

i keep closing my eyes but i can't block you out

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i keep closing my eyes but i can't block you out

by [stardustvx](#)

Summary

Shane has a migraine before the game. He thinks he is good enough to play up until the second when he throws up all over Ilya Rozanov's jersey. Yes, on the ice.

Notes

hello, my life has been overtaken by the gay hockey show - it's all my dreams come true as a person who firmly believes all sports are gay and who is also a long time hockey fan (i'm Finnish, i never stood a chance in that regard)

this is for my friend Lia, i love you and i am so glad to have you in my life, merry christmas!! i messaged her about a week ago crying about hollanov while suffering from horrible migraine and had no memory of doing so the next day thus this was born, i fear i must make all my favorite characters suffer my migraines.

and for the record this was supposed to be short like 1k word silly little fic but it got a life of it's own and i sat in front of my laptop typing until 3am like i was possessed

first fic for new fandom so i'm a bit nervous but i hope y'all enjoy this as much as i enjoyed writing it!<3

also if you see a typo no you didn't (¬_¬)

title is from t.A.T.u. - All the Things She Said which has gone triple platinum in my bedroom since it appeared on the epsiode, the gay yearner anthem of my childhood

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

Shane walks into the locker room and he is fine. Really, he *is*. The floor is still a bit crooked under his feet but the pressure on the back of his head is already starting to ease off and the dark spots in his vision are already mostly gone. *He is fine*.

He had taken his migraine medication as soon as he felt the first signs and kicked Hayden out of their shared hotel room for some peace and quiet. Then he had proceeded to lock himself into the bathroom and laid there, forehead pressed against the cool tiles, willing the contents of his stomach to stay down.

Then, at some point, he must have fallen asleep because the next thing he remembers is his phone alarm going off. A reminder that he should head to the arena soon.

Okay, if Shane is completely honest with himself, he didn't feel *that* well when he had gotten up from the floor and stumbled out of the bathroom, the imprint of the tiles clearly visible on his cheek. Even with the curtains drawn shut and the room mostly dark, the little light made his eyes water.

But that was then and this is now. He is completely fine now as he drops his bag to the floor and sits down next to Hayden. The other man has already partly changed into his gear, wearing shoulder pads with his jeans.

The whole room is filled with excited energy not unlike to any other game. Some of the guys are fighting over the phone connected to the speaker blasting music— and well okay perhaps the heavy bass is making him feel a slightly nauseous again but it's nothing he can't handle.

He fist bumps few of his teammates as they greet him and tell him how glad they are that he is feeling better, so that they can beat Boston together. He manages a smile but doesn't dare to nod. He tells himself it's because he is still resting, that if he just stays as still as possible, he will be able to bear the whirlwind of a game soon. Not because he fears he will throw up if he makes sudden movement.

And the others excitement is contagious. Or perhaps it's the special kind of thrill in the air that's reserved for the nights that they are playing against Boston. Whatever it is but Shane is sure he is already feeling a lot more energized than he was just a moment ago.

He pulls off his hoodie, starting to change into his own gear. He has been looking forward to tonight and such a silly little thing as migraine is not going make him miss it. It's always great to play against Boston. He loves winning, especially when it's against Ilya Rozanov. And what he might love even more is meeting up with Rozanov after a game and fucking.

Shane clears his throat and tries to push away the mental image of Rozanov naked, pending over him and pushing him into the mattress—

“Hey man, you sure you good to play?” Hayden asks him.

“Yeah,” he answers, unable to meet the others eyes and instead focusing a bit too much on testing that his shin pads are secure before reaching for his skates next. “Got all clear from

coach.”

His best friend looks at him slightly doubtfully, like Shane is one of his kids who he knows just lied to him but is unsure about *what*. After a moment though he shrugs and pats him on the shoulder.

“Take it easy, we will beat them.”

“Sure,” he agrees.

Then his teammates start chanting something about victory and Boston going home crying. He is glad for the sudden noise because it drowns out his frustrated groan as his fingers feel a bit sluggish and refuse to cooperate with him. He tugs open the knot he made out of his laces rather forcefully and tries again.

His skin feels hot and he tells himself it’s just because he knows Rozanov is somewhere in this building, getting ready for the game with his own team. Very briefly, he wonders if the other is thinking about him too. Then he disregards that thought immediately.

Of course, Ilya Rozanov is not thinking about him at a moment like this when there is a game to play, no a game to *win*. They aren’t anything, they can’t be anything. It’s just sex.

He shouldn’t be thinking about sex at a moment like this but it takes his thoughts away from the pressure on the back of his head. It’s easy, convenient, like the sex always is. So, that’s why they keep meeting up.

(Shane does not think about the fact that literally nothing about their situation is easy or convenient. If anyone ever finds out it could ruin their whole careers, everything they have ever worked for. Rozanov could never go back home.)

Their coach comes in just as he manages to tie up the laces correctly on one of his skates. There is still the other one left and he tries to stay calm and not panic about needing to hurry because his teammates are soon heading out to the ice for warm-ups and he can’t manage to get his damn skates on. Deep breaths, he tells himself or he will just fuck up and will have to start all over again.

Hayden next to him looks up from his phone as if sensing their coach’s presence and slips it into his bag. Then he gets up and yells, clapping his hands; “listen up, guys!”

Shane sighs, feeling a bit sad all of a sudden as he listens to his best friend detail their plan on how to absolutely destroy Boston tonight. That’s usually his job as a captain.

In truth, coach had told him to sit this one out and just rest. It was Shane who said only death would keep him away from that ice and in the end the man had relented. They made deal. Hayden will be the acting captain today, so that Shane can focus on resting until getting on the ice.

It’s not like this will be the first time he has played after a migraine. He gets them semi regularly but his medication is very effective and usually he is back to his feet in just a few

hours. He knows he is lucky in that regard; his mother can be bedridden for days after especially nasty migraine.

The strange feeling in his stomach is just nerves and not nausea, he tells himself. Then he pretends he didn't just miss absolutely everything Hayden said but at least he managed to lace up his other skate as well.

"What did we come here for today?" Their coach asks, half yelling over the still blasting music.

"To play hockey!" The team bellows back to him.

"What are we going to do at this game?"

"Fucking win!"

Shane gets up to follow his teammates to the ice when coach calls for him to stay back for a moment. He does, watching the others disappear into the tunnel. He hadn't noticed it while sitting down but now it's impossible to ignore. The ground is swaying under his feet, gently like a boat in a summer breeze.

"Hollander," coach says when the locker room has finally cleared out. "You still sure you are feeling good to play tonight?"

His helmet is pressing onto the back of his skull, exactly on the spot where it hurts the most. And yet, this pain is nothing. He has played through bruised ribs and aching knees before. He has even played through migraines before.

He blinks, trying to merge the slightly two blurry images of the man standing in front of him back into one. His coach stares back at him, expectant, arms crossed over his chest.

"I'm fine," Shane answers.

"You sure?"

"Completely," he affirms. "I'm fine. I know my limits."

Coach looks at him for a moment longer, clearly considering whether to believe him or not. In the end he just simply nods, pats him on the back like Hayden had done and then says; "good. Go show them what Montreal is made of."

And Shane goes.

He steps onto the ice and it feels like he can breathe properly for the first time today. He does a few lazy skates around the ice, getting used to the way the ground tilts slightly under his feet.

On his third round he realizes the world always tilts into the same direction. Soon after that he learns to lean a bit heavier onto the other direction. The cool air eases the tension on the back of his head too.

Yes, Shane is fine.

Shane Hollander *thinks* he is fine up until the second when he throws up all over Ilya Rozanov's jersey. Yes, on the ice.

They had played for exactly two minutes and seven seconds of the first period when it happens. He isn't even completely sure how it got to that point. One moment he was going after the puck and the next he was barely staying upright, clinging onto Rozanov's shoulder for support and throwing up all over his jersey.

No, that's not really true. He knows exactly what led to this moment. First of all, he was on the ice when he maybe wasn't in the condition to be there. And secondly, he had been tackled into the boards as soon as the game started and it left his head spinning worse than usual. Put those two things together and you have yourself a major disaster.

He gags again but nothing more comes up.

His saving grace might be the fact that there is a fight happening on the other end of the ice and most people are too focused on following that to notice him.

That is until the referees finally manage to pull the fighters apart and— *is that Hayden?* He squints but can't make out any of the names or faces and besides there are at least triple the number of players in his field of vision than what there should be on the ice.

"Hollander? Did you hit your head?" Rozanov calls his name, sounding slightly alarmed and Shane thinks the other might have been calling his name quite a few times already.

His knees give out and he would most likely have hit the ice face first if not for Rozanov having an iron grip on the front of his jersey. He keeps gagging but there is nothing in his stomach anymore. The little he managed to have for lunch already all over Rozanov and the ice.

"Hollander, you good?" The other man asks again and when Shane fails to answer, he bellows; "you fuckers stop fighting, I need a medic!"

He thinks he might black out for a moment because the next thing he knows is that someone is trying to pull Rozanov away from him which results in him clinging onto the other man even more desperately. Partly because he knows he won't be able to stay upright without the support and partly because, if he is going to be completely honest with himself, he is feeling rather horrible and he likes having the other near him.

Then Hayden is there, screaming; "what did you do to him?"

"Nothing," Rozanov says, holding his free hand up defensively in the air. "I did nothing. Hollander crashed into me."

Shane, at least attempts to agree with the other but all his words come out slurred. His tongue feels too big for his mouth and he has to close his eyes because everything is too bright and flashy and it makes him feel sick all over again.

“Let go of him,” his best friend says, clearly speaking to Rozanov, before turning to him. “What’s wrong, you said you are good to play?”

“What do you mean? He was feeling not good before getting on ice?”

Either Hayden doesn’t answer the other at all or Shane just simply doesn’t hear it, he keeps slipping in and out of consciousness. He doesn’t even remember if he has ever had a migraine this bad before. Briefly, he wonders if it’s like this for his mother every time and if yes, how does she manage?

Then he remembers that his parents must be at home, glued to the tv, worried sick because of him. He blinks, slowly, trying to locate the camera that must be pointed straight at him. He needs to make sure they know he is alright but everything is just a blurry mess.

“I’m fine,” he tries saying but these words too come out of his mouth slurred and that only makes Rozanov tighten his hold on him. Secretly, he is glad about it. He can’t really feel his feet anymore.

It’s probably mere seconds that it takes for the medical personnel to get on the ice but to Shane, it feels more like an eternity. And then, all of a sudden, they are right there, in front of him.

“How are you holding up, Shane? Still with us?” A woman asks, he recognizes her but he can’t for the life of him recall her name. *Mary? Maria? May?* Very patiently she asks again; “Shane? Did you hit your head? Does it hurt somewhere?”

Shane, makes the mistake of shaking his head which only makes him dry heave again.

“You didn’t hit your head?”

“No,” Rozanov interrupts. “I would have seen it. Did not happen.”

“That’s good. Maybe something he ate earlier?” The woman turns to talk to someone standing beyond Shane’s field of vision.

His head feels heavy and he wants to rest it against something, the closest and really only option being Rozanov himself. But even in the state he currently is in, he is still acutely aware that it’s a bad idea. He is scared he will do or say something that will expose the secret he has safely guarded all these years.

They are supposed to hate each other, be rivals. He hopes the people watching will just think he is too ill to notice who he is clinging to.

Hayden and his whole team too. He can feel his best friend hovering nearby, waiting for his chance to help him off the ice. Rozanov’s hold on him is just too strong, too secure, for the other man to swoop in.

Shane is glad Rozanov is here. He feels oddly safe with him, despite how horrible he feels there is a soft, warm feeling in his chest. Even if he can't rest his hurting head against Rozanov's chest. He is also very much aware of the fact that he just a moment ago threw up all over his jersey.

Hayden says something about him having a migraine earlier in the day and he tries to nod in an agreement – a bad idea once again. The motion makes him gag and his vision goes black for a moment.

The next thing he knows Rozanov is demanding to know why is he on the ice if he wasn't well in the first place. *Because of you*, Shane thinks, *I wanted to play against you*. For a moment he fears he must have said it aloud because for a while no one says anything and instead they all just stare at him.

“So, not life-threatening. That's good,” the woman says, speaking over Shane's shoulder to who he is guessing must be Hayden. “Do you know about his medication?”

Hayden answers her but he only catches half of the words. He wants to lie down on the ice, press his face against the cold surface and never get up again. The helmet is starting to hurt his head really badly, like it's squeezing his skull which is silly because he knows it fits him perfectly.

“Okay, Shane? Let's get you off the ice and checked out just in case,” the woman turns to him, taking hold of his elbow and starting to guide him off the ice.

He feels sluggish and goes easily along with her, never letting go of Rozanov. The other man doesn't seem to be planning on letting go of him any time soon either. Instead, he just skates slowly next to him, carrying most of Shane's weight on him.

Hayden doesn't like that, “Where the fuck do you think you are going to, Rozanov?”

Shane tries to say something but all the words come out of his mumbled and even he himself isn't sure what any of them are supposed to mean. Even if he was capable of using his brain at the present moment, he doesn't think he could come up with a believable reason for Rozanov to be coming with him like this. Thankfully the medic swoops into help, intentional or not.

“Rozanov needs a chance of clothing anyways, come on boys, no fighting on my watch,” she says, her tone suggesting that she better not be hearing any kind of arguments.

When he gets off the ice, the audience cheers. Whether they are glad he is fine or that he is out of the game for tonight, he can't say. Shane is mostly thankful he managed to make it off the ice without making even a bigger fool of himself by falling on his face for example.

The locker room door fades into darkness in his eyes long before they make their way there.

Shane is sitting down, slumped against a wall. The locker room is dark and empty around him, though he can hear the game continuing on the ice. The far away echo of cheers and skates on ice. Is Rozanov already back there, he finds himself wondering.

Suddenly he looks down, realizing that his feet feel strangely light under him. He blinks, slowly. He is no longer wearing his skates. He has no memory of taking them off.

He closes his eyes again. Keeping them open hurts.

“Hollander?”

“Hmm?” He groans nonsensically back, completely unsure of how long it has been since he closed his eyes.

“Raise your head for me.”

Shane feels hands under his chin and he peers through his lashes, trying to see who they belong to. It takes him a moment in the dark locker room.

“Ilya?”

Both of them freeze. Rozanov’s fingers go still on the base of his throat where they were trying to get open the helmet strap. Shane’s breath catches in his throat.

For a moment they just stare at each other. Or Shane tries to. There are two Ilya Rozanov’s currently standing in front of him and he isn’t sure which one is the real deal. Both of them look at him with something very soft, very vulnerable in their eyes, and Shane is scared to look away, to find out he only imagined it.

He hadn’t meant to say it, call Rozanov by his first name. They don’t do first names. They don’t do anything, they aren’t anything – not beyond the sex.

He is expecting the other to leave but when he doesn’t, Shane manages to whisper a quiet; “What are you doing here?”

Rozanov gets the strap open, pulling the helmet very gently off his head. The pressure on the back of his head eases a slightly.

“Kidnapping,” the other answers.

Despite himself, Shane finds himself laughing.

Rozanov smiles, his fingers feather light on his cheeks, on his temples, in his hair, brushing the sweaty strands back.

Then he starts gently tugging on the hem of his jersey, trying to help it off him. He tries and fails to raise his own hands to make the other's job easier. Someone must have found and given him a second dose of his migraine medication. He is starting to feel sleepier than anything, losing control of his limbs in a way unrelated to the pain in his head.

"What if someone sees?" He mumbles, closing his eyes and resting his forehead against Rozanov's chest like he had wanted to do on the ice. The material of his hoodie feels impossibly soft.

"They won't," the other man answers, starting to work on getting his shoulder pads off now that his jersey is out of the way. "Is ten minutes before first period ends."

Shane blinks sleepily at the words. He is trying to piece it all together. The others are continuing the game. Rozanov is wearing hoodie and jeans. He is helping him out of his own gear. He is not well but Rozanov... Rozanov is...

Oh, yes, Rozanov is here. He looks at the man in front of him and smiles, "you are here!"

Then he blinks again, trying to look around the dark locker room while Rozanov is simultaneously trying to pull a clean shirt over his head.

It's not his shirt, the laundry detergent used smells both strange and familiar to him. Strange because it's not the one he uses. Familiar because he has come to already recognize the scent as the detergent that Rozanov uses.

He was thinking about something just a moment ago, wasn't he? There is a loud noise that is followed by thunderous cheering. Someone must have scored a goal. It was probably Rozanov. Rozanov is good at hockey.

He blinks. Oh.

Oh.

"Why are you here?" He asks from the two Ilya Rozanov's who are standing in front of him and are trying to pull Shane's uncooperative arms into the sleeves of his jacket.

His eyes close on their own despite him trying to fight to keep them open. The whole world fades quietly away from him; his sight is soon followed by every sound and lastly by the feeling of the other's hands on him.

Because of that he isn't sure if Rozanov's answer really is *you are here* or is that just his wistful thinking.

Shane sinks into the soft embrace of darkness that will take the pain away from him.

The leather of the car seats feels unfamiliar but incredibly soft under him. Shane likes the car even though he doesn't know whose it is. His head is no longer hurting as much but his stomach is turning. He thinks he would throw up again if he hadn't already done so, nothing left in his stomach.

Someone leans over him, reaching for the seatbelt and securing him on the seat. Gentle fingers hover over his cheeks before disappearing.

The car comes to life with a quiet roar.

"Reporters. Keep your head down," a voice with familiar Russian accent tells him.

Shane leans gratefully against the car door, sinking back into the comfort of unconsciousness. He doesn't know how he ended up here or where they are going. But he trusts Rozanov will take care of him. He has done so until now, he doesn't doubt he wouldn't do it now too.

The car drives so smoothly, it feels to Shane almost like he is flying.

Something cold is pressed against his lips and he groans softly, annoyed to have been pulled out of his dream. In it he had a migraine and wasn't feeling well. Despite that it was alright. Rozanov was there and looked at him like Shane was his whole world.

"You asked for water," someone says.

Shane blinks but his eyelids feel like lead, heavy and tired. His vision is blurry and everything keeps moving.

"I did?" He mumbles.

He doesn't remember asking for water. He doesn't remember the last time he did anything to be honest. Still, he drinks the offered water with the help of the other person. The hands feel familiar to him.

Rozanov, he thinks. What a good dream, even the sheets smell like him in it.

The water is cold as it goes down his throat and he discovers that he truly was thirsty. And when he is told to sleep some more, he listens. He thinks he might have even fallen back into the dream long before the words were properly said aloud.

When Shane finally comes around from his migraine, he knows immediately that he fucked up. This is not his bed. His own sheets are 100% cotton and even though these sheets are comfortable too, they most definitely are not cotton.

For a long time, he just lies there, perfectly still and with his eyes closed, trying his best to not panic. The last thing he remembers clearly is him lying through his teeth to head coach that his migraine passed and he is well enough to play. To be fair, he had thought he was fine. His migraines don't usually get this bad.

After that it's all blur, he remembers only bits and pieces from here and there. Most of them things he wouldn't mind forgetting as well.

They were playing against Boston so everyone was locked in for that game. He doesn't even want to know how many people saw him throwing up all over Boston's captain—

Oh. Boston. They were playing in Boston. He must be in a hotel room. Of course, the sheets are strange. How on earth he would have made it back to Montreal and into his own bed?

Relieved, he opens his eyes, expecting to see Hayden on the other bed. Maybe even his mom. His parents must have flown straight to Boston after seeing what happened to him in the first few minutes of the game.

Instead, he is greeted by the words of; "sleeping beauty."

"What?"

"Is children's story. Princess sleeps hundred years, no?" Rozanov asks, lounging on the bed next to him. The asshole is not even wearing a shirt.

Very smartly, he just stares at the other man. He has washed his hair and his curls fall untamed to his forehead. He is wearing black sweatpants with the Boston logo on them and he has his phone on his hand. And he is staring back at Shane like there is nothing out of the ordinary about this situation.

Rozanov raises one of his eyebrows questioningly and sets his phone down to the bedside table. He tries to glance at it but the screen is face down. He has no idea what the time is. Hell, he has no idea what *day* it is. And maybe most importantly, *who won the game?* Boston or Montreal?

He starts suddenly worrying about that perhaps no one knows where he is. Rozanov had said he was kidnapping him and Shane had thought it was a joke. Perhaps it wasn't?

"People must be looking for me. They don't know where I am," he says.

"They know," Rozanov answers him, surprising him completely.

"They what?" He asks, slightly horrified and unable to believe his ears.

"Yes," Rozanov nods. "Pike knows. And your mother."

"What? Why? Or better yet, how do they know?"

"I texted them. On your phone."

Shane stares at the other man for a moment before asking; “What did you tell them?”

“No need to look so scared, I’m not stupid. Is not you Hollander who can’t go home if this comes out,” Rozanov hesitates on the word *this*, because what is this? Nothing, surely. Nothing. And yet, Shane can’t help but wish it could be something.

He looks away, feeling a slightly guilty. Of course, he knows. He thinks his parents wouldn’t even bat an eye if he told them he is into men. He doesn’t dare to think about the l-words; like, love. Not when this is thing between him and Rozanov is neither and he fears thinking about those words will make him want something he can’t have.

His parents might take a moment to come around if he said the man in question is Ilya Rozanov. But he would never have to wonder if he could go back home.

It’s not the same for Rozanov. He could never go back home. He could never go back to Russia. And because of that Shane can’t stop thinking about how stupid what Rozanov did was; took care of him, brought him into his home. Anyone could have seen them at any point. He glances around for his own phone, wondering what kind of photos there are online about the game. About him, about *them*.

The other sighs and says; “I said you are at Lily’s. Then I turned it off.”

He pulls Shane’s phone from his sweatpants pocket and offers it to him. It’s turned off just like he was told it would be. When he turns it back on his screen is filled with seemingly endless stream of notifications and he almost wants to turn it off right away.

“You should text them you are better,” Rozanov says just as Shane clicks open the chat between him and his mother to do exactly that.

Just like the other said, the last message sent from his number says he is at Lily’s. It’s followed by multiple questions about who Lily is and why his mother hasn’t heard about her. Those messages are then followed by demands to meet this Lily one day.

And then, as if belatedly remembering his son suffering from a migraine; his mother tells him to take rest and let her know if he needs anything.

“My mother tells me to say hi to you, Lily,” Shane says, reading the last message.

Rozanov laughs.

“You are feeling better now, yes?” Rozanov asks after they have sat in silence for quite a while.

“Huh?” Shane blinks, looking up from his phone. He has been replying to his teammates and avoiding social media like it’s the plague. He isn’t sure if he ever wants to know what people are writing about him online after what happened.

“Your head,” Rozanov says, speaking very slowly. It would be almost funny if it wasn’t for the grave expression on his face. “Is better now?”

“Yes, all better,” he says, nodding as if to prove his words. The movement doesn’t make him feel even slightly dizzy anymore.

“Good,” the other mumbles, abruptly turning to look into completely different direction from him.

After another moment of silence, Shane dares to ask; “are you okay?”

“Of course. Perfect. Why wouldn’t I be?” the other answers, still not looking at him.

“You are crying.”

“Am not,” Rozanov argues despite very clearly crying.

Shane sets down his phone, feeling completely out of his depth all of a sudden. Ilya Rozanov is aloof ladies’ man, always grinning and goofing around. It’s surprising to see him like this.

He slides next to the other man on the bed, carefully placing his hand on his forearm. He leans his head on his shoulder, embracing him in something resembling half-a-hug. And then they stay like that for a long time.

Rozanov cries quietly, still refusing to look at him but at some point, he reaches for Shane’s hand, linking their fingers together and bringing them to his mouth where he presses a slightly wet kiss to his knuckles.

It’s intimate in a way they have never been together. A voice at the back of his head keeps telling himself this is a bad idea but he ignores it. The same way he ignored every warning sign telling him he isn’t good enough to get on that ice.

Another voice, soundingly alarmingly like his mother, reminds him that perhaps that in itself is a sign he should listen to it this time.

Shane ignores that one too because he can’t claim to have ever been smart when it comes to Ilya Rozanov.

So, he reaches out and gently cups the other’s face with his free hand. Rozanov turns eventually to look at him when he does that. Shane is hit with the sudden realization that the other man is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen. He forgets his original intention of wiping his tears away and instead leans in and kisses him.

Rozanov lets out a small surprised sound but kisses him back immediately, seemingly without any hesitation. And Shane wonders if it could always be like this.

“Now, what’s wrong?” He asks when they finally part for air, gasping a slightly.

“You scared me,” the other finally admits, his fingers tracing the freckles on Shane’s cheeks.

Oh, Shane can’t stop himself from smiling. And kissing him again. He feels giddy, all of a sudden, with the realization that perhaps what he thought were foolish dreams might not be that foolish after all. Maybe he isn’t the only one feeling this way.

Though, this is not the time or place for conversation like that. They must speak about the now before they can ever speak about the future, they must first become something from nothing.

But Shane’s heart is beating anxiously in his chest but this time it’s the good kind of anxiety. His heart is fluttering in his chest like a butterfly before its first flight, beautiful thing full of hope.

“I thought...” Rozanov murmurs against his skin, never finishing his sentence but he can imagine. He though the worst.

He remembers the other insisting on the ice that he would have seen if Shane had hit his head. But part of him feared it happened, that he missed it. Hockey is a fast sport, violent. Even with the full gear, all it takes is one bad tackle, one bad fall and it’s over. Maybe not life-threatening but definitely career ending. And he thinks that for many players, the latter might seem like the scarier option.

Shane doesn’t know what he would do if he had to quit hockey. He has worked his whole life to be where he is now. He has devoted his whole life to this sport. And there are still so many things he wants to do; cups to win, records to break.

The thought of never being able to go back to the ice scares him too.

“I’m okay,” he promises. “It was just a migraine.”

“Why were you on the ice,” Rozanov asks him the same question he had asked Hayden too. He had been too out of it to hear his best friends answer or to give one himself.

“I wanted to play against you,” he answers after a moment of hesitation.

It felt so important to him then, to be able to play against Ilya Rozanov. The world pits them against each other as the biggest rivals but he does genuinely just enjoy playing against the other. Rozanov is a challenge on the ice and that is something he doesn’t have to keep a secret from the world. No, the world tunes into watch them play and he loves that feeling.

But it all feels almost silly now. Skating on the ice on that state, it all could have ended so much worse. It could have been the last time he ever skates, less alone plays.

“Stupid,” Rozanov mutters but kisses him again and the word doesn’t feel like an insult at all.

He kisses him happily back. Until the sudden realization that he truly might not be able to ever go back on the ice. He might not be able to ever show his face in public again, now that

he thinks about it.

“I threw up all over you,” he whispers, horrified.

“Yes.”

“On the ice.”

“Yes.”

“On live television,” Shane groans, he truly is never going to be able to go anywhere ever again.

“Yes. You are trending on twitter,” Rozanov says helpfully. “Number one.”

He groans again, sounding even to his own ears horribly miserable. But it’s for a reason, this might be the first time hockey player has to end their career out of pure embarrassment. Shane likes being first but not when it’s for a reason like this one.

He fears this will haunt him until the end of times. People are not going to forget someone throwing up on the ice easily, especially when it was straight onto another player from the opposite team. Especially when they are supposedly the biggest rivals too.

And there are videos too! He never wants to see any of them but doubts that it’s possible. The internet must be having a field day with this one.

“I’m never leaving this bed,” Shane declares, burying his face into Rozanov’s chest.

“Is good plan,” the other replies, sounding smug. “I win the cup when you are busy hiding here.”

Even to his own surprise, Shane finds himself laughing.

Rozanov kisses him again he forgets all about it, including the fact that he still hasn’t managed to ask who won the Boston vs. Montreal game neither of them was playing at.

(It was Boston.)

End Notes

these two are so dear to me i don't know how i will survive the last ep of this season and then having to wait for the next season??? hopefully by writing a lot of hollanov fics but we will see~~

kudos/comments keep the author going and all that, i would absolutely love to hear your thoughts about this fic but would appreciate even just an emoji <3

you can find me on [tumblr](#) where i log into approximately once every three months but i do yap about writing every now and then and fill my queue with all the good stuff

pssst. boston for the win, irl and in fiction, that's my team~~

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