

Indecision will kill you

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Indecision will kill you

by [Aalvina](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane take a break, not a break up like Shane keeps reminding himself. Just some time away to focus on hockey and find out where they want their relationship to go.

Not a breakup.

Which would be much easier to convince himself of if every sport news wasn't relaying Ilya's new friendship with captain of Ottawa women's hockey team Alexandra Page.

Notes

I know Ottawa's team for the WHL was only founded in 2023 but I decided to ignore it. Also I tried to make sense of NHL seasons logic but there might be some errors, my apologies to hockey fans.

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

“I think... I think we should take a break.” Ilya had said it in one breath, rubbing his hands on his face, exhausted.

“What do you mean?” Shane asked because he could not trust himself with getting to conclusion at the moment, raw from the fight, nerves and emotions bubbling to the surface.

When Ilya looked back at him, he looked despaired, broken.

“I’m not happy.” The sentence fell, cutting Shane’s feet under him. “Hockey is not fun, and it always has been before. I... I’m alone Shane and you’re out there, happy and successful.”

“Ilya, I didn’t know, I thought you liked it in Ottawa.”

Shane took a step closer, realizing now how far apart they stood. Ilya shook his head.

“I do, but I’m stuck waiting for when I can be with you.”

“You are with me. We are together !” Shane raised his voice, anguish rising within himself, feeling the danger of what could be said and who he could lose.

“We are, and yet we aren’t. We chose that, I did with you and now I want more. I want us out, with your friends, with *my* friends Shane.” Something must have passed on Shane’s face because Ilya sighed. “I know you can’t see it happening, I know why, still I want it and it kills me I can’t have it.”

“So you want to what?” The word *breakup* on the tip of his tongue but he refused to give it life by saying it.

“A break because it’s not working right? After the olympics, the regular season starts back, we focus on hockey, we don’t meet outside of games, we think. Both of us, we think about what we want and what we are ready to sacrifice for it.”

Shane stood there, in the cottage kitchen staring at Ilya, not understanding.

“You’re breaking up with me.” he said, eyes suddenly full of tears he refused to let fall.

Ilya gasped and in two steps was holding Shane in his arms.

“No, no, moya lyubov’. Not breakup, just break. I love you Shane, I don’t want to lose you but if we keep this way, pushing one another it will end badly. Don’t you agree?”

“Playoff season is 6 months Ilya.” trying to get the man to understand what he was asking. Months apart, months barely talking maybe.

“I know.” he kissed the black hair and leaned his face against his boyfriend’s head. “I think it could help us.”

—

This was the stupidest idea Shane ever agreed to. Even when they were dancing around each other and their feelings they hadn't spent so long apart, even when Shane tried to be straight with Rose. So now, in late march, as the end of the regular season drew near, Shane was staring at his phone, gripping it too tight, rereading the same line.

“A new romance in Hockey? Ottawa's player Ilya Rozanov and Alexandra Page cosy up!”

It had to be bullshit, even if the picture was there, Ilya and Page running together, training on the rink. There was no way Ilya was cheating.

Shane was a rational man, he had to, being the captain of a team which had won 2 cups and was on their way to their first if he had anything to do with it. He was also in the public eye since he was a teenager and had learnt that smiling at a friend meant to paparazzi that he was about to propose. Speculation about him and Rose were still going strong every time they hanged out together in public.

Shane knew, the pictures had been taken out of context, that it was all to get people to click, just like he did.

Ilya did not break up with him. Shane made sure, multiple times before parting ways because he felt the knot of fear settle in his stomach with each step away from one another they took. So Ilya, having not broken up with Shane, was obviously not flirting or hooking up with a player from the WHL.

And so, Shane had closed his phone and decided he would not engage with gossip websites. He had to focus on hockey, like he promised Ilya and find out what future they could have.

It worked for 2 weeks, until Ottawa's Centaurs won the game that would qualify them for the playoff season. Shane looked at Ilya's happy and slightly bewildered smile with pride. The team was celebrating in a group. Shane realized he hadn't seen Ilya so happy in a long time.

They did not put rules on texting, just that they should keep it to a minimum. Shane thought the victory allowed him a congratulatory message.

Knew you could do it! See you at the playoffs ;)

He then went on his Instagram to see if some players had posted pictures of videos of the celebration, hungry to see more of Ilya than what little bits he had access to with videos of matches. He first went on Ilya's page to find other players easier and froze, there were a couple of new pictures.

The first one was of Ottawa's male and female team picture after a training session they did together. It had made the news as a new steps to bridge the two Hockey leagues. Shane stared at Ilya's arm hanging on Alexandra's Page should, the captain of the Ottawa Charge.

Shane ignored the twisted feeling and turned his eyes to the other picture, it was just a glass almost empty, just the leftover of what appeared to be a very healthy green smoothie.

Ilya had just written “Time to get serious.”

Shane threw his phone on the wall.

—

“I am not drinking this.” Ilya said as Alexandra put a cup of green smoothie in his hand. They were both wearing running gear, about to go train as they agreed to.

“Remember the plan Rozanov, our teams train together means you follow my rules. My rules say healthy food.”

“This is not food, this is torture.”

She snorted as he looked at the mixture with disgust.

“And you eat like a 14 year old. We’re professional athletes, you want your team to get serious with the training?”

He glared.

“Yes.”

“Then be a captain and show the exemple!”

“We’re good, we won some games.”

“Not enough. Now drink up!”

She crossed her arms and stared at him until he relented.

“Whatever.”

This kept going. Alexandra would appear every morning, hand him a disgusting smoothie and start running with him, forcing him into a ruthless routine and regime. The only upside to it was that it reminded him of Shane, he felt a bit closer to him eating this sad food and wondered if maybe they were as close to share a meal as he would allow himself.

Alexandra Page was not nice, she was focused, when both their teams trained together they each found flaws in the others team and she would not rest until both teams were better. She also saw that Ilya Rozanov was unfocused. She loved hockey both female and male games

and had seen him play enough to know he was ruthless and sharp. This version she had met was not the best version of the player Rozanov and she would not stand to have her town, Ottawa be the city of a less Rozanov.

—

“Can I ask?” Alexandra started.

“What?” Ilya was munching his food, his fork stabbing away in his salad like some lasagna would appear inside out of thin air.

“What made you come in Ottawa? Obviously not the love for the challenge.”

“Fuck you. I work, I made team better.”

“Now, sure. But before not really right? So it had to be someone that got you to make such a change.”

Ilya shrugged.

They were alone in a park so she decided to risk it.

“Can’t tell me his name?” her voice lowered. “Has to be that, men’s sport is so full of bigots.”

“Not that issue in PWHL.” he answered.

She barked a laugh.

“No, no no, lesbianism is welcomed.”

He frowned.

“Even between players?”

She smiled, understanding the small admittance.

“Sure, same team, different sports, opposing teams. Seems normal even. Who could understand you better than someone with the same focus as you.”

Ilya stayed silent, kept eating his food.

“Must be nice.”

“It is.”

—

Shane Hollander was not an aggressive player, he was good, focused in the puck and precise with his stick play but in a face off between Montreal and Ottawa, any one would have bet on Rozanov being the one to check a bit too hard Hollander on the walls. Not the other way around. The match had little to no stakes, late in the regular season with both team already qualified. And yet, the public, the commentators and the players watched as the captain of the Montreal Metros played rougher than ever, launching the puck in the net stronger than needed and checking Rozanov every time he could.

“Hey, Shane, you okay?” asked Hayden during a off moment on the bench but Shane could only stare out following Ilya’s every move. “Cause, it’s not like we care much about Rozanov but you look a bit unhinged.”

“I’m fine.” he let out between clenched teeth.

Montreal won and Shane still wanted to break something, his emotions running out of his grasp which was not helped by the text waiting for him on his phone when he finally got back to his room.

Are you okay? had written Ilya.

He debated answering either truthfully or denying anything wrong but was cut short by Hayden knocking on his door.

“Hey man, I know things have been weird for you, maybe you could come down to the hotel bar, we can talk a bit?”

Hayden was one of the rare person to know about him and Ilya and though he did not quite understand he was always there. Shane should answer the alcohol would mess up his meal regime but if Ilya could change, well he could too.

—

“So you’re just jealous. Fuck man, I’m starting to feel for Rozanov if that’s what you look like when you’re pissed. You’ve been hiding your true self.” joked Hayden after Shane finally opened up once the drink settled in him.

“Kind of my problem Hayden.” he muttered and his friend looked at him apologetic.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I know. It just sucks.”

“Can’t you talk to him? The situation is obviously bad, maybe you just need to talk it out.”

“It’s bad for me. He... he so much better. We stop being ... for a couple months and he’s eating better, training more and winning more. Fucking smiling so much more.” Shane folded his head in his hands.

“Man that’s not true.”

Shane glared at him.

“Okay maybe he found a training buddy and got some of his shit into order. Wasn’t that the point?”

“Yeah, so his conclusion can be that he’s better without me and mine that everything sucks without him. Great fucking finale.”

Hayden stayed silent while Shane kept moaning to himself.

“Shane... what do you want?”

“Him.” he did not even wait to consider his answer. The distance only confirmed what he knew, he wanted Ilya in his life, he wanted to share his victories and comfort him in his losses. “But I can’t. Not really, he’s right. Even if he’ll take me back, we’ll just be hiding again, can’t kiss him when he wins, can’t even celebrate with him.”

“What if you could?”

“We can’t.”

This conversation sounded like one he had with Ilya at the AllStar Game.

“Who says you can’t?” another voice asked and Shane wiped his head back to look into the eye of Alexandra Page, her brown hair pulled back in a poney tail.

“Oh wow.” whispered Hayden, eyes darting between Shane and Alexandra as she took a chair in front of Shane.

“So, I’ll skip the introduction and revelation and all the oohs and aahs to get to the point. Do you know Maria Lambert and Evelyne Brown?”

Hayden and Shane looked at each other and shook their heads. Alexandra smiled and pulled out her phone.

—

“Ouch. I’m still hurt Hollander.”

“Aha, I did not push you that hard.”

“No? Most of sports commentators think you have broken my ribs with how bad you checked.”

Shane pushed himself on one elbow and let feather touches on the side of Ilya’s ribs.

“Didn’t seem to bother you earlier. All that lifting me and thrusting.”

“Ah, that was adrenaline, missed you too much, forgot the pain.”

Ilya smiled and Shane stretched his neck to kiss Ilya.

“I missed you so much.” the kiss grew deeper, Ilya pushed Shane back and slid his hand on the other’s cheek to angle them better.

“No more break.”

“Never. Though the reunion sex was very good.”

“Not worth it Ilya.”

Ilya hummed approval and kissed him again.

“I don’t want to hide forever. I don’t want to hide you, us.” admitted Shane.

“I like us. Not sure others will.”

“Alexandra has a plan, Hayden likes it.”

“They are dangerous together.”

“They care for us.”

“Alexandra cares for hockey. Tortured me with disgusting food.”

“Yet you ate it ! You always made fun of my food, never agreed to try it.”

“Yeah but you love me, you want me to have happy food, not torture.”

Shane settled deeper in their cuddle.

“They looked happy, Maria and Evelyne in the picture.” he murmured.

“New parents often are.”

“People seemed happy for them.”

Shane had scrolled a long time on the articles and social media posts Alexandra had shown him. She had let him dig for as long as he wanted, finding pictures of the couple together and edits of them fight it off on the ice the same. Fans supporting them together.

“It would be different for us. Men’s sport is...” he started to argue.

“The world sucks, even if women’s sport is more open doesn’t mean they aren’t assholes everywhere. I’m not showing this to you as a promise but saying you could have that, fuck the biggots and asshole, in the lockers, in the league’s office, in the stands, online. Fuck them. Now think, outside of them, what do you want?”

Shane had looked at her, handed her her phone back and gone straight to Ilya’s room.

They woke up together and both burrowed deeper in the bed, refusing to leave the moments. It had been so long since they had shared a morning together.

“I made many plans.” started Shane. “I would get drafted first.” Ilya snorted and Shane elbowed him a bit. “I would win the cup fast and again and again.”

“Hmm, such humility”.

“Then I met you and I planned, we would meet when it was convenient and keep distance from emotions.”

“Such success.”

“That’s what I mean. Plans fail, for the better sometimes, so maybe... we don’t plan?”

Ilya raised an eyebrow.

“What just announce it to the world and see what happens?”

“No, I mean maybe plan a bit, start with telling trusted teammates, coaches, friends. But we go in knowing it will go to shit anyway.”

“Okay, so we make plan, know it will fail but go through it together.” resumed Ilya.

Shane raised their joined hands to his lips.

“Together.” A promise much deeper on the tip of his lips, but for that, he would need a ring.

End Notes

Well I struggled to find how to end this. Hopefully you like it.
Kudos are more than welcomed and if you feel generous leave a comment to a famished writer

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