Don’t let this darkness fool you

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Don’t let this darkness fool you

by gigglyballs

Summary

Ilya Rozanov is not okay, and he’s been hiding it for too long. One night in May changes everything and Shane is forced to face the cost of loving someone who is hurting. Luckily Hayden and his mom help him along the way.

Or Ilya Rozanov tries to kill himself

Notes

I MIGHT to a second one shot epilogue type but still angst cus who am I without angst

TW: suicide

Also im not familiar with Russian at all, please correct me if I am wrong and help me change it or something.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya Rozanov had never been good at talking about how he felt.

He had told Shane he loved him. Told Troy he was bi. Told Svetlana about Shane and his therapist about everything else that mattered.

But this—

He couldn't tell Shane. Not now, maybe not ever.

The feeling had always been there, weighing down on his chest. Some days he could pretend it wasn't. Other days it pressed harder.

He wasn't sure when it started. Maybe when his mom died or maybe it had always been there.

He used to know how to make it stop. A quick fuck, drive too fast, have a smoke and it'd go away.

It never fixed anything, but it dulled the edges long enough to breathe.

He'd gotten rid of most of it for Shane. Sold the cars. Stopped fucking strangers. He tried to be better.

He kept one car. Just one.

On the bad days—days that were starting to outnumber the good, he'd take it out late at night and drive faster then considered safe.

His therapist, Galina said the feeling was worse because he'd taken away all his exits. The things he used to distract himself.

Ilya didn't disagree, Ever since he'd moved to Ottawa everything had become dull. It made him feel selfish, he had everything he'd wanted Shane, a family and Anya.

But for some reason he just couldn't enjoy hockey, he couldn't enjoy what used to be a breath of fresh air, what used to keep him alive.

The Centaurs were great. Everyone was closer than in Boston. But every time he stepped onto the ice, he felt like he'd already left something behind.

Ilya had given up hockey to be with Shane. He didn't regret that. But some days it felt like he did.

Maybe thats what pushed him too far to the edge. Too far to save.

After practices or games he'd go to his home, it didn't feel like home without Shane.

At least he had Anya. Although he frequently felt guilty. Always too tired to take her on daily walks or play with her.

She didn’t mind always laying in bed with him, but he knew it wasn’t right. A lot of things weren’t right.

He slept too much.

Or not at all.

He struggled to get out of bed most days, went to bed right when he got home. He felt so hollow, so sad.

He missed Shane in a way that hurt worse than being alone ever had.

Maybe he should have told Shane sooner, maybe. Just maybe. It wouldn’t have gotten that bad if he did.

Two more weeks.

Three days together.

He counted and recounted until the numbers stopped meaning anything.

Their calls became shorter. Then rarer. Texts replaced them. Then fewer texts.

Shane had been busy with playoffs, celebrating, brand deals and advertisements.

Ilya: Win against Hunter.

Shane: Do you not have faith in me?

Ilya: No Hunter is very good is better then you

Shane: Whose leading in points this year?

Ilya: Shane Hollander?
I do not know who that is

Shane: asshole
Shit
I’ve got to go, see you later. I love you ❤️

Ilya: I love you Shane

The texts became less. He looked at his last few texts from Shane.

Ilya: Call? I want to hear your voice

Shane: Sorry I can’t Hayds making me go out with the team. I miss you, 13 more days.

He stared at the screen long after it went dark. His phone died sometime after that.

He remembered missed calls. Or maybe he imagined them.
The days seemed to blend together after that.
The dreams were worse.

He heard his mother screaming. Heard the sound of his father's hand meeting her face. Then —silence.

Her hand was cold and lifeless in his. He never saw her face. Over time, it had slipped from his memory; now all that remained was a hazy fog where her body should have been.

He woke gasping for air, his back drenched in sweat. His first thought was Shane. He reached out into the darkness toward the other side of the bed and found nothing.

He missed Shane more than anything.

The quiet was the worst part.

Ilya used to like being alone. Used to crave it, actually—space to think, to breathe, to exist without being watched. Now the quiet felt loud, pressing in on him from all sides. Every room in the house felt too big. Too empty.

The thought drifted through his mind more often than he wanted to admit.

He found himself in the bathroom a lot, staring at the small orange bottles beneath the sink. Prescriptions—pain medication from old injuries, some his, some Shane's.

Sometimes he would roll a bottle between his palms. Sometimes he'd shake a few pills into his hand just to look at them.

He never took them.

Ten more days until he saw Shane.

Even ten days felt like an eternity. The last four had already stretched on endlessly. He had barely shown up to practice, barely eaten, barely slept. It was as if he were only a shadow of himself.

May 15th.
He remembered glancing at the date on his phone when he woke up.

He canceled his appointment with Galina, made up a stupid excuse, and didn't show up to practice.

Eventually, he forced himself out of bed to feed Anya. He opened the fridge, stared at the shelves, then shut it again. Nothing felt worth the effort. Instead, he turned to the cabinet where they kept the alcohol.

It was early, but Ilya didn't care.

He missed Shane. It felt like the only thing he could still feel at all. Everything else was numb—except that weight pressing down on his chest, pinning him in place.

He pulled out a bottle and didn't bother with a glass. He drank straight from it. The burn scraped down his throat.

Ilya liked the burn.

It reminded him he was real. That he was still alive—somehow.

And that was the thought that unraveled him.

Alive. He was alive. But being alive was a choice, wasn't it? One that could be undone. His mother had made that choice once, choosing escape over endless suffering.

He'd always been his mother's son.

He barely remembered standing, barely remembered moving to the bathroom. The mirror showed tangled hair and deep shadows beneath his eyes. He looked awful.

Shane didn't deserve this.
Shane deserved someone whole. Someone who could take care of themself.

Clearly, that wasn't Ilya.

He opened the cabinet and reached for the orange bottles—

—and his phone rang.

How inconvenient, he thought distantly.

He answered without checking the screen.

Shane's voice filled the room. Warm. Familiar. Everything Ilya loved.

"Did you hear what I just said?"

"Ilya? Are you there?"

The sound snapped him back into himself. "Yes—sorry."

"You okay? You sound off."

"Yes," Ilya said quickly. "I am just tired. I have an appointment with Galina later. Don't worry."

He didn't know why he lied. He had canceled it.

Shane knew it wasn't the full truth. He also knew when not to push.

“Hayden wants me to go out tonight,” Shane said. “But I’d rather talk to you. I just wanted to check in.”

“I am very tired, lyubov moya,” Ilya said. “Go out with them.”

“Ilya, we barely get to talk,” Shane said, disappointment clear in his voice.

“Da. I am sorry. It will be better for you this way.”

“What?” Shane asked. “That sounded… cryptic.”

“Do not worry. I am just tired. Listen to Hayden. Have fun.”

“Ilya—”

“Goodbye, moya lyubov.”

“Goo—”

Ilya hung up.

Shane slammed his phone onto the bed. “Dammit.”

If he hadn’t known something was wrong before, he definitely did now.

“What’s wrong?” Hayden asked, stepping out of the bathroom.

“Ilya,” Shane said, already picking his phone back up. “I can just tell something’s off.”

“Shane, I’m sure Rozanov is just busy,” Hayden said, sitting down across from him. “Practice, team stuff. Whatever he does.”

“No,” Shane said, shaking his head. “Something’s wrong. He sounded… off. Cryptic. Then he hung up and—” He stopped, taking a shaky breath, closing his eyes until his breathing slowed.

“Hey,” Hayden said gently, resting a hand on his shoulder. “Calm down. I don’t like the guy, but he wouldn’t do anything to hurt you. He worships you.”

Shane swallowed. “I’m not worried about him hurting me.”

Hayden frowned. “Then what?”

Shane wiped at his eyes. “I’m scared he might hurt himself.”

The room went quiet.

Hayden didn’t know what to say. He’d always thought of Rozanov as reckless, arrogant—never fragile. But now, thinking back, he remembered all the times Shane had canceled plans or left early to be with him.

Maybe it hadn't just been love.

"Listen," Hayden said carefully. "All you can do is keep calling. And if it gets worse—call your parents. They can check on him."

Shane nodded and pulled Hayden into a brief hug. "Thank you. I mean it."

He didn't waste a second dialing Ilya's number.

It rang.

He called again.

No answer.

Shane: Can you go check on Ilya? I'm worried.

Mom: Of course.

Shane exhaled shakily.

Please be okay, Ilya.
Please.

The phone kept vibrating on the counter.

Ilya didn't answer it.

Instead he dumped the pills out, into his hands.

The vodka sat beside the sink. He didn't remember bringing it.

He took them, using the vodka to swallow.

Everything after that felt distant—blurred at the edges. The ringing in his ears grew louder, his movements slower, time stretching and folding in on itself. He barely remembered calling Shane.

"Shane." His voice came out wrong. Slurred. Not his.

"Ilya?" Shane said sharply. "What's going on? What did you do? My mom's coming—Ilya, answer me."

Hayden was already helping, already grabbing shoes, already calling a cab.

"Ya prinyal ikh… Ya ne narochno, prosti menya"

"Ilya—I don't understand," Shane said, already moving. "What are you saying?"

"Ya skoro uvizhu svoyu mamu."
The words ran together, heavy on his tongue.

“Ilya,” Shane pleaded, panic breaking through his voice. “What did you take? English, please.”

“Pills,” Ilya murmured. “Mnogo… tabletok.”

His eyes kept drifting shut. It took effort to keep them open.

“Ilya—fuck. Ilya, listen to me. Please. Stay with me.”

Static crackled faintly through the phone. Movement. Voices.

“Ilya,” Shane said again, louder now. “Baby, answer me. Please.”

“Shane.”

Another voice came through—older, steadier.

“Mom,” Shane said immediately. “Is he okay? He took pills—please tell me he’s okay.”

“I’m calling 911,” she said firmly. “Ilya, sweetheart, you need to stay awake.”

Shane turned the volume all the way up, straining to hear.

“Mama?” Ilya’s voice was faint. Wrong.
“Where is my mama?”

“Ilya,” Shane’s mom said gently. “Help is coming. Stay with me.”

“Ilya?” Shane whispered. “Please.”

“Ilya, the ambulance is on the way,” his mom said. “I’ll update you.”

The call ended.

Shane stared at the dark screen, unable to breathe.

Shane couldn’t say anything.

Ilya, his Ilya had tried to kill himself—maybe even succeeded.

Shane barely remembered the flight—only the pressure in his ears, the hum of the engine, the way his leg wouldn’t stop bouncing.

Time collapsed into a blur of terminals and doors and fluorescent lights until he was following a nurse down a white hallway that smelled like antiseptic. The machines soft beeping, steady and cruel—and then Shane was there, standing at the bedside, fingers closing around Ilya’s hand. A sob ripping out of his chest.

“Shane, he’s going to be okay,” Shanes mom said hugging him tightly. She’d been sitting in the room waiting. David standing beside her. Hugging him when she let go.

“Thank you, for being here.” Shane said letting his hand hold onto Ilyas again—he never wanted to let go.

“Always, You’re our son but so is Ilya. We love you both.”

Shane smiled, wiping tears from his eyes.

“We’ll get going, give you some time with him. Call us.”

Shane nodded.

Hours passed. Shane didn’t notice until his butt ached from the chair and the sky outside the window had gone dark.

Eventually he fell asleep his body folded in half head resting on the edge of Ilya’s bed.

The room was dim when Shane startled awake.

For a moment he didn’t know where he was. His neck ached, his hand numb from being held too long in one position. Then the steady beeping cut through the fog, soft and relentless, and memory slammed back into him all at once.

Hospital.
Ilya.

He straightened immediately, heart racing.

“Ilya?” His voice came out rough from sleep. “Baby?”

At first there was nothing. Just the machines, the low hum of the building waking up around them.

Then—so faint Shane almost missed it—

“Mama…”

The word was barely sound at all. Slurred. Wrong.

Shane was on his feet in an instant, chair scraping softly against the floor. He leaned over the bed, hands trembling as he reached for Ilya’s.

“Ilya, I’m here,” he said quickly. “I’m right here. It’s okay.”

Ilya’s eyes fluttered open.

They were unfocused at first, glassy with exhaustion. He stared at the ceiling, breathing shallow, like the effort of it alone was too much. When his gaze finally shifted, it landed on Shane.

And held.

For half a second, Shane felt hope bloom in his chest—sharp and fragile.

Then Ilya looked away.

The movement was small. Deliberate.

His jaw tightened, and he turned his head just enough to break eye contact, staring instead at the wall beside the bed. His lips pressed together, as if holding something in.

Shane's heart sank.

"Ilya," he whispered. "Hey. You don't have to—just look at me. Please."

Nothing.

Guilt sat heavy in Ilya's expression, even without words. It was there in the way his shoulders curled inward, in the way his fingers twitched like he wanted to pull his hand back but didn't have the strength.

Shane swallowed hard. "You scared me," he said softly. "You scared everyone."

Still nothing.

Footsteps approached, measured and quiet. A nurse stepped in first, followed by a doctor Shane hadn't seen yet. Their presence filled the room with a different kind of gravity—professional, calm, unyielding.

"Hi, Ilya," the doctor said gently. "You're in the hospital. You're safe."

Ilya didn't respond.

The nurse checked the monitors, murmured something Shane couldn't hear. The doctor's gaze shifted to Shane.

"Can I speak with you for a moment?" she asked.

Shane hesitated, looking back at Ilya. "I don't want to leave him."

"I promise we'll take care of him," she said. "Just outside."

Reluctantly, Shane nodded. He squeezed Ilya's hand once more. "I'll be right back," he whispered. "I'm not going anywhere."

Ilya didn't look at him.

In the hallway, the lights were too bright, the air too cold.

The doctor spoke calmly, clearly—about stability, about monitoring, about next steps. About how, because of what had happened, they would need to keep Ilya under observation for at least seventy-two hours. About evaluations. About safety.

Shane heard the words, but they felt distant, like they were happening to someone else.

“Can I see him?” Shane asked, voice tight.

“Yes,” the doctor said. “But he may not be ready to talk yet.”

Shane nodded slowly and went back into the room, sitting down beside Ilya’s bed.

Ilya immediately turned his head away.

“Baby,” Shane said softly. “Look at me. I’m not mad at you—I—”
His voice broke, a sob slipping through before he could stop it. “I’m sorry. I should have noticed. I knew something was wrong and I didn’t push and I’m an idiot and I love you so much—”

His breathing sped up as the words tumbled out, tears spilling freely now.

Ilya turned back toward him.

His eyes were glassy, rimmed red, but focused. “Ne plach’, moy horoshiy,” he murmured. “Don’t cry, sweetheart.” His voice was rough, scraped thin from disuse. He lifted his hand with effort, thumb brushing gently along Shane’s cheek, wiping away tears as they fell.

Shane let out a broken laugh through his crying. “God, I almost lost you. Don’t ever do that again, asshole.” He shook his head, pressing his forehead briefly against Ilya’s hand. “I love you so much. I don’t care about your bad days. I don’t care when you can’t get out of bed, or when you can’t talk right, or when you disappear into your head. I love you. All of you.”

His voice steadied just enough to keep going.

“Don’t hide from me. I know you struggle. I know you’ve been carrying it alone. You don’t have to anymore. Not with me.”

Ilya watched him closely as he spoke, nodding faintly. A small, fragile smile tugged at his lips. “Thank you, Shane.”

He patted the mattress beside him and shifted over just a little.

Shane smiled back, shaking his head as he wiped his face, tears still drying on his skin. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t,” Ilya said quietly. “I am strong man.”

Shane let out a soft chuckle and carefully climbed onto the bed beside him, mindful of the tubes and wires. He wrapped an arm around Ilya, pulling him in gently.

“They’re going to keep you here for three days,” Shane said. “Then they decide what’s next.”

“I know,” Ilya replied. After a beat, he added, “Can we talk later? I just… want to lay with you.”

Shane tightened his arm around him. “Yeah. Me too.”

End Notes

Russian translations

Lyubov moya - my love

Ya prinyal ikh… Ya ne narochno, prosti menya - I took them, I didnt mean to it was an accident, please forgive me

Ya skoro uvizhu svoyu mamu - I'm going to see my mother soon

Mnogo… tabletok- Many pills

Ne plach', moy horoshiy- don't cry darling

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