

As Your Shadow Crosses Mine

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As Your Shadow Crosses Mine

by [Carrot_flowers](#)

Summary

Suddenly he was in his cottage and it was summertime. He knew this must be a dream because nothing hurt; not like reality where he was sure he had broken something and maybe had a concussion. Oh God, did he have brain damage?

He was wearing loose shorts and no shirt and he was being pulled back against something very warm and solid. A pair of arms snaked around his chest and pulled him backwards.

“I was told I would be rewarded for making lunch.” Ilya’s low voice rumbled through him and he mouthed at his neck. “I have come to collect.”

Or

After he is hurt in the Raiders game, Shane sees visions of his future with Ilya.

Notes

This is the first fic I have written in this fandom (!) but those who know me IRL would not be surprised because Heated Rivalry has become my entire personality.

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

For a blessed second after the hit, Shane felt nothing. He wondered why he was on the ice when the last thing he had seen was Ilya grinning at him and then, and then-

The lights above him were so bright. He felt like they would swallow him whole. He could feel himself drifting away and then a hand rubbed his chest- a sharp pain as it forced him against the backboard.

“Stay awake Hollander.”

He blinked. The c-collar dug into his chin and suddenly he was back in his body and remembered everything all at once. The hit, the ice. His shoulder ached horribly. It ached like his ankle had, when he had broken it one summer in elementary school. He was here. He blinked and looked away from the lights. He could fairly hear the crowd and they clapped as he was carried off the ice. He rolled down a long hallway and started to shiver even though he wasn't cold. His toes itched and he wiggled them, focusing on the sensation.

Ilya. Where was Ilya?

Suddenly he was out of the tunnel and being lifted over a doorway. There was an ambulance waiting and while there were straps lifted over him, he stared up in the overhead lights. They were closer and he felt himself falling again. People were talking to him and he heard himself mumbling back somehow. He looked above and felt himself drifting away.

Suddenly he was in his cottage and it was summertime. He knew this must be a dream because nothing hurt; not like reality where he was sure he had broken something and maybe had a concussion. Oh God, did he have brain damage?

He was wearing loose shorts and no shirt and he was being pulled back against something very warm and solid. A pair of arms snaked around his chest and pulled him backwards.

“I was told I would be rewarded for making lunch.” Ilya's low voice rumbled through him and he mouthed at his neck. “I have come to collect.”

What? Making lunch? Ilya was here? At his house? His refuge?

He hesitated and drew in a shakey breath.

“Are you not good for it, Hollander? Will I need to convince you?” He ground his erection against Shane, who spun around, color high in his cheeks.

Ilya's face was relaxed and happy. He laughed as he kissed him on the lips.

“You look so shocked! Maybe I should have better outlined the terms of our deal.”

Shane couldn't help himself. He cupped Ilya's face and Ilya turned to press a kiss into his palm. He couldn't believe it. Ilya was here. Ilya, with his beautiful blue eyes, staring at him like nothing else mattered in the world. Ilya put his hand on top of Shane's and curled their fingers together.

Outside the cottage, he could hear faint birdsong as the sun shone through the windows. It was just the two of them.

Ilya dropped his hand only to pull him close into a hug.

“You are overcome with how I am so good looking and such amazing cook. I understand. But I would still like to show you other things that I am good at.” But even as he teased, he let Shane rest his head on his shoulder and they breathed together.

God, how had he ever convinced himself that what he felt was anything but love? He drew back to look at him again. And while he couldn’t bring himself to say it out loud yet, he hoped that Ilya could feel it, the feeling too large for his body to contain as he leaned forward and pressed their lips together and he pulled them together and-

There was a sharp pain, a finger pressing into his nail bed.

“Stay with us, Mr. Hollander.” A voice said above him. He tried to center himself again. Tried to ignore the gnawing ache in his shoulder, shooting down his arm. He wiggled his fingers and the pain worsened until he let out a quiet gasp.

“I know it hurts. We can’t give you anything until we get to the hospital and scan your head. We’ll be there soon.” A penlight shone in his eyes.

He felt scared suddenly. Did he have a brain bleed? Was he going to be okay?

He imagined Ilya. Where was he now?

He’s at the cottage. he thought, nonsensically. But that wasn’t right.

He had been at the game. He looked up into the lights and was pulled into them as he thought about a pair of blue eyes, a smile that was mocking for others and gentle for him and his hands oh god his hands. There was nothing that could stop him from drifting away.

And he saw everything.

Ilya was underneath him, panting. A lock of brown hair fell into one eye and he brushed it away with his left hand before settling it on Shane’s cheek. He felt the press of warm metal against his face and startled. He grasped Ilya’s hand and pulled it away. There was a gold band on his ring finger and when he looked down, there was one on his own.

They were married.

Ilya, who had started to rut against him, stilled.

“*kapusta*, what is the matter?”

“We’re married.” The words felt foreign in his mouth. When were they allowed to have each other? Had belonged to each other outside of hotel rooms and stolen encounters. Suddenly he

had an awful feeling in his stomach.

“Am I married to you?”

Ilya slid out from under him and tipped him against the pillows.

“Are you sick?” He ran a hand over his forehead. Shane looked away and his gaze caught a photo on the bedside table. It was the two of them in tuxedos, smiling so hard their faces could break, with his parents (his parents!) next to them, showing off their rings.

They were married. To each other. His heart stuttered and he felt the prickle of tears in his eyes. This was impossible and it was so right.

Ilya was quiet and slid a rough thumb against his face to catch the trail of tears down his cheek.

“What is wrong?” He asked gently.

“I’m so happy.” Shane answered honestly. His chest felt like it would burst.

Ilya’s face softened and he smoothed his thumb back and forth across his cheekbone.

“I would have married you before- if I had known how nice you would be.” His smile held a hint of mischief now and his hand ran down Shane’s chest to his toned abdomen. He hooked a finger in the waistband of his sweatpants. “Now we will continue?”

Shane took a deep breath and leaned forward. He kissed the deep Cupid’s bow of Ilya’s lips. This was the best dream he had ever had. There was still a nagging feeling that he couldn’t completely dispel and he thought back to the Russian workbook he had started secretly.

“We may continue but I am not, not will I ever be, your cabbage.”

Ilya’s laugh rang in his ears as he tipped forward into the light again. When he opened his eyes, there was a nurse placing an IV in his arm. He inhaled suddenly. It had felt so real and he ached with longing to be back in the warm bed with Ilya. *With his husband Ilya.*

“Your CT looked good so I’m going to give you some pain meds through your IV. Try to stay awake for a few more minutes so the doctors can talk to you.”

He tried but as he looked up to the overhead lights he tipped forward again.

This time when he awoke, he was laying on a horribly uncomfortable bed. Vinyl crinkled under him as he shifted his weight. The room was dark except for a yellow light near the door. He looked around and saw a bed and a bassinet. It was a hospital room. He could see Ilya standing under the yellow light with his back to him. His T-shirt was stretched over the muscles of his back and he was murmuring softly as he swayed back and forth.

He turned slightly and Shane’s breath caught. In his arms was a small bundle wrapped in a blanket. He bent and pressed a kiss to the bundle and it yowled softly.

“Oh no, no. We have a new diaper. We are fed. It is not time for these things.” He murmured, bouncing the bundle in his arms. It grunted and was silent again. Ilya started to sing quietly as he rocked.

Shane felt frozen. The thing in his arms; it was a baby. He sat all the way up and Ilya turned around at the noise. He walked over and bent to kiss him on the forehead.

“Go back to sleep. I will wake you when it’s your turn. Don’t worry, I’m already her favorite.” He grinned at him.

Shane looked at the baby. Their baby. Their daughter. She was impossibly small and looked like a red and wrinkled old man. She smacked her lips and let out a deep breath that was almost a sigh.

“Here he is, Elina, this is your other dad. He is not as good looking as I am but maybe that is to be expected.” Ilya looked at him fondly as he sat next to him.

“A baby.” Shane said, dumbly. He felt a bubble of anxiety. He leaned forward and looked down at his knees, poking out of the end of a pair of gym shorts. They each had a linear scar over the patella; bilateral total knee replacements.

“Yes, can you believe?” Ilya smiled down at the baby now. In the faint light of the hospital room, he could see smile lines and crow’s feet at his eyes. This Ilya was happy; had a good life.

“You’re going to be the best dad.” Shane looked down at Elina. How could anyone trust him with something so small? There was no way, he couldn’t-

“We will be the best dads.” Ilya knocked their shoulders together gently.

Shane reached up and rubbed the top of her head. There were a few fine, short hairs and her head was so small, it fit in the palm of his hand. She signed again and turned as if leaning into the weight of his hand.

“See? She likes you too.” Ilya kissed him again on the temple.

Shane couldn’t believe this. That he was here with Ilya and their baby and then he looked up at the yellow light in the hospital room and-

-and he opened his eyes in a white room. His IV was beeping and he wanted to scream. He wanted to be back with Ilya again and their daughter and not here and he shut his eyes again and nothing changed and the stupid machine giving him fluid was still beeping.

“Sorry about that Mr. Hollander. Let me go grab another bag. The doctor will be here soon. If your pain is really bad you can push that button.” The nurse held a green button in front of his face and put it in his hand.

Shane turned and looked out the window. The sun was shining and the light off the blinds was so bright that it was blinding him and-

He was standing in a driveway. There was a cluster of kids wearing skates all staring at someone on the ground. Ilya was there and wearing an expression he had never seen. He looked frantic. He was talking to the person on the ground. Several of the kids were holding hockey sticks.

Shane ran over, the kids parting silently. There was a girl, about eight years old, laying on the ground. Her foot was at a strange angle. She was glassy-eyed.

“Dad,” she said quietly. “I think I broke my ankle.”

That snapped Shane out of his trance. She was so big now. This was his daughter. He knelt down next to her and held her hand. Tears were starting to run down her face.

“I think I heard it when I fell. My foot went a weird way.” Her voice was wet.

Shane could vaguely hear Ilya in the background calling 911. He reached out and started to unlace her rollerblades. Her ankle underneath was swollen and starting to turn purple.

“Hey sweetheart, the ambulance will be here soon ok? They will help you feel better.” Ilya smoothed her hair back. “It will be ok, just hang in there. I am going to get ice for your ankle.”

And they waited until Ilya was back with a bag of frozen peas that he pressed gently against her ankle. She hissed in pain.

“I was going too fast and I hit the other kid. I’m really sorry.” There were tears running down her face.

“Elina, this was an accident. These things happen. Your dad broke his ankle almost the same way.” Ilya hugged her close. “It will heal and you can still play hockey. Maybe you will be second best, like he was.”

“Papa,” Elina let out a small laugh. “No joking.”

With his other hand, Ilya reached for Shane and in his strong grip, he could feel how scared he really was. He squeezed back and Ilya looked at him over the mass of Elina’s brown curls. This was his daughter, this was his family.

A small eternity later, the ambulance arrived and as their daughter was loaded into the back, Shane felt himself leaving, he was floating away and he wanted to badly to stay here in this reality. It didn’t exist yet. He and Ilya were just hooking up they were nothing like this.

But could they be?

When he opened his eyes, he remembered the brief flashes of his dreams. They were married. They would have a family. He wanted it so badly it hurt but the gulf between where they were now and where they could be was so large. He couldn’t think of any way to cross. He groaned in frustration.

“There’s someone here to see you.” A different nurse, a woman this time, told him.

He opened his eyes to see Ilya nervously open the door.

His eyes shifted around the room. Shane's mind felt hazy and he ached with how good it felt to see him. He couldn't believe that he was here and it felt strange to see him here in the daylight and fully clothed. Strange, but right.

We are going to have the best life together. We just have to figure out how to get there.

The words crowded against each other and he couldn't figure out what to say. It was the pain meds and the concussion and everything was smashed together in his mind. The cottage, their marriage, their family. If Ilya felt the same as he did, they could have such an amazing life together. How could he get it out? How could he tell him?

Finally, he croaked out the only thing he could:

“Will you come to my cottage this summer?”

The invitation hung between them in the weeks that followed. Shane was at loose ends, not playing, trying to recover from his concussion. Trying to ignore the tension in his body. He only remembered brief snatches of his dream, and had moments at nights when he was trying to fall asleep when he thought, *What if we never get there? What if we are never anything more to each other than this?*

He didn't know if he could take it. Being in love with Ilya if he didn't feel the same way. His love for Ilya had grown under his skin until he didn't know where he stopped and it began. And while they texted about hockey, they carefully avoided talking about the summer and Shane felt like he was reaching out and reaching and that he might snap.

Then Ilya's team was out of the playoff and as they watched the Admirals win the cup and Scott Hunter (Scott Hunter!) pull a man down to the ice and kiss him. He knew even as his screen lit up with Lily's call, that they would find a way, and it settled in his chest as he heard the words:

“I'm coming to the cottage.”

And there it was. They would get there.

End Notes

Ilya, this entire time: what if he doesn't love me back?

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