

Snapshots

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Snapshots

by [Nickies_Nonsense](#)

Summary

It was clear by the tone of Shane's voice that he was not doing well, he was panicking and he was begging for Ilya to fix it and he wished for nothing more than to catch the next flight to Montreal and hold Shane in his arms and fucking fix it but he knew that was impossible.

Or, Shane navigates being a transgender professional athlete and Ilya is by his side every step of the way.

Notes

Once again written by your local depressed trans man

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

They were sitting on one of numerous hotel room beds after yet another hookup when Ilya first asked, “does no one else really know?”

Shane glanced up at him, his eyes met the Russian’s and he could see the curiosity there and a hint of pity. He swallowed, looking down at his lap where it was covered with a sheet, the rest of him naked and sweaty, spent.

“Um, I mean, my parents know obviously and I don’t have much contact with any extended family, I guess some people from my hometown maybe but it’s been so long that...I don’t know.”

Rozanov nodded, “no friends?”

Shane looked at him again, glaring, “Fuck you I have friends! I have Hayden, I just...can’t ever tell him.”

“So he is not your real friend.”

“God, Rozanov, would you leave it alone? You know damn well I can’t come out.” He felt like hitting him, why couldn’t Rozanov of all people understand this? He was in the same situation.

“Svetlana knows.” Ilya said suddenly. When Shane looked at him in shock he said, “about me of course, nothing about you, just that I like men as well.”

Shane nodded, “that’s nice.”

“Da, it is, I do not think it is...healthy, to keep it all inside forever.”

Shane couldn’t exactly keep the contempt out of his voice when he said, “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Calvin Klein

Ilya could feel his phone ringing in his pocket while he drove down the familiar streets of Moscow. He ignored it, hands gripping the leather-covered wheel tighter as he sped up, letting the dark streets fly by.

The sound of the phone ringing stopped and all he could hear was the engine purring beneath him. He pressed down on the gas, urging it faster and faster. Deliriously, he wondered what would happen if he just never stopped driving, could he drive fast enough to fly out of this place?

His phone rang again, snapping him out of his thoughts, and with one hand he reached into his pocket, pulling it out long enough to read the caller ID: Jane.

Without thinking he pulled over instantly and turned off the engine, accepting the call.

“Sorry.” Shane’s voice was frantic on the other end of the line.

“What?” Ilya responded, confused about this whole situation. It was afternoon in Canada, sure, but Hollander never called him, they only texted. It was one of their many unspoken rules that gave Ilya a headache if he thought about it too much.

“I’m sorry, I just- they want me to- and I don’t know what to say and you’re the only one that knows and-”

“Shane, where are you?” Ilya cut him off.

The use of his first name must have snapped Shane out of whatever this was because he answered, “Um, this Calvin Klein commercial shoot and they said I’d just be modeling like shirts and stuff but now they want me to do underwear too and Ilya I can’t...”

Ilya swallowed down his own surprise at the use of his first name. It was clear by the tone of Shane’s voice that he was not doing well, he was panicking and he was begging for Ilya to fix it and he wished for nothing more than to catch the next flight to Montreal and hold Shane in his arms and fucking fix it but he knew that was impossible.

So he nodded even though Shane couldn’t see it and said, “Okay, is okay Hollander, is your mother there?”

“No,” came his shaky response, “S’ why I called you..”

“Okay, and what does contract say, did they mention you would have to get undressed?”

Shane paused, thinking, “it doesn’t say anything, it doesn’t say I would but it never said I wouldn’t have to either.”

“Da, okay.” Ilya took a deep breath, “here is what you do then: you tell them that you’re uncomfortable doing underwear and it’s not in contract so you will not do it.”

Shane’s protest came immediately, “but then they’ll know, they’ll think there’s something wrong with me and I’m a freak and all the other celebrities do this all the time and- god of course there’s something wrong with me, who am I kidding-”

“Shane.” He said firmly, “Listen to me, there’s nothing wrong with you at all, you are my beautiful boy, yes?”

There was no response from the other end of the line.

“Shane...” he prompted.

“Fine, yes, there’s nothing wrong with me,” Shane muttered back.

“Da, good, now here is what you are going to do: go find whoever is in charge of this shitshow and say ‘I did not agree to this in contract so I will not do it’, you do not need explanation, if they do not agree you leave and go get rich and famous some other way, okay?”

He could hear Shane's shaky inhale from the other end of the line, many countries and time zones away. He almost wished that Shane would call him again, under better circumstances.

"Okay," he said, "thanks Ilya."

His voice sounded softer, calmer, with a hint of determination. Ilya smiled, "good luck Shane, call me again if you need okay?"

"Okay, bye."

"Goodbye Hollander."

He let Shane hang up and then he stared at his blank phone screen for a moment, his heart full even after a short conversation with Shane.

Teammates

Shane didn't drink for a reason. His impeccable filter, his now pretty firm grasp on social cues, his carefully scripted words, that all went out the window when he drank. He had discovered this at sixteen when he first tried drinking and vowed that it would be in his best interest if he didn't do it anymore.

So it was very, very stupid that he was standing in this bar with a drink in hand, surrounded by his teammates and strangers and Ilya Rozanov of all people.

But, he tried to think clearly, his head now feeling pleasantly fuzzy, it wasn't his fault, really. It started with a series of bad games in which he made stupid mistakes and ended with the fact that he hadn't seen Ilya in a very long time and when the Russian asked that they grab a drink in the hotel bar with everyone else at the All Stars Game before making their discreet excuses, he couldn't say no.

Shane leaned heavily against the bar top, content to hold his drink and watch everyone else talk. Yes, he knew he should be making more of an effort to hold conversations and appear normal but he found that he didn't really have the energy to care.

And god, he could spend the rest of his life looking at Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya, of course, could hold his liquor perfectly and was standing in a group talking to a beautiful woman who he didn't recognize and some of his teammates. Shane admired his side profile, the sharp line of his jaw and his long arms which held his drink in large hands. Ilya was smiling, talking and telling jokes easily, the others laughed.

He was snapped out of his trance by Hayden grabbing his elbow, "c'mon man stop glaring at Rozanov and come hangout," he said, dragging Shane towards a group of people standing near Ilya.

Shane swallowed the rest of his sickly sweet drink and followed dumbly along behind him, glad that his expression had been interpreted as 'glaring' and not 'madly in love'.

“Hey, hey,” someone said, reaching out to greet him. Shane didn’t recognize any of these people and their faces all blurred together, names that were told to him instantly evaporated and he tried to nod and smile along at their stories.

The lights were too bright and everyone’s voices were too loud and he couldn’t think straight. One woman was talking to another, waving her hands and telling a story about something that had happened at a Girl Scout Camp when she was a little girl.

Before he could stop himself Shane felt his mouth open and the words spill out, “when I was in Girl Scouts we got in so much trouble for feeding the squirrels and then-”

A large hand landed on his shoulder and only then did Shane glance up and realize that the group had gone silent, eyes locked on him with curiosity. His mouth slammed shut with horror.

“I mean-” he started to say before Rozanov cut him off and when did Rozanov get there?

“Humor is not my rival’s strong suit,” Rozanov drawled, his hand leaving Shane’s shoulder.

Everyone laughed at that, relieved, and the tension bled out of the room. Shane swayed a little, already missing the warmth of Ilya’s touch, his eyes were blurry now. He wanted nothing more than to leave, to find his way to Ilya’s room and let the other man make him forget everything about this night.

His eyes must have expressed that because the Russian slung an arm around his shoulder and said, “I think also my rival might need to go to bed, he is how you say bad at drinking?”

The room laughed and Shane made a show of pushing Ilya away before he mumbled, “G’night” to everyone and hastily left.

As his feet stumbled down the hall to Ilya’s room he thought about how grateful he was that everyone’s takeaway from the night was ‘Shane Hollander can’t hold his liquor’ and not ‘Shane Hollander was born a girl’.

Hayden

Ilya had asked him over and over again if he was sure he wanted to do this. And the answer was yes, mostly, probably.

“I just have to do it Ilya, if I don’t do it now then I never will,” he’d said for the hundredth time that morning, carding his shaking fingers through his hair.

“Okay,” Ilya said simply, his hand squeezing Shane’s thigh.

Hayden (and by extension Jackie) already knew about Shane and Ilya and had been sworn to secrecy but for some reason at that particular meeting Shane hadn’t been able to spit out the other truth. He guessed that maybe he liked allowing Hayden to assume he was a cis gay guy because god did he wish that was the truth. Sure, being gay in hockey wasn’t easy but admitting that he was trans and gay felt like a death sentence.

Maybe, he thought that was where Hayden would draw the line and deem Shane ‘too much’ and that would be it.

He sucked in a deep breath, only one way to find out.

They drove to Hayden’s place in silence and when they stopped outside the door Shane almost blurted out that actually this was a bad idea and he didn’t need to tell Hayden anything and they could still be friends and-

“You ready?” Ilya asked, his hand squeezed Shane’s firmly.

Shane nodded jerkily, “um yeah.”

Hayden greeted them warmly and Shane tried to keep up an act of nonchalance but Hayden must have seen through it because he gestured for them to sit on the couch and busied himself in the kitchen pouring glasses of wine.

Jackie joined them on the couch and she fixed Shane with a curious look but he ignored her in favor of clinging onto Ilya’s hand while he made small talk with Jackie.

“Oh yeah the kids are out with the sitter at the park right now, seriously she’s a blessing, if you two ever have kids I’ll hook you up.” Jackie was saying.

Ilya laughed, “I don’t think either of us are willing to sacrifice any hockey for children right now,” he said with a pointed glance at Hayden.

“Hey I heard that!” Hayden called back from the kitchen and Shane managed a small smile. A part of him thought that he should cherish this moment now before Hayden decided not to be friends with him anymore.

Finally Hayden emerged with several glasses of wine.

“I don’t know if Rozanov deserves one,” he said teasingly before handing it to them.

He sat down next to his wife and affixed Shane with a look that said, ‘I know something’s up’.

“So, uh, you wanna spit out whatever you were gonna say Shane?” He asked.

Jackie rolled her eyes at her husband and amended, “whatever it is, it’s fine honey.”

Shane wasn’t so sure of that. He took a sip of the wine just to have something to do with his hands.

“I, um...” he trailed off and Ilya squeezed his hand, his eyes warm and reassuring, steady.

“I’m transgender, like I was born a girl and I transitioned a long time ago obviously like medically and everything and um I guess I’m telling you cause you’re like my best friend and I trust you but you can’t tell anyone obviously.”

Both Hayden and Jackie froze for a moment then they blinked and Hayden was dragging him forward into a bear hug and Jackie was patting his hair.

“Dude, wow, thank you so much for telling me, I had no idea.” Hayden said.

“Your secret is safe with us honey,” Jackie smiled.

Shane slumped into their embrace, all the tension flooding out of his body. “So you don’t like care or anything?” he asked quietly.

“Of course not man!” Hayden said, he was smiling now, “but like wow this is crazy holy shit Hollander, who knew you had so many secrets?”

Shane smiled weakly, “yeah it's a lot.”

Jackie patted his arm, “and we’re here if you ever need anything.”

Ilya reached around her to squeeze Shane’s hand in silent agreement and Shane nodded, “thank you all, so much.”

End Notes

I have no idea if Canada has Girl Scouts but for the sake of this story they do

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