

Loose Lips

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Loose Lips

by [popcorn_squirrel](#)

Summary

What was that thing the nice nurse lady said when she came in? About Ilya smothering him with a pillow?

Oh.

That's right.

Everyone thinks they hate each other. That they're rivals. People don't know they actually like each other.

It's a secret.

Except he just told this nice nurse lady that he's in love with Ilya Rozanov. Uh-oh.

or; Shane is a little high on pain meds and says some things he shouldn't.

Notes

Hi! If you're usually here for Buddie, don't worry! I've got plenty of WIPs that I need to work on, with hopefully one more coming out before the year is over.

I got this idea for a Hollanov fic and decided to try my hand at it. This is my first Hollanov fic, so please be kind <3

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

Shane knows he's hurt.

He knows this and yet...he feels so *good*. And Ilya's here! That always makes him happy. Ilya's so pretty, with his big, expressive eyes and his fluffy golden curls.

Shane just wishes they could spend more time together. Hence, the cottage.

He recognizes that Ilya has just said something—he's not sure what, though.

So, he presses on. He has to convince Ilya to come to his cottage over the summer. It's a pretty fucking incredible idea.

“We could have a week or even two...completely alone...together,” he says earnestly.

Shane smiles to himself. That would be so amazing. *Ilya* is so amazing. His face is like sunshine, and Shane just wants to keep staring at it. Maybe he can spend two weeks staring at Ilya's face over the summer. That'd be nice.

Ilya nods in response, but he looks a bit sad. Why is he sad? He shouldn't be sad—Shane's not that hurt, he's going to be fine! And they can spend time alone together at his cottage over the summer and not be worried about anyone seeing them. It's perfect.

“Maybe...maybe,” Ilya replies with a forced smile.

Shane smiles softly and nods his head, satisfied. Ilya didn't say no—he said maybe! That means “yes” is a possibility. Shane just has to give him a few more reasons why Ilya coming to his cottage during the summer is an excellent idea, and then he'll say yes. Probably.

Before he can do that, though, a nurse with kind eyes opens the door to his room.

“Oh no.”

Shane frowns. Well, now he can't continue to convince Ilya to come to the cottage.

“Uh oh, you're not gonna smother him with a pillow, are you, Mr. Rozanov?” she jokes.

Ilya would never do that to him. Why does this lady think Ilya would do that?

Of course, Ilya denies it.

“Ah, no, no, no, no. But good thinking.”

Asshole.

Ilya gives him a small smirk.

“But no, I was just leaving.”

Shane knows Ilya has to leave, but it still breaks his heart a little. He wants him to stay until he's completely healed, and then stay for even longer after that, maybe even forever.

“Bye-bye,” he says with a sad smile.

“Goodbye,” Ilya whispers softly.

Somewhere in the outskirts of his foggy brain, Shane remembers that they should be *professional* around other people, cordial. He shifts in his bed and clears his throat.

“See you next season,” he says. That was good, he thinks. Very professional. And very much not the whiny “please don't go” that he wanted to say.

“Get well soon, Hollander,” Ilya responds, turning to leave.

Shane frowns. He wishes Ilya had used his first name. He likes it when Ilya says “Shane” in his deep, rumbling voice.

Ilya turns to look at Shane as he closes the door behind him, playfully and silently shushing him.

A grin breaks out across Shane's face. Ilya is so silly. Shane can't believe he ever thought he was such a rude dickwad. In all actuality, he's just a big goofball. *His* big goofball.

“Hello,” he greets the nurse as she approaches his bed, maybe kind of sort of accidentally saying it with a bit of a Russian accent.

“Oh,” she says as she begins checking his vitals, “must've been a surprise to have Ilya Rozanov checking on you.”

“Mmm,” Shane hums, “I guess.”

There's nobody else he would've rather seen, actually. He always wants to see Ilya, under any circumstances, but especially when he's hurt. Ilya always makes him feel better.

Shane hopes he always makes Ilya feel better. But...Ilya looked so sad earlier, pretty much as soon as he'd entered the room.

He said he'd scared him, which Shane definitely didn't mean to do. He never wants to scare Ilya.

If the roles were reversed, though...

Shane suppresses a shudder. If Ilya had been the one who was knocked out cold, lying motionless on the ice for who knows how long, Shane would have lost his mind.

He doesn't remember much after being slammed into, only brief, fuzzy flashes—a weird, echo-y silence throughout the stadium, being rolled off the ice on a stretcher, a moment in the ambulance where all he felt was pain.

It makes sense, then, that Ilya was scared. Shane's upset about missing out on the playoffs, sure, and he'll probably be more upset about it once his pain meds wear off, but he never really had the time to be *scared* after he got hit—once he'd fully come to, the doctors knew the extent of his injuries.

Ilya didn't know that, though. He really thought he might've lost Shane. He'd spent hours *not* knowing if Shane was okay, how bad his injuries were. He must've been worried sick, jumping to worst-case scenarios.

Shane knows that if he were in that situation, he wouldn't have been able to focus on anything until he knew that Ilya was okay.

He doesn't ever want to see Ilya hurt. In fact, Ilya should only ever have nice things and be happy. He's such a kind soul, and he deserves the world.

Shane wants to give him the world. In the back of his mind, he knows there's some reason why he can't, but it's not coming to the surface right now.

He wishes Ilya would come back. Shane always wants him around, and oh, what he would give to kiss Ilya right now.

Ilya's so beautiful. His wide, toothy grin could light up an entire stadium. When he laughs, it's infectious and makes Shane feel like he can fly. He's also just so kind, and he feels with his whole heart.

And he's *so* good with kids. Shane's never been that good with kids. Well, he's fine, but nowhere near as great as Ilya. Ilya's great at everything.

Sure, he can be an asshole, but it's all part of his charm. Plus, he's *Shane's* asshole.

He just...

Shane sighs. "I love Ilya," he mutters dreamily.

The nurse pauses what she's doing and gives him a funny look.

"Sure you do," she says with a shake of her head.

Somewhere in the back of his head, it registers that that's something he wasn't supposed to tell anyone. He hasn't even told *Ilya* that he loves him yet. He'd barely even told himself that, really. So, he *definitely* shouldn't be telling other people yet.

Shane feels like there's another reason why he shouldn't have said that, though.

What was that thing the nice nurse lady said when she came in? About Ilya smothering him with a pillow?

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Except he just told this nice nurse lady that he's in love with Ilya Rozanov. Uh-oh.

Shane tries to muster up an excuse or a correction from somewhere deep within his brain. He's been quiet for too long. He has to fix this.

"I meant...Lilya." Shane frowns. That's not right. "No, Lily." There, that's it. Saved it.

"What?" The nurse looks up from where she had been writing something down in his chart, eyebrows raised.

"I love...Lily." Shane's chest fills with warmth, proud of himself for fixing his mistake. That was a close one.

"Ok, Mr. Hollander, that's great." The nurse—he really should figure out what her name is—sounds like she doesn't believe him, like she's trying not to laugh.

Shane's serious, though. Not about the Lily part, of course, but he's never felt the way he feels about Ilya for anyone else before. It's like, for his whole life, he's been walking around with dulled senses. There have been blobs on trees that he recognizes as leaves, music has been a little muffled but still enjoyable, it's all just been...fine.

But when he's with Ilya, everything's clearer. Everything makes *sense*. Flowers are more vibrant, juice tastes sweeter, and he feels like he can understand the songs that birds sing.

"I mean it," he says with a frown. "I'm gonna be with him forever."

The nurse writes one more note down before fixing him with a perplexed, slightly amused stare.

"Him?"

Ah, fuck.

Did he say him? He's supposed to be talking about Lily. A she. Ugh. His brain is too fuzzy to keep everything straight. He should really just stop talking.

"Her. Lily," Shane corrects.

With a chuckle, he points to his head. "Sorry, concussion brain."

It's not a lie, really. He's getting things all mixed up, but also not really overthinking things like he always does. It's nice. But also dangerous when he remembers there are some things he's not supposed to say out loud.

He really wants a nap. He also wants Ilya, but he's gone.

Maybe one day they'll have unlimited time together. Maybe, at the very least, they'll have two weeks at the cottage.

Jane: I'm out of the hospital.

Home, I mean.

Lily: Well I did not think you would be out on the streets.

Jane: Shut up.

I think I might've fucked up.

Lily: Fucked up your collarbone, yes.

Something else, too?

Jane: Yes, something else.

I accidentally told my nurse about us.

Kind of.

Lily: Oh.

What do you mean "kind of"?

Jane: I just...

I don't know, I was high on pain meds and I said some things.

I talked about you.

But I think I covered it up, maybe?

When she came back a little later, she didn't say anything about it.

And I feel like with what I was saying she would have.

Lily: And what were you saying about me?

Was it hot?

Was it about how good I am in bed? That is a good conversation starter.

Jane: Oh my god.

It was not about that.

I just said some nice things about you. That's all.

Lily: Boo. Boring.

Jane: 😞

Can you be serious for two seconds?

I'm kind of stressing out about it.

Lily: She is a nurse, no? So she cannot tell what you told her.

Jane: I mean...you might be right.

Lily: Besides, you were on drugs. You are loopy when you are on drugs.

Was cute.

Jane: It's not cute, it's embarrassing.

Anyway, I shouldn't worry about this, right?

Lily: Right.

You worry too much.

Jane: I know.

I miss you.

Lily: I miss you too.

Playoffs will not be the same without you.

I wish you weren't hurt.

Jane: Yeah, me too.

I'll be rooting for you.

Don't tell anyone.

Lily: I am printing that out and framing it.

Would also look nice on a billboard.

Jane: You know what a billboard is?

Lily: I am very smart.

Jane: Uh-huh.

Lily: Ok, I looked it up.

“Word for big sign on side of road.”

Jane: That’s more like it.

I’m sorry, my head is killing me, I’ve gotta stop looking at my phone for a bit.

Lily: Ok. Don’t miss me too much.

Jane: You know I will.

Lily: Rest up and heal fast so we can play against each other again.

Jane: Will do.

I can’t wait to see you next season.

Or maybe...

Lily: Maybe.

Jane: Please think about it.

Lily: I will.

Shane puts his phone down and stares at the ceiling in his dark room. Eventually, he drifts off, dreaming of a perfect summer filled with love and laughter, with him and Ilya together at his cottage.

End Notes

Can't wait for The Cottage in two days! Ahh!!

Comments and kudos are always appreciated <3

Feel free to come yap with me on twitter @beat_the_bees and bluesky @beat-the-bees :)

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