

seeing visions, am i bad? (or mad? or wise?)

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by [sapphtea](#)

Summary

When Ilya walks out of the hospital room after visiting Shane, his warnings don't go far. Shane only lasts so long before he is spilling earnest words to the nurse about his most recent bedside visitor, Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

i wrote this little fic on a whim because these two have been on my mind CONSTANTLY, just as they have been for everyone else. i also wrote this in between moments spent with my family for christmas, which i find a little funny.

i just find the scene of ilya visiting shane in the hospital so sweet and vulnerable on ilya's part, so i wanted to show some goofy asides from shane's POV. it's also loosely based on this reel because i also found [this](#) hilarious

edit: the sweetest person translated this fic into russian [here](#) as well!

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

“Ok, Shane, how are you feeling?” The nurse said, jotting something down on her clipboard.

Shane’s head soared trying to come up with a cohesive answer, all he could think about was the mole next to Ilya’s mouth, and the way it rose with his smile when he laughed or dipped when he frowned. *He’s so pretty*. Also, how good his ass looked in those pants as he slipped out of the hospital room.

“Mm good. He’s *good*,” Shane grinned and buried his smile into his shoulder before looking up at the nurse, “Sorry. Supposed to be quiet. Shhh,” he said and tried to raise a hand to his lips, but found his arm in its sling. “Oh,” he laughed, “forgot.”

She had a cheap smile on her face as she fiddled with a couple of bottles by his bedside, all assorted medicines that he wasn’t supposed to think too hard about.

Ilya had come to visit him. *Ilya!* His Ilya. He wore his nice leather jacket that hugged his arms and was a bit too cropped. Shane only ever saw him wear that jacket when he was trying to look charming at press events. Or, when photographers were near, when he was trying to look put together. Shane was glad he had asked him to come to the cottage with him. He could see it all so clearly- Ilya and him by the pool, lazily kissing by the water before jumping in, mornings spent in the kitchen making breakfast and later lying on top of one another in the hammock, nights in bed twisted together, yelling each other’s names with no one to overhear. He thought a lot about the cottage, about a morning where neither of them had to slip away. Where he woke up in Ilya’s arms, day after day.

And though he usually would stop himself, his head was light and he began to imagine waking up that way for a lifetime. He felt, through a mist of drugs and bliss, a dopey smile creep onto his face at the thought of an eternity with Ilya.

“Shane, are you ready for a few questions?”

“He would make a great dad, y’know,” Shane drawled lazily.

The nurse shook her head, looking left and right like she was trying to escape the bright room. Why wasn’t she agreeing?

“He’s great with kids. Really great.”

“Your friend Ilya?” the nurse asked politely.

“My *boyfriend* Ilya. He’s great with kids. And with me,” Shane joked, but it was earnest. Ilya was so good to him.

A quick memory flashed through his mind of the last night they spent together in Tampa, after Ilya had opened up about his father. They had hugged on the bed for what felt like hours. Shane remembered his hands finding a rhythm as he rubbed the back of Ilya’s head and whispered apologies and affirmations. It was the closest they had ever been, not just in the way they were wrapped around each other, but in the soft sobs from Ilya and the wall of

fear that had been dropped between them. There was nothing pressed between their bodies during that embrace- Shane could feel every raw piece of Ilya as they cried.

Afterwards, the two had the slowest, and most gentle, sex that they had ever had. It had felt to Shane like an understood tension had been broken and now he was allowed to be there for Ilya, to hold onto him and to give him what he needed without shame. He vividly remembered the moments after, the feeling of Ilya's fingers tracing the hair at his temple, and him whispering soft words by his forehead. *Thank you. So good for me. You were perfect.* All the words that usually only came out during sex were being sung into the empty hotel room as they lay in the comfortable silence. And though he had intended to soothe Ilya, Shane had never felt more cared for than in that moment.

"That's good, Shane," the nurse smiled. "Alright, are you feeling any pain? Maybe in your head?"

"My head feels okay now."

"What about anything in your ribs or collarbone?"

"Nothing at all. Mmm, drugs are working well," Shane smiled at the nurse. "Y'know I'm going to tell you something. *A secret.*"

The nurse went completely still as she scribbled more notes on her clipboard. Shane huffed and shifted until she had no choice but to look back at him.

"I love 'em," Shane whispered, barely audible. The nurse stilled next to him. It took a few seconds before she seemed able to respond.

"Shane, maybe let's-"

"I love him a lot, y'know? I mean, he's got these big 'ol blue eyes and he's always looking at me with so much- I dunno- just so *much*. And he doesn't laugh, like ever, but man when we're out on the ice," Shane trailed off, smiling again, and he knew because the only pain he could register was the soreness around his mouth. "When we're playing it's like we're two kids- like how I played as a kid. It's real hockey. With him it's fast. Fast like up here," Shane tapped his head with his good hand. "He matches me. His brain is the same speed as mine out there. Fuckin' asshole."

The nurse was silent, but she didn't seem thrown off, at least not majorly. Her lip wasn't curling in disgust. But even if it had been, Shane was too far gone to care. The drugs had him floating somewhere, but speaking so freely about his love for Ilya was another kind of high, and he was unable to stop once it started.

"But after the game," Shane giggled, "He's amazing. 'S a piece of shit if he won, obviously, but he really just cares about me."

"That's great, Shane. Really."

"And you should see what he looks like when-"

“*Shane*,” she said almost instantaneously. “I don’t think Rozan- Ilya- whatever, would want you telling me all of this.”

“Oh no,” Shane agreed, “No, he would kill me, Dead. I’d be so dead. We can’t tell anyone, it’d be...”

“I understand.”

That’s when it started to dawn on Shane what he had done by confessing these things to the nurse. If Ilya knew that he had let their secret slip out so carelessly, he’d be furious. And terrified. Shane remembered what they had talked about, about him being unable to return to Russia, and the way that his family treated him. Shane’s eyes suddenly started to well up with tears.

“Please, you- you can’t say anything. To *anyone*,” Shane cried out. “Oh god, oh god, oh god this is so bad.”

“It’s okay, I won’t tell anyone anything. I am under strict privacy codes.”

“I mean no one. Not your mom or dad or husband or even, maybe not even your dog.”

“Shane.”

“No, nevermind, dog is fine. That’s dumb.”

“Shane.”

“You can tell your dog. Quietly.”

“*Shane*.”

Shane looked up from where he was wringing his fingers in his lap. The nurse had a pained expression on her face and she set her clipboard aside to lock eyes with Shane. The glare was meaningful and laced with intent that Shane couldn’t think hard enough to interpret.

“I’m not going to tell anyone. Even if I wasn’t under code, I wouldn’t share a personal secret like that. I see.. I see what he means to you.”

Shane blinked, slowly, then quicker. He felt himself starting to drift into sleep.

“Thank you.”

She looked away again, and Shane thought it was strange how her fingers flitted near her eyes “Of course.”

“I really do, you know.”

“You do what?”

Shane smiled again, “Love him.”

End Notes

thank you so much for reading!! i want to write more of these sweet boys in some other scenarios and now that i'm off i can dedicate all of my time to them. ALSO WHO IS READY FOR THE COTTAGE EP WHOOOO

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