

according to your heart

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by [bluerosebouquet](#)

Summary

“Did you see Rozanov get clocked by a fan outside?” JJ looked nothing short of delighted as he spread this news to the locker room after the game.

Shane’s head snapped up.

“What?” he couldn’t keep a note of panic out of his voice. Which was stupid, because he and Rozanov hadn’t spoken in months. Since Vegas.

Not that Shane ever thought about Vegas.

Or the texts that he hadn’t sent.

Or anything like that.

Notes

What can I say, if the idea pops into my head about them, I have to write it and inflict it upon all of you. Sharing is caring, or so they say.

Just to note!!! This is Shane's POV post Vegas, and HE believes that Ilya doesn't want anything to do with him. As we know, Ilya "all time loverboy" Rozanov is, in fact, obsessed with him, but Shane doesn't know that and won't believe it when he tells him lol.

Title comes from [this song](#)

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

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Or anything like that.

“Yeah,” JJ laughed, clearly taking Shane’s mild panic as excitement, “Right as they were walking to the team bus. Some fan jumped the barricade and got him in the face.”

“No way,” Hayden said, toweling off from his shower, “Half the team would have tried to kill the guy.”

“They did!” JJ pulled out his phone, waving it in the air, “It’s already on twitter.”

The team all gathered around JJ, clamoring for a better spot to see Ilya Rozanov get, as they said “what he fucking deserved.”

Shane hung back. He had no interest in seeing the video. Hearing it was bad enough.

The sounds of a jeering crowd, the scraping of metal, a scuffle of voices with an unmistakable “fuck you, Rozanov, get the fuck out of Montreal,” the sound of skin on skin, and yelling. A lot of fucking yelling.

Shane blinked rapidly as the others cheered, slapping each other on the back like they were the ones that had struck the blow. He knew that Rozanov wasn’t popular outside of his own room, that he was especially hated here, in Montreal, but...something about this whole thing made him feel sick to his stomach.

“You good?” Hayden clapped him on the back, and he jumped. He hadn’t realized he was sitting next to his locker, eyes trained on the floor.

“Huh?” he looked up at him, giving his head a little shake before pasting a wide and disingenuous smile on his face, “Oh yeah. Yeah I am. Just- Just tired. Ready to knock out at my place.”

“Come on, Cap,” he heard a few people complain, “Come out with us. You never come out with us!”

Shane smiled again, even more disingenuous than the last.

“Nah, I’m wiped,” he said, slapping JJ on the back and waving down the disappointed groans of his teammates, “Next time.”

Every one of them knew that he wouldn’t come out with them next time either.

The locker room was loudly boisterous as Shane dressed. Several people started singing, off key and terrible. Shane tried to laugh along with everyone, congratulating them all on a game well played, on one step closer to the playoffs, but his insides felt like they had turned to ice.

“Sure we can’t convince you to come out?” Hayden asked as he shouldered his bag. He smiled in a way that he knew didn’t reach his eyes, and knocked into him with his shoulder.

“Not this time. See you at practice.”

The rest of the team called their goodbyes to him, and he waved, stepping into the hallway and walking slowly towards the elevators, spinning his phone in his right hand.

He shouldn’t text him.

Shane pressed the elevator button, staring down at the last message either of them had sent one another as he waited.

Penthouse 1.

Shame rose in his throat like bile. How pathetic did he have to be, to be reaching out to someone who clearly didn’t want his fucking company, to check in on them? Rozanov didn’t want anything from Shane unless it was convenient. He had made that very clear. He would be well within his rights to not say anything to him, to leave him with a bruised face and bruised ego all the way back to Boston.

But Shane, try as he might, was not that person.

With a sigh that was half frustrated, half resigned, he typed out a text, sending it before he could think too much about how stupid he was being,

Heard about what happened. Hope you’re okay.

He didn’t expect a response. Instead, he stuffed his phone into his pocket, and went down to his car in the team garage, settling himself inside and pulling away before the din of noise he could hear in the elevator was able to intercept him.

It was a quiet drive home. The sidewalks were still a mess of late-night partygoers, all headed towards the downtown district, but the streets themselves were mostly empty, and Shane was in his apartment building in less than fifteen minutes, which was nearly a record for a gameday.

His mother called him the moment he stepped into his apartment, and he picked up, smiling at the familiarity of their post-game tradition.

“Great game,’ she said excitedly, “Well done Shane!”

“Thanks mom,” he turned on a few lamps as he padded through the space, the warm glow of them a comfort, “What are the national guys saying?”

“The truth,” he could hear Yuna’s smile through the phone. She was always in the best mood when they beat Boston, “That you’re on the fast track for the playoffs and home ice advantage.”

Shane tried to feel proud, or even relieved at the position that his team was in. He had worked for this for years, planned every aspect of his life down to the last detail for this kind of advantage in a playoff run. They were having their best season in years, he had a hat trick in this game.

And all he was thinking about was...

“Did you see what happened to Rozanov after the game?” he tried to ask the question casually, like he didn’t care about the answer at all.

“Oh yeah,” he could tell that even she, who hated Rozanov more than almost anyone, was disturbed by what had happened, “Terrible. Glad they got the guy that did it.”

“I didn’t-” he swallowed, trying to remind himself to be careful, to not care at all, “I didn’t see it. Was it- Bad?”

“Yeah it was,” his stomach clenched painfully as she spoke. His hands and feet were icy cold, that uncomfortable feeling settling in his chest, so familiar to him, the one that made it so he couldn’t stand still, and he paced up and down, running his fingers down the cool stone of the countertop. “He hit the pavement pretty hard too. Really bloody when they got him up and away from it all.”

“Oh,” was all Shane could manage, and his free hand curled into a fist, nails biting into the skin of his palm.

It was stupid that he cared, stupid that he felt anything other than disdain for Rozanov, who surely wouldn’t spare him a second thought if their situations were reversed.

“Obviously I don’t want him hurt,” Yuna said, in a tone of voice that made Shane feel like a ‘but’ was coming, “And I hope he’s back soon, but if he’s out...it’s great for your chances on good seeding.”

“Right,” he swallowed painfully, “Right. Well, how’s Dad?”

“I’m fine!” he heard his dad call, and he smiled at the mental image of them, sitting in their matching armchairs in the living room at home in Ottawa, hockey on the tv, and his mother’s phone resting on the little side table between them, “Good game, buddy!”

“Thanks dad,” he managed a real smile for the first time since the locker room, “What did the Admirals’ score end up being?”

They talked for about half an hour, first about the scores around the league, then about his upcoming week, then theirs. Shane loved talking to them. Even when they argued, or his mother got a little too intense about his career, it was nice to have them. Always a soft place to land, no matter what.

“Well,” his mother finally said, and he could tell she was suppressing a yawn, “It’s nearly bedtime for us old people over here.”

Shane snorted.

“You’re not that old.”

“Oh, that’s what a youngin’ like you would say,” his father said, groaning theatrically, “I can barely get up from my chair!”

He smiled, the knot of anxiety in his chest had loosened while they talked, and he felt a little more like himself,

“Good night, talk to you later. Love you.”

“Love you, buddy!” they chorused at the same time, and Shane was still grinning as he hung up the phone.

He stretched languidly, feeling the ache in his back from Rozanov slamming him into the boards.

Shane would never tell anyone, least of all Rozanov, but he liked it when they got into it on the ice. He never chirped back; he had learned his lesson when he had tried to rib Scott Hunter a few weeks before, but he always had to hide his grin behind his mouthguard whenever Rozanov started on him.

It was embarrassing enough to still feel his heart stutter when he looked Shane’s way, he didn’t need to broadcast it to anyone else.

His phone buzzed on the counter, and he scooped it up, still midway through a lower back stretch that felt so good he could almost cry.

He expected it to be his mother, or maybe a drunk text from Hayden. Instead, his heart dropped to his stomach as he read one word from “Lily”:

Downstairs.

He blinked.

Surely, he had to be hallucinating.

Or dreaming.

Or something.

Without pausing to think too hard about it, he grabbed his keys, and walked down the hall of his building to the staircase that led to the alley.

There was no way, Shane told himself with every stair, there was just no way. But no amount of him telling himself this made his heart slow down. It was pumping so hard he started to feel slightly nauseous, and he pushed open the door to...nothing.

He looked around, craning his neck as he stared from one end of the alley to the other, watching for any sign of movement. But it was deserted, dark and quiet and completely devoid of another person.

Shane's heart was still painful in his chest, but it had morphed from nearly terrified excitement to disappointment and a little bit of anger.

"Asshole," he muttered. Rozanov must think this was a stupid idea for a prank or something. Shane looked up and down the alley again, as though willing him to materialize out of nowhere, snarky and confident and so painfully handsome that it kept Shane awake at night.

But the alley remained quiet, without any sign of the Russian that Shane refused to admit he longed for.

Defeated, he made to close the door, when someone stepped out of the shadows nearby,

"Hollander."

"Fuck, you scared me," Shane clutched his chest, before Rozanov's face came into sharp relief, "Oh- Fuck. Fuck man."

His left eye was darkening into what Shane was sure would be a truly spectacular black eye. It was swollen and puffy, so that the lid was nearly completely shut, but he could see from the light of the stairwell that at least several blood vessels had burst, leaving half of the white a deep red.

If that wasn't enough, the right side of his face was a mess of deep red scratches, the skin around them an angry pink, blood crusting and oozing through the brand new scabs.

He looked like he had been hit by a bus.

"Jesus," Shane stared at him, "What did he hit you with?"

"Big guy," Rozanov said unhelpfully, trying to edge his way past, "Big fist."

"Was it the size of a fucking car?" Shane stopped him, not caring about the door that was still propped open, light spilling out onto the alley, where anyone could see them. He bent down slightly, trying to meet Rozanov's eyes, but he wouldn't look at him. "God damn, did you see your team doctor? Or ours, I can-"

"I saw a doctor," his voice was clipped, impatient, "Can you let me in?"

Shane stepped back without arguing, letting the door fall shut with an echoing bang behind him, and stared at Rozanov, nearly speechless.

Underneath his usual jacket, he was wearing a white t shirt that was flecked with blood around the shoulders, and sweatpants that hung low on his hips. If he hadn't looked like he'd been put through a meat grinder, Shane would be half hard just looking at him.

"Do you-" he didn't know what to say, now that they were face to face, "Come on, let's get upstairs."

Rozanov followed him wordlessly, and Shane tried not to remember how they had raced each other up the stairs the last time he was here.

Shane opened the door to his place, standing back to let Rozanov inside. He watched him shrug off his jacket, his head tilted down as he did so, nearly facing completely away from Shane.

He wanted to reach out, touch his shoulder, but he didn't know if he should, if he was allowed something like that.

Finally, after what seemed like an age, Rozanov turned towards him, something like a shadow of his smile ghosting across his face,

"Easier to look at, in light like this," Rozanov teased, but there was very little fire in his words. He looked sad, almost.

"It-" Shane had a million questions, most of them he didn't really want to know the answer to, "Are you okay?"

"Is fine," he waved a hand, like Shane's words were nothing more than gnats buzzing around his face, "Nothing serious, the doctor says."

"Oh, that's- Good."

They lapsed into an uncomfortable silence. It was so strange, having Ilya Rozanov in his kitchen again, but without any of the thrill of the last time. It felt like Shane had lived about a thousand years since that night, and the sick thing was that he hadn't stopped thinking about him.

Not even once.

"Well," Shane cleared his throat awkwardly, unable to abide the silence that felt thick and oppressive in the air between them, "You- You need to ice that eye."

"What?" Rozanov looked up at him, and Shane could see his left eye twitching painfully.

"Ice," he repeated, moving towards his fridge and digging into his freezer for a suitable icepack. He settled on a black one, made of microfiber, that Shane usually used when he got a migraine. The team doctor said it was dehydration whenever he got them, even though he

drank at least a gallon of water a day. But the cold compression mask had worked for him so far, so no need to bother with the doctor again. “Here.”

He held it out to Rozanov, who took it, cutting his eyes towards Shane as he did, letting their fingers brush. Shane felt a bolt of electricity zip up his arm at the contact.

“It’s not as cold as regular ice,” Shane explained unnecessarily, “But it’ll- Help with the swelling. Won’t be as- Harsh as ice either. But I do have ice packs if you- Need them.”

Rozanov was still watching him appraisingly, but slowly moved the icepack to his eye. Shane thought he could see him exhale a tiny sigh of relief.

He stood there awkwardly, his arms swinging back and forth. His mother would be exasperated at him; he had never been a very good host.

Rozanov turned his head, making the scrapes on the side of his face more pronounced in the soft, shadowed light of the lamp nearest them.

Shane swallowed, unable to look away from it. He had had road rash once, when he had wiped out on his bike one summer near their lake house. His whole leg had been a mess of bloody scrapes, and had taken weeks to fully heal. Yuna had practically forbid him from every riding his bike again, insistent that he could have ruined his career with a bike accident.

Suddenly, he had an idea.

“Come on,” he jerked his head towards the hallway, and made his way towards his bedroom. He heard quiet footsteps behind him, and turned into the bathroom, flipping on the overhead light, and blinking as the fluorescents stuttered to life. He pointed towards the toilet,

“Sit.”

Rozanov did as he was told, either too tired to too surprised to argue, and Shane made for the medicine cabinet in the corner of the room, taking a soft, clean washcloth from a pile, and scooping up a bottle of foaming antibacterial soap and antibiotic cream, before making his way back to Rozanov, who was watching him carefully.

Shane didn’t say anything to him, but ran the tap on the sink, holding his hand under the gush of water until it was just warm enough, wetting the washcloth and lathering it with the soap. He handed Rozanov the washcloth wordlessly, then leaned back against the counter, trying not to stare at him.

He lifted the cloth to his face, but his hand hovered above his skin, shaking just slightly.

“Here, let me,” Shane tried to take the washcloth from his hands, but Rozanov jerked back, something like anger visible in his right eye. Like Shane had overstepped that invisible boundary that they had drawn in front of each other.

“I don’t need your fucking help, Hollander,” he said, trying for disdainful aggression and missing by several degrees. Still, Shane rose to the bait, as he probably always would when it came to him.

“What are you doing here, then?” he asked accusingly, “It’s not like it was my idea for you to come over here.”

Rozanov stared at him for several seconds, hackles raised. And then, something nearly miraculous happened. It was like Shane could see the fight draining out of him, like a plug pulled from the bottom of a sink full of water. His shoulders sagged, and he suddenly looked so exhausted that Shane wouldn’t have been surprised if he had fallen asleep right there in front of him.

Instead, he handed over the washcloth, letting their fingers brush again, and said,

“Try not to kill me, I have a game to win in two days.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but knelt down between his legs, and started gently drawing the soapy washcloth over his torn skin, carefully trying to avoid opening up the freshly closed cuts.

“So they cleared you to play, then?” he asked quietly, not meeting his eyes as he spoke.

Rozanov scoffed, like the question was ridiculous.

“Does not matter,” he said dismissively, “I will play.”

Shane ducked his head to hide his smile.

“So what I’m hearing is they didn’t clear you.”

He thought he saw Rozanov’s mouth lift briefly, before he was saying,

“Is fine. I will be fine.”

“If the team doctor told you not to play, you shouldn’t play,” he knew he was being a little too much, but he couldn’t help it. He wanted to stop, apologize, but he just couldn’t. “It’s- This looks bad.”

“Looks worse than it is,” Rozanov seemed to let out a shaky breath as Shane stood up to rinse the cloth in the sink, reapplying the soap and beginning his gentle work again, “It won’t stop me.”

“What even- Happened?” Shane felt like the words were torn from his throat, bursting their boundaries at last.

Rozanov looked at him, then quickly away. The expression on his face made Shane nervous.

“Something about the boards,” he said evasively, and Shane was sure there was more than that, “I’m just too good for your Montreal fans to bear, I guess.”

Shane worried his lower lip with his teeth, trying to concentrate on what he was doing. Rozanov was always tough on the boards. It was just that tonight-

“Was it because of me?” he asked, sitting back to look him in the face. His eyes flicked to Shane’s face, and his tone was measured when he answered,

“That was what I picked up before he jumped over the barricade.”

“Fuck,” Shane kneaded his forehead with his hands, ignoring the rivulet of soapy water that ran down the side of his face, “I’m so-”

“You didn’t send him, did you?” Rozanov asked, eyebrows raised, getting a surprised little laugh out of Shane.

“No, of course-”

“Then how is it your fault? Is how fans are. Some are crazy.”

Shane laughed, appreciating his blunt honesty in this moment.

“I guess you’re right.”

“Yes, I usually am.”

“Okay, asshole,” his tone was fond, and he leaned back in to continue cleaning Rozanov’s face, only just now realizing how close to one another they were.

He could feel the heat of his skin from a foot away anyway.

“You really got me, I think my back’ll be bruised for at least the next week.”

Rozanov really did grin this time.

“Someone has to do it. Everyone else is too soft with you.”

“Oh, and you’re here to make sure I’m put in my place.”

Rozanov’s eyes wandered across his face, coming to rest on his lips.

“Sure am, Hollander.”

His voice was lower now, and Shane shivered, standing up suddenly to rinse the washcloth and unscrew the cap off the antibiotic ointment he had retrieved from the corner of his medicine cabinet.

Rozanov didn’t protest when Shane swiped some onto his fingers, and stayed still and quiet as he spread it across his skin, watching him out of the corner of his eye.

“Why do you have this stuff?” he broke the silence, eyes never leaving Shane’s face.

He swallowed, doing his best not to meet his eyes. It was better that way, if they didn’t look at each other.

“I took a steel to the shin about six months ago in practice,” he said, touching the side of his leg surreptitiously with his free hand, “The team doctor gave me this stuff to take care of it, since it didn’t need stitches. I kept it around, just- Just in case.”

There was a light in his eyes as he looked at Shane, and it made his chest constrict painfully, torn between wanting to run in the opposite direction and throw everything away and kiss him like his life depended on it.

Because there were some moments where Shane felt like it did.

“There,” Shane stood up after a few more minutes of quiet between them, examining his work. Half of Rozanov’s face was still covered by the icepack, but the other half, scraped and raw, was covered in a thin sheen of cream, but the wounds were clean and dry, “All done.”

Without thinking, he leaned forward, pressing a feather-light kiss to the side of Rozanov’s face. He drew back the moment he realized what he had done, and met his unobscured eye, which was as wide and shocked as he knew his own must be.

He flushed instantly, looking down at the ground and scuffing his socked feet on the cool tile.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, “It’s just- Something my mom always did for me when I got hurt. Said it- It was magic. It was dumb, sorry.”

Rozanov said nothing.

After a moment or two, Shane chanced a glance at him. He was still staring at him like he had never seen him before, and Shane’s embarrassment only deepened with every passing second.

He felt the silence between them tauten and strain. Shane could physically feel it, and it made him start to second guess everything. He shouldn’t have done that, he shouldn’t have said anything either. *Fuck*. He had fucked this up, just like in Vegas, and now he was going to have to suffer another year of painful, quiet longing for Rozanov across the ice.

The feeling of warm fingers against his arm made him jump, and he looked at Rozanov, heart still hammering itself through the anxiety attack he was working himself into.

He didn’t say anything, but leaned forward, pressing the top of his head into Shane’s stomach. His whole body tensed, staring down at his pretty curls, arms straight down by his sides.

What the fuck was he supposed to do in this situation? What did he even *want* to do?

He should push him off, tell him that he had been used by him for the last time, that he wasn’t interested in continuing whatever the fuck this was, that Rozanov should get up and be on his way.

But Shane’s stupid, lovesick heart still ached for this, and only ever ached for it with Ilya Rozanov.

Slowly, he brought his hands up, pushing them through his hair, which was soft and thick under his fingers, and savoring the soft sigh his touch elicited from Rozanov, deep in the back of his throat.

A warmth was spreading through his body, down to the tips of his fingers and toes. It was a feeling he didn't want to name, didn't want to face. But it was there. No matter how much he tried to run from it, it was there.

Shane began to rock slightly from side to side, still holding Rozanov's head in his hands, his own eyes fluttering closed, enjoying the moment, however fleeting it might be.

It was almost romantic, unlike anything they had ever done before, soft and tender without the undercurrent of sex, like maybe they could be something else, something more.

It felt like the end of the world for Shane.

He felt Rozanov hum as Shane started dragging his fingers through his hair, nails running along his scalp.

And they continued to sway, almost like they were dancing. What two people did when they were starting to fall in love.

Rozanov's hands had come up to rest on the outside of Shane's thighs. His touch was warm and grounding, holding him in place. And he kept scratching Rozanov's scalp, and they kept swaying.

A realization was simmering in Shane, and in this moment, he couldn't muster the strength to push it away. He let it take hold of him, sinewing around his heart, equal parts pain and terrible pleasure, and he leaned down, pressing his lips into Rozanov's hair, squeezing his eyes closed, trying to take this moment for what it was.

Rozanov's hands tightened on his thighs, and Shane felt him sigh again. It was more anguished this time, like his heart was aching just as much as Shane's was.

Shane had no idea how long they stayed that way before Rozanov finally spoke,

"I should go," but he didn't pull away, and Shane made no move to release him either.

Just one more second, he wanted to say, please, just let me have this for one more second.

"Okay," he whispered, heat pricking at the corners of his eyes.

It happened incrementally. First, Rozanov released Shane's thighs, then Shane dropped his hands, and finally, Rozanov looked up at him. His expression was unreadable.

"Here," Shane handed him the soap and the cream, "You should- Use the soap twice a day and- And the cream whenever it gets dry. You- I think you need it more than me."

Rozanov snorted with laughter.

“Funny, Hollander.”

They were silent as they exited Shane’s apartment and descended the steps of the back stairs, only their footsteps echoing in their ears. Shane was holding Rozanov’s coat, clutching onto it as though he could prolong the moment they both knew was coming.

“Thank you,” Rozanov said the words so quietly that Shane might have missed them, “For-Taking care of me. And for- Your magic.”

Shane smiled. A tiny, private thing between just the two of them.

“Sure. Any- Anytime.”

They stared at each other for a long time in the bright light of the stairwell, each waiting for the other to make a move. Shane felt paralyzed. He didn’t want this moment to end. Not because Rozanov had been hurt, but because he was *here*. With Shane. And when he was with Shane, it felt like everything else sort of melted away. Hockey and his sponsorships and his team and heaven and earth didn’t matter when there was this.

Whatever it was. Shane was still too afraid to name it.

Rozanov was the one to lean forward, just as he always was. And Shane leaned in, just as he always would.

It was a chaste kiss, much less than what they usually did. Shane’s hands came to rest carefully on either side of Rozanov’s neck, trying not to disturb his eye or the cuts on his face. And Rozanov’s free hand fisted in Shane’s t shirt, like he wanted to tear it off of him.

Or maybe that he never wanted to let him go either.

Rozanov broke them apart, but his hand still lingered.

“I have to go,” he said again, and Shane wanted to believe he was imagining the note of regret that laced his words, “Early flight tomorrow.”

“Okay,” he breathed. He took a risk, and pushed his fingers through Rozanov’s curls again. He closed his eyes at Shane’s touch, leaned into it shamelessly, and Shane rested their foreheads together, letting his eyes flutter close at the warmth of his skin.

Rozanov’s lips found his again. Another soft, tender kiss, before he was pulling away, finally releasing his grip on the fabric of Shane’s shirt.

“Bye Hollander,” he said, his mouth lifting in that familiar smirk. It was stupid and unfair that he still looked so good with his face so fucked up, “Good game.”

“Bye,” Shane said watching him go, and standing in the stairwell long after the echo of the slamming door had faded.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, I truly love y'all so much! Hope you enjoyed! <3

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