

Opposites Attract

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Opposites Attract

by [attackattackattack](#)

Summary

After his accident, Shane doesn't remember Ilya Rozanov.
Why does his rival visit him in the hospital?
And who is this "Lily" in his phone?

or

an alternate story where shane forgets ilya but ilya makes shane remember

this is canon compliant because it fits right after the accident and before the cottage

Notes

okok i think the only way to get out of my heated rivalry-psychosis (yes i watched everything thrice, every interview of the black cat on crack and the golden retriever and i read all the books in the last week!) is to post this story. of course i had to have a memory loss situation bc it is my favorite trope and no i do not want to psychoanalyze that shit.

keep in mind, in the books ilya wanted to end it with shane before the accident! so i feel like its canon compliant!

have fun, tell me your thoughts plsss and i think i will post the next chapter tomorrow!! <3

Chapter 1

“Shane? Shane! Honey, can you hear me?”

Shane blinked, his head was pounding, everything felt muffled, everything was white noise.

His mother appeared in blurry waves, and even through the haze of his headache he could make out her infamous, deeply worried frown.

“Mom?” His voice came out rusty, scraped raw from his throat.

“Yes, it’s me. We’re here, your dad and I, and everything’s going to be okay.”

“Okay.” Shane decided to take her word for it.

“What happened, Mom?” He tried to stretch his head toward her, but pain shot through him like a finely honed knife.

“Don’t you remember? You collided with Marlow during the game.”

“Marlow?” Shane frowned, which did nothing to help the headache. “Where am I?”

“In the hospital, sweetheart.” His mother brushed her hand over his arm, and Shane decided to finally open his eyes.

His mother was sitting right by his head, looking straight at him. The white hospital walls didn’t calm Shane at all; he felt his heart begin to race.

His gaze caught on the doorframe, where the most beautiful man he had ever seen was leaning.

“Mom?” he tried to whisper. “Why is the doctor wearing black?”

“The doctor?” Yuna’s head snapped around, her eyes widened, and she clutched her hand to her chest.

“For God’s sake, Ilya Rozanov! You scared me half to death. Who let you in here?”

Rozanov? Something stirred in Shane’s stomach – something he couldn’t place. Why did the doctor’s name sound familiar?

His mother turned back to him, and this time her expression wasn’t just worried, but probing.

“Do you remember everything that happened before the accident? Why don’t you recognize Rozanov? He’s your biggest rival in hockey!”

Hockey! Shane knew that!

“I’m the best hockey player in the league!” he announced enthusiastically.

He did remember everything – he’d won the Cup just last year! There was no reason to worry.

“Mh, that is to be discussed.”

The voice from the doorway startled Shane again. It was deep, soothing, and the fine hairs on his arms stood up like little flags in the wind.

The man with the blond curls, tight black jeans, and a fitted black V-neck sweater stepped away from the door.

“As the captain of my team, I wanted to check in on how he’s doing. Marlow feels terrible – he didn’t mean to hurt Hollander. You must be his mother?”

Spoken in a strong Russian accent – one that sent a shiver down Shane’s spine for reasons he couldn’t grasp – the sexy Doctor McSteamy revealed himself to be a hockey player.

Shane was confused. Why couldn’t he remember a team captain? He had every play from the last two years, every lineup of the teams he planned to beat next season, ready in his head.

Yuna seemed just as surprised by the young man’s presence, but she still shook his outstretched hand.

“That’s very thoughtful of you. Thank you for the concern,” she said, throwing Shane a look over her shoulder that he couldn’t quite interpret.

“Uh, yeah, thanks,” Shane said, suddenly deeply uncomfortable.

“How are you feeling, Hollander?” the man asked now, stepping closer. Shane looked into his eyes for the first time and suddenly felt like he couldn’t breathe. Who was this man?

Yuna misread the fear on her son’s face.

“I’ll let the doctor know you’re awake. Your heart rate is pretty elevated too, but hopefully he’ll give the all-clear soon.”

She stood up and walked toward the door, passing the curly-haired man.

“Rozanov, if you *dare* smother my son with a pillow or do *anything* to him, I swear – I’ll be right back!”

With that, she disappeared into the hallway. Ilya Rozanov stepped even closer to the very confused Shane Hollander.

“You scared me,” he said.

“Why?” Shane didn’t know what else to ask. “I think I’m okay.”

Rozanov frowned. Shane desperately wanted him to either smile again or leave. Standing there by the bed, not recognizing him, yet still stirring that strange feeling in his stomach – it was driving him crazy.

“No, really, I appreciate that you came all this way. I’m sure your teammate didn’t want to seriously hurt me. We’ll see each other again on the ice in a few months, yeah?” Shane tried. Maybe this Rozanov felt guilty. Maybe he was somehow involved in the accident? He’d have to ask his mom later and rewatch tapes of the game – he wanted to know exactly what had happened.

His response only seemed to unsettle the man further.

“Your mother’s gone. We can talk openly–”

With a careful movement, he lifted his hand and placed it on the back of Shane’s outstretched hand.

For a millisecond, Shane looked at their hands. Then he yanked his own away.

What the fuck? What was wrong with this guy? Hadn’t his mother just said they were rivals? Something here was very, very wrong.

“Um, sorry, but do we know each other well? I honestly can’t remember you at all.” Shane decided to stick with the truth.

“Ah–” Rozanov straightened up. Shane saw something like pain flash through his blue eyes, but it vanished instantly. His brow smoothed, he clasped his hands behind his back, as if trying to keep them as far away from Shane as possible.

“No, no, we don’t know each other that well. I just want to be the best player in the league without the media saying it’s because you’re injured.”

Shane nodded slowly. That made sense.

Rozanov cleared his throat. “Um—” Rozanov began again, but at that moment Shane’s mother burst back into the room, followed by a doctor and a nurse.

“Ah, honey, I can already see your heart rate’s back down to 81 – very good! Thank you, Rozanov, for stopping by. Shane, the doctor’s already reviewed your vitals–”

But Shane wasn’t listening anymore. His focus was on Ilya Rozanov, who was backing out of the room with a thin smile.

“Get well soon,” Shane thought he saw him mouth before he was gone. And Shane felt sad, but relieved – because that had been really strange.

Fuck.

Ilya hadn’t even made it ten meters down the hospital hallway before he had to lean against a wall and slowly sink into a crouch.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Seeing Shane unconscious on the ice had already been traumatic enough. For a moment, he'd truly thought it was over. A life without Shane. It had snapped him back to reality – at least for a few hours.

He was obsessed with this man. Every plan he'd had to end this relationship – whatever relationship meant – had dissolved the moment he thought he might actually lose Shane.

He'd raced to the hospital as fast as he could after the game. He didn't care what the media would write, what anyone would think – he had to see Shane.

That seeing him could hurt even more – that hadn't occurred to him.

At first, he'd thought Shane was just pretending because of his mother. But the way he'd recoiled from Ilya's hand – that had been worse than the first times they'd slept together. The panic in Shane's eyes echoed inside him now. He didn't remember him.

Maybe this is a good thing, a voice whispered in his head.

You knew it had to end eventually. And you'd have been too weak to end it yourself. Now the decision's been made for you. Be glad.

But Ilya wasn't glad. He was heartbroken.

Still, if there was one thing he'd learned in life, it was how to keep going through grief as if nothing had happened.

So he stood back up. The mask slid back into place; his shoulders locked in again.

He would keep living his life.

And he did – he tried, truly. He allowed himself to google “Shane Hollander” once a day, and once every evening he opened the chat with “Jane” to reread their last messages.

A week passed like that.

“Shane Hollander released from hospital,” the headlines read.

“Broken collarbone and concussion,” they listed his injuries. No mention of amnesia. No mention that Shane had apparently forgotten several years of secret hookups.

He'd forgotten tuna melts. Had he forgotten Rose Landry too? Or just the reason Rose and him weren't compatible?

Ilya was lying in bed when his phone pinged.

Hi Lily, this might be weird, but I read our messages and they don't make sense because I've had some memory gaps since an accident. How do we know each other? Best regards and sorry if it's strange that I'm just messaging you.
Shane.

The message was so heartbreaking, so unmistakably Shane, that Ilya couldn't help but reply.

So you don't remember me at all? I like to think I'm pretty unforgettable ;)

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Hi Lily, like I said, this is a bit awkward for me. Our chat seems to suggest that we've met?

Shane chewed on his fingernails. He'd actually wanted to break that habit, but the past week had really been a textbook example of stressful situations. The doctors had sent him home, sure, but it had taken several days before his head stopped throbbing and he no longer felt completely foggy from the painkillers.

According to the doctors, he was supposed to keep an eye on his amnesia, but since it obviously wasn't particularly severe – apparently it only concerned a curly-haired guy named Ilya Rozanov, whom Shane had never heard of, and a weird, very, very flirty chat history with a girl – no one but Shane himself was really worried.

Maybe everyone else just figured that losing a few brain cells was part of the job description.

His parents had left him alone in his apartment in Montreal for the first time today, just for a few hours. Tomorrow they wanted to drive up to the cottage. The quiet would do him good, Shane had told himself.

Only two days earlier he had discovered the chat with “Lily.” Another gap in his mind. He had read everything, and it had made him hot and cold.

At first he was relieved that there apparently hadn't been any communication with Lily while he'd been dating Rose. Shane didn't see himself as a cheater.

But could he really be sure about that? Some of the messages with Lily were very explicit.

And often related to the hockey season. “*See you next season.*” There were some references to Boston.

Was Lily the wife of a teammate? The thought made Shane feel sick – that he might have been secretly seeing someone who was married.

He racked his brain trying to remember when he could have met a woman in Boston. He lay down on his bed. He really should have been asleep already.

“9 inch of the dick you want,” Lily had written.

At night Shane jolted awake. Had he told her about his dildo? Or even shown it to her??? He tossed and turned in bed; the message had been haunting him for hours now.

Shane gave up and took his phone off airplane mode.

Lily: *Oh yes, we met up. Loved our meet-ups!*

Shane: *But you are not married or taken, are you?*

Lily: *Free like a bird (I am taken by you)*

Shane sighed. The flutter in his stomach unsettled him.

After the debacle with Rose Landry, he had only just allowed himself the thought that he and women simply weren't a match.

Not compatible, a voice in his head said. But these messages from Lily stirred something entirely different in him. Something he had never felt before.

Shane: *Can we maybe talk on the phone?*

Shane tossed the phone onto his bed and sat up. Oh God. He was way too direct! But he had to find out who this Lily was.

Lily: *Sorry, no remembering, no talking. ;)*

Shane: *Maybe I will remember when I hear your voice or see your face?*

Lily: *Is your face bruised?*

Shane: *How do you know?*

Lily: *I have television.*

Shane had rewatched his collision with Marlow over and over again, analyzed his motionless body on the ice. And again and again he had tried to understand why his opponent Rozanov – who had stood next to him on the ice, clearly very concerned about his condition – simply wouldn't come back to his memory.

Shane: *And are you a hockey fan?*

Lily: *Not really.*

Lily: *But I always watch your games.*

Shane: *And we slept together?*

Lily: *We did much more than that.*

Shane: *I'm really sorry, but I can't remember anything.*

Lily: *I'm sorry too.*

Shane felt dizzy. This chatting wasn't doing him any good, and it wasn't leading anywhere. At least the worst of his fears had already been dispelled – he hadn't cheated on Rose Landry or anyone else – but something about it all made him queasy.

He decided to let it rest. Tomorrow they'd go to the cottage. At the cottage, everything was always better.

Ilya knew his strategy hadn't worked. He'd never stood a chance. And now this back-and-forth texting? The fact that "Jane" was even writing to him made him so happy it was ridiculous. *Get your fucking act together.*

Okay, fine-he would just text a little, nothing more. It was harmless anyway, because as long as Shane Hollander didn't remember his fated connection with Ilya Rozanov, there was no fated connection. Or rather, the fated connection Ilya felt became two things: one-sided and ridiculous.

But it was harmless. Ilya was Lily, and Lily was nobody. Nothing would happen. He wouldn't call, and he wouldn't reveal anything else either. What could possibly happen?

The cottage was Shane's sanctuary. As soon as he looked out over the lake in the evening, all his worries seemed a little smaller. They were still big – Shane's brain loved obsessing about the tiniest things – but here at the cottage everything felt manageable.

The doctors had promised him full physical recovery, his team wasn't angry with him, and next season he would play even better.

The only problem was Lily. Or rather, his obsession with Lily.

They had been texting on and off over the past few days. Shane's mother kept reminding him that because of his concussion he shouldn't be glued to his phone so much.

Lily: *So you aren't in pain anymore?*

Shane: *No, I am fine mostly. Why?*

Lily: *Just curious.*

Shane: *I am stressed that I don't remember you, but otherwise I feel good.*

Lily: *That's good.*

Shane: *Yeah :)*

The accident had happened almost ten days ago now.

Shane: *Can you tell me something about yourself? Our previous chats do not reveal a lot.*

Lily: *I am secretive girl.*

Shane: *Sometimes I feel like I've known you forever.*

Lily: *That's because you have known me forever.*

Shane really felt like, for the first time, he could sense what his teammates meant when they gushed about the women they chatted with for hours while traveling to some tournament.

Shane: *Then why can't we talk on the phone?*

Lily: *I'm not a fan of phone calls.*

Shane had already talked to Hayden. When he asked him about Lily, Hayden had laughed. "You forgot Lily? Mate, you've been obsessed with her for years. You were always sneaking off, but acting like you were just friends. But sorry, I can't help you – you were always super tight-lipped. I mean, you know yourself. I have no idea who this Lily could be, where you met, or what she looks like."

He didn't dare ask his parents, of course. So Shane gathered all his courage and called Rose Landry.

"Rose, do you remember me ever talking about a Lily?"

"Lily?"

"Yes, Lily. There's this weird contact in my phone, and since my accident I've got gaps in my memory, but only about very specific things."

"Sorry, I don't remember any Lily at all. Are you out to your parents yet, by the way?"

Rose had lowered her voice. Shane lifted his gaze to the treetops above him.

"No. I don't know how, and besides, I first need to sort out this thing with Lily."

"I understand. Let me know if there's anything I can do."

Shane: *Sorry, Lily, but I'm freaking out a bit.*

Lily: *Oh Hollander, don't do that. I forbid it.*

Shane: *If you don't want to talk on the phone, could we maybe meet? I could even come to a public, neutral place if that's better for you.*

Lily: *No, not a public place.*

Shane: *Okay, okay.*

Lily: *Trust me, you wouldn't want that either.*

Shane: *Why not? I just want to see you.*

Lily: *Believe me, I want to see you too.*

Shane: *Then we agree.*

Lily: ;)

Shane: *I'm at my cottage right now. That's the opposite of public.*

Lily: *Okay?*

Shane: *Maybe you could visit me here.*

Shane felt like he was having a heart attack. But he pushed through and continued typing.

Shane: *We'd be undisturbed. I feel like I just need to see you, then I'll remember.*

Lily: *I don't think you'll remember just because you see me.*

Shane: *Please?*

Lily: *I don't think that's a good idea.*

Days had passed again since then. Shane was now lying on the couch with his mother and father, watching Scott Hunter try to win the Cup.

Shane: *Are you watching the game right now too?*

Lily: *What do you think?*

Shane: *I think you're watching the game.*

Lily: *Scott Hunter is so old.*

Shane: *Haha.*

Lily didn't reply after that. Shane had gotten used to having to do the pathetic double-texting, but he didn't mind as long as Lily's name kept popping up on his screen.

Shane: *My mom says Scott Hunter is definitely going to win today.*

Lily: *Probably, yeah.*

The game was over. Friends and family poured onto the ice. Scott Hunter stayed off on the side, skating back and forth along the boards. He began gesturing toward the crowd. Shane leaned forward a little.

Shane: *What is he doing right now though?*

Until just a moment ago, Ilya had been stretched out on his couch. Now he was sitting on the edge.

He had simply replied to Shane: *I don't know.*

Scott Hunter now tightly embraced a man on the ice. The camera zoomed in on a kiss that looked like many other kisses had come before it.

In Shane's brain, pieces tumbled around, everything rearranged itself. Scott Hunter asking him, "Where's your boy Rozanov?" and Shane almost choking on his ginger ale. Ten minutes later, being aggressively kissed by his boy on the rooftop terrace.

Scott Hunter now triumphantly raised his fist in the air. And Shane thought of Ilya winking at him on the ice. How could he ever have thought that "Lily" was a girl?

"Wow," he heard Yuna say.

He jumped up and almost ran out of the room.

Manically, he typed into his phone: "*I remember.*"

After sending the message, he ran around in circles like a dog chasing its own tail.

His heart was pounding. His phone rang.

"Ilya..." His voice broke.

"Shane."

Shane was so relieved. He closed his eyes, felt tears already gathering in his lashes. Would Ilya hang up again right away?

Ilya pressed the phone to his ear so tightly it hurt.

He really only had one thing left to say. There was no time left to lose.

"I am coming to the cottage."

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for reading!!!! i am so happy if you take the time to give feedback!

I advise you to listen while reading the last line: I AM COMING TO THE COTTAGE!

[https://open.spotify.com/track/6zC0XGNzvCCmxPTX5Bdfj2?](https://open.spotify.com/track/6zC0XGNzvCCmxPTX5Bdfj2?si=jK3rabiXThuN_9gNYVdRqQ)

[si=jK3rabiXThuN_9gNYVdRqQ](https://open.spotify.com/track/6zC0XGNzvCCmxPTX5Bdfj2?si=jK3rabiXThuN_9gNYVdRqQ)

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