

Things He Never Said Aloud

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Things He Never Said Aloud

by [vsleaqing](#)

Summary

Ilya missed Shane.

The next thing he knew, Shane was standing in front of him. In *his* hotel room. Not projected. Not imagined. *Standing*.

Notes

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

Ilya undressed himself and gently climbed onto the hotel bed. He lay himself flat and stared into the empty ceiling of the room that had nothing but a well-decorated chandelier. The layers beneath him were so soft and light, fully yanking him into the mattress, sinking into the cushion.

The pillows made him feel sad. He had one beneath his neck and another one tucked under his knees, and there were still two left on his side. It never really made sense to him why hotels order so many pillows for a singular bed. People really just need one, and one pillow only.

His mind drifted off to the game earlier tonight. They had a big win, 5-1 against Buffalo, with him scoring one and assisting two. Normally, he would have gone to another club with his teammates, dancing himself off to another blonde or brunette beauty.

But he wasn't feeling like it just yet. No matter where he was, he would always search for that pair of dark brown eyes. He couldn't stop himself. It was just like how his thoughts always swam back to those freckles whenever he let his brain roam free.

It had severely impacted his ability to function.

On ice, Ilya had been able to control himself. With his mind being fully focused on the puck and the scene, he didn't need to worry about anything at all. But once he stepped off the rink, everything would come flooding back. He could only think of those dangling strands of hair, the band aids that would randomly appear on one knee, and those eyelashes that trembled when they were together.

So today he didn't feel like going out.

Ilya turned his head stiffly and stared out the hotel window. He closed his eyes, as if he was still the twelve-year-old birthday boy, hands held together for a wish upon a star, and whispered, "Как жаль, что тебя здесь нет, Шейн."
(*I wish you were here, Shane.*)

He could never say this out loud. Ilya knew that much with certainty. Wanting him was dangerous; wanting them *this* much was worse. But he also knew that he was alone in the room, and the room would swallow the words away. Thick carpet, heavy curtains, walls trained to keep a secret. Hotels were good at that. They held victories and losses, brief joys and quieter regrets, and then they forgot them all by morning.

He rolled onto his side and pulled the extra pillow into his chest without thinking, immediately hating himself for it. It smelled like detergent and nothing else. Not sweat. Not soap. Not Shane. The absence felt louder than anything he'd heard all night, even louder than the boos from Buffalo fans.

He wondered, briefly, what Shane was doing. Sleeping, probably. Or pretending to sleep. Or staring at the ceiling somewhere else, counting breaths, pretending he wasn't also thinking about Ilya. Would he ever think about me the same way I thought about him?

That thought alone made his chest ache.

“Я скучаю по тебе, Шейн.” so he said again.
(*I miss you, Shane.*)

“Ugh... Rozanov?”

Ilya froze.

He held his breath and let go after a quick second. Get it together! He could not believe that he was so deeply stuck in this Shane-Hollander rabbit hole that he was hallucinating his presence! He counted to three, and decided – firmly – that he had finally lost his mind. This was what happened when he scored, drank too little water, and thought about one person too much.

He really should sleep now. Hallucinations were a sign he needed more sleep. Or less vodka.

“Hey...” the voice said again, closer now. “Why do you look like that?”

Ilya sat bolt upright so fast the pillow he was holding against his tummy fell to the floor.

Shane was standing at the side of the bed.

Not projected. Not imagined. *Standing*. Hoodie slightly twisted like he’d been yanked mid-step, socks mismatched, eyes wide with confusion and a little panic.

The room was suddenly very, very small.

Ilya stared.

Shane stared back.

“...Did you just say my name?” Shane asked carefully.

Ilya didn’t answer.

Instead, he made the sign of the cross so fast he nearly smacked himself in the face.

“Blyat’—”

Shane flinched. “Okay, so that’s new.”

Ilya scrambled backward until his spine hit the headboard. “You are not here.”

Shane looked down at himself, then at the room. “I mean. I wasn’t.”

They stood there, frozen, staring at each other like prey animals who’d stumbled into the same clearing.

Slowly, Shane lifted a hand and waved.

Ilya swallowed hard.

“...Why are you in my hotel room?” he asked.

Shane hesitated. “I don’t know.”

That was worse.

“I was brushing my teeth,” Shane added weakly. “Then—” he gestured vaguely, “—this happened.”

Ilya pressed his palms into his eyes. “I am cursed.”

Shane didn’t know what to say or what to do. Just seconds ago, he’d been tucking himself into the armchair in the corner of his bedroom, trying to read a book, yet absentmindedly, and uncontrollably, having his thoughts drift to Ilya, and murmuring words to himself.

And now.

He was standing right in front of him. A half-naked Ilya Rozanov. A half-naked Ilya Rozanov with the brightest eyes he’d ever seen in his entire life.

And it just occurred to him that he should probably say something.

“I... I can’t really go back to Montreal right now,” he said. It was well into the night, and even though Buffalo is not cross-continently far from Montreal, it’s still a solid seven-hour drive or four-hour flight. Ilya would surely let him stay for the night, right?

And just in case Ilya was the stone-hearted man the media had thought he was, Shane added, “It’s late. And I don’t even know how I’d – what, book a flight? Get a car? I don’t think that’s... a thing.”

To Shane’s surprise, Ilya nodded almost immediately, “Yes. Of course... Stay.”

The small tone of assertion that trailed on in Ilya’s voice made Shane’s heart skip a beat. The fact that he was here, right now, this very second, in Ilya’s room, was the most fantastical and unbelievable thing that had ever occurred to him.

And all of a sudden, discomfort crept into his posture. Shane shifted on his feet. The bizarreness of what had just occurred had made him wary. He felt apologetic towards Ilya because he had quite literally intruded on someone else’s personal space without any invitation. And although Shane wouldn’t blame himself for this, he didn’t initiate it anyway; he felt bad for actually extracting pleasure and joy out of this awkward and ridiculous incident. The sudden moment of intimacy with Ilya, despite them still being a few feet away, had made Shane’s night a whole lot brighter than what he would have experienced. Nevertheless, he couldn’t possibly imagine what Ilya was thinking at that moment. If their positions had swapped, Shane would have definitely been overjoyed. But he couldn’t assume that of Ilya.

The thought sat heavy and painful in his chest – that something which had comforted him might have unsettled Ilya. The bare recognition that what he had gained warmth from may have cost Ilya his sense of control stiffened Shane. He forced himself to stay still, afraid that any movement, any word, would take more than what he was allowed to have. Given the chance to have this closeness for one night, and even if it was just tonight, Shane was more than willing to carry the ache alone than risk making it harder for Ilya.

“You can take a shower,” Ilya offered after a second, gesturing vaguely toward the bathroom. “If you want. You look... like you were mid-life with children like Hayden Pike.”

Shane never understood why Ilya was so defensive with Hayden, but he let it slide and snorted. “Mid-toothbrush, actually.”

That earned a small smile from Ilya. It faded just as quickly.

Ilya took a moment to process what was going on when Shane was in the shower. The splashing sounds coming from the bathroom answered his exact question.

Shane was in his room.

When he missed Shane so dearly, teleportation occurred. And Shane was here.

It was almost as if there actually was a god who had decided to bless that twelve-year-old boy with the greatest birthday gift of all his life, despite it being delayed by a few too many years.

Ilya was shaken to his core by his discovery.

He didn’t know what had caused this to occur, his prayers or fate being naughty, but he was deeply heartened by it. He was willing to make a thousand, a million, a billion more of these prayers if they could help him keep Shane by his side.

That very moment, he wished this were it. He wished this were the moment he could lock Shane up in a secret underground dungeon just for himself until they die. He’d allow Shane to roam freely during the day, train and skate as fast as he wants, and become the best hockey player, even better than him, so long as he returned to Ilya every single night.

He was then forced back into reality. By the suddenly occurring soft and tiny whimper sound from the bathroom. Ilya wasn’t sure he heard anything. But he just wanted to make sure anyway, “You ok?”

“Uh, yeah. Sorry, I just stubbed my toe.” Shane replied, more or less shouting, trying to convey a message across the room. It was still soft, though, much softer than what Ilya would have imagined hockey’s greatest star to sound like.

But he *could* imagine those soft brows furrowing together when Shane stubbed his toe. The way his mouth would twist in frustration before he laughed at himself. The instinctive way he’d curl inward for a second, like pain was something to be contained by his big heart.

Ilya was still in the middle of his imagination when Shane peeked out of the bathroom, staring at Ilya.

“Hey... do you think I can borrow a pair of briefs or something?” Shane asked. Even though he was comfortable sleeping naked with Ilya, he wasn’t quite sure if Ilya was.

Ilya almost couldn’t control himself from striding to Shane and pulling him in for a kiss when he saw the water drops drip from the tips of Shane’s hair, the reddish nose tip he had because of the warmth of the shower, and the mellow blush that covered his freckles faintly.

But he kept himself in place, and said, “Yes. I’ll get you one.”

Shane nodded and turned back into the bathroom, gone from Ilya’s sight.

Ilya grabbed a clean pair of briefs from his suitcase and walked over to Shane. Leaning on the doorway with one hand crossed, the other hand handing Shane the pair of briefs, he looked down at Shane’s torso and joked with a sly smile, “Will be too big, no?”

Shane blushed immediately, snatched the briefs from Ilya, and quickly put them on. His body was still a bit wet, with drops of water scattered all over his waist. They quickly drained through his briefs, making it, to Shane’s embarrassment, slightly transparent.

Shane followed Ilya over to the bed, awkwardly hovering over the side like he wasn’t sure where he was allowed to lie, as if they hadn’t slept together so many times already.

Ilya didn’t say anything, just pulled back the covers and nodded towards Shane.

They lay down with a careful distance between them.

There was no touching. No jokes – except for one, when Ilya teased Shane for brushing his teeth before showering.

It felt a bit strange – how quiet it was. For the first time in a long while, they didn’t fall into each other immediately. Didn’t reach out. Didn’t cross that invisible line they’d both been dancing along for months.

Within their soft breaths, Shane fell asleep quickly anyway. Too tired, Ilya thought as he turned himself towards Shane.

He stared at Shane’s face. It was the same trembling eyelashes that he’d miss dearly, the same freckles that he’d wished to peck one by one, the same lips that he’d wished he could kiss without hesitation in front of everyone.

Tonight’s sleep wasn’t peaceful for Shane.

He’d whimpered softly once, then again, shifting restlessly, breath hitching like he was caught halfway between dreams and panic. His hands curled into the sheets, fingers twitching like he was bracing for something.

Ilya froze.

He had turned just enough to look at Shane, heart slamming into his ribs. He wanted – desperately — to pull him closer, to ground him, to do something. But he didn't know what was allowed. Didn't know what would make things worse.

So he stayed still.

He watched. Listened. Stayed awake.

The night stretched on endlessly. Ilya drifted in and out of shallow half-sleep, waking every time Shane stirred, every time his breathing changed. His mind refused to shut off, replaying the moment Shane appeared in his room over and over – his whispers before he was gifted the miracle. The shift in the air when Shane's sudden appearance warmed him without him even knowing. His unmapped revelation of what would happen between them after all thoughts had caught up.

The next morning was difficult and exhausting for both of them.

Ilya woke up first, agonized at first as he dragged himself up from another drowsy dream, worrying that everything last night was also no more than a dream, and only to have found Shane sound asleep next to him.

And when they had both woken up, neither of them spoke. They were disoriented, pretending not to stare too hard.

Ilya simply couldn't force himself to bring up last night, only hoping for this miracle to last a bit longer.

It was Shane who spoke the first words.

"I... I really have no idea how this happened," he said quietly.

"But we can't think about this," Shane's tone shifted seriously. "Not right now. Not during playoffs."

Ilya had planned to follow whatever Shane was about to say anyway, so he nodded. "Yes."

"Because what if I disappear in the middle of a game," Shane added. "Or you."

"Coach would kill us," Ilya agreed.

That earned a weak smile.

And that was it for Ilya's first, and so far, only, magical encounter.

They had left that morning in a hurry. Both of them picking up and getting dressed with whatever clothes were found on the floor, finding Shane a way back to Montreal, and leaving the conversation at a complete hiatus.

Ilya could only guess that they had both stuck to the promise since Shane had never suddenly appeared in his room again, and nor has he teleported to Shane's room ever. He didn't know what truly had happened. He had only suspected – deep down – that it had something to do with the words he'd finally let himself say aloud. He had been too embarrassed to tell Shane anything about what had happened. It terrified him more than the magic itself.

So he locked everything back up.

He never said it again. Not out loud. Not in his head. Not even to himself. Because he had made a deal with Shane.

No matter how desperately he wanted Shane to be there to comfort him after his father's death. No matter how lonely the nights became. No matter how badly he wanted to break these rules and claim Shane as his in front of the whole world. He didn't say it.

Because it was their promise.

End Notes

There should be another chapter to this... lowk can't predict my crazy irl schedule, but it should happen soon! It might just be a comfort extra to this chapter, i think... anyway, hope you liked this one! kudos and comments are super duper appreciated :P would definitely motivate me to get chapter 2 out soonerrr

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