

To whoever finds this

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To whoever finds this

by [justbeingzsozso](#)

Summary

His mom flowed from his pen in the form of ink when he wrote the letter. A letter which meant 'just in case'. Just in case he can't control himself, if he doesn't wake up, if he...you know. Ilya never planned on killing himself, but going willingly or not, the cruel scythe of death that took away his mother could come for him anytime. So he wrote a letter. It wasn't addressed to anyone specific, just to the unlucky soul who will find him one day when this piece of paper becomes relevant.

Or

Ilya writes suicide notes. Years later, Shane finds them and thinks they are recent. A misunderstanding is born.

Notes

Hi guys! It's been a while since I wrote angst on here, but I posted a little prompt with this premise on twitter and everyone wanted a fanfiction about it, so here it is!

No beta, we die like, well, you know...

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

Ilya was 25 years old when he wrote the letters.

It wasn't a conscious decision. Not something he spent days or weeks culminating, thinking about what he would say or who he would even address. He remembers being drunk after a long night out in Boston. He didn't take anyone home, which was becoming more and more frequent for him lately. Most of the time it's because a brown eyed Canadian in the name of Shane Hollander occupies every corner of his mind and heart, making it impossible to be with anyone else.

Tonight's loneliness wasn't about Shane Hollander though, at least Ilya doesn't think so. He was just numb, and lonely and so, so tired. He ended the celebration of another win early, turning in for the night and going home to his cold and isolated Boston house alone.

2016 December, Boston

The ghost of his mom has been acting like a shadow lately.

Ilya isn't spiritual. Yes, he does believe in God, or something of that sort, but ghosts and spirits and demons are things he never thought of as real. And yet, he feels his mother closer than he has ever since he left that bedroom in Russia 13 years ago.

He sees her when he takes a sharp turn on the ice, in the mirror on mornings, and staring at him from his ceiling on sleepless nights. He feels her when the December nights get colder and darker, when the shots of whiskey he drinks at home surpass the number of three in one night. When he gets new medication for an injury and for a moment his mind plays with the thought 'what if?'.

His mom flowed from his pen in the form of ink when he wrote the letter. A letter which meant 'just in case'. Just in case he can't control himself, if he doesn't wake up, if he...you know. Ilya never planned on killing himself, but going willingly or not, the cruel scythe of death that took away his mother could come for him anytime.

So he wrote a letter. It wasn't addressed to anyone specific, just to the unlucky soul who will find him one day when this piece of paper becomes relevant. He already has a will, which has everything important down, who gets what(most of his things going to his family in Russia,

because even in death they would beg for more and more and more). So he kept it vague in this letter. Mentioned his team, how great they are, even if they lack common sense their heart is in the right place. He mentioned Svetlana who deserved more than a few measly words Ilya wrote for anyone to see, but he also has been known to disappoint her when it comes to words, so he keeps it vague. He doesn't write to his father or brother, they wouldn't understand or care, suicide seemingly running in the emblems of the family they refuse to acknowledge.

Then he grabbed another paper and wrote one more letter, this time the fresh ink glistened as it formed the name 'Jane' on top of the paper. A scratched out 'My' could be seen in the corner, but Ilya knew better than to think of Shane as his. He wrote words he never thought he would let himself acknowledge out loud. The fear of seeing Shane's reaction, of him being disgusted by what's in Ilya's mind and heart didn't come this time, so his mind soared free as he wrote down everything that was on his mind when it came to Shane. Not once did he call him Hollander in the letter, or God forbid Shane. Their situation being a secret he takes to the grave, and anyway, Hollander couldn't even handle hearing his first name out of Ilya's mouth when they were breathing in the same air, what would it change if he saw it written down by Ilya's pen? Would he even read it if he got it by some miracle?

Ilya wasn't sure.

2018 August, Boston

It was years later, on a sunny day in late August when Shane found the letters.

They had a week to pack everything up in Ilya's Boston home, before the movers would come and take everything to Ottawa.

Ottawa. Shane still couldn't believe that his boyfriend is going to play for his hometown team, and leave only two hours away from him, close to the streets where Shane spent his days growing up. He can't believe that Ilya is doing all of this for him, for them.

But then again, he can. The man who is so aggressive on ice and has a snappy, sarcastic humour with the reporters, is the same man who would beg for more cuddle time with Shane every morning he gets the chance. The man who was named the 'Man Whore of Boston Nights' is the same one who gets genuinely excited by the thought of spending Friday nights at his in-laws, doing puzzles with Shane's dad. The one who learned Shane's favorite meals and how to make them, the one who sends Shane photos of things that reminds him of them and captions it 'us'.

Said man is now out getting food for the two of them, takeout from a Shane-approved place, while Shane is going through drawers and sorting everything in boxes. Ilya hates the sorting part of moving, so he trusted it all to Shane who thrives in situations like this, and Ilya's job is to take things apart that need to be taken apart for easier transit.

Shane is at his last drawer, a bottom one of a dresser Ilya doesn't really use, just puts junk in. *'It could be useful someday Shane.'* Shane can't think of a situation where 5 different papa smurf figurines would ever be useful, but sure. He is going through a stack of paper right now, that piled up from looking through Ilya's stuff, carefully suspecting all of them if they are important or they can go into the garbage, because as it turns out, Ilya doesn't organize all of his important documents in one place, which Shane was flabbergasted by when he found out.

'Ilya, how do you ever find anything in here? Nothing is organized, this is a horrible system. There is not even a system!'

'There is a system, solnyshko, it's just not your system. Everything is organized the Russian way.'

'The Russian way?'

'Yes, exactly. Everything important is somewhere in this room. Like you, my Shane,'

'Flattery won't get you out of this Rozanov.'

'Worth a try.'

Shane chuckled at the memory, but he quickly sobered up when his eyes caught a word on a crumpled up paper.

'Jane', in Ilya's handwriting.

Ms Jane,

I hope you never get this. I don't even know why I'm writing this to be honest. I guess I just want a physical proof that what I feel for you is real. That what we had was real. I love you. I've never been in love before, but I'm sure this is it. All I think about day and night is you. You occupy every crease of my mind, all the damn time, it's like I'm cursed with you. No, not cursed, blessed. You could never be a curse. You're in everything I do in such ways that I'm amazed the whole world doesn't know about us yet. This might sound strange coming from The Ilya Rozanovs, but you're number 1. You're the greatest in everything you do, in everything you set your mind to, and I'm sure this will never change. I pray to everything that's above that you get to live a happy life full of joy with whoever you will decide worthy of your love. I wish that could have been me, but I'm too tired to fight for it anymore.

Your Ilya

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Your Ilya)

By the time Shane finished reading the letter, he was sobbing. He didn't know Ilya was feeling so bad, so alone. Shane knew something was up, but he asked Ilya if he was okay and if he wanted to see a therapist and Ilya reassured him that everything was alright. But this? He was planning to kill himself, he even wrote a suicide note.

And the things in the note? Having to fight for Shane's love? Shane knows he is not the best at expressing feelings and being outright with his love, but he thought Ilya knew that Shane loved him more than anyone. Even the concept of growing old with someone other than Ilya made Shane so nauseous he had to sit down. He knows he has to do something, but what does one do when they find their boyfriend's suicide note? Confront them? Support them silently?

No.

Shane has been silent all this time, and it has led to this. He has to talk to Ilya, but he also has to be patient and listen to him. He can do this.

Ilya has been having a great day. He has been having a great summer, to be honest.

He spent almost everyday with Shane this off season. Of course, there were weeks where they had to separate, Shane loaded with sponsorship deals and photoshoots, and Ilya being occupied with everything that comes with changing teams and moving from one country to another. But the days they did get to spend together were complete bliss.

This week –their last week before they had to say goodbye for a longer stretch of time because of preseason– was spent at Ilya’s Boston house, packing up everything, so he can finally move to Ottawa.

He has never been this giddy about moving. He has never been this giddy about *Ottawa*, but you know what they say: love changes you. Shane has been helping him pack everything up, and organize stuff Ilya could not be bothered to organize, which for Ilya is so grateful for, he will surely reward Shane with an orgasm or two.

But first, food.

“I’m home! They didn’t have your favorite sauce at the usual place so I went to another location and they had it there. I expect many many kisses for being such a good considerate boyfriend!” Ilya talked while walking further into the house, expecting to see Shane on the living room couch, but he wasn’t there. “Shane?” Ilya called out a little louder, but still, no answer came.

Confused, he took the food to the kitchen, in hopes of finding Shane there but it was empty. He went to knock on the bathroom door, but silence greeted him there too. At last, he went to the bedroom, and there he was, Shane sitting on the bed, face turned away from Ilya.

“There you are, I’ve been calling out for you sweetheart, why didn’t you answer?” Ilya threw himself on the bed, half on his boyfriend, half beside him, and tried to look up at his face but Shane refused to meet his eyes. “Everything okay?” Ilya asked, concern lacing his tone. He was gone for less than an hour, what on earth could’ve happened in that time?

“Ilya...” Shane sighed, his voice wobbly, then he sniffled. Ilya sat up abruptly.

“Hey, Shane, what’s going on?” Ilya drew circles on Shane’s back, trying to comfort him with one hand, while the other grabbed Shane’s face carefully. When Shane finally looked up, Ilya saw his red, teary eyes, furrowed eyebrows and downturned lips. It broke his heart to see Shane like this.

“I, uh...” Shane sniffled “I was looking through the last drawer, organizing some paper, when I found a letter.”

“A letter?” Ilya didn’t remember any letter. Especially not one that could upset Shane this greatly.

“Yes. A letter addressed to me. Well, addressed to Jane. One you wrote.” Shane’s voice hitched at the end, and he covered his mouth with a hand.

“I don’t...” Ilya began to say, then he stopped in realization.

A letter addressed to Jane, written by him.

Oh fuck.

“Shane, listen to me.” Ilya took both of Shane’s hands in his, and caressed them.

“I will, I promise, but you need to listen to me first.” Shane took a deep breath. ‘I love you so much, Ilya. More than anything in this entire world. You’re my absolute everything and I don’t know what I would do without you. You’re so precious, baby. And not just to me. My parents love you, Svetlana loves you, your teammates love you, here in Boston and I’m sure they will in Ottawa too. I mean who wouldn’t love you? You are the kindest, smartest, funniest person ever. And I get that you’re going through something...something bad” Shane took a shaky breath, which gave Ilya the opportunity to interrupt.

“Shane it’s not” He started, but Shane continued his speech anyway.

“I will help you with anything you need, with everything you want. Just please talk to me or with one of your friends, or just to someone. I can’t lose you baby.” Shane whispered, a lone tear escaping his eyes, which Ilya kissed away in a gentle motion.

“My sweet love” Ilya grabbed Shane’s face and gave him a quick peck on the lips. “I’m not going to kill myself.” Ilya assured Shane, while stroking his face.”The note you found I wrote years ago, when I was feeling really bad. Just in case. I must’ve forgotten to throw them out. I never planned on killing myself, and I promise you if I even entertain the thought, I’ll talk to you. I won’t leave you any time soon Shane.” Ilya explained, looking into Shane's eyes the whole time so he could see, Ilya was telling the truth.

After Shane processed what Ilya was saying he nodded, took a deep breath,

And started violently sobbing.

“Oh my God” He gasped out, hugging Ilya tightly, and sitting in his lap to be as close to him as possible. “My baby” Shane murmured into Ilya’s hair as he tried to calm himself. Ilya carefully rocked them back and forth in a soothing motion, caressing Shane’s back.

A couple hours later, they found themselves in the same bed, this time laying down under the covers, wrapped around each other, Shane laying on Ily’s chest, while Ilya had both arms around him.

“Ilya?” Shane whispered softly, voice slightly muffled by Ilya’s shirt.

“Yeah?” Ilya murmured back half asleep, but it came out more as a moan.

“I think you should start seeing a therapist.” Shane suggested. “Even if you don’t think you need it, please just couple sessions. For my peace of mind.” Shane asked him.

“Okay. I will start looking for one based in Ottawa.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I promise. I know I’m...not the healthiest in my head. But we’re planning a life together, growing old and stuff, and I would like to be here as long as I can for that, with my best self.” Ilya whispered, then placed a kiss on Shane's forehead.

“You have to get better for yourself too. Okay? Not just for us.” Shane looked up at him. “For this to work, you need to start thinking about yourself too.”

“You’re right. I just have a hard time being not enemies with myself. But I guess therapy will help with that too, won’t it? What do people even do at therapy? Just talk?” Ilya wondered out loud.

“Well, you’re great at talking.” Shane said.

“Thank you, sweetheart.”

“No, I meant it in a way that you never shut up.” Shane corrected, then giggled, kissing Ilya's chest through his shirt.

“You’re an asshole.” Ilya scoffed, but a giddy smile sat across his face.

“I learned from the best.”

“You should learn hockey from the best too. Maybe you would be good at it then. I can give you lessons if you want to.” Ilya teased.

“Shut up. Go to sleep.” Shane pinched his side.

“I love you.”

“I love you too, Ilya.”

End Notes

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated, you can find me on twitter here: [zoespjorants](#)

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