

What Might Have Been Lost

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76789426) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76789426>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Angst , Hurt/Comfort , Suicide Attempt , Not Beta Read
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 2,235 Chapters: 1/1

What Might Have Been Lost

by [lastthatlong](#)

Summary

Shane comes to visit Ilya in Boston. Ilya isn't expecting him.

Notes

Hi! A few things:

1. This deals with suicide, so read at your own risk. Do not read if you are not safe to do so.
2. I have only seen the TV show and have not read the books, so sorry if this does not quite fit canon characterization.
3. Title from "The Wolves (Act I and II)" by Bon Iver.

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

Shane arrives at Ilya's Boston home that evening to what he would deem a total mess. The entryway is cluttered with scattered shoes, a coat, shirt, and running shorts. The coffee table in the living room is askew, and there are papers and a random pile of mail on it leaning off one side, threatening to fall to the floor. Ilya, sitting right next to them, doesn't seem to notice. But, Shane is coming to realize, that's not uncommon for Ilya. For him to be neglectful in cleaning, too caught up in his thoughts to really notice his surroundings. Shane himself always feels tuned into the state of the room around him—any uncleanness or untidiness would send him spiraling until he fixed it. Ilya, however, is different.

Ilya sits on the floor between his couch and coffee table. He hasn't acknowledged Shane's arrival, apparently not bothering to move while Shane let himself in with his own key. His eyes are half-open, and his hair is wild, as if he hasn't touched it since getting out of bed. Shane hasn't seen him this way before.

Okay, maybe that's not completely true. Shane has seen glimpses of this side of Ilya, but glimpses were all they were. Shane will sometimes wake up to an alarm in the morning, and Ilya will stay in bed, awake but unmotivated to move, thoughts somewhere distant. Sometimes it takes convincing—often in the form of a gentle touch to the cheek or a kiss to the forehead—to snap Ilya out of his trance, to get him back. To find him again.

Maybe that's all Ilya needs right now, Shane hopes. He crosses the room and sits next to Ilya, laying an arm across his shoulders. "Hey," Shane says softly, "I'm here."

That seems to rouse Ilya, but it's not the abrupt snap Shane sees on those mornings. Instead it's gradual, sluggish. Ilya is still half in another land when he turns to face Shane.

Ilya smiles. "I am so *fucking* happy to see you," he says—somewhat slowly, Shane realizes. Perhaps he's been drinking. It has been a long few weeks with a brutal travel schedule for them both, and now that they finally have a stretch of days with nothing else planned, Shane can't fault Ilya for unwinding a bit.

But, he can't see any alcohol around. That should have been his first clue.

Ilya's breath is hot in his ear. "I missed you," he whispers. Shane feels the words tingling on the back of his neck. Ilya's hand is on his thigh, heavy and warm. The sensation makes Shane squirm.

"I missed you too," he says back.

Ilya pulls away and seems to admire Shane, his eyes unfocused. "I did not know when I would see you again," he says.

"What?" Shane doesn't understand. They've had this planned for weeks.

Ilya is suddenly back in that other land, looking but not really *looking* at Shane. "I...forgot. I am sorry, this week has been so busy, and I did not remember."

"Okay," Shane answers. He waits for Ilya to say more, but he never does.

Shane gets up then and trudges into the kitchen alone. There are a few plates in the sink that Shane frowns at, but the mess here is not much compared to the entryway and living room. On another evening, Ilya would have followed him into the kitchen, led along by one hand. Ilya would have lifted Shane onto the counter and kissed him until he nearly fell backward into the cabinets. His hands would rest on Shane's knees, then move to his thighs, inching upward. And Shane would shut his eyes and kiss him back, and he wouldn't be worried about a thing.

But Shane is worried. He doesn't know what has his boyfriend—his *boyfriend*; it still feels surreal even to think it—staring listlessly at nothing in his living room, looking like he just got out of bed at six in the evening. Normally Ilya is more put together, especially on evenings when he'll see Shane. Boston is a lonely place for Ilya, Shane knows, with no one he feels he can really confide in. With one year until his contract is up, Ilya is stuck waiting for when he will hopefully be playing for Ottawa—when he will be closer to Shane, when he will be able to breathe. Until then, he's stuck holding his breath. Shane is worried the waiting is taking a toll on him.

Suddenly feeling restless, Shane starts to explore the kitchen. He opens the fridge, then slowly shuts it, then opens it again. There's something deeply appealing to his senses about the neat stacks of Tupperware containers on the top shelf, the bottle of kefir in the side door, and—it makes him smile to see it—the pack of ginger ale on the bottom shelf. Something's missing, though. The alcohol he's sure Ilya's been drinking isn't anywhere. He checks the fridge again, then the freezer, then the cabinets. Nothing.

Something isn't right. "Ilya?" Shane calls.

There's a rustling in the living room as Ilya rises to meet him, but it's soon cut off by a loud *thud*. As he rushes back into the room to check on Ilya, he hears a muttered curse in Russian.

"Oh my god, are you okay?" Shane cranes over Ilya, who has caught himself on the coffee table. It looks to Shane like he tripped, but there was nothing there to trip on.

"I'm okay," Ilya insists, rubbing his knee.

Shane helps him onto the couch, fear curling in his chest as Ilya leans onto him fully for support. "Are you sure you're okay?" He asks again.

"Dizzy." Ilya grunts. That should have been the second clue.

They sit next to each other on the couch. Shane places one hand on Ilya's shoulder and keeps it there when Ilya tries to shrug it off. The neck of the plain black t-shirt Ilya is wearing stretches to reveal a bit of his collarbone, and Shane moves his fingers to touch the skin. He hates to do this, but he does his best to look Ilya straight in the eyes, trying to figure out what has him so slow and so clumsy this evening. However, the prospect of eye contact is too intense, and they hold each other's gaze for only a moment before they both look away. Shane trains his eyes on the mole on Ilya's cheek instead, seeing from this point that Ilya is incredibly uncomfortable. Ilya shrugs his shoulder again, as if to plead for Shane to leave the topic alone.

Against his gut feeling, Shane relents. "I'll get you some water," he says. Forever Yuna's son, his first instinct is to fix things. He makes sure Ilya is steady on the couch, then goes back

into the kitchen. He eyes the dishes in the sink again, allowing himself to imagine a life where they can live together freely, where Shane does the dishes after Ilya cooks dinner and the kitchen is spotless. He can't stop himself from reaching into the sink and adjusting a plate that is oddly tilted.

There's a pill bottle underneath. Now Shane is fully worried, his stomach churning dangerously.

"What's this?" Shane asks, as if Ilya is there to see what he's talking about. He picks up the bottle, keeping his fingers away from the soggy label, and walks back to show Ilya.

Ilya looks up at the ceiling. "Just something for sleep. From team doctor. You can throw away, is empty."

"You're having trouble sleeping?" Shane asks.

"Always," Ilya says.

"Really? You always sleep well when we're together." Shane frowns and inspects the bottle more closely. Water from the sink has warped the words printed on the side. Shane can't make out the medication name, but he sees *Rozanov* in black ink bleeding off the side of the label.

Ilya smiles. It doesn't reach his eyes. "That is different."

Shane tries his best to smile too, but he's sure the worry is showing on his face. He sets the pill bottle on top of the papers on the coffee table and sits next to Ilya, their knees touching. Ilya is looking away; he's picking at the skin around his fingernails which is already pink and raw. Shane can rarely decipher other people's body language, but he knows Ilya well enough by now to read him. Ilya looks like Shane's never seen him before—he looks scared.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Shane asks as gently as he can. Something clicks in his memory. “You were texting kind of weird stuff last night.”

Ilya purses his lips slowly before forming the words. “Like what?” he asks.

“You said something about how you hope I don’t miss you?” Shane fishes his phone out of his pocket to confirm.

Jane: I miss you

Lily: I miss you too

Lily: I always miss you

Lily: I hope you do not miss me too much

Lily: I love you. Remember this

“I love you too,” Shane says, showing Ilya the screen, “but why did you need me to remember?”

Ilya’s face changes to something unreadable. There’s a crease between his eyebrows and his lips are pulled thin. Shane can’t tell what it means. Is he nervous? Guilty? “Were you drinking then, too? I can never tell when you’re drunk texting.”

Ilya looks, if possible, worse. He’s gone pale. Quietly, he answers. “No, I was not drunk. I did not know when I would see you again.”

“But you did see me again,” Shane says, desperate to reassure him. “I was already planning on coming over today. I found you here.” He pulls Ilya close, trying to hug him against Ilya’s resistance.

Ilya shudders. Twin tears fall from his eyes as he tenses his shoulders and looks down. He reaches over, out of Shane’s arms now, and grabs the pill bottle off the table.

“I,” he starts, but he is cut short by a sob. He starts again. “I,” he says, but the word dies in his throat. “I cannot say it,” he finishes lamely.

“Ilya.” Shane looks up, his gaze darting from the bottle to Ilya’s face and back down again. “What are you...” *What are you talking about?* But then the meaning Ilya is trying to convey slots into place. “Please tell me you haven’t....” He can’t say it. Can hardly even imagine it. Ilya, taking a whole bottle of sleeping pills?

Ilya can’t meet his eyes. “I did it,” he says. “Last night.”

Shane freezes in horror.

“Woke up an hour ago, I think,” Ilya continues. “I am so dizzy.”

Shane’s mind reels wildly from one thought to another, then gets stuck on one terrible sentence: *Ilya tried to kill himself.*

It feels like being caught in a mouse trap—the shock of the revelation overwhelms him more than the pain that he knows will follow. Shane doesn’t register grabbing Ilya’s shoulders in an adrenaline-tight grip and pulling him close. He comes to himself with his face in Ilya’s wild hair, tears mixing into the curls. He doesn’t know how long they stay that way, welded together by horror and fear, before Shane pries himself away.

“Ilya,” he says. “Oh my god, *Ilya.*” He realizes how hard he’s holding onto Ilya’s shoulders and lets go. He runs his hands down Ilya’s sides, from arm to waist, as if to check that he’s

still there. His mind begins to pick up again, and he remembers that he is Yuna's son. He needs a plan. "We have to get you to the hospital," he says.

"No." Ilya seems to have found his voice. "I will not do that. People will find out. I will lose hockey. *You* will lose hockey."

"*Fuck* hockey," Shane spits out. "You could have *died*." Could still die, his mind supplies. What were the pills? What could they be doing to Ilya, even now? He stands up. "Come on. I'm driving."

"No," Ilya says again.

They have hit an impasse. If it were a game, Shane would just play harder, try his best to beat Ilya, by force if necessary. But how does he force Ilya now? Shane feels himself begin to hyperventilate. He could have lost—could still lose—his boyfriend, the love of his life. What had he missed? Shane curls his hands into fists, trying to beat the anxiety back.

Ilya seems to be having a crisis of his own. "You would find me," he says quietly. "You would find me, like I found my mother." His tears are falling freely now, sliding down his face and landing on his shirt. "I would not do that to you, I swore."

"Hey, hey," Shane says, putting aside his panic to try to calm Ilya down. "It's okay, you're here, you're *alive*. We just need to make sure you're okay. Please, just—"

"If I go to hospital," Ilya starts, "you will forgive me?"

Shane's heart breaks. He watches Ilya crumple and fall into him. He has his arms open, ready to catch him. As he holds Ilya, his eyes fixate on the windows that line one side of the room. It's dark outside now, but there are streetlights he can see in the distance. "Of course," he says. "Just come to the hospital. Please."

"Okay," Ilya sobs into his shoulder. "Okay."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Stay safe. Not sure if I will add another part to this. I am still deciding.

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