**talk to the moon, flatten her down**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76239116.

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|---|---|
| Rating: | Not Rated |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandoms: | Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid |
| Relationship: | Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov |
| Characters: | Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov |
| Additional Tags: | Not Canon Compliant, girl whatever, basically rewriting the hospital scene, idk i literally haven't posted a fic in 4 years, but this show gave me worms in my brain, Hurt/Comfort, Love Confessions |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 2,596 Chapters: 1/1 |

# talk to the moon, flatten her down

by doespenguinsisgay

Summary

> “Are you the boyfriend I’ve heard so much about? I was about wondering when we’d be seeing you!”
>
> Ilya’s breath catches in his chest, and his lungs feel deflated as he rushes to correct her. To explain himself, or to excuse himself. He manages a weak, “I— uh, no I—“ The nurse schools her expression, gives him a once over, and gets a look on her face like she has come to an understanding on the situation at hand. Ilya can almost guarantee that whatever she has come up with in her head, she is probably very wrong.
> —
> basically my take on the hospital scene idk shane can’t keep his mouth shut off the perc 50s

Notes

> guys i literally haven’t posted a fic in 4 years but this show makes me so insane if i didn’t write about it i’d go crazy
>
> please enjoy!!
>
> title is from love takes miles - cameron winter

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya feels sick with the storm of thoughts chasing around his head. The rest of the game is a blur. He can barely see the puck through the ruthless replay of Shane's accident— the smile he gave Ilya as he pursued the puck, the looming fear he had felt as he saw Marleau sailing towards Shane, the crumpled form of his injured body, clutching his helmet with his legs twisting in pain. Ilya tasted metal with every time he left the bench.

He knew the risks of being a hockey player, and of loving one. The game seldom left a player unscathed, everyone hits the ice harder than they'd like to at some point or another. But the reality creeping in as he had to resume the game like nothing had happened, pretend like the person he cares for most didn't just experience a traumatic, potentially life-altering injury mere feet in front of him. He feels like he's watching the game from a bird's eye view, conscious barely tethered to his body as it fights to follow Shane in the ambulance.

He knows he has little excuse for the piss-poor attitude rolling off of him in waves the minute the game is over and they're back in their locker room. He doesn't speak to anyone, simply glares at anybody who tries to lighten his mood, to crack his facade. This isn't something that can be explained away by poor performance, but he doesn't care. He doesn't care who won the game, or how many goals he scored, or where this puts them in the standings. All he can think about is Shane, alone in the ambulance surrounded by people that don't know him enough to care about him. Not like Ilya does.

Ilya doesn't sleep that night. He keeps staring at his phone laying on his mattress next to him, hoping and wishing and praying for an update that will never come. Because who is he, to expect information on Shane's condition? He isn't family or even a friend, let alone his—

Ilya drops his head back against the headboard and lets out all of the air in his chest. A noise of frustration escapes with it, and he wishes no more than to be sitting next to Shane's hospital bed, holding his hand, petting his hair. He feels fragile as he watches the sun begin to peek over the horizon, rising like it always does like Ilya's own world hasn't stopped turning.

He arrives at the hospital a little after nine, asking the receptionist where he can find Shane and pretending like his voice doesn't sound as wrecked as he feels. He isn't sure what he's expecting when she gives it to him. Was she supposed to deny him? Tell him he shouldn't be asking for it? He pushes the thoughts down as he repeats her directions with every step down the long, fluorescent hallway.

When Ilya gets to the room, he can see Shane talking to a nurse through the small glass window. He freezes. This is a bad idea. I should turn around, go home, and forget Hollander ever existed. But something about Shane being so close, it tethers him to his spot. He feels like he's shackled to the pristine linoleum floor, unable to follow through on the thoughts that are swarming him. He's startled out of the stupor as the door comes into contact with his chest.

"Oh- my bad! Didn't see you there!" A sweet-sounding nurse is standing halfway in the doorway, paused so as not to push the door further into Ilya. He feels like a deer caught in headlights, but thankfully some automatic part of his brain guides him to step back and let her out of the room. He waits for her to walk away, but she gets this big, pleased smile on her

face that Ilya knows can only mean bad things for him. “Are you the boyfriend I’ve heard so much about? I was about wondering when we’d be seeing you!”

Ilya’s breath catches in his chest, and his lungs feel deflated as he rushes to correct her. To explain himself, or to excuse himself. He manages a weak, “I— uh, no I—“ The nurse schools her expression, gives him a once over, and gets a look on her face like she has come to an understanding on the situation at hand. Ilya can almost guarantee that whatever she has come up with in her head, she is probably very wrong.

“Go on in, he’s awake. They’ve got him on some pretty heavy medications, but he should have his wits about him.” She’s gone before he can make a further fool of himself, and the reality of the situation rushes in. None of that matters, though, when he makes eye contact with Shane through the window.

“Ilya.” Shane cooes as Ilya enters the room, shutting the door behind him with a click. Ilya can see it in his eyes, how hazy everything must be through the likely concussion and the painkillers. The air feels thick, far too thick to move easily through his lungs. Shane is looking at him and it’s so, so soft.

“Are you okay?” Ilya manages, unable to move from his spot by the door. He can’t help but stare, at Shane looking so small in the hospital bed with a bruised face and surrounded by monitors.

“Better now.” Shane says openly, honestly, and puts his hand out towards Ilya. Before he can even process his brain’s own commands, he’s crossing the room swiftly to hold Shane’s hand in his own. The hospital room is huge, all things considered, but he can’t help but feel like he has to push against the walls to stop them from closing in around him.

“You scared me.” Ilya swallows, eyes searching Shane for any ounce of pain, fear, or discomfort. All he sees is Shane, looking more relaxed than he’s ever been in his whole life. The air suddenly feels lighter, and he feels a little dizzy. He grips Shane’s hand tightly, trying to will his muscles to loosen or his jaw to unclench. Shane is looking at him, pinching his eyebrows together like he’s focusing hard.

“I’m sorry.” He says simply, reaching his other hand up towards Ilya’s face. Ilya steps closer, letting his cheek meet Shane’s palm. “You are cute when you’re worried.” Ilya is surprised by the blatancy in his tone, how freely he says the words. His interaction with the nurse comes flooding back to him, and he can’t help it before he’s blurting out,

“Did you tell the nurse that I’m your boyfriend?” Shane looks at him, gaze trained on his face as he pieces the words together. A slow smile creeps onto his face.

“You are, aren’t you?” Ilya inhales sharply, stepping out of Shane’s grip. His hands move helplessly at his side, fingers clenching and unclenching as he tries to come up with something to say.

“Hollander, I can’t— we can’t, you know this. I—“ Shane gets a sad look on his face, and Ilya’s heart cracks in two.

“Why are you so far away? Hold my hand, please—“ He draws out the final syllable, reaching out for Ilya. He almost falls out of the bed, but he gets a grip on Ilya and hauls him back towards the bed. Ilya can barely move. He feels like he’s swallowing a ball of lead, as he lets Shane maneuver his paralyzed fingers into his own.

Ilya doesn’t say anything for a long time. Shane is babbling in front of him, talking about something irrelevant, about Marleau fucking up his sex plans. It all sounds like it’s coming from a tin can. He finally comes back into focus as Shane is shaking his hand gently, calling his name. “Ilya. Ilya!”

“What? What, Hollander?” Ilya snaps, expecting Shane to drop his hand, recoil at the harshness of the sound. But when he looks down at him, he looks blissfully unaware of the tension filling Ilya’s body, holding his bones together.

“I said come to my cottage this summer. Don’t go to Russia. Come to my house.” Shane says dopily, trying to pull him impossibly closer. Ilya is about to refuse, about to explain to Shane the many reasons why he couldn’t possibly do that. All of the fight drains out of him, when Shane drops his head against the pillows and squints his eyes. This all can wait. This whole mess is not nearly as important as the man in the hospital bed in front of him.

“Maybe, maybe.” Ilya says placatingly, stroking his knuckles down the side of Shane’s face. Shane smiles broadly with his eyes closed, tightening his grip on Ilya’s wrist. The door opens, and he lets Ilya’s hand fall away. It’s the nurse from earlier. She opens her mouth but before she can say anything, Ilya is stepping towards the door. “I was just leaving.”

“Bye-bye.” Shane murmurs, throwing a hand up in a tired little wave. The nurse winks at him on his way out. He pauses outside of the door as it closes behind him. “I told you he’d come to visit! Isn’t he dreamy…” He can hear Shane telling the nurse, as he takes his first steps down the hallway. He feels sick, and also like he needs a cigarette. He wanders through the hospital the way he came, mulling over and over again the whole interaction. Yeah, he decides, he really needs a fucking cigarette.

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Shane anxiously waits in his empty apartment, for Ilya to text him upon his arrival. It’s been a month since the accident, and his parents had finally deemed him acceptable enough to return to his own house to be unsupervised. Boston was in town, had fought and lost, and now he is waiting to see his Boston beau for the first time since the hospital.

He knows Ilya visited him in the hospital, but his memories are still hazy. He had heard it caused a big stir with the nurses on duty, but he isn’t exactly sure why. Well, why being his rival was coming to check on him after a serious injury. But it has to be customary, rival captains checking on each other after something like that happens at the hand of their own team.

Ilya has been pretty radio-silent since then, Shane is shocked he was even able to convince him to come to his apartment. Even with their limited text conversations, Shane can tell something is off. He’s terrified of the possibilities, but he swallows it down and waits for the text all the same.

He can barely let Ilya in the door before he's ambushing him with questions about the tension between them.

"Did I do something weird?" He blurts out, standing in the dark foyer of his apartment. Ilya presses his lips into a line, uncharacteristically out of reach as he eyes Shane warily.

"Is complicated." Ilya says plainly, making his way into the apartment without looking back to see if Shane will follow. They end up on Shane's couch, on opposite ends like there's a wall between them. "You told nurses I was your boyfriend."

Shane feels an electric shock shoot through his body, from skull to tailbone. Gravity feels like a crushing weight around him. His brain reels with a fear he wasn't expecting. He isn't even sure how he missed that. Nothing had come out in the media, even his parents hadn't mentioned anything out of the ordinary. Ilya's low voice cuts through the cloud of anxiety that is building itself around him.

"Obviously, they did not tell. We are fine, secret is safe." It does little to comfort Shane's uneasiness, heart thrumming in his ears as he comes to terms with what he's hearing.

"But you're not my fucking boyfriend!" He says a little too loudly, which he instantly wishes he could take back with the way Ilya flinches at the noise. His mouth works faster than his brain, in an attempt to rectify it. "Well, I mean— obviously. It's not— I mean, I wish we could be, but we're not." Ilya sighs loudly, fixing Shane with a look that makes his blood run cold. It's the same, shut up and let me do the work look he gives him when he's hovering over Shane's naked body, making him writhe and squirm beneath his careful mouth. He expects Ilya to say something. Anything. But before he can process the movement in front of him, Ilya is pulling him in for a crushing kiss. Shane can feel it, the words beyond language that are exchanged between them as their lips move together.

All the heartbreak, all the passion, all the fear, comes crashing down around him as they kiss. Shane's reflexes kick on, and he pushes his tongue against Ilya's lips in instinct. Ilya pulls back, but not far enough to let his forehead leave Shane's.

"Not that kind of kiss, is—" He pauses, and Shane can see him frantically searching for the words, face bathed in warm yellow light as his eyes move across Shane's face. He makes a noise in the back of his throat, says something in Russian, and kisses Shane again. It's fleeting, and as he pulls back he says something unmistakable into the space between them. "I love you."

Shane's body kicks into autopilot as he hears those words, throwing a leg over Ilya's lap and pulling him into a devouring kiss. He gets so lost in it, he almost forgets why Ilya is leaning back, fear painted across his strong features as he opens his mouth to take it all back.

"I love you too." Shane says quickly, simply as if they're the easiest words to ever leave his mouth. He's floored at the sound, can't believe how naturally it comes out. "I love you." He says again, more sure this time, and gives Ilya one more solid kiss. All of the tension bleeds out of the man underneath him, arms tightening around Shane's middle. They fall into a familiar dance, kissing and touching and rutting. But this time it feels different. It all feels new and exciting and like the start of forever. They feel melded together at every point that

they’re touching, their chests pressed together, Shane’s legs bracketing Ilya’s. Every point of contact is searing and spark-filled. Shane feels like kindling and Ilya is the flame.

They spend the night making up for lost time, caressing each other and swapping ‘I love you’s and learning each other’s bodies all over again until they’re tangled in Shane’s navy blue sheets in the wee hours of the morning.

“We should really get those nurses to sign an NDA.” Shane says suddenly, and Ilya begins to laugh. All of his aches and worries bleed out of him as he laughs and laughs. Shane revels in the beautiful sound, pulling him closer and blanketing him in his touch.

“So romantic, Hollander. Worried about the right things.” He teases, letting his lips trail over Shane’s collarbone and up his neck.

“Please, if we’re going to say I love you, you can at least call me Shane.” Ilya rolls them so he’s crowding Shane against the mattress, slotting his hips up against Shane’s own.

“Ok. I love you, Shane.” Shane takes in the sound, can’t believe his ears like it isn’t the millionth time he’s heard it. He drags him in for another kiss, and he feels like he’s got all the time in the world.

End Notes

byee thanks for reading

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