desperately wanting to say.

“Oh,” Shane said, standing up quickly. His face betrayed a grimace, and Ilya's hands were already on him before he could even acknowledge it.

“Hollander, you are okay? Where it hurts!?” he couldn't hide the worry in his voice, hands gently guiding Shane to sit down again.

“I'm okay, just stood up too fast. Um, sorry, I forgot to ask if you wanted something to drink?”

Ilya shook his head, eyes scanning Shane to make sure he was well, “No, it's okay,” he said softly, brushing his hair out of his forehead. “Stay here. Rest.”

Shane's cheeks became redder, “Is... *this* part of what you have to explain?”

Catching himself, Ilya pulled his hand away and rested it on his lap, “Ah, yes. I should... start.”

“Please do, because I’m really fucking confused right now.”

Ilya nodded and, with a deep intake of breath, he began to explain.

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“You’re fucking with me,” Shane let out a breath that was half laugh and half disbelief. He didn’t even let Ilya properly explain.

Ilya sighed, exasperated after having been interrupted every ten seconds, “Well, *da*. Yes. I *did* fuck with you. And you with me... We fucked together. It is what I just said.”

Shane’s eyes widened, stunned. “This is fucking crazy, holy shit. No way...”

Ilya smirked, “You loved it. Screaming for more every time—”

“Shut the fuck up, Rozanov,” Shane gave him a death glare, face impossibly redder. Ilya wanted to laugh. He had missed *this* so much.

“It is truth! Before accident game, you said for me to come here. You gave me door passcode!”

Shane just kept shaking his head, biting on his lips. Ilya could feel his panic, but he could also tell that he believed Ilya. Ilya moved closer, leaning in until their foreheads almost touched. He looked at Shane’s eyes, and he was *very* aware he must’ve looked disgustingly besotted but he didn’t care. He wasn’t going to miss this chance.

“Want proof?”

Shane’s throat bobbed, eyes drifting to Ilya’s lips before staring back up, “Proof of what?”

“Proof that you love it,” Ilya said, fingers lightly dancing over his freckles. “Just kiss. One time,” Ilya continued, trying to hide the actual desperate desire in his voice.

Shane’s eyes were half-closed, face already close enough that their noses touched. Ilya’s body was on fire, he would die if Shane didn’t kiss him right now.

“Hm? One kiss, yes?” Ilya whispered, voice low and needy as he closed his eyes and nuzzled the tip of Shane’s nose. He was hopeless.

The next moment, he felt a soft touch on his lips that quickly faded away. Ilya snapped his eyes open, meeting Shane’s wide doe ones. They stared at each other for a moment, before they both moved to press their mouths together.

Ilya felt as if his world had finally started moving again. He let himself relish the feeling of Shane's lips on his, in the way he let out soft sounds when Ilya pushed his tongue inside his mouth and how he struggled to keep himself steady and held onto Ilya's hair. Despite his desperate need to devour him, Ilya was careful to not hurt him. He whispered sweet nothings in Russian against his lip, before trailing down to plant kisses on his neck.

Shane's fingers curled on Ilya's head. Ilya hummed, content; nibbling the skin softly before giving a peck. He pulled back to search Shane's expression, smirking with satisfaction when he found heavy-lidded eyes and a face made a flushed mess.

"Love it, yes?" Ilya asked, dipping forward to kiss his cheek. He felt Shane nodding as he moved up to press more kisses over his nose and temple.

"Yes," Shane said, in an almost dreamy sigh. "I love it, Ilya."

Ilya froze, heart skipping a beat. He moved away, a sudden fear overcoming him. A fear of having heard wrong. A fear of mistaking this for something his heart couldn't help but yearn for. It'd kill him if it was all just in his head.

"What?" Ilya said, voice shaking.

Shane swallowed, smiling, "Ilya."

Tears started streaming down Ilya's face, a joy so intense he couldn't fathom into words. He couldn't hold back anymore, breaking down and leaning in to cuddle himself in Shane's arms as he sobbed.

"Ah, hey it still hurts," Shane laughed, hand gentle on Ilya's hair. He felt Shane press a kiss on the top of his head, and he pulled away, albeit reluctantly, with hands still holding on to Shane's side—terrified that, if he let go, Shane would forget him again.

Shane wiped away his tears, hand lingering on Ilya's cheek. Ilya sighed shakily, eyes roaming over Shane's face, "Sorry, I am sorry."

"Why are you apologizing, it's okay," Shane said, voice gentle. "If anything, I'm the one who's sorry for forgetting about *this*."

Ilya sniffled, burying his face into the crook of Shane's neck, "Yes. Be sorry. Should be."

"Yes, yes, how the fuck did I ever dare, right? It's not like I *didn't* have a choice or something," he said with playful sarcasm.

Ilya just hugged him, kissing his shoulder and taking in his scent. He suddenly felt very drowsy, relief pulling a heavy weight off him.

"I missed you," he mumbled, voice hoarse. "I missed you, Hollander."

Shane hugged him back, "I missed you, too. I didn't remember but, something felt weirdly wrong and... whenever I saw you on the news or something, I felt a weird twinge in my

chest,” he laughed, shyly. “I guess that’s what happens when you love someone, huh? Your body just knows. And when you kissed me, it all just came back, as cringe as it sounds.”

Ilya could die right now, listening to Shane’s heart speed up as he waited for Ilya to say something back. He held back the giddiness that threatened to overtake him and slid one of his hands down Shane’s back, “Ah, yes. Your body knows very well,” he said just as he gave Shane’s ass a light squeeze.

Shane laughed, punching his shoulder, “What an asshole, my God.”

Ilya laughed, turning his head to look up at Shane as he laid against his chest, “Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu,” he whispered, bringing Shane’s fingers to his lips. “Means I love you, too. I love you so much it hurts.”

Shane’s eyes glimmered with tears, and they were pretty, so so so pretty, it made Ilya lose his breath. Shane nodded, as if he understood what Ilya meant. “Does it still hurt, though?”

Ilya gave him a soft smile, stroking the hair resting above his ear and feeling himself fall in love all over again.

“No. Not anymore.”

## End Notes

thank you so much for reading! come and follow me on twitter for more hollanov brain rot -  
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