

On The Ice

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On The Ice

by [Ef02](#)

Summary

“We can’t. Not anymore. It’s too much.”

The words hit Shane like a train. He understood that this had turned into something neither of them could ever have imagined but he thought Ilya would talk to him, or at least wait until after the game. Not on the ice. What. The. Fuck.

Or:

What if Ilya had tried to end things after returning from Russia?

Notes

Hello! I wrote this a few weeks ago, decided I didn't like it then went back and read it this weekend, decided it was good and here we are. I am writing a second chapter of my twitter fic but I it'll be a few days before I can do the coding. Enjoy this in the meantime <3

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

Shane could see Ilya near the centre line while their teams warmed up for their final game of the season. Shane could see from where he was stood that Ilya looked tense. They hadn't spoken since their face time call and Shane was apprehensive but excited for after the game. He felt unsure of their relationship now - they'd clearly moved beyond casual but they couldn't be together and Shane wasn't sure where that left them.

Shane skated up to Ilya on the centre line, "Rozanov"

Ilya glanced at him and nodded "Hollander"

"Still on for tonight?"

Ilya looked at him and seemed to hesitate, opening his mouth and then shutting it again. He'd asked about after the game more as in ice breaker than anything else but now he didn't feel sure of the answer. He felt a stab at the fact they were so close and yet he couldn't do anything but inspect the tape on his stick and try to look casual. Ilya still hadn't said anything and Shane felt panic start to rise. He knew that while he was sure Ilya had felt the change in their relationship too, that didn't mean it was a welcome change. For years he'd been waiting for the moment where this became too complicated, too much, too painful, and maybe now was that moment.

Ilya looked past him, towards the goal at the edge of the ice and said quietly, but with an air of determination, "No."

"What?"

Ilya looked annoyed, but Shane wasn't sure if he was annoyed at himself or Shane. "We can't. Not anymore. It's too much."

The words hit Shane like a train. He understood that this had turned into something neither of them could ever have imagined but he thought Ilya would talk to him, or at least wait until after the game. Not on the ice. What. The. Fuck. Shane knew he was just stood staring at Ilya in a way too intense for a casual warm up but he couldn't come up with any words. To his credit, Ilya looked upset with himself "I was going to text you after okay? It's just- we can't anymore-" He looked around and then added almost angrily "I'm sorry. I just didn't want to lie and-" he cut himself off, looking even more annoyed then said "After, okay?"

Shane then felt like he was about to cry. Which was not an acceptable thing to do while standing on the ice warming up before a game with Ilya Rozanov. The only thing he could think to do to stop him crying on the ice and begging him to reconsider was to focus on the anger that had started burning along with the sadness. "Fuck you! How can you say that to me now? Here?" Was as far as Shane got before he realised that they'd been talking for far longer than was acceptable and he was now semi shouting at Rozanov from the centre line, meaning they'd attracted some attention from both their teams. Hayden got there first, enough to overhear Shane's last words. He'd also seemingly noticed whatever expression was on Shane's face and had gone from mild concern to alarm.

“Hey, everything okay here?” he said with a glare towards Ilya. Shane knew he couldn’t have this conversation in front of Hayden and he also knew if he wanted to be any good at playing hockey in a minute that he needed a minute and he was running out of them.

Ignoring questioning looks from the team he walked off the ice and into the nearest bathroom he could find, locking the door behind him. He felt like he was losing it slightly. He crouched down on the floor, trying to control his breathing. After 7 years this relationship or agreement or whatever the fuck it was, it felt sacred to him, and he didn’t want to lose it, not now when they’d finally *finally* admitted it was something more, even if they had no idea what more meant. Shane knew that he’d never find anyone else too. Even if he found someone that liked him, which felt rather impossible, Shane knew that he’d never find anyone else that he liked. He needed someone that understood the way he breathed hockey and his competitive nature, and more than either of those things, right from that first knock Ilya had just understood Shane and what he wanted before Shane ever opened his mouth in a way that no else ever had or could.

Unfortunately Hayden had followed him to the bathroom, clearly concerned by what he’d seen. He stood outside and banged on the door. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah I’m fine I just need a minute okay, carry on warming up.”

“Whatever he said, don’t let it get to you now. He’s always been an asshole.”

This did little to help, in fact it made Shane ache slightly because he knew, now, that while Ilya was an asshole, he was so much more than that, and it was usually an act to stop people discovering this, and Shane didn’t know how to go back to before he knew that. Shane knew he needed to get back onto the ice but he didn’t want Hayden to see his face right at that second because there was no way to hide how heartbroken he felt. The word heartbroken hit Shane. It almost made him laugh. He knew he loved Ilya, he’d accepted that at the same time he’d finally accepted being gay. But being heartbroken before he’d ever actually had a chance to be something *more* seemed like a cruel twist. Was this how Ilya had felt seeing him with Rose?

In another cruel twist of fate he then heard a distinctive voice with a Russian accent outside the door. He knew Hayden was still there which was probably how Rozanov knew where he was. “Hollander, it didn’t come out how I mean okay?” There was a touch of worry in his voice that Shane wasn’t sure if Hayden would be able to detect.

“God, can you fuck off? We don’t need you here!”

“Go away Pike, is nothing to do with you, okay” Rozanov said shortly to Hayden, and then clearly came closer to the door because his voice was slightly softer “I can explain”.

As much as Shane would quite like to see Hayden punch Ilya in that moment, he didn’t think that it would help the situation so he opened the door. Ilya and Hayden were stood on either side of it, looking angrily at each other, but both had a look of concern when they looked at Shane. Under different circumstances, Shane might find both of them looking at him with similar expressions funny.

He looked at them and said “It’s fine, I’m overreacting, let’s go.” With an almost involuntary glance at Ilya, he added “We can talk after we beat you.”

Hayden looked like he wanted to say more but didn’t push it then, instead turning and walking back towards the ice. Shane followed him. Ilya paused, looking pained and like he wanted to say more, but followed too. Shane knew everyone had probably wondered about the three of them disappearing, but he didn’t care in that moment.

As soon as he stepped on the ice, though, everything faded away. Well almost everything, he always felt something slightly different when playing against Ilya. Whether it was because Ilya was the only person truly able to challenge him, or something else, games against Boston were simply more fun, more pressure, and more exciting than any other team. Then half way through the game, he managed to steal the puck off Ilya, and having sort of forgotten about their pre-game conversation, and shot a look behind him. Then he felt something crash into him and everything went dark.

The next day

Shane had sort of been waiting for Ilya to show up. Hayden had visited earlier, and clearly Shane’s concussion meant he’d either forgotten or not wanted to mention whatever had upset Shane. He was grateful for that but not entirely sure what to say if Hayden did ask.

He knew that it would potentially be hard for Ilya to get in to see him, but it was probably manageable. Although, if he was going to break up with Shane, he wasn’t sure if he wanted to see him. But the drugs had taken away a layer of Shane’s anxiety and he felt semi confident that Ilya wasn’t going to dump him while he had a broken collarbone and a concussion. So, when the door opened and Ilya slipped inside, Shane smiled. “Ilya!”

“Hi,” Ilya said awkwardly. “I just needed—are you—?”

“I’m okay... I mean, I have a concussion, and a fractured collarbone. I’m out for the playoffs. But...”

“Could have been worse.”

“Yeah.”

“Marlow is...he feels bad,” Ilya said. “He was very...angry at himself. And I am mad at him as well.”

Shane blinked at that. “It’s part of the game. I know he’s not a vicious player.”

There was a pause and in what was probably a bad attempt to break the tension he said “Are you here to make up for dumping me in the worst way possible?”

However, instead of breaking the tension, Ilya’s face fell and Shane realised he’d been putting up a bit of a mask when he’d come in.

“I’m sorry, I really didn’t mean for that to happen” He said seriously. “That wasn’t, I mean you didn’t, it’s not...” he trailed off and for once Shane felt like it was him that couldn’t understand English. Was this what it felt like for Ilya all the time? Maybe Shane should start learning Russian. If they were still together. As Ilya started speaking again, Shane realised he hadn’t said anything.

“I just, you weren’t distracted right? That’s not...” He trailed off with a gesture towards Shane and Shane finally understood what he meant and his eyes went wide.

“Oh no! No, no, no. I was fine! I swear.” Shane said, probably slightly louder than was wise, but he really didn’t want Ilya thinking this was his fault. The idea that Ilya had spent all night thinking that was almost too painful to think about.

He saw something in Ilya’s face and knew he needed to touch him.

“Hey.”

Ilya brushed his hand over Shane’s face and Shane felt as if maybe the concussion was worth it just for this moment.

“You scared me and I thought, maybe...”

“I’ll be okay. I was going to text you last night but...”

Ilya looked at him softly then “I am sorry about that. I didn’t mean to say anything then. You just surprised me with the question and I didn’t know how to lie” He looked down at his shoes and then back at Shane, their hands intertwined. “I don’t know how to do this. I don’t think it’s a good idea anymore.” He admitted softly.

Shane didn’t know what to say to that so he just looked at Ilya. He didn’t feel like Ilya was trying to break things off now exactly, just that he was explaining his thoughts. Shane understood. He didn’t know how to do this either, all that he knew was that not being something would hurt more than being one giant hurting question mark.

“I was looking forward to last night,” he offered. “I don’t know when we’ll have the chance again.”

“I will be busy. Winning the Stanley Cup,” Ilya said with a forced smirk, seemingly not wanting to talk about the issue.

Shane grimaced.

“I’m sorry,” Ilya said, and Shane knew that he meant it. That was part of the reason he loved him - Ilya would be playing as hard as he could for the cup, but at the same time he was genuinely sorry that Shane wouldn’t be playing too, even if it made it easier for Boston.

Shane closed his eyes again. “It sucks.” He’d never say it out loud but it would probably cost Montreal the cup, and it would deprive him of the chance of getting his name on another this season.

“I know.”

There was another pause and Shane didn't know what to say. Ilya hadn't really given him any indication of where they were going from here, or if he wanted to take yesterday's words back. Ilya's hand was softly stroking his hair though, and Shane felt something close to despair. All he wanted was more of this.

“I don't know how to be *more* without being able to be *more*” Ilya admitted. Shane felt his heart squeeze. He knew the feeling.

“Come to the cottage” He said, slightly bravely. He didn't think it would fix anything, but at least it could be something. When Ilya didn't reply he added “We can have a week or two, Ilya. Haven't you ever wanted more time?”

Ilya looked torn at that, and for a second Shane thought he was going to deny it. But then he just sighed and whispered “Of course.”

“Then come to the cottage. Please. It will just be the two of us, completely alone for as long as you want to stay.”

If Ilya said no, he honestly thought he might cry. He thought back to how he felt in the bathroom last night, panicking at the thought of never being near Ilya again.

“Maybe.”

It wasn't a yes, but he hadn't said no either, so Shane counted it as a win and beamed at him. The door handle turned and Ilya jumped back and turned to face the nurse who entered the room.

“Uh-oh,” she said with a smile. “You're not trying to smother him with a pillow, are you, Mr. Rozanov?”

“No,” Ilya said, giving her a smile in return that Shane wasn't quite sure was reassuring. “I was just...leaving, actually.”

Shane didn't like that, but he knew that Ilya could only stay for so long without it looking weird. “Thank you for coming,” Shane said, slipping back into their public mask. “I appreciate it.”

Ilya nodded. “Get well soon, Hollander. Sorry about yesterday.”

Shane knew to the nurse it would sound like he was apologising for the hit, but Shane knew it was for what he'd said. He supposed that they were even now. Shane had left Ilya's house and found a very famous actress to date and Ilya had brokek out and tried to break up with him on the ice. They really were meant for each other.

End Notes

Hope everyone enjoyed! I tried to keep it fairly in character for where they both are at this point in the story, so no major love confessions, but they still get there in the end. Come find me on twitter [here](#)

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