

everything we have

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everything we have

by [MeltedSuns](#)

Summary

And Shane thought he had, what? Come to Ottawa so he wouldn't have to work so hard? Ilya wanted to punch a wall.

"I should have married Svetlana, and stayed with Boston," Ilya said, his voice filled with anger, before he could stop himself. Shit.

or

Shane crosses the line and Ilya says something he immediately regrets.

Notes

HIHIHI this is my second fic on ao3 and this is based off of a reply @jiminishimini said regarding one of hollanovs arguments andddd i had to write it.

i did fully take a scene from the book so everything that is word for word from the book is in italics but once that ends, that is where the divergence starts.

plss dont hate me Too much, i couldve made it worse :p

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

Shane's eyes widened in surprise. "Uh. Sorry. Did I miss something? I thought we were on the same page about this."

"We are not on the same anything."

"I don't fucking understand you."

"Sorry," Ilya said sardonically. "My English, you know."

"That's not what I—" Shane threw his hands up. "Could you please explain what the fuck is happening? Because last I checked we didn't go to each other's team parties. Or tell anyone about our relationship."

"No. I don't tell anyone about our relationship. You tell Hayden, and Jackie, and Rose, and your parents, and who the fuck knows who else."

"That's literally everyone! You know that."

"It's five more people than I have told," Ilya said, omitting his therapist, because that was a whole other conversation.

"What about..." Shane waved a hand around as he searched for a name. "Ryan Price?"

"Oh yes. My best friend Ryan Price. I have not talked to him since the last camp."

"Well—" Shane didn't seem to have anything to add to that.

"I have no one," Ilya said. "No one I can talk to about us."

"That's not true. My parents love you."

Ilya threw his head back and walked to the living room. Shane followed immediately.

"It's not that easy for me either, you know," Shane said, clearly angry now. "We're both hiding, and we've both made sacrifices that—"

Ilya spun around. "What sacrifices, Shane? What have you given up?"

"Seriously? If we get outed, our fucking careers might be over! Everything I care about—" Shane snapped his fingers "—gone."

"Everything," Ilya said flatly.

Shane rolled his eyes. "Not everything. But hockey is pretty fucking important to me."

"No shit."

"Oh, fuck you. Sorry I still want to win cups instead of smoking weed with my teammates between losses."

The words hit Ilya like a crosscheck to the teeth. Shane truly didn't understand anything. Not what Ilya had given up for him, certainly. Ilya could be in Boston right now, leading one of the top teams in the league to more Stanley Cups. He could be breaking more records, and winning more awards. Instead he'd chosen to come to Ottawa, when he could have gone to almost any team in the league. He'd chosen it because it was Shane's hometown, and close to where Shane lived. He'd chosen it so he could build a life in Canada with the man he loved.

And Shane thought he had, what? Come to Ottawa so he wouldn't have to work so hard? Ilya wanted to punch a wall.

"I should have married Svetlana, and stayed with Boston," Ilya said, his voice filled with anger, before he could stop himself. His eyes widened as he realized what he said. "Shane I —" He whispered, his Russian accent especially thick.

Shane had just gone still, his anger drained from him, mouth hanging open as if trying to find words to say. Ilya's eyes immediately filled with tears, but he held his ground, waiting for a response.

Shane took a deep breath before looking Ilya in the eyes and saying, "Do you really mean that?" His eyes became bloodshot as he spoke, clearly trying to hold it together.

Ilya felt a sob wrack his body as he choked out, "No, I don't mean that. I just wish—" *deep breaths*. "I just wish you could see how much I've given up for you and how I'm alone."

This was not how he thought this conversation would go, but it's true that Shane didn't understand. He really *was* alone if he didn't include his therapist, and Shane had crossed the line.

Before any other thoughts could pass through his head, Ilya noticed how Shane was just standing there silently. Tears were running down his face and he was hyperventilating as he slowly sunk into the couch.

Panic shot through Ilya as he raced to Shane's side, "Breathe, deep breaths Hollander." He placed Shane's hand over his heart, "Breathe with me."

They stayed like that for several minutes before Shane slumped into Ilya's chest, "I'm so sorry. I haven't been thinking about how this is affecting you, and have just—" his voice broke and his body shuddered, "just been so, *self-centered* only thinking about me and our careers."

Shane leaned back to look up at Ilya and cradled his hands in his own, his face stained with tears and eyes puffy, "We are so much more than our careers, I want to come out and I want the world to know about us. I'm just so fucking *scared*." His eyes met Ilya's before looking away rambling, "I've heard Crowell is shady, and my team will probably shun me, and JJ won't take this well, and—"

Ilya squeezed Shane's hands with his left while moving his right to cradle Shane's face, his thumb gently grazing his boyfriends jawline. "I know, my love," His whisper was unsteady,

"It is just hard, hiding the fact I love you is painful." Ilya hoped his eyes translated how intense he loved Shane along with how much it *hurt* to hide it.

Shane's lip trembled as he leaned into Ilya's touch, closing his eyes, "It's difficult for me too, I'm just not ready yet."

Ilya moved his hand so his pointer finger was curled under Shane's chin while his thumb stroked his bottom lip, "I know, *moy lyubov'*," he whispered. Shane's face relaxed, few more tears fell and Ilya swiped them away carefully.

They both gazed at each other with silent longing before they leaned in, the kiss was slow and exploratory. Ilya knew Shane couldn't stand slow kisses for very long but Ilya was determined to keep it slow for now. So they sat there—awkwardly—on the couch, kissing like it was the last thing they would do in their life. Pulling away, Ilya kissed their foreheads together and breathed him in.

"You know I will wait for you to be ready, right?"

Shane nodded in response before adjusting himself so he was sat in Ilya's lap, facing him. "I don't completely know if I can wait for retirement, too. I just want it to be on our terms, together." And Ilya understood what he meant, it needed to be at a time they can agree on. The hope of being able to finally be open about how much he *loved* this man before retirement is something he can hang on to in the meantime.

So Ilya wrapped the love of his life in his arms and said, "Okay, we will figure it out. Together, before retirement."

Not everything was fixed, they still had so much to talk about but this was a step in the right direction. Ilya could be okay with this for a little while longer, as long as Shane was by his side, he could be okay.

End Notes

i hope you enjoyed!!! next up is something that will make you shed tears cuz im serving some hollanov angst with No happy ending heheheh....

im open to feedback and love responding to comments so lmk what you think or an idea for what i write next! <333

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