

Tell Him I'm Okay

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Tell Him I'm Okay

by [Leona_113](#)

Summary

Ilyas's head had ended up between his knees, his hands wrapping around the back of his helmet. Ilya couldn't keep the thoughts away. He tried to think of things that didn't relate to Shane, or his mother, or hockey. Grasping at the mental straws, he couldn't come up with anything that didn't relate to Shane in some way. He had completely taken over Ilyas' life. Every good memory he had had Shane in it. Ilya spiralled further, the rubber floor seeming to spin. He had undone his helmet, letting it clatter onto the floor.

OR What if Ilya couldn't hold it together when Shane got hurt?

Notes

HEYY first Heated Rivalry fic, which means I get to traumatize them!!! love angst. So we are going to pretend that Ilya never wanted to break things off with Shane, or do maybe itll create a different perspective. Enjoy mild pain and suffering. Also! The hockey stuff may or may not be accurate :P

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

Ilya bent down at center ice, facing Shane. He felt lighter after their conversation before the game. 1919, he repeated so he wouldn't forget Shane's front door code. He had called him brave as a cunning characteristic remark, but he had genuinely appreciated that Shane felt comfortable enough not to sneak around the back.

Now staring at Shane on the ice in front of a couple thousand people, all he could think about was the smattering of freckles across his "opponent's" face, and how he would get to see those eyes unguarded looking up at him later tonight. Their eyes met, and Ilya felt lighter than he had in a while. This would be the first game following the death of his father, and although he hadn't cared for the man, being home hadn't been an easy task. Ilya smiled at Shane, and Shane smacked his stick against his, a frowned upon move in hockey, but it didn't matter. They were in a good place with each other after several phone calls while he was in Moscow the week before. Something in their relationship had shifted, and Ilya had accepted that he loved Shane even if he didn't know what that meant or how they could ever be together. Knowing that they had a mutual view of each other was all Ilya needed.

The puck dropped, and Shane won the face-off. He spun around and started towards Ilya's net. Shane effortlessly skated between Ilya's teammates. Ilya had always admired Shane's ability to handle his hockey stick; he would never let Shane in on that. Not yet, anyway. Ilya saw his teammate, Marlow, skating in fast from Shane's left side. Shane turned his head to look at Ilya, a playful smile still on his face, matching the Ilya's. He was living for these playful moments that shone through Shane on the ice.

As soon as the moment started, it had ended. Ilya assumed Shane had spotted Marlow when he turned around to smile at Ilya but it would appear not. Ilya's face fell as Marlow connected with Shane's side hard. Ilya's eyes widened as he watched Shane slide across the ice, where he remained motionless.

Panic surged through Ilya's system. Was he okay? The rest of the players skated to their respective benches, a part of protocol when an accident happened. He continued to skate towards Shane to see if he was alright. Ilya's brain went quiet. He could just make out Hayden Pike, Shane's best friend, telling off Marlow for knocking down Shane.

"Rozanov! Get off the ice!" one of the referees yelled and stuck out his arm to block him from getting any closer. But he couldn't leave Shane alone. He had his stick dropped at his side and was gliding around the various medical professionals who all crowded Shane's unconscious form. He watched helplessly from as close as he could get. Images of his mother's lifeless body flashed through his mind.

"Is he okay? fucking tell me!" Ilya said a lot louder than he meant to. He needed to know he was okay, at least, alive. No one responded; they were too busy hoisting Shane onto a spinal board.

"Get to your bench, Rozanov, I'm not going to tell you again," the same referee said in response. skating up to him and pushing him backwards. Ilya was shell-shocked and let himself get pushed back towards his bench by the referee, who realized he wasn't going to leave.

As Ilya was skating backward towards the bench, his eyes remained solely on Shane as they pushed the stretcher towards the exit of the rink. Ilya found himself standing on the ice next to Shane's teammates instead of his own. He could barely hear anything over his fast pulse in his ears. His breath quickened to match. Ilyas brain kicked into overdrive. What if this was it? What if he died? He couldn't even grieve him. Not even 24 hours ago, Ilya had been standing at one funeral. Now he was mentally preparing for the next. Ilya glanced frantically around the rink. His own teammates were waving at him to sit, minimal worry on their faces. Marlow had been carted off somewhere to get checked out. Shane's teammates were wearing a similar expression to his own.

The referee, fed up with Ilyas's lack of rule following, continued to push him back to where he needed to be. Ilya, normally, would be offended that the ref had approached him, but he didn't even notice through the swirling thoughts of his brain. He fought back tears as he hopped the barrier and sat down hard on the bench.

One of his teammates bumped him on the shoulder and said, "Whoa, that was crazy, eh?" normally Ilya, the captain, would do a round and make sure everyone was okay after seeing someone get injured, but today, Ilya stayed glued to his spot closest to Shane's team as he could get. Thoughts of his late mother and Shane's motionless body blended, creating one horrific loop of memories. Ilya pulled the gloves off his hands, trying not to feel so suffocated in all of his gear.

His mother's hand hanging off the side of her bed.

Shane's gloved hand limp on the ice.

Ilya's chest rose and fell quickly as his eyes darted around, trying to knock the vivid images out of his brain.

His mother getting wheeled away on a stretcher.

Shane getting wheeled out the same way.

Ilyas's head had ended up between his knees, his hands wrapping around the back of his helmet. Ilya couldn't keep the thoughts away. He tried to think of things that didn't relate to Shane, or his mother, or hockey. Grasping at the mental straws, he couldn't come up with anything that didn't relate to Shane in some way. He had completely taken over Ilyas' life. Every good memory he had had Shane in it. Ilya spiralled further, the rubber floor seeming to spin. He had undone his helmet, letting it clatter onto the floor. That caught the attention of his coach, sitting next to him.

"Hey, Roz? You Good?" He said, his tone suggesting he didn't approve.

Ilya had heard him and tried to snap back into reality. The ambiance of the arena clouded his senses. He was still at a hockey game. Being reprimanded for not getting off the ice when Shane had been hit. Shane had been hit. And he didn't get to go with him. He slowly lifted his head, trying to school his features back into the calm, indifferent demeanour he usually carried. Sweat dripped down his face and into his eyes. He looked up at his coach, trying his best to hold his neutral expression and nodded. His shaky hands and legs betray him.

"Take a walk, Rozanov, I don't know what 's matter with you, but this is not how we win a game." His coach said, giving him a mildly disgusted look. Ilya knew that was meant to humiliate him, but he took the offer and practically jumped up out of his seat and toward the door.

Once he was in the change room, he couldn't hold in the tears. Ilya felt like he was a helpless 12-year-old again. He felt suffocated in the small room, his eyes darting around wildly to see if anyone was there. No one was, so he sat heavily on the floor by his cubicle and started taking off his gear. There was no way he was going to play again today, nevermind the fact that his coach wouldn't put him on again. He had pulled the majority of the heavy padding off his body before he felt he could breathe.

What if he died? What if he never got to say everything that he wanted? That the last thing they did together was play rivals. They were supposed to grow old together. Have a home. Start a family. Ilya was supposed to tell Shane he loved him. All of those ideas were replaced by grief, mourning the second person he had let himself need. Ilya's skates were digging into the floor while he tried to untie them. His hands were shaking so hard that he couldn't grasp both laces at the same time. He gave up on his skates and just brought his knees to his chest and cried into them. He needed to leave. to find Shane, to be there for him. Ilya ran his hands through his damp hair. Every reason for hiding their relationship vanished. He hated that they needed to hide. He hated Shane for not seeing Marlow. He hated Marlow for hitting him. He hated his mother for leaving him here all alone. Ilya went through the motions of getting undressed, showered and redressed. He didn't care that he wasn't supposed to leave during a game. He needed to get out of that arena.

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Ilya sat upright in his bed, still in the clothes he left the arena in. It had been several hours, and several unanswered phone calls and texts from everyone, ranging from "WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU" to "where did u go dude?" since the game had supposedly ended. The only thing that he was looking at was the several news websites that were known for following along with the hockey community.

HOCKEYTOPIA

Shane Hollander star center for the Montreal Voyageurs, rushed to the hospital after a collision with the opposing team's Cliff Marlow. Hollander's condition remains unknown.

CENTRAL NEWS

Fans are speculating on where Ilya Rozanov went after the second-to-last quarter of tonight's game. Read more to find out the latest scoop.

HOCKEY TV

Fans report that Shane Hollander's condition looked critical. "He was knocked out cold," says one of the witnesses.

None of the articles were good for Ilya. Luckily, none of them were saying that Ilyas disappearance and Shane's injuries were related. He exhaled a breath that he had been holding and put his phone down. Not bothering to turn on a light, he just sat in the dark. He supposed he would have to wait until morning, like all the other fans. He sank lower into his bed, onto his back. The ceiling contorted into more images of the last few days. His father's casket being replaced by Shane's. Rationally, he knew that Shane would be okay. He had only been knocked out. Hockey came with injuries, and that was one of them. The rest of Ilya couldn't think of anything other than his mother.

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When Ilya woke up, he reached for his phone for any updated news. He scanned several articles until the words "Awake and stable" caught his eye; relief sank into him. The next thing he scanned for was Shane's location. Ilya knew he would never find it, considering it would be a privacy violation for Shane and his team, but he looked anyway. Against his better judgment, he looked at any paparazzi website he could find. He hated that these websites existed because he had been subjected to unwanted photos and articles about him, but the second he read "Lakeside General," any disdain he had went out the window.

Ilya was out the door and on his way to the hospital before he got his coat on. Walking up to the front desk, he felt a little self-conscious. Why would he be checking up on his rival? He decided that if people made it into something, he would come back with "any human would be upset" or something like that. The receptionist spotted Ilya standing in line behind several other people who were visiting patients and waved at a nurse to direct Ilya to Shane's room. They did so wordlessly, which he greatly appreciated. He rounded the corner and saw a very loopy Shane through the glass door. His skin prickled with nerves as he opened the door.

"Ilyaaaa!" Shane said, slurring a little.

Ilya, realizing that Shane's tone was undeniably not rival material, shushed him.

"I um- I just want to" a lump formed in Ilyas' throat. He studded over his English and tried not to cry.

"Are you okay?"

"concussion and fractured collarbone out for the playoffs, but" Shane said

"Could have been worse," Ilya finished

"Marlow feels terrible. He did not mean to hurt you," Ilya said. He hadn't actually talked to him, but he's pretty sure he'd feel bad.

"I know it's a part of the game we all get our bell rung eventually, right?" Shane said

"Right," Ilya repeated. He was beginning to realize how much harder this was to stand in a hospital room with someone who was not dead.

"Hey," Shane said, snapping Ilya out of his thoughts

"Heyyyyyyy," He continued, slurring as he went.

"Okay, okay," Ilya said softly, crossing the room. He knew that if someone walked in, he didn't know how to explain the loving gaze Shane had. Even in his doped-up state, Shane could tell he was scared.

"Yes," Shane said once he felt the contact,

"bet-ter," splitting the word into two long syllables.

"You scared me," Ilya said, swallowing hard

"I'm sorry I didn't text you last night."

"No, it's okay."

"I was excited about last night. I am mostly mad at Marlow for fucking that up."

"He feels really bad."

"You know I had a while plan to ask you something."

"Mabye its better if you just rest."

"I was going to ask you..."

"Hollander," he interrupted.

"willyouuu cometomycottegethissummer?" Shane said, looking so proud of himself

"Don't go to Russia. Come to my house. We'll have so much funnnn. It's so private, no one will know." He explained.

"Hollander, you know we can't do that."

"mmmm we would have a week or maybe two? " Shane said persisting.

"Be completely alone."

"*together*"

"Maybe, maybe, " Ilya said. Not wanting to let Mr.Sunshine down right now.

End Notes

Okay, so I clearly half-assed the hospital scene bc we have all seen it 100 times. I love some angst :D Hope you enjoyed!! Lmk your thoughts on this silly gay hockey show!!

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