

Blundering Confession

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76257806) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76257806>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Episode: s01e05 I'll Believe in Anything (Heated Rivalry) , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Injured Shane Hollander , Concussed Shane Hollander , Hospital , Hospital Visit , Teasing , Banter , Love Confessions , Canon Rewrite , (but nothing crazy) , My First Fanfic , (and i don't necessarily know if i got tags right) , (but Hollanov is occupying all my synapses) , No Amnesia , High Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander is High on Pain Medication
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 3,390 Chapters: 1/1

Blundering Confession

by [Buyurei](#)

Summary

“Sorry, sorry, I’ll whisssss-peeerrrr,” Shane says, not exactly in a whisper, but more like, in a quiet yell. But it’s still technically quieter than a moment ago.

Then he immediately goes back to his inside-voice-but-absolutely-not-whispering volume. His smile opens up and he says, “Basically I didn’t want you to think I was just in love with you because of your nine inches, or because I was riding you all day or something, and then when we said each other’s names I just got freaked out and too in my own head about everything.”

“Nine inches?” Ilya says, laughing nervously, remembering that lie about his dick size. And then his universe closes in on a single word. “Love?”

Shane is recovering from a concussion on the ice. Ilya visits him in the hospital. They're *both* surprised by what Shane has to say.

Notes

this fic is kinda pulling a "high on laughing gas, hope i don't spill my guts!" and putting extra sauce on it. truly was compelled to write this after witnessing hudson williams in the hospital bed looking up with those big brown eyes. if i speak more on this topic i will go to JAIL. please enjoy!

edit on 12/24: lowered the rating from M to T. reading more and my eyes have been opened... i will be producing something worthy of M or E soon enough...

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

Ilya sees Shane through the window in the door. His eyes are closed, and his face is painted with bruises like he got attacked by goggles. Ilya tries to come in stealthily, but the door clicks open and creaks for a brief moment as it opens.

Shane's eyelids lift open slowly, and as he registers who is in front of him, he can't resist calling for him. "Ilyaaaaa!"

Ilya reactionarily makes a *shh*-ing shape with his lips, but doesn't jump down Shane's throat with it. He can already tell that Shane's voice is dripping with drugs.

"I – uh. I just wanted to..." Ilya stands still. He finds himself running through a checklist of things that Shane has already survived. *No internal bleeding, no memory loss, no bandages wrapped around his legs... He can walk, he can speak, he can probably eat on his own... No shakiness, no this, or this, or this...* "Are you okay?" Ilya asks, but by the time his brain gets the words to come out of his mouth, he already knows the answer is more or less a yes.

"Concussion and a fractured collarbone, out for the playoffs," Shane says, already a giddy smile coming to his face, "buuuut..."

"Could've been worse," Ilya asks, although it isn't a question.

"Could've been worse," Shane confirms, nodding gently.

"Marleau feels terrible, he did not mean to hurt you," Ilya says. His eyes have absorbed the room, and he tells himself that they're alone together, but his feet are still glued to the doorway. His thumb idly rubs against the side of his index finger, unsure of how long they have before someone checks on the captain of the Metros.

Shane swallows. "I know. Part of the game," he says. He tries to get his head comfortable against the pillows, but winces as he adjusts himself. "We all get our bell rung eventually, right?" Shane's smile seems to leak out of him as if his muscles now come to a rest in the shape of a grin.

“Right.”

Ilya glances at the floor, trying to find something to do that seems appropriate, but then he doesn't have to.

“Heeey,” Shane says. “Heeeeeeeeyyy—”

“Okay, okay, okay, shh shh shh shhhh...” Ilya approaches him and quickly takes Shane's hand into his own. Something in him calms as he's able to touch Shane again. *You're here*, he thinks. *You're in front of me, and you're fine*. No amount of speculation, or replay of the injury, or even reports from nurses can confirm what is confirmed for Ilya now.

Shane lets out a small, “Yesss...!” as their hands unite. “Bet-ter.” He inhales deep, and closes his eyes.

Shane's thoughts aren't coming together like they normally do, but he remembers what he wanted to say—and do—last night. What he and Rozanov were expecting from one another. Now, in this hospital bed, Shane's mind is... It isn't running as quickly as it normally does. His mind is like a library, and as its librarian, he knows where most of the books *are*, but when he goes to pick one up, the title is erased off of the cover.

But there's no erraticism to it—no chaos. It's just... more like a snow day. *I'll come back to this, and it'll probably work itself out when I look again*. The only thing is, he needs those books right now. Ilya's standing above him, and he wants to tell him something. *Only... what was it?* He wants to tell Ilya so *many* things, and they all come to mind.

“You scared me,” Ilya says. His eyes rest on Shane's face, and dash around in small movements, investigating every bruise, every mark. His eyebrows involuntarily scrunch together. *Still perfect*.

“I'm sorry I didn't text you last night.”

Ilya shakes his head, and his chin squeezes his bottom lip up against his top lip. “No,” he says. And that’s all. He doesn’t say that he didn’t expect a text—because, of course, that’s not who they are to one another—and he doesn’t say that he paced for over an hour, practically unresponsive in the locker room after the game. That he didn’t go out and celebrate with the team, that he had to take a cold shower to keep his sanity as he ran through all the possibilities. He doesn’t say that he spent over an hour online, looking up statistics around hockey injuries, and recovery times for concussions, and worst injuries in hockey history. He doesn’t say that he almost tried to get in touch with Shane’s teammates, even Shane’s parents, just to see if there was an iota of information he could steal away. “It’s okay,” he concludes.

He brushes Shane’s cheek with his hand, and it takes heaps of willpower to not grab him to smother him in a kiss or a hug. Ilya has half a mind to barricade the door and lie down next to Shane, and get under the covers with him, and simply hold him.

Of course, that loses out to the other option. The option of, barely touching him. And doing nothing.

Ilya breathes deep. Exasperation and fear chemically mix together inside him. He abruptly feels tears singing his eyes, but he blinks them away. *It’s okay now*, he thinks. But his thoughts turn into an avalanche. Footage of checks on the ice, diagnosis websites, and idle banter from his teammates, years of practice, drills, learning to skate for the first time, learning to hold a hockey stick – balance, speed, faster, harder, you can’t make a goal from there? Early mornings, where Ilya was awake before the sun was in the sky, his hands freezing in the backseat of the car. Hating hockey. Loving hockey. Faces and names. Mingling together. Sasha. Svetlana. Marleau. Rose Landry. Hollander. Stupid Hollander. Perfect Hollander. Fuck Hollander. *Fuck Hollander. Shane.*

Shane’s voice turns the avalanche into a powder snow. His eyes open as he inhales to say something, and his brown irises become all-encompassing black holes.

Ilya’s racing mind is vacuumed clean in an instant.

Shane says, “I was excited about last night. I’m mostly mad at Marleau for... fucking that up.” Shane’s smile is explosive. He almost giggles as he finishes the thought.

“He feels really bad,” Ilya says. It’s all he can get out as his mind draws a blank, witnessing Shane’s beauty.

Shane looks away, and his smile fades. Not completely, but a bit. He says, “Y’know, I had a whole plan to ask you something.”

Ilya shakes his head. He wants to know, but he doesn’t want to abuse Shane’s state of being.

“Maybe it’s better if you just rest now.”

“I was gonna ask you—”

“Hollander—”

“Well, actually,” Shane smiles, glancing away from Ilya, and then looking back and getting tangled up in his beautiful hair and his dumb, concerned face. “I was gonna ask you this a long time ago, but obviously, we don’t really see each other that often.”

“Hollander,” Ilya says, “maybe I should let you sleep. A nurse probably will check on you soon, you must be exhausted.” Ilya pulls away, but Shane holds on tight—or, at least, tight for a concussed person.

“That time you cooked for me at your house in Boston, aha,” Shane can’t speak without losing his figurative footing now, bubbling up with joy under every word, “I didn’t want to say the wrong thing because I thought you’d think I was desperate or stupid or something. And then I ruined everything by just leaving after we did it on the couch,” Shane rambles.

At the phrase ‘did it on the couch,’ Ilya glances at the door. No one there, *but still*, he thinks. He tries to shush Shane again, but it’s to no avail.

Shane's eyes are bathed in hope and excitement. He says, "But I was going to tell you I that wanted you to be my boyfriend. But you probably just would've said what you said at the all-star game, which is that, we can't be anything more than what we already are. And I know that."

Ilya *really* tries to get Shane to quiet down now, after the word *boyfriend* comes out. He puts his index finger to his lips, and then taps it against Shane's. But as he does so, Shane's lips jut out like a cartoon character, and he kisses Ilya's finger.

Embarrassed, but melting at the cuteness of it, and simultaneously excited at Shane's uninhibited flow of thoughts, Ilya pulls back. He again glances at the door but there's still no one there.

"I also didn't want to talk to you about all that on that day, because, we were fucking all day long—"

Ilya's heart skips a beat and his hand almost covers Shane's mouth entirely. Under Ilya's palm, Shane laughs.

"Sorry, sorry, I'll whisssss-peeerrrr," Shane says, not exactly in a whisper, but more like, in a quiet yell. But it's still technically quieter than a moment ago.

Then he immediately goes back to his inside-voice-but-absolutely-not-whispering volume. His smile opens up and he says, "Basically I didn't want you to think I was just in love with you because of your nine inches, or because I was riding you all day or something, and then when we said each other's names I just got freaked out and too in my own head about everything."

"Nine inches?" Ilya says, laughing nervously, remembering that lie about his dick size. And then his universe closes in on a single word. "Love?"

"Yeeaaaaah," Shane says, laughing under his breath, "y'know. Like as if I was just in love with you because of your big dick."

Shane? Love? ...Big dick? Ilya repeats this in his mind like a broken record, forcibly rewinding back to the same point. *Shane? Hollander? In love with me?*

Ilya's face soaks up color, and turns red as a tomato. "Hollander Hollander Hollander, hey, I think you need to get some sleep. Listen, I – I'm happy how you feel about me—about us—but maybe I come back tomorrow, okay?" Ilya can't believe how panicked he was mere minutes ago, and now he feels an urge to run away from Shane. *To protect Shane from himself!*

Shane tugs on Ilya's hand. It's surprisingly forceful. Ilya could, of course, rip himself away if he wanted to. But he doesn't want to. Not that much.

"Stoop," Shane says, his smile wavering. "Don't laugh at me, I'm being serious," he complains. Shane lifts his hand, still wrapped around Ilya's and bats Ilya with it. It's a floppy, uninspired hit, but Ilya gets the message.

"Okay, okay, I not go anywhere." Ilya's English grammar slips away from him as the urgency in his voice increases. "Just try to be quiet and, and," Ilya says, searching for a way to get Shane to calm down. "Just think slowly about what you want to say."

"Okay." Shane breathes deep. "You've never been to my cottage in Quebec before, and, I was going to say, had we had last night together... I was going to say you should come stay with me there instead of going back to Russia."

"Hollander... I..."

"We'd have so much fun together, and we'd be all alone, just us two, for a week, or maybe even two," Shane says, half-starting to sing as he reaches the end of the thought. "And it'll be super private, no one will know a thing, and it's so beautiful there, and I want you to see it, cause..." Shane trails off, engulfed in a smile that devolves into childish laughter.

"Because...?" Ilya asks.

Shane breathes deep again, and makes a big show of how patient and controlled he's being, and how careful he is, and how well-thought-out this is about to be. But he gives up the ruse as a giggle escapes him. He says, again, in that non-whisper, hushed yell, "Because we should get married there!"

Ilya's entire being is flipped upside down like an hourglass. *Shane? Hollander? In love with me? Married to me? My... husband?* Ilya had never seriously considered marriage to a man. All his life, he assumed he'd meet someone abroad, in the States or in Canada. Or he'd get washed up and retire to Russia, and marry Sveta. *Cottage? In Quebec? ...Married there!?*

On the other hand, Shane thinks this is going swimmingly. He's basically opening every book in that figurative library, discovering a garbled mess of words on every page, and translating the gibberish into proper grammar in real time, out loud. *Ilya is totally moved by me*, he thinks. *This is why I'm such a good team captain, too.*

"Hollan – *Shane*," Ilya says, his tongue unable to catch up to his brain. "It is a good idea. We can talk about it tomorrow. For right now you need rest. Close eyes. You are not thinking straight."

"There is no such thing as 'thinking straight' for me," Shane says. His laugh is a small, humming *hehehe* that reverberates through to Ilya's body and lands squarely in his heart.

Ilya's head drops, and he sighs, finally giving in to laughter. Ilya squeezes Shane's hand. When Ilya looks up, a tear is falling down his face. "не разбивай мне сердце."

"Noooo, no Russian," Shane complains. "What did you just say?"

"Я тебя люблю," Ilya says. He wipes the tear away quickly, remembering himself. He glances at the door, and then decides to forget himself again. He leans down to kiss Shane on the forehead. But when his lips meet Shane's skin, he remembers how worried he was today, and lingers. His face hovers over Shane's.

Shane's eyes flit shut. Ilya's eyes scan Shane's face as it comes to a rest, but still smiles. Ilya doesn't check the door. He plants a kiss on Shane's lips. At first, gently, like a butterfly landing on a flower petal. But Shane surprises Ilya with his willingness, and they open up to one another. Their spirits meld through their mouths. Ilya's free hand comes up to hold the side of Shane's face. It's just one steamy moment, but Ilya feels himself give everything to it.

Shane whines through his breath, and Ilya retreats, fearing something hurts him. But Shane looks back at him sheepishly, and surprised. "Was that okay?" Shane asks.

Ilya laughs. "I thought I had hurt you..."

Shane erupts into an open-mouthed grin. "Hurt me? With your mouth? Hah, I've never felt anything but pleasure from that mouth."

Who is this man, and what has he done with my Shane? Ilya thinks.

I'm on fire! Shane thinks.

"Well," Shane says, "just think about it. It's not like I'm *proposing* or anything – I'm not insane," Shane says.

"Yes. Well. Not insane, but crazy, that is for sure." Ilya corrects his posture and holds Shane's cheek in his hand.

Then, the sound of the door clicking.

By the time the nurse has entered the room, Ilya is standing a clean foot away from the bed.

Unfortunately, Shane gives it up once again. "Heeey," he insists, "come back."

“Look – hey, Hollander, hey,” Ilya begins, making small, rapid movements with his hand to get Shane’s attention. “Someone here to see you.”

“Oh, no,” Shane says.

To Ilya, Shane is as small as a bird right now. Small enough to hold in his hand.

The nurse makes a light-hearted quip about Ilya being present in order to sabotage Shane’s recovery, and they exchange a polite laugh. Ilya gets out of the room quickly after that, just trying to regain his composure.

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The next day, at around 6:00 AM, Ilya wakes up to his phone buzzing. It’s a video call from Jane.

He picks up the phone before he can rub the sleep from his eyes. “Привет?” Ilya says quietly, squinting so hard that he can barely see.

His voice is deep from having just woken up. Shane does everything he can to not get excited by it.

“ROZANOV. Don’t ‘privyet,’ me!” Shane says in an actually decent accent. “I only have, like, five minutes to make this call because I’m not supposed to look at screens.”

“Right, riiight. Well, glad to see you’re a bit more yourself this morning, Hollander. Yesterday you—”

“Don’t need a refresher. Listen, you know all that stuff I said was just – I was just loopy and high and losing my mind from the concussion and the drugs, I mean – I, you know that, right?”

Rozanov puts a hand in the air and moves the phone away from his face so that his camera can see him making the gesture. “Yes, yes, was just drugs, of course.” Ilya restrains a smile as he speaks.

“And, trust me when I say, all that stuff? That was just garbled up nonsense and half-thought-out thoughts and, and I – none of that was what I meant to say!”

Ilya doesn’t speak, he just nods slowly. He grabs the water on his nightstand and takes a sip.

“Say, ‘yes Hollander, I know’ please,” Shane commands.

“Yes *Shane*, I know,” Ilya says.

Shane’s lips curl up, reacting to his name said in Ilya’s voice. But they refuse to smile. Unlike yesterday. Shane is back to his composed self. Ilya senses the trepidation and knows how to make him bite.

“So this means I am not invited to cottage?” Ilya asks.

Shane’s eyes flick away for a moment, then look back. “The, the, the cottage?”

“Yes, ‘the the the cottage.’ Invitation stands or no?”

“No, the – I mean, *yes*, the invitation stands. Rozanov, I... I know it might be tricky, and, logistically, there would be a lot to figure out—”

Too boring for Ilya. He wants to see Shane trip over his words some more.

“And you don’t really think I have big dick?” Ilya does his best to keep a straight face, as if he’s asking a plain, genuine question.

Shane is caught with his jaw dropped. “B-b-big...? I didn’t really share that I think that, right?”

“Ah, so you admit it,” Ilya says.

“No! No, that wasn’t me saying—”

“But you think is small?”

“It’s not – it’s not *small*, it’s—”

“Big?”

Shane gulps. His face is now completely burning red. He whispers: “It’s... on the... larger side of things...”

“You tell me you love to ride it so much that you want to be boyfriends now. Is true, or is lie?”

Shane’s head falls backwards onto the stacked up pillows behind him. He drops his phone onto his lap and covers his eyes with his other hand, rolling in the mortification.

Ilya just gets a view of the hospital room ceiling as Shane does this. He hears Shane groan.

Shane picks up the phone again, and his face comes into view. “That.” He starts to speak but then a sentence fails to follow. He breathes deep, and exhales slowly. “Okay. Not everything I

said was a lie. I *like* you, Rozanov. I think your...”

There’s a pause.

“Come on, you can say it, no need to be shy,” Ilya says, simultaneously encouraging and teasing.

Shane glares. “Your... dick... is big...”

“I believe your exact words were that you didn’t want me to think the only reason you loved me were for my nine inches. Remember, yes?”

“*Nine inches!?* Whoever said you have nine inches?” Shane chides. Then the sentence, in full, dawns on him. “*LOVE!?*”

“Trust me, I get it,” Ilya says. He smirks as he sips his water again.

“Okay, now you’re just tormenting me.” Shane looks up at something in his room. “Listen, Rozanov, I gotta go. I’ll call you later or tomorrow or something, okay?”

“Yes, yes, I go back to beauty sleep after kicking Metros asses yesterday. Need to look good when I get a hat trick over on Hunter. Glad you’re feeling better, Mrs. Rozanov.” Ilya winks as he delivers the last bit.

“MRS. WHAT!?” Shane almost fully yells.

“You need sleep. No more screens, da?”

“Don’t think for one second that—”

Ilya waves at his screen. “Bye-bye, sweet dreams!” He taps the red button on his screen, reaches to place the device back on his nightstand, and falls back onto his pillow.

He sighs, relieved. *Shane is healing faster than expected. That’s good.*

Drifting off to sleep, Ilya dreams of Shane next to him. High on something that inhibits his boring side, preferably.

End Notes

please consider leaving kindly worded feedback :D also i'm a writer at my day job and i have fucking deadlines that i'm ignoring for hollanov LOL but i'm gay so life is beautiful and happy holidays <3

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