

i saw you in a dream (you stayed the same)

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i saw you in a dream (you stayed the same)

by [sergeantfuckybarnes](#)

Summary

Hollander's face flashed in his mind, once again, as he took that glance backward that cost him the game, and almost his life. Before Marlowe had reached him, Hollander's expression was pure triumph, a beaming smile directed towards Ilya that made his heart clench.

This injury would likely prevent Hollander from playing the rest of the season, which would be devastating for both of them. Ilya could only hope that the rest of this season was all that Hollander would lose. Some outcomes could be much worse. Ilya couldn't live in a world without Hollander. He wouldn't. Ilya couldn't even entertain that thought without getting nauseous. He took deep breaths in and out, leaning his head on the wall behind him. Slowly, his breathing began to even out as he drifted into a fitful sleep.

OR

Rozanov has glimpses of different lives with Hollander and realizes he would love Shane again and again.

Notes

i am a google translate warrior i'm so sorry feel free to comment if i made any egregious errors

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

Ilya was exhausted.

He felt as if this day had lasted one million years in just a few short hours.

Ilya was prepared to end things with Hollander tonight, just after the game. It had not been what he wanted to do, but he knew he could not keep Hollander in this limbo forever - this back-and-forth, “does he, does he not” situation that had lasted nearly a decade, hidden away in quiet hotel rooms and secret text messages. He deserved better than that. Better than Ilya.

One minute, he had been face-to-face with Hollander, accepting that this may be the last time Hollander would look at him without hurt, pity, or hatred. Ilya had tried to focus on the game at hand, but he was admittedly distracted by the closeness of the other player. Ilya put on his best teasing expression, the one that always riled Hollander up, and reveled in his opponent’s determined smirk. Before he could appreciate it any longer, Hollander managed to steal the puck and began skating away from Ilya.

Hollander barely managed to shoot a triumphant glance back at Ilya when Marlowe struck him, knocking the other player from under his skates. Hollander clattered to the ground, like a marionette with its strings cut, limbs astray and unmoving.

Ilya felt an icy chill shoot through his veins, his entire body in a panic. *No*. He rushed to Hollander’s side as the medics crowded around him. Ilya was vaguely aware of the silent crowd and the Montreal and Boston players yelling. The referee was pushing Ilya back, trying to get him back to his side of the rink. Pike was throwing his gloves to the ground, ready for a fight. None of that mattered, though, because Hollander was still not moving.

“Is he okay? Fucking tell me!” Ilya yelled over the commotion.

His coach snapped, “Get to your bench, Rozanov, I’m not gonna tell you again.”

Normally, Ilya thought Hollander looked serene with his eyes closed. His eyelashes brushed the tops of his cheeks, kissing the freckles that lay there. *оглушительный*. Now, all Ilya could think about was how Hollander’s eyes were never closed on the ice; they were always wide open, moving across the ice, calculating his next play. They were always focused when watching his teammates, scanning the crowd, and even searching for Ilya. He was too terrified even to think that Hollander looked serene now, only thinking that he should never look like that here. He was too competitive to ever relax on the ice, so this was very unnatural to see. It was all wrong. Hollander should have that crease between his brows and a scowl directed at the Boston players. He should be huffing under his breath and chewing on his lip and *breathing for God’s sake!* *пожалуйста*.

The medical team laid Hollander out on a spinal board and hauled him from the ice. Ilya began to follow when he was stopped at the edge of the ice. “Family only, son.” Ilya frowned. *ебать*. Of course. He meant nothing to Hollander in any way that mattered right now. This was just another reason to end things with him. Not being near Hollander right now, holding his hand and brushing his thumb over his knuckles, because that soothed him, was physically painful for Ilya. *Так будет всегда*. If one of them gets hurt, the other must keep their

distance. They must maintain this clandestine affair. No one can find out. Too much was at stake.

For seven years, Ilya had known Hollander and was never able to get the other man out of his system. He kept coming back to Hollander every single time, and for some reason, Hollander did the same. Ilya could pretend to not know why, but the truth was that if he said it out loud, the acknowledgement would make this too real. It would be too late to spare Hollander from a life of secrets and hiding. Despite knowing this, the part of himself that decided that things should end between them was being overshadowed by the part of himself who cared too deeply about his rival.

Ilya's stunned body sprang into action, shedding his gloves, skates, and helmet onto the ice. He exited the rink, not caring about his belongings left in the locker room. Hollander was heading to an ambulance alone, and Ilya needed to get to him. Needed to see him. Needed to be there for him when he came to. *If he came to*, some small voice piped up in the back of his mind. Ilya shook his head, physically dislodging that thought from his head. He ran through the emergency exit that Hollander had been wheeled through with just enough time to hear one of the medics speaking with Montreal's coach.

"We'll be taking him to St. Mary's, where they'll have a triage team waiting for him." The medic spoke.

"I'll let his parents know. Thank you." Said the coach.

The medic shut the ambulance doors and tapped the back, sending the unit away.

St. Mary's, I must get to St. Mary's, and I will see him again. Ilya thought. *Дерьмо*. His team arrived on a bus. His phone was left forgotten in the locker room. Before he could begin to panic, someone else came bursting through the emergency exit doors. It was Pike, red-faced and panting, looking around frantically. He looked like he got dressed in the dark, hair going in every direction, and shoes unlaced. Pike spotted Ilya and ran over to him.

"Where did they take him?" He asked Ilya urgently.

"St. Mary's," Ilya replied.

"Okay, let's go."

"Go?" Ilya asked, cautiously. Why was Pike extending this kindness to him? Ilya had always been sort of a dick to Pike, much to Hollander's chagrin.

"Uh, yeah, unless you plan on hijacking the Raiders bus. My wife came to the game to watch, so you can ride with us to the hospital."

Before Ilya could reply, a vehicle stopped in front of them.

"That's us!" Pike said, climbing into the front seat.

Ilya opened the door to the back only to come face to face with two sets of eyes staring at him.

“Um.”

“That’s Ruby, and that’s Jade,” Pike said, gesturing to each of the girls. “Ignore the mess, my kids are walking tornadoes.”

Ilya brushed a few toys and stale French fries off the back seat and squeezed next to the girls.

Hayden spoke up after the vehicle began to move. “Jackie, girls, this is Mr., um...” he trailed off, unsure how to introduce Rozanov.

“Ilya.” He said, helping Pike out. His panic momentarily subsided as he now realized how awkward this was. He hardly knew Pike, and now he was in the back seat of his minivan with two of his children, who were still staring at him, and his wife, who kept peeking at him through the rearview mirror. This must be confusing for all of them. Why would Ilya Rozanov be so concerned about his archrival to the point that he flees the game to follow Hollander’s ambulance from the stadium? Why couldn’t he just wait for updates with the rest of the team? To the public, Hollander and Rozanov were not nearly friendly enough to warrant this type of behavior. Even to their friends, they were merely acquaintances. Ilya was just relieved that Pike wasn’t asking any questions. He must figure that now is not the time. Their focus should be on Hollander and getting to the hospital.

“Hi, Mr. Ilya!” The girl next to him, introduced as Jade, spoke up.

“Hello.” He said.

“Were you the one who knocked Uncle Shane down?” She asked.

Ilya’s eyes went wide. “No, no, of course not.”

“Your team was very mean to Uncle Shane.” Ilya felt a lump forming in his throat. The memory replayed in his mind. Hollander glancing back at Ilya, Marlowe slamming into him, Hollander crumbling to the ground. His pulse began to race.

“Jade!” Pike said.

“They were!” She cried out, crossing her arms.

Jackie spoke up from the driver’s seat. “I’m sure Mr. Ilya feels bad about what his teammate did to Uncle Shane.”

Ilya stayed silent. He could not find it in him to put into words how he felt about the accident in front of Hollander’s friends that he hardly knew, much less children who would not understand. Ilya just prayed that this trip would be over soon, so that he could see Hollander again.

“Where are your shoes, Mr. Ilya?” Ruby asked.

Xpucmoc.

Pike turned around in his seat and glanced down at Ilya's feet, only now seeming to realize that Ilya was still in his hockey outfit. He thankfully did not comment on it, but Ilya could see him and Jackie share a look.

They spent the rest of the ride in silence, with some kid-friendly pop music playing low on the radio. As Jackie pulled into the emergency bay, both Pike and Ilya began unclasping their seatbelts, not waiting for the vehicle to stop completely, before getting out.

As they entered the emergency room, a nurse at the reception desk looked up, eyeing their state of disarray. Pike walked up to the desk and spoke.

"Hi, we're here for Shane Hollander." He said.

"Unfortunately, we are unable to provide any updates on his condition without his family present." The nurse said apologetically.

Пиздеу.

Pike turned to face Ilya and said, "Well, I guess we can wait here for his parents."

Ilya just nodded, too tired and unable to think of any other options. He and Pike headed to the waiting area. The room was filled with people, leaving only two seats right next to each other available. *Вот уж мне повезло.* Ilya thought, sarcastically, but made no outward comment to Pike. Pike looked at Ilya like he expected some snarky comment, but just looked at him like he had in the car earlier. It made Ilya wonder what Pike was thinking. It couldn't have been easy for Pike to put their mutual dislike for each other aside. It also couldn't have been easy to come to a confusing realization that Shane and Ilya have some sort of friendship going on that everyone had been unaware of.

Ilya tried to push those thoughts from his mind as he sat down next to Pike, crossing his arms and stretching his legs out in an attempt to relax a little. Not that Ilya could do much relaxing with Hollander being so close, somewhere in this hospital, and Ilya was unable to see him. His head was pounding from all of his racing thoughts. Hollander's face flashed in his mind, once again, as he took that glance backward that cost him the game, and almost his life. Before Marlowe had reached him, Hollander's expression was pure triumph, a beaming smile directed towards Ilya that made his heart clench. Ilya loved playing against Hollander for that very reason. He was always so proud of himself for one-upping Ilya. It had almost made Ilya want to let Hollander have those wins. Almost. That would have been unfair to Hollander. He would be furious if he ever found out that Ilya had let him win anything. They both gave it their all when playing against each other, knowing that they were each other's only true competition. Always climbing to the top, together.

This injury would likely prevent Hollander from playing the rest of the season, which would be devastating for both of them. Ilya could only hope that the rest of this season was all that Hollander would lose. Some outcomes could be much worse. Ilya couldn't live in a world without Hollander. He wouldn't. Ilya couldn't even entertain that thought without getting nauseous. He took deep breaths in and out, leaning his head on the wall behind him. Slowly, his breathing began to even out as he drifted into a fitful sleep.

Ilya's tiny hands were focused on the task at hand, building the biggest sandcastle ever, when a little boy walked up to him and sat down right next to Ilya with a plastic pail and a shovel in his hands.

Ilya looked up at the boy; his tanned skin and dark hair looked completely different from Ilya's own pale skin and curly blonde locks.

"You're doing it wrong." The little boy spoke up in English.

Ilya was not from here, only visiting on vacation with his parents, so he did not understand what the boy had just said to him. Ilya just furrowed his eyebrows and turned back to his task. He was trying to create a strong base for his sandcastle, but the sand kept crumbling and wouldn't keep its shape.

The little boy stood up, taking his pail and his shovel with him, and walked closer to the tide. He scooped up some of the wet sand into his bucket and walked back over to Ilya. He sat down a little further than he was before, but still close enough that Ilya could watch what he was doing. He dumped his wet sand onto the ground and began patting it into a perfect square base with the flat end of his shovel.

Ilya's mouth fell open because his sand castle wasn't falling apart like Ilya's.

"See?" The little boy said, pointing to his sandcastle base. "What's your name?" He asked Ilya.

He understood the word for name, as his mother taught him a few key phrases before they went on vacation.

"*меня зовут* Ilya" he said.

"Ilya?" The little boy asked.

Ilya nodded. "Shane. Nice to meet you!" He reached his hand out for Ilya to shake.

Ilya smiled and took Shane's hand. Despite not talking much, the boys played in the sand all day, helping each other build the biggest sandcastle until the sun began to set.

"Shane, it's time to go!" A woman's voice called out.

Shane just frowned and looked at Ilya. Ilya looked back towards where the woman was standing and back at Shane. He understood that Shane must be leaving now. He just smiled a little sadly and waved goodbye. Shane got up and waved goodbye. Ilya wondered if he would ever see the little boy with tanned skin and freckles again.

The sand turned into grass and a bright yellow blanket.

The little kid who was walking away grew taller, slimmer, and had longer hair. Lily watched as Jane began to jog away. Before she got too far, she turned back towards Lily.

“Well, are you coming?” She said, with her hands on her hips.

Lily smiled, getting up and following Jane to the lake. Lily sprinted past Jane, stripping down to just her underwear and sports bra, tossing her shirt at Jane’s face. Jane gasped, trying to keep up with Lily. Jane loved racing Lily, or any competition, really. Lily was faster, though, and had already stripped her clothes away, so she jumped into the lake first, her cannonball splashing Jane as she stood at the edge of the lake, removing her clothes and laying them neatly on the ground.

Jane shrieked, “That’s cold!” and giggled as she jumped into the water, swimming to Lily. Jane grabbed Lily by the shoulders and dunked her head under the water.

Lily came back up for air, laughing loudly. Her golden curls were plastered to her face, making her look like a maniacal poodle. Jane told her so, which only made Lily laugh even harder. They shoved and splashed at each other for a while, giggling and screaming at each other in fake outrage.

Jane swam up to a rock that stuck out of the water of the lake and crawled onto it, panting. Lily just stared at her. She was breathtaking. Water dripping down her cheeks, over the freckles that Lily adored so much. Jane noticed that Lily was staring at her.

“What?” She asked, looking down at her body.

“Nothing,” Lily said quickly.

“Your face is all red; you need to come sit and take a break,” Jane said, patting the space on the rock next to her.

Lily knew that was not why her face was red, but she prided herself on never blushing, so she did not correct her best friend on that one.

Lily hopped up onto the rock and stretched her long legs out to get some sun. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back towards the sky, sighing contentedly. Lily could feel eyes on her and peeked out of one eye at Jane, who was, in fact, staring at her. Lily smirked and closed her eyes again, letting Jane rake her eyes along her body, enjoying the attention.

“Like what you see, Hollander?” Lily teased.

Jane was quiet for a moment. “Yeah. I do.” Jane said, breathless.

Lily’s eyes popped open at the admission, and she turned towards Jane.

“Oh yeah?” She asked, tentatively.

“Yeah,” Jane said, glancing down at Lily’s lips.

Lily's heart began to race as she leaned in slowly towards Jane. Jane leaned in, smiling. Lily gave her a gentle kiss, both tender and chaste. Both girls leaned back and burst into laughter.

"Shut up," Jane said, shoving Lily back into the water.

Lily emerged from the water and grabbed Jane's arm, pulling her in. Jane wrapped her legs around Lily, peppering her face with more kisses. Lily could stay like this forever.

Jane's face morphed into something more masculine, but just as beautiful.

Ilya was sitting on the edge of his bed in Boston, with Shane in his lap, kissing him. He was panicking slightly, and Shane was trying to calm him down.

"Your father isn't here, your brother isn't here, it's okay, Ilya."

"Yes, but-"

Shane cut him off, "You said it yourself, your mother is the kindest person you've ever known."

Ilya nodded. "I know."

"And she loves you more than anything in the world," Shane said, brushing his lips along Ilya's jaw.

"I know."

Shane pulled back to look at Ilya. "If you know all this, then why are you panicking?"

"I don't know." Ilya sighed.

Shane said nothing in lieu of kissing him on the forehead. "She'll always love you, Ilya. And so will I. Even if you don't tell her."

Ilya threaded his fingers with Shane's. "I will tell her. I want to tell her. I want her to know you. You are the best thing that has happened to me. Besides winning the Cup, of course."

Shane smiled. "Asshole."

Ilya grinned. "Your asshole."

The doorbell rang.

"Come on, let's go." Shane grabbed Ilya's hand and led him out of the bedroom and to the front door. Ilya opened the door to see his mother, Irina, standing with her bags and smiling at her son.

"Привет, мама." Ilya said, taking her bags and kissing her on the cheek.

Irina smiled and patted Ilya's cheek.

“Привет, мой прекрасный мальчик.”

She turned towards Shane.

“Hello. Is nice to meet you, I am Irina.” She sounded similar to Ilya, but softer, gentler.

“Shane. Nice to meet you, too, Mrs. Rozanova.”

“Irina, please.”

Ilya smiled and led them further into the house. Shane and Irina walked into the living room and sat on the couch as Ilya brought Irina’s bags to the guest bedroom. When he came into the living room, Ilya couldn’t help but smile. His two favorite people on Earth were here with him. Suddenly, his worries ceased to exist. He was ready for his mother to know him, fully, and to know how important Shane was to him. He intended to spend the rest of his life with Shane, and he was confident his mother would understand.

Ilya sat down between his mother and Shane.

Irina grabbed his hand with both her own. “How have you been, солнышка?” Irina asked.

Here it goes.

“I have been good. Hockey is good. I wanted you to meet Shane.” Ilya replied.

“Mr. Hollander, да?” She asked, looking at Shane.

Ilya chuckled. “Yes.”

“Your ... how do you say, enemy?” Irina asked.

Ilya and Shane both laughed at that.

“Um, I think the word you’re looking for is rival,” Shane spoke, smiling.

“Yes, rival, enemy means more... hatred. In fact, it is the opposite.” Ilya clarified.

Irina looked at the two knowingly. “Oh?”

Ilya’s cheeks pinked slightly.

“Я люблю его, и это никогда не изменится. Наша любовь будет только крепнуть. Я даже не подозревала, что мне чего-то не хватает, пока не встретила его.” He said, nervous, but firmly.

Irina smiled. *“Мой милый мальчик. Пока ты счастлив, мое сердце переполнено радостью.”*

Shane just looked between the two. Ilya had been teaching him Russian, but he could still only pick out a few words and phrases.

Irina continued to speak, “*Я всегда буду тебя любить. Если ты уверена, что Shane — это тот самый человек для тебя, то ты должна сделать всё возможное, чтобы удержать его.*”

Ilya felt simultaneous relief and joy flood through his body. “*Да, мама.*” He said.

He turned towards Shane and smiled. “I love you.”

Shane murmured and put his hand on Ilya’s thigh, “I love you too.”

Ilya jerked awake with a start. His face was wet. Why was his face wet? He wiped his cheek and realized that tears were falling from his cheeks. He remembered where he was and what was happening all at once. Shane. He noticed Pike was scrolling on his phone, trying his hardest to give Rozanov some privacy to gather himself. Ilya wiped the remaining tears from his face and cleared his throat.

How long had he been asleep? Had there been any updates on Shane’s condition? Did Ilya miss any important news? Surely not, if Pike was still sitting with him in the now nearly empty waiting room.

In his dreams, all he saw was Shane. He longed for Shane in every dreamscape, just as he had in real life. He was stupid to think he could just remove Shane from his life. So what if it didn’t work out in the end? At least he would have a little more time with him. God, his mother. He hadn’t dreamt of his mother in years. She was right there, with Shane, and that was something he never knew he wanted so bad, his mother meeting him. The two most important people in his life would never meet. His mother was right, he must do anything he can to keep Shane in his life. *Его любовь.*

Pike spoke gently, “So, Shane’s parents got here not too long ago. They didn’t say anything to me, just followed the doctors to the back. Mrs. Hollander texted me his room number, if you would like to go see him.”

“Yes, please.” Ilya’s voice broke.

“Oh, um. While you were asleep, I went to the hospital gift shop and got you some clothes. It’s all they had because, you know, this is a hospital.” Pike handed him a plastic bag with a pair of slippers, flannel pajama pants, and a bright pink shirt with “*It’s a girl!*” Written on the front.

Ilya just looked at him and burst out laughing.

Pike huffed, “I was just trying to be nice, stay in your hockey gear with no shoes for all I care.”

They both stood, and Ilya went into the restroom to change into his new outfit, courtesy of Hayden Pike. This day has been so surreal.

When he came out of the restroom, Pike chuckled. "It is kind of ridiculous."

"My ass still looks good in these pants," Ilya said.

Pike just shook his head as they rode the elevator to the inpatient rooms.

As they neared Shane's room, Ilya's mood went back to being somber. He was still terrified of seeing the state Shane was in. At least he is alive. Ilya hadn't been sure of that when the medics took him out of the arena. Now, he knows. They may still have a chance.

Pike knocked softly on the door. A tired-looking man, who must have been Shane's father, opened the door to let them in. Ilya suddenly felt ridiculous that the first time he's meeting Shane's parents, he is wearing a ridiculous gift shop outfit.

They walked further into the room and saw Mrs. Hollander sitting in a chair next to Shane's bed, holding his hand. He wasn't awake yet. He was hooked up to a few machines and had some bruising on his arms and face. His shirt was off, and his torso was wrapped in bandages. A sling was on his arm. He was breathing slow, steady breaths. Tears of relief prickled in Ilya's eyes. He didn't let them fall, not here, not now.

Pike hugged Mrs. Hollander as Ilya stood at the foot of Shane's bed, silent.

"How is he?" Pike asked.

"He's got a concussion, a few broken ribs, a fractured clavicle, and a sprained arm. Other than that, they're keeping him for a few days to make sure he has no internal bleeding or complications." Mr. Hollander spoke.

Ilya just stared at Shane, gripping the end of the bed. *He's going to be okay.*

"Has he woken up at all?" Pike asked.

"Yes, for a little while. He was pretty groggy from the meds the doctors gave him." Mrs. Hollander said. She turned away from Shane and looked at Ilya. "He was asking for you. He kept saying to tell you that he's okay and that he's sorry."

Ilya's face crumpled. "Sorry for what? He has nothing to be sorry for." He asked, with a lump forming in his throat.

"He never said. He fell asleep soon after that." Mrs. Hollander and Mr. Hollander shared a look.

"Hayden, would you mind showing us where the cafeteria is? I would love a cup of coffee right now." Mrs. Hollander asked, standing up. Mr. Hollander got the hint and moved towards the door.

“Mr. Rozanov, would you mind staying with him while we grab some coffee?” Mrs. Hollander asked, following her husband and Pike out of the room.

“Of course,” Ilya whispered.

Once the door was shut, Ilya allowed his tears to fall. He moved to the spot Mrs. Hollander occupied previously and grabbed Shane’s hand. He rubbed his thumb over Shane’s knuckles, even though he probably couldn’t feel it. Ilya reached up and brushed over Shane’s cheek gently. Ilya pulled back when Shane began to stir. Shane blearily opened his eyes and glanced around until his eyes found Ilya’s face. Shane smiled softly.

“Ilya.”

Ilya’s face softened. “I’m here. Are you okay?” Ilya asked, placing his hand on Shane’s.

“Could have been worse. It’s all part of the game. We all get our bell rung eventually.” Shane said, glancing down at their hands, intertwining their fingers.

Ilya was quiet, looking at Shane.

“Hey. Heyyy.” Shane reached for Ilya’s face. Ilya leaned forward to meet Shane’s fingertips.

“You scared me,” Ilya whispered.

“I’m sorry,” Shane said.

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” Ilya replied.

They were both silent for a long moment.

“Can you kiss me?” Shane asked quietly.

Ilya smiled and leaned in, trying to convey all of his feelings for Shane in that one gentle kiss. How he admired Shane, how he worried for Shane, how he was sure of Shane, and how he would do anything, *anything*, to keep Shane in his life. A tear slid down Ilya’s cheek, and Shane pulled back, just looking at Ilya. He swiped the pad of his thumb over Ilya’s cheek and held his face with his hand.

Ilya knew that if Shane could survive this, and if Ilya could survive this, they could survive anything. Ilya wanted lifetimes with Shane, and he was going to do whatever it took to make at least one of them happen.

End Notes

thank you for reading! every time i get a comment on my fics an angel gains its wings js <3

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