

i hope you're gonna get out soon

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by [feeling_the_aster33](#)

Summary

Set after The Cottage except Ilya has another season with Boston before his free agency.

When they played each other for the first time that season Shane was excited, but Ilya didn't share the sentiment. There was something wrong with him, he was chirping more than usual and checking a lot harder than necessary. Shane wished they could just talk, but Ilya wasn't in the mood. Things escalated in a way neither of them ever thought they would.

Or:

In all the years of their rivalry, Ilya and Shane have never fought on the ice before. At least, not before tonight.

Notes

set after season one of the series except imagine ilya had one more season with boston so he's still with them

title from mangetout by Wet Leg

if anything doesn't align with canon pretend it was intentional. this is a slight au after all

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

Ilya was having a bad day.

Shane was also having a bad day, but it turned around knowing he'd get to see his boyfriend (even thinking the word gave him butterflies) on the ice for the first time this season, four weeks after they had left the cottage to return to Montreal and Boston for pre-season training.

As first period was about to begin, they both skated to centre ice for the face off, reminding Shane of the ad shoot ten years ago that ended in their first hookup in the summer before their rookie season. He smiled a bit under his face guard.

Ilya didn't smile back.

“So, your place after the game?” Shane asked.

“I’m not sure, I might be too tired,” Ilya replied, voice cold and eyes determinedly fixed on the ice.

Looking closer, Shane thought maybe he was less staring at the ice and more so staring at nothing. His smile morphed into a frown.

They hadn't seen each other in four weeks. They'd texted, and FaceTimed, and things had been really good. They'd talked more about Shane's rough idea for Ilya to sign with Ottawa, and their charity, and Shane felt like they were on the same page. Things had been so good during and since the two weeks they got to spend at the cottage together, Shane was sure that seeing each other in person again would be just as amazing.

Ilya, apparently, disagreed.

“Are you okay?” Shane tried to sound concerned but might have leaned more toward annoyed.

“I am concentrating on game. You should try it,” Ilya replied in the same flat tone.

Before Shane had the chance to snap back, the game was starting and the puck dropped.

For the first half a second their sticks clashed, missing the puck entirely, until Shane managed to swipe it back to his teammate and the game began.

Ilya played like shit.

By the end of the first period he had no goals or assists, and he'd been pretty useless on defence. It seemed the worse he played, the worse his mood got, and the more he chirped at Montreal and checked them a little harder than necessary.

“Who the fuck pissed in Rozanov’s cornflakes,” Hayden said to the locker room at large between first and second period. Some of the other guys agreed and complained about specific hits and insults they thought were unnecessary, while Shane focused on his phone.

Or, more accurately, the most recent five texts he'd sent Ilya over the last day that he only then realized hadn't even been read. He fired off a sixth, just a few question marks ending in an exclamation point, then put his phone down.

“Rozanov is always an ass, don't give him the satisfaction of letting it get to you,” he called to the room in his Captain’s Voice, quickly gaining everyone's attention. “We're up by one, and by the end of the next period we'll be up by more. Rozanov may not be on his game tonight, but Boston has a lot of players and we can't let our guard down against any of them, got that?” The room responded with cheers of agreement. “Good,” Shane interrupted. “Let's play some fucking hockey.”

Ilya was in an even worse mood in the second period.

“Rozanov, what's wrong,” Shane demanded when they skated up to centre ice for the second period face off.

Ilya didn't even reply this time.

He did win the face off though, and it seemed that he was playing better. He was also chirping and checking more, and he got a roughing penalty halfway through the second. Even his own team was annoyed with him at this point.

“Get your fucking head on straight, Rozanov!” His coach yelled after his second penalty in the last few minutes of the period for starting a fight.

And *that*, more than anything else tonight, was concerning to Shane.

Because Ilya didn't start fights.

He got into them, for sure, but it was always because he was chirping and the other guy got fed up. Ilya never threw the first punch, but he also never hesitated to throw a second.

Tonight he threw the first punch, and Shane was concerned.

Montreal got another goal on the power play and finished the second up by two, and the boys filed into the locker room again.

“The fuck is his problem?” J.J. groaned while rolling out the shoulder that Rozanov knocked into the boards. A chorus of agreement.

Shane picked up his phone again and saw that Ilya was actually typing. He set it back down to let him finish and turned to address the room again.

He opened his mouth to grab their attention, then closed it.

The team was fired up. They were up by two. It would be weird and unnecessary for him to try and calm their anger toward the other team's captain at this point. He sighed and reached for his phone again.

"You good Cap? Looked like Rozanov rocked you pretty hard," someone asked from beside him. He put the phone down and changed his mind about addressing the room.

"This is a rough game. I know we're all going to be feeling the hits tomorrow, but tonight I just want to see a clean game and some more clean goals from us, alright?" Everyone murmured their agreement. "If you actually get hurt, go see the fucking medics. But if you're bitching and moaning about a few bruises, suck it up and get your revenge by winning this fucking game, got it?" He continued, uncharacteristically vulgar but effectively riling his team up. He made his way to J.J. next.

"Hey, you good man? I know what I said, but if you're really hurt..." he lowered his voice to protect both their pride.

"I'm good, Cap. Good fucking speech by the way," J.J. teased, patting Shane's shoulder good naturedly.

"Yeah, yeah, come on man. Let's go beat Boston into the ground."

The team whooped and cheered their way out of the locker room, Shane trailing at the back, and as he glanced at his phone he saw it light up with a notification just as he made it to the threshold into the hall. He hesitated for a second, debating going back to check if Ilya had finally texted, but decided he didn't have time. It would have to wait until after the game.

Shane was on first shift in the third, but Ilya sat it out, likely a combination of punishment and avoiding ejection if he got himself a third penalty. Boston played pretty well without him, and managed to close the gap and tie it up with five minutes left in the game.

And with the next shift change, Ilya and Shane were in at the same time once again.

Ilya seemed to have his head in the game more, tracking the puck better and responding quicker than he had been.

The puck changed hands so quickly that no one even had the chance to take a shot, each team intercepting the other before they could get close enough to the net. Ilya and Shane stayed on each other, playing with more fire between them than Shane could ever remember, but in the worst way possible.

Ilya avoided eye contact like it would burn him, hammering Shane into the boards to steal the puck even when he could have grabbed it without the check. Shane was bruised, and tired, and confused, and really fucking pissed off.

Then, on his way to the Boston net on a breakaway with the puck, Ilya checked him again, lighter than Shane had come to expect. Before he had the chance to process the unexpectedly gentle check, he was eating ice as Ilya's leg swept his skates out from under him and sent him crashing to the ground.

It took one second for him to figure out which way was up, another to check in with his body and make sure nothing was broken, and a third to get himself up and throw his gloves down.

"The fuck is your problem tonight?" he screamed at Ilya, seeing the other players on the ice make their way toward them, pissed but apprehensive, knowing better than to start a fight on their captain's behalf unprompted.

"You're my *fucking* problem," Ilya spat back, throwing his own gloves to the ice.

Then, Ilya *shoved* him.

The force pushed Shane back, and he couldn't quite manage to keep his feet under him. His ass hit the ice with a *thud*.

It was a *hard* shove.

Shane looked at Ilya in shock. His eyes were wide and his heart was pounding in his chest.

Ilya's eyes were equally wide, mouth agape, and if Shane looked closely enough, he could even see a tremor running through Ilya's body. The longer he stared, the more Ilya's gaze seemed to morph from shock to something more like horror.

"Fuck," Ilya muttered, his eyes seemingly clear and focused for the first time all night, his gaze narrowed on Shane's chest where he'd laid his hands to shove him. He started to skate toward him.

Then two streaks of blue rushed past Shane as two of his teammates skated toward Ilya full force, barrelling into him and throwing him to the ice on his back.

And a fight broke out.

The other Voyageurs and Raiders all joined in, dog piling where Ilya had landed and throwing punches in every direction.

Shane stumbled to his feet, ignoring the pain radiating across the left side of his body from his first fall as well as the new ache in his tailbone, and skated backwards, away from the fight, eyes still wide in shock. He looked around the rink.

The crowd seemed... equally shocked, surprisingly.

For all the years that Hollander and Rozanov had been, arguably, the biggest rivals in the NHL, they had *never* laid a hand on each other on the ice.

Since Ilya refused to start fights, and Shane rarely got involved in them at all, even when someone tried to start one, it made sense.

They'd also given a few other explanations to teammates and press interviews over the years.

“If we started fighting we'd never stop,” Ilya laughed in the locker room once.

“I don't agree with all of the violence in the sport, and I'm working toward setting a good example,” Shane had said in countless interviews.

“If one of us hurt the other, it would look bad, no?” Ilya replied to a snarky journalist during a post game interview two seasons ago.

For whatever reasons they may believe, fans of both Shane and Ilya had come to understand that the two simply didn't fight on the ice.

For the first time in the 11 years they'd been playing in the NHL, the Boston Raiders' centre Ilya Rozanov broke their rule and laid his hands on the Montreal Voyageurs' Shane Hollander.

But the pit in Shane's chest was there for another reason entirely.

Because Ilya had called himself Shane's boyfriend, sitting at the table with his parents the day he'd come out to them. Then they'd gone back to the cabin for another week, and they had been so domestic, and they'd talked about getting *married* some day, and being together *forever*.

And Ilya had *shoved* him.

“Hey, Shane, buddie, you okay?” Hayden asked, skating in front of him and ducking a bit to meet Shane's eyes.

Shane nodded, but it was clear he was only half there. Hayden furrowed his brow.

“Hey, look at me. Did you hit your head when Rozanov tripped you? Since when is he such a dirty fucking player? Your eyes are unfocused. Shit, please say you don't have another concussion,” Hayden rambled, grabbing Shane's face with one hand while waving over a medic with the other.

“I'm... fine,” Shane said, dazed, while he watched the fight get broken up and the dog pile slowly got off of Ilya. When everyone else was standing, Ilya was laying on his back, rolling back and forth a bit, clearly in pain, and a ref waved a hand for a medic in his direction.

“Hey, what's hurt?” a short stern woman with a first aid backpack on one shoulder asked as she took Hayden's place in front of Shane.

“Nothing, go check on Ily- Rozanov,” Shane replied, his eyes never leaving where Ilya was curled up on his side.

“He's got enough people looking after him, just let me take a look at you. Helmet off,” she said, leaving no room for argument.

Shane tore his helmet off and threw it to the ice, startling the medic back a step and prompting one of the refs to skate over to him.

“Sorry, sorry,” Shane said, putting his hands up in surrender as the ref got closer. “I'll calm down. I didn't hit my head, so just do the test and clear me.” His eyes wouldn't leave Ilya, where three medics were crouched around him. He was still moving around so he must have been conscious, but the way he curled in on himself said he was in pain, and it was all Shane could do not to drop everything and go to his side.

“I hate hockey players,” the medic mumbled. “Do you know what year it is?”

She went through all the questions, used a penlight to check that his pupils were reactive, and did whatever other tests she was required to, but Shane wasn't paying attention beyond following the simplest instructions.

All he could focus on was Ilya.

Someone started wheeling a stretcher onto the ice, and Shane's heart dropped.

He might be really hurt, he thought.

He shoved me, he also thought.

A medic waved their hand and the stretcher turned around, leaving the ice before it reached Ilya. Then, with the help of a ref and the Raiders' coach, Ilya pulled himself up off the ice and stood up.

The clapping from the crowd was hesitant, knowing it's courtesy to clap when an injured player gets up, but also considering the circumstances behind the injury and how uncharacteristically violent Rozanov had been that night.

The medic next to Shane jumped while zipping up her backpack when Shane suddenly started clapping as loud as he could, looking over to his team's bench pointedly to indicate that they should too.

The crowd's applause picked up along with the players, and the medic finally gathered her things and went to leave the ice.

"Oh, uh, thanks," Shane called after her, wincing at the realization of how rude he had been. She waved a hand over her shoulder but didn't look back.

Shane turned his gaze straight ahead to see Ilya, one arm around his coach and the other around his midsection as he hunched forward a bit, coming straight for him.

“Hollander,” Ilya winced. “Are you... alright?”

Ilya had lost his helmet at some point, and his eyes were about half open as he seemed to scan Shane for injuries. He had a bright red mark around his left eye that Shane was sure would be a hell of a shiner by tomorrow.

“Uh... yeah, yeah I’m fine. Are... are you?” Shane asked cautiously, hyper aware that Ilya’s coach was *right there*.

“Fine. Bruised ribs,” Ilya simply replied, still scanning Shane like he didn’t believe him.

“Broken ribs, actually. We need to get him to the hospital,” Ilya’s coach jumped in. “But he insisted he talk to you first and clear the air or whatever. Said it would look better for the press. So, is the air clear, or?”

Shane looked closer at the man. He looked pissed, more than anything, and more towards Ilya than Shane himself. Shane had the petty urge to point out that Ilya hadn’t actually talked to him or apologized, but he held back.

“...Yeah, the air is clear as far as the press is concerned,” Shane said the last part with a pointed look to Ilya that said they would have to talk later before anything was considered clear between them.

“Great. Lovely. I don’t know what the refs are gonna say about this fucking shitshow, but Rozanov and I are gonna have a chat about leaving our shit behind when we hit the ice. I imagine you can talk to your team about responding reasonably to fights and not beating the shit out of the other team’s captain in the future, regardless how much of an asshole he’s being. Yeah? Great. Good talk.”

Ilya's coach started dragging him to the boards, having him sit on the stretcher from earlier as soon as he left the ice. Shane watched him the whole way, seeing how Ilya winced getting onto the stretcher and being forced to lay back, and resisting the urge to wince with him. He kept his face carefully blank.

When the stretcher disappeared around a corner, Shane turned back to where he suddenly remembered Hayden had been, only to see that his whole team had returned to the bench and were now watching him expectantly. He sighed and skated over to them.

"Did they clear you?" his coach said as soon as he was within earshot. Shane nodded.

"No concussion," he reported. "But everything kinda fucking hurts."

"I'm not surprised, you went ass over teakettle when Rozanov tripped you," his coach spit out Ilya's name like it was poison. "There's five minutes left. Go score a goal and I'll give you tomorrow morning off practice, deal?"

"Fucking deal," Shane muttered, grabbing his stick from Hayden and following the other people coming back out for the last shift back to the ice.

Shane didn't score, but Comeau did, so they won anyway. His coach saw the developing bruises on Shane's, well, entire left side, and let him have the next morning off anyway, which Shane was damn grateful for.

...

He tried to get out of talking to the press, but considering the events of the game and the fact that he wasn't actually technically injured, he had to at least make an appearance.

"Shane Hollander, you and Ilya Rozanov have never fought in a game before, despite being rivals since your rookie years. What was it about this game that changed that?"

Shane pressed the side of his foot against the leg of the table.

“You may have noticed, but Rozanov was in the mood to pick fights this game for whatever reason. It happens. We’re athletes, but we’re also people, and we have a lot going on behind the scenes that people don’t know about. The idea of leaving it all behind when you step on the ice is nice, but not always realistic,” Shane paused to take a breath and figure out what point he wanted to make.

“I’m not implying anything about Ilya, because I don’t know what’s going on with him. I’m also not trying to excuse the way he acted tonight, as I’ve been very vocal about my dislike for violence in the game. My point is that there’s no bad blood between us aside from friendly rivalry, and he apologized before heading to the hospital. I also feel the need to say that as much as I appreciate how protective my team is, I don’t approve of the way they responded tonight,” he finished with a look he hoped conveyed disapproval.

“You referred to Rozanov as Ilya. Are you two close?” a journalist asked.

Shane’s heart sped up.

Fuck, I slipped up.

“We’ve been playing with and near each other for more than ten years. Even though we’re rivals on the ice, we’re still just people once the game ends. We’ve talked, we’re friendly, sometimes we use each other’s first names,” he replied, hoping his explanation didn’t come across as desperate as it felt.

“Even though he appeared to trip you then blatantly shoved you in this game, you’re still, as you put it, ‘friendly’?” someone else asks. Shane’s palms are sweaty.

“Yes, like I said, we talked briefly before he left the ice and cleared the air. On my end, we’re good. If you want to know what he thinks, you’ll have to ask him. Thank you.” He stood and buttoned his jacket while making his way out of the press room.

The guys were all gone by the time he got back to the locker room to pick up his stuff. His phone sat in his cubby where he left it before the start of third period, Ilya's reply sitting unread. He unlocked it and went to his messages.

Lily: *Stop texting me. I need a little fucking space.*

Shane felt his breath stutter in his chest and he quickly turned his phone off, shoving it in his pocket and grabbing his bag to leave before the heat he could feel behind his eyes turned to tears.

He drove home in a daze, his mind and body numb aside from a burning feeling in his chest where Ilya had put his hands to shove him with a fiery rage in his eyes that Shane had never seen before. At least, not directed at him.

Getting to his Montreal condo, he dissociated through a shower and climbed into bed, ignoring texts from teammates and only replying to his parents to tell them he was fine, just tired and going to bed.

After shifting around restlessly for hours unable to sleep, Shane's phone rang at almost 3am. The screen lit up. *Lily.*

He scrambled to pick it up.

"Are you okay?" he said as soon as the call connected.

"I should be asking you that," the groggy, quiet, miserable voice said on the other end.

"Did you really break your ribs?"

“One, yes. And a finger,” Ilya replied.

“Fucking hell, Ilya. I don’t know whether I should feel bad or not. What’s wrong?” Shane demanded, his concern for Ilya overpowering his anger.

“Nothing is wrong,” Ilya insisted weekly. Shane huffed.

“You said you wanted space, which by the way, I didn’t see that text before third period started, then you tripped me, then you *shoved* me.”

Ilya sobbed.

Short, and choked, and muffled by the shitty hospital blanket he desperately held over his mouth, he couldn’t stop the sound from escaping.

“I’m so sorry,” he whispered, his voice watery.

Shane pulled the phone away from his ear and took a deep breath. He reminded himself that this was *Ilya* he was talking to, that they spent two weeks at his cottage that summer and talked about their plans to spend the rest of their lives together. Deep breath.

“What is *wrong* Ilya,” Shane asked again.

“*Everything*,” Ilya sobbed back. “*Me*.”

“What?”

“Everything is wrong. I am too much like my mother, but just like my father, and my brother has only ever used me for money and Svetlana reminds me that I’ll never know my niece,

and I *miss you* but I also think you deserve so much better than me and I think would be better for you if I just—" his voice cracked, and he gasped a choked breath to cut off his rambling.

"Ilya," Shane whispered, his own voice shaky and watery. "What are you talking about? I love you, I want to be with you forever. How could I ever possibly be better without you?"

"I *shoved* you, Shane. I am like my father. I am poison, and I am destined for my mother's fate," he said softly, like he was admitting a secret. Or confessing a sin.

Shane shook his head, though Ilya couldn't see it, sitting up in his bed and running a hand through his hair. He wanted to push more, to ask more questions and confirm that Ilya wasn't considering doing *that*, but he knew it wasn't the time. Right then, what Ilya needed the most was comfort and reassurance that Shane loved him and wasn't going anywhere. The harder conversations could happen later.

"Ilya, that's not true. You shoved me in the heat of a hockey game, like players do all the time. And it was the only time you've done it in the eleven years we've played each other. I'm not...*happy* about it. But I forgive you. You're not your father, Ilya. You're all the good parts of your mother, and you have the chance at the happy ending she deserved but didn't get. With *me*, Ilya. You're my happy ending, do you understand?"

Nothing was fixed, as they fell asleep on the phone together, their even breathing muffled through the speakers. But it was out in the open, so at least they could talk about it.

They would be okay.

End Notes

thanks for reading! mwah

comment if you liked it, if you want to see a sequel where they talk it out, or if you have an idea for a different heated rivalry one shot you'd like to see me write (i'm looking for inspo)

please don't comment if you hated it. i'm sensitive.

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