

just let me move on first

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by [allyarra](#)

Summary

Shane doesn't get hit on the ice, doesn't end up in the hospital with a concussion and broken collarbone, doesn't invite Ilya to the cottage. Ilya finds the resolve to break things off with him that night.

Notes

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

Shane hears the door close behind Ilya, the lock clicking into place. He knows that he's sitting in his living room, that the coffee table is in front of him but he's not sure that he's actually seeing anything. Ilya is gone.

No.

Rozanov is gone.

Shane doesn't have the right to call him that (did he ever? Were those hours in Florida a fever dream? The months, the weeks, the days since only ever a projection of his own feelings?).

The feelings are a slow, rolling tide. It builds in him, ignites first in his stomach and then slowly spreads until it reaches even his fingertips. Is it grief? Anger? Disbelief? He's never been good at identifying his own emotions.

He hasn't moved since Ilya Rozanov walked out. If he moves it will be real. The feelings that are filling him, spilling out at the cracks, won't be contained anymore.

Tears spill down his cheeks and he doesn't move, just lets them carve a path down his face.

The thought that now he doesn't have to worry about introducing his parents to his boyfriend ~~no, not boyfriend. Shane has never been allowed the luxury of a title for the relationship that has taken center place for the past decade~~ but he lets it float away, lost in the chaos of his mind.

"Will you come to my cottage" dances through his mind, all his carefully prepared lines unspoken. Useless.

He takes a deep breath and it's agony.

It rips through him, a hiccup in its wake as he tries to take that next breath.

He breathes and his fists clench, nails digging into his palms and grounding him. He plays Rozanov's words over and over, his mind picking apart each word the way that he'd analyze a play, trying to understand what had gone wrong and where he can improve the next time.

Shane collapses into the couch, his upper body resting on the cushions while his feet remain planted on the floor. It's cold. April in Montreal means that winter isn't quite ready to give up its grip.

It's over, he thinks, over over over over over

Watching the Admirals beat the Raiders and knock them out of the playoffs it's the first time in years that Shane has honestly celebrated their loss. J.J. and Hayden are yelling and

jumping around him and the other players who had gathered at the Pike residence to watch are just as enthusiastic.

There's a close up of Scott and Rozanov shaking hands and Shane feels a vicious, shameful glee that maybe Ilya is feeling some fraction of the loss that he's inflicted on Shane.

It was fun but no more. You have feelings, yes?

Feelings. Feelings. Feelings. love

"The Admirals are going to bring the cup back to New York this year," Shane declares and there's agreement around the room.

It's over. The clock's just running out but the Admirals have done it. They've won.

Shane hates losing but he's happy for Scott. It's been a long time coming and his mom was right when she said it was his year.

It's a bookend, the closing of a chapter and the start of a new one.

It's been long enough now that Shane can appreciate the clean break that Rozanov gave them. There was no future for them, no possibility of any happy ending. Rozanov closed the book and started a new one, the same way that Scott is managing to start something new with the Admirals.

The clock runs out and Shane smiles as he watches the celebration, remembering the rush that that win brings.

He nearly turns off the tv and misses the revelation. He doesn't though.

Shane stands in the living room of his apartment with his mouth hanging open and the remote limp in his hand as Scott Hunter kisses another man in front of the whole world.

Not just kisses. Embraces.

Shane's never been great with reading a room but even he can tell there's feelings and a connection there that go deep. No one kisses like that without feeling.

~~Ilya's smile presses up against Shane's lips, laughter lingering~~

He stares open mouthed at the screen, unable to process what he's seeing. Distantly he registers that the announcers are still talking but he's got no idea what they're saying.

Hope flares in him, the vision of a future where he doesn't need to hide tantalizingly close.

He shoves it down. Stomps out the flames as he reminds himself that the future that he's imagining doesn't want him back.

That future is already prowling the streets of Boston, seen out with more than one woman since he'd snipped off the thread connecting him to Shane. All he can hope for is that these feelings are under control before they have to play each other again.

He makes plans to leave for his cottage in the morning. Shane can retreat, lick his wounds for the summer. He'll be ready to face Rozanov again in the fall.

Coming back to Montreal and the training camp is harder than Shane wants to admit to himself. He's spent a few blissful weeks cut off from the outside world, focused solely on his routines and preparing himself for another season. Coming out of that bubble and actually starting the process of prepping for a new season is a task.

He's happy to see Hayden and takes any excuse to visit Jackie and the kids as well. He loves them and spending time with them, he tells himself. He loves being an uncle and carefully tucks away any memories of once having the idle thoughts of being a father.

Spending time with J.J. is even entertaining. Shane never knows where he'll end up when he goes out with J.J., not with the wide assortment of friends that his teammate seems to collect.

Everything on the ice is crystal clear. He knows what he's doing, falls into old routines and patterns as if he'd never left. Even with the new rookie members of the team and the changes to the roster, he's secure.

Every now and then one of the Metros will bring up league gossip but they've long stopped trying to engage Shane in that. It's been many years since the last teammate tried to get him to speculate about who was dating who or other salacious stories that didn't directly impact the season.

He's grateful for it now.

Shane is not unaware of what's been happening in Boston (and sometimes he thinks about turning off that google alert for Ilya Rozanov's name but can never bring himself to actually do so).

He skates. He plays hockey. He breathes and pretends that by ignoring his heart somehow the bleeding will stop on its own.

Regular season starts and he's bracing for a mention of Rozanov. Not his playing. Shane will never be able to escape that. (Does he want to? What would it take to somehow disentangle his name and legacy from Rozanov's? Would it mean giving up more of himself?) No, he waits with bated breath to hear that he's been seen with someone.

He wonders if it will be Svetlana.

There is no future, better to stop now while is still fun. A good memory but is time.

The Raiders look good in the first few games of the season his mom tells him during one of their calls. Almost as good as the Metros, she says. Shane waits for her to mention that Rozanov's gone official on social media.

He considers going out with the team, meeting some girl at a club, bringing her home and introducing her to his parents.

The fantasy doesn't last long. He looks at Rose's contact in his phone and knows he can't do that to some poor girl. Someone who deserves love in a way that Shane will never be able to give her.

He considers meeting a man, someone who has nothing to do with hockey the way that Scott Hunter managed and he feels sick to his stomach. Shane tries to picture this uncomplicated relationship, the man he could hold hands with in public, someone he could kiss on the ice after winning the cup.

All he sees are blond curls, a sharp jaw with a smirk that shifts into a smile that lights up his face. Strong hands that can grip a hockey stick as well as they can take him apart. Gentle but firm, with callouses from long hours of practice.

There's no one else. All he can hope for is that he'll have moved on enough that seeing Ilya with someone else won't feel like a sucker punch to the gut.

Shane considers playing hooky for their first game against the Raiders. He could call his coach, claim a stomach bug. He's never missed a game, hardly even missed a practice, without being forced to sit out. Everyone in Montreal knows that he'd never willingly miss a chance to beat Ilya Rozanov. They wouldn't even question it.

He sits in the locker room in his skins, breathing in the chaos around him as his teammates yell, pumping themselves up for the game.

Time seems to move in fits and starts. The morning had taken weeks to end but now that he's at the rink, minutes fly by like seconds. He'll blink and have no idea how he got his pads on. One moment he's stretching and the next he's gliding across the ice.

The roar of the crowd goes in and out like he's got bad reception and distantly he notes that he's dissociating. He doesn't try to ground himself.

Hours later (or is it days? he has to check the date to be sure) he's sitting at home and the only clear moment of the game is the face off. It's Ilya's face, jaw set and eyes on the puck

and not on Shane. He doesn't think Ilya spoke, can't remember his lips moving. Only the determination on his face.

That's it. All that's left is the rivalry. The competition. No more Shane and Ilya, only Hollander and Rozanov.

If someone were to ask Shane about the season he's not sure that he'd have an answer. The Metros are playing well (they've played better but not so much better that it's concerning) and they're in contention for a playoff spot.

It's January now, almost a full year since that hotel room in Florida where Shane had opened up his heart in a way he'd never done before (and probably never will again).

The All-Star teams this year have fallen back into old patterns. The world got a taste of Rozanov and Hollander playing for the same team last year but that's all they'll get. Time to reignite things once more.

Shane is grateful.

Rose is here with him, having fun and keeping him distracted and he's even more grateful to her. It's because of her that he doesn't run into Rozanov except on the ice.

For the first time, they enter different skills competitions.

Shane leaves without speaking a word to him the entire weekend.

He goes back to Montreal and he plays hockey.

Honestly, he's not upset about the accident. It keeps him off the ice with a broken collarbone but that will heal. The team curses out the other driver who lost control and slammed into Shane's car on the way to the rink but Shane doesn't care.

It's been a year since they played the Raiders and Shane took Rozanov back to his apartment, letting him into his home only for the other man to rip his heart out.

He's done at the hospital and back at his apartment before they're even finished with the game. He turns it on, watching clinically. The Metros win this time, even without Shane. He will admit to a spark of satisfaction at that.

Rozanov doesn't even play for the time that Shane watches. From the announcers, he gathers that he'd played badly enough earlier that his coach had pulled him and he shoves the concern down, ignoring it to the best of his ability.

After, he turns off the tv and enjoys the silence as he cleans up the dishes from his dinner. It's awkward with one arm in a sling and the painkillers worn off that he can feel any little jostling but the premade meals that he's been eating with his new meal plan make it easier. He won't take the next dose of painkillers yet though, he wants it to last as long as possible while he's sleeping so he doesn't wake in the middle of the night.

He sends a congratulatory message in the team group chat, assuring them that he has faith that they can continue to win without him but that he'll be watching.

It had taken two nurses to help him change into the clothes that had luckily been in his bag at the hospital when he'd been discharged. Getting the shirt off is such a struggle that he resigns himself to being shirtless under hoodies for the foreseeable future. Luckily it's warm enough now that he can get away with it.

He's just pulled on his softest pair of pajama pants when there's a knock on the door.

Shane glances at his clock with a frown, trying to figure out who would be stopping by at almost 10pm. Hayden and Jackie had already confirmed that they'd stop by tomorrow afternoon to check on him. His parents had been talked down from driving to Montreal immediately and will be coming tomorrow evening (it's a broken collarbone, Shane doesn't even have a concussion. He'll be fine on his own).

J.J. maybe? But he's out celebrating, the pictures being sent in the group chat confirm that.

The knock comes again and it's softer this time, more hesitant.

A wrong door? Unusual but not out of the realm of possibility. He goes to answer it, hoping he can direct whoever it is to the correct neighbor.

He swings it open and he knows it's not the wrong door.

Ilya Rozanov stands before him and Shane wonders if maybe the hospital accidentally gave him the really good stuff and he's hallucinating (or having a flashback).

"Will you let me in?" Rozanov asks, voice quiet but sure and Shane's heart picks up speed.

He thinks about saying no, about closing the door in his face, and then changing the code to get into the building (he'd forgotten that he'd given it to Ilya a year ago, a detail lost in the turmoil of that night).

Shane steps back, steps aside, and holds the door wide. Rozanov comes in and Shane closes the door behind him.

They stand in the entryway in silence, looking at each other. He's a little self conscious about his state of undress but it's not like Rozanov's never seen him that way before. ~~never seen so much more of him~~

He raises an eyebrow. "Well?"

"The accident, it was not serious? You are well?"

Shane snorts. "I'm standing here, aren't I?" He can't help the bitter edge to his tone. "Don't worry, I'll be back next season."

Rozanov winces and Shane feels a vicious glee that his words had hit home. That glee dries up fast at the look on Rozanov's face.

"Why are you here? The news has definitely made it out that it's just a broken collarbone."

"You didn't come to the game," he says and Shane's heart picks up once again. He knows that tone, the feelings hidden in it.

"So? Were you looking for me?"

Ilya breaks. "Yes," he breathes. "I look for you at every game, I chase you in my dreams. You are everywhere I look and I..."

"You what?"

"I cannot stop looking. I live for the next time I get to see you."

Shane wants to reach out and embrace him, fold him into his arms the way that he did in that hotel room in Florida. Hold him close until the tears stop.

"Then why?" he demands. "You walked away, not me."

Ilya takes a deep breath and Shane wonders if he even has the words in English to explain.

"I did not see a future for us. No happy ending. Years of hiding and only stolen time. I could not live with it. Not even hope that one day I could love you in the open. The fucking least you deserve."

Shane makes a wounded noise. "And you didn't think to tell me this until now? A year late? Not even after the cup?"

"Hunter kissed his boyfriend and I thought only of you. I called you and no answer. I texted and nothing."

In a haze, Shane remembers going through his phone in one of those nights where sleep had evaded him. Remembers blocking Ilya's number and deleting their messages. Remembers all the times he had to stop himself from unblocking him.

"And in the fall? You had chances to speak to me. Why didn't you take them?"

"You would not look at me," he whispered and his hand shook as he ran it through his curls. He tugged on them and sighed as he dropped his hand and finally looked Shane in the eyes. "You were silent and then you would not look at me. I thought you did not want me."

He wishes that his arm was free so that he could wrap both of them around himself. Instead, all he can do is wrap his one good one around his stomach, holding in his organs threatening to spill out as the old wound is ripped open.

“You didn’t want me. You ended it.”

A tear tracks down Ilya’s cheek. “I know.”

“So why now? Why tonight?”

“Because I am selfish!” bursts out of Ilya, loud in the quiet. It’s angry too but it sounds like someone reached down his throat and dragged the words out of Ilya. “Because you were not at the game and I saw the future I chose for us!”

His English fails him and he continues in Russian and Shane wishes he’d continued to practice. Wishes he hadn’t burned those secret textbooks, staring at the bonfire as the words had been slowly consumed while the loons on the lake called out.

“Stop,” he commands and moves before he thinks. His palm rests on Ilya’s chest as it rises and falls with each heaving breath. He knows there are tears falling from his eyes but he can’t stop them. “Is there another choice? Or are you just hurting us both when you leave again?”

Hope beats in his chest, fragile and so precious but he can’t let it fly free. He needs to be sure, needs to know that they won’t end up in the same place. Shane won’t survive it.

“Yes,” Ilya says, with as much conviction as Shane has ever heard from him. “Yes, there is other choice. There is no future for me without you so there must be other choice.”

Shane surges forward and crashes their lips together. There’s so much force that Shane can feel his teeth cut into his lips but he doesn’t stop. Ilya is just as desperate, opening up and devouring him in return.

His hands don’t stop moving. They run up Shane’s side, knead into his shoulder, bury themselves in his hair. As if he needs to touch every inch of Shane now that he’s finally allowed to again.

But then Shane tries to return the embrace and can’t help the pained yelp as he’s reminded that his collarbone is freshly broken. Ilya draws back immediately, concern in his eyes and Shane whimpers a little at the distance between them. His hands rest on Shane’s biceps as if he can’t bring himself to let go entirely.

“You are hurt, sweetheart,” he says and Shane nearly whimpers for another reason. He’s suddenly desperate to hear Ilya call him that again.

“So? Kiss me again,” he demands. “I’ve missed a year of kisses, we have to make up for lost time.”

Ilya laughs and it’s Shane’s favorite sound. He wants to hear it again even more than he wants Ilya to call him sweetheart. He sobers too quickly, his hands moving up to cup Shane’s cheeks. His thumbs move slowly, wiping away the tear tracks.

“I’ve hurt you enough, *lyubimiy*, let me be careful. Let me love you as you deserve.”

He leans in again and this time the kiss is slow but Shane settles, feels like he’s finally home.

End Notes

After this they have a very serious discussion and actually define their relationship and the Ottawa plan comes to fruition. The title is from Move On First by Sadie Jean and is the line that sparked this fic. Episode 5 was a masterpiece but I couldn't help but think about what might have happened if Shane hadn't gotten hurt and Ilya had found the strength to walk away, breaking both of their hearts. And the inevitability of them ending up back together.

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