

Your Light Fills the Darkest Room

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Your Light Fills the Darkest Room

by [lucianowriter](#)

Summary

Shane needs to speak with Ilya but he's currently recovering from his concussion and therefore on the injury list. Will it happen?

Notes

Hello my lovelies,

I have been a fanfiction writer for decades now, since I was in middle school (about 13). However, this is my first time writing for Shane/Ilya. I hope I do the characters justice because I adore them so much.

I want to thank my good friend Lee for giving this fic a once over and encouraging me to post this so others can read it. Be prepared for there to be tons of sweetness. The angst comes from Shane agonizing over what he has to tell Ilya, nothing else.

I hope you enjoy!

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

Shane tapped the phone against his mouth as he lay on the couch in his Montreal home. His parents had wanted him to recover at their place, but he'd convinced them to stay at his place with him so he could recover in his own bed. It had been two weeks since he'd been released from the hospital after his concussion. Ilya had texted him to check on him every few days, but they hadn't really spoken since that evening in the hospital. They definitely hadn't spoken about the implications that had arisen thanks to his injury. Ilya had almost caused them to be discovered because of his concern there on the ice.

But that wasn't why Shane was lying here two weeks later contemplating calling Ilya. His parents were out of the house doing some grocery shopping and Shane was grateful for the reprieve. He loved his parents but their constant hovering was starting to get on his nerves. It was bad enough that Shane couldn't shake the nausea and vomiting side effect of his concussion. Not being able to field their concern because of it made everything that much worse. He needed to talk to someone who wouldn't get all weepy or infantilize him. He needed the hard edges of his Russian boyfriend.

Most of all, Shane knew he needed to update Ilya on his current condition. He would prefer to do it face-to-face, but with him being out on injury there was no guarantee when the two could slip away for some face time. Especially with Shane's parents currently taking up residence at his place. He took a deep breath and sighed.

It was now or never.

After half a ring, Ilya picked up. Hearing his thick accent form his typical greeting, "Hello" warmed Shane to his core and caused his eyes to tear up. Fuck he'd missed that sound.

"Hey," Shane was suddenly nervous, as if he hadn't been doing this thing with Ilya for years.

"I didn't think you'd call. Being with your parents and all." Ilya stated, a fondness just below the surface.

"They went out for groceries. I managed to convince them I was well enough to stay home alone."

“They concerned, yes?” Ilya’s English had gotten really good in the last few years, but he still fell into patterns of broken English from time to time.

“Yes. I’m grateful my parents care,” Shane paused, it wasn’t lost on him how much Ilya probably wished he had parents who showed up for him the way the Hollanders showed up for Shane.

“But,” Ilya’s response cut into Shane’s consciousness.

“It’s suffocating after experiencing it for two weeks. I’m an adult and I’m fine.” Just as Shane petulantly made his final plea, his stomach rolled and he had to jump up and rush to the bathroom before he vomited all over his living room floor.

He had just enough time to pull the phone from his face and toss it onto the bathroom counter before he was hugging the porcelain and watching his lunch make a reappearance. He knew that Ilya could probably hear him and was probably freaking out, but Shane couldn’t focus on that right now.

A few minutes later, Shane’s stomach settled and he was able to scoot back so his back leaned on the cabinets under the sink. He reached above his head and grabbed his phone once more. The minute he put it up to his ear and worked through a few heaving breaths, he heard Ilya chuckle.

“You were saying?”

“Shut up.” Shane groused. Ilya’s teasing was his favorite thing about the man, but right now he wasn’t in the mood. “We need to talk.”

“We are.” Shane shouldn’t be surprised by Ilya’s curt response.

“So, um.” Shane stalled, not exactly sure how to approach the topic. “I need to see you,” he suddenly exclaimed, realizing this might all be easier if handled face-to-face.

If Ilya was put off by Shane’s behavior he didn’t say. Instead he agreed to come to Shane’s place in a week, once his team had some time off between games. It wasn’t the amount of headway Shane had hoped to have with what he needed to tell Ilya, but a plan was a step in the right direction.

Shane was still sitting on the bathroom floor, listening to Ilya breathe on his end of the call, when he heard the front door click open.

“My parents are back. I gotta go.” Shane quickly muttered.

“Goodbye, Shane. I’ll see you next week.”

Shane smiled despite himself, “Goodbye, Ilya.”

He was still on the bathroom floor when his mom came and knocked on the door frame. Concern flickered across her face at the sight of Shane. He figured his face must look deathly pale thanks to his recent activities.

“Shane? Is everything alright?” his mom stepped into the room and let her eyes assess everything.

Shane sighed and put his arm out for his mom to help him to his feet. “Yeah, I just got dizzy and vomited. No big deal.”

She leaned away from him, her hands still grasping his arms, holding him steady, “No big deal?”

“Really mom, I’m okay.” Shane was suddenly irritable and his skin itched with the desire to get away.

She didn’t look convinced, but her hands dropped from his arms nonetheless. He gave her a forced smile and moved to exit the bathroom. At the doorway, he paused and turned around.

“I was thinking that you and dad should go home. I’m doing much better and I think the space would do me good.”

“Sweetie, you suffered a major concussion. It’s only been a couple weeks. The doctor said,” she started to protest, but Shane put a hand up to stop her.

“The doctor told me to rest and not overdo it. I think the best place for me to rest, now that I can move around without passing out or almost falling over from vertigo, is my own place without people hovering.”

His mom tucked her lips between her teeth and her eyes flickered down to the phone in Shane’s hand.

“Is this about some girl? Because you know the doctor also said you shouldn’t be doing anything strenuous.” The implication was white hot and it made Shane extremely uncomfortable.

“What?” He spluttered, his brain racing to find an explanation why his phone was out of his pocket. “Hayden called to check in. That’s all.”

He knew she didn’t believe his obvious lie, but Shane didn’t care. He shoved his phone back into his pocket and stalked off toward his room. His parents had only been home a few minutes and he already needed a break from them. More specifically his mom, who’s ever observant eye was making it extremely difficult for Shane to keep his relationship with Ilya under wraps.

Once he was in his room, Shane laid down on the covers and crossed his feet at the ankle. His mind wandered as he absentmindedly stroked his hand up and down his abdomen. Despite everything, there was one small favor and that was that his appointment with his doctor last week had been confidential from his parents. Because he was over 18 he was allowed to ban them from the room, and he had because he'd had a feeling something more was wrong with him than just a head injury. The nausea and vomiting had only gotten worse, not better.

He smiled to himself and sighed, "I almost told your dad about you today. But, we decided to talk face-to-face next week. I'm not sure how it'll go." Shane's hands moved down to cup his lower abdomen.

As hard as it was to admit it, there was truth in what Shane had just said. He had no idea how Ilya would react to the news that he was going to be a father. Sure, he'd seen Ilya interact with kids on occasion over the years, but they'd never outright discussed the matter. Shane pulled out his phone once more, the not knowing was eating him up inside. So, he decided to send a text.

To: Lily

Have you ever thought about kids?

From: Lily

What?

To: Lily

Kids. Have you ever wanted to have any?

From: Lily

Where is this coming from?

To: Lily

Will you just answer the question?

From: Lily

Yes.

Shane rolled his eyes in complete exasperation. Of course Ilya wasn't going to make this easy for him. It wasn't in the Russian's nature.

To: Lily

And?

To: Lily

I've always wanted them. The more I spend time with Hayden, Jackie, and the kids the more I think about it.

From: Lily

Ah.

A few minutes passed without any other word from Ilya. His short responses didn't give Shane much insight into how he would respond. But after years of loving the man, Shane knew it wasn't likely he'd get anything more.

From: Lily

I can picture you holding a child. It's nice.

It wasn't a direct answer, but it was enough to ease Shane's mind and allow him to take the nap he desperately needed. In his own way, Ilya had confirmed that he would love to have kids with Shane. Now, whether he'd be fine with it sooner rather than later, that was a different story. One that Shane couldn't think about too much or he'd go insane before Ilya even made the trek to Canada.

Shane was pacing the entirety of his place as he waited for Ilya to arrive. He'd texted him the address a few days ago and Ilya had promised to come in his least flashy car, so as to avoid suspicion. Shane had already vomited twice, once in the toilet and once in the sink during a pass through his kitchen. He could feel the nausea creeping up again as he made it back into the front room of the house.

He closed his eyes and took a deep, steadying breath, his hand on his stomach. When he heard the crunch of gravel under tires, he opened his eyes and licked his lips. It was now or never. The moment of truth had come. His chest tightened at the thought that Ilya might react badly and would abruptly end this thing they'd been sharing for years. Shane couldn't fathom a life without Ilya Rozanov in it. Hopefully, a few minutes from now he wouldn't have to find out what that felt like.

He opened the door before Ilya was even able to reach his fist up to knock. The Russian immediately shoved Shane backwards through the door, connecting their mouths as he walked them toward the nearest wall. Shane leaned into the moment and allowed himself to not think about the elephant in the room. But, before he could completely let go and just live in the presence of Ilya Rozanov kissing him like his life depended on it, Shane felt the tell-tale signs that his stomach contents were about to make a reappearance.

He jumped back from Ilya, who continued to chase Shane's mouth not realizing the man was trying to walk away. Shane rushed to the kitchen and barely made it to the sink before the orange juice he drank moments ago burned on its way back up. He gagged and coughed until his stomach stopped twisting and turning. A few seconds into it, Shane felt a gentle hand on the space between his shoulder blades. As it turned to dry heaves, Ilya's other hand began to run through his hair, massaging his scalp in comfort.

"Feeling better?" Ilya whispered after Shane straightened up and ran the back of his hand over his mouth. He didn't respond, instead he moved out of Ilya's touch and prepared himself a glass of water.

He downed it, not able to meet Ilya's eye. This wasn't how he'd planned to start the conversation, but it seemed their unborn child had other ideas. After drinking another whole glass of water, Shane finally allowed his eyes to meet Ilya's and he saw how concerned the

man really was. It broke something in Shane seeing Ilya obviously reliving those initial moments on the ice when Shane had first been hurt.

“Much.” Shane whispered, finally, he stepped forward into Ilya’s space and planted little kisses along the right side of his neck. “Our baby wanted to make its presence known.”

The Canadian knew the moment Ilya registered what Shane had said. All of a sudden, Ilya’s roving hands stilled and then pulled away from Shane’s body completely. His quick kisses that he’d been peppering along Shane’s shoulder and collar stopped. Shane didn’t move a muscle, he closed his eyes and tried to control his breathing. If Ilya reacted badly he wasn’t sure what would happen. He already felt moments away from a panic attack as it were.

“Stop.” Ilya finally whispered, tenderness dripping from his voice. “You’re having a panic attack when you don’t need to.”

“I don’t,” Shane squeaked out, pulling his head back so he could catch Ilya’s gaze. He needed to know what was running through the man’s head.

Ilya smirked and shook his head. Then, he leaned forward and gave Shane a kiss on the lips. “No. This is wonderful, yes?”

Shane let go of the breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding. “Yes,” came out in a puff of air.

Then, Ilya stepped back and his face looked as though he was trying to figure something out. Shane gave him time to process and then speak. He knew that Ilya wouldn’t leave him wondering in suspense, but needed time to figure out what it was that currently confused him.

“So, wait, when?” Ilya’s eyes looked Shane up and down, as if he expected a pregnancy to be immediately recognizable where it hadn’t been two weeks ago.

Shane smiled, “Tuna melts.”

Ilya's hand made its way back up to Shane's hair and he started to twirl some of the strands around his finger. "So, before my father..."

Shane leaned into Ilya and wrapped him up in a hug. His forehead made contact with Ilya's shoulder and he sighed. There was so much about Ilya's last trip to Moscow that they never spoke about, but this brought it all crashing back. Shane had been pregnant when Ilya had insisted they do kinky sex over Skype, when Ilya had been vulnerable about his feelings for Shane.

"The doctor said it probably happened back in January based on how far along I am."

Shane watched as Ilya processed everything Shane had said. His eyes roved over the planes of Shane's face as his hands gently rubbed Shane's arms. Ilya was bothered about something, but Shane couldn't quite pinpoint what it was. Either way, he braced himself for the heartbreak that was sure to come. The more Ilya processed what was happening the more likely it is that he realized just how much this would affect his life. There was no way superstar Ilya Rozanov would give up furthering his career to settle down with Shane and raise this baby.

"So, what happens now?" Ilya's voice was gentle, not an ounce of anger or resentment to be found.

Shane pushed away from the man he loved and started to pace the room. He'd only just started to wrap his head around the fact that he was indeed pregnant. Thinking in terms of what happened next was the furthest thing from his mind. But, he did have to think of his career. He couldn't exactly play in his condition, but did that mean he told the truth about why he'd be sitting out months of playing time? Sure, they were only a few months away from post-season and then summer, but he'd still be pregnant toward the start of the new season.

"Fuck." Shane exclaimed, his hands pulling at his hair in anxiety. "I won't be able to play."

"It's almost summer, so you could just tell them it's your concussion keeping you off the ice." Ilya shrugged, reaching toward Shane to calm him down.

“And what about in October?” Shane threw his hands up exasperatedly. “I’ll be very pregnant by then!”

Ilya smirked, shrugged, and stepped into Shane’s bubble. His hands found Shane’s arms and he pulled him against his chest. Shane loved the feeling of Ilya Rozanov’s chest rising and falling with each new breath he took. It calmed him almost immediately.

“Fuck.” Shane stated again.

“We’ll come up with something. You could always fake an injury.” The fact that Ilya didn’t seem bothered by any of this in the slightest unnerved Shane.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Shane bit his lip, his eyes couldn’t focus on Ilya, he was too nervous.

Ilya shrugged again. “I want kids.” The smile that followed brightened every inch of Shane’s kitchen, even in the corners of the room where doom and gloom easily formed.

It was as if it were that simple. Ilya’s words hung between them, thickening the air. Shane’s brain short circuited at the concept that not only was Ilya not upset about this snag in their plans, but he seemed actually excited about it.

“Are you sure?” Shane stumbled over his question, finally reaching for Ilya, needing the man’s physical comfort.

Ilya looked sharply into Shane’s eyes, causing his knees to weaken and his stomach to roll once more. Shane closed his eyes and breathed through his nose to tamp down the urge to vomit for the fourth time that day. Ilya gently placed his fingers under Shane’s chin and lifted his face.

“No. But you love kids and I always want them. The rest, we figure out.” The thick accent still present despite his fluent English got under Shane’s skin in the best way.

Shane smiled and leaned into Ilya's touch. Ilya's next words almost caused him to melt into a puddle on the floor right there.

"I hope you be like your dad." Ilya whispered, his fingers tucking Shane's hair behind his ear.

"You've never met my dad." Shane responded, curious how Ilya could want that without actually knowing the guy.

"You talk about him a lot. You respect him, no?"

"Well, yeah, but..." Shane started to argue, but Ilya placed a finger on his lips, silencing him.

"But nothing. This is..." Ilya stopped, searching his brain for the right English words for what he was trying to say. "More than I ever could've hoped for."

"Because you're with me?" Shane asked, he wanted to bring up Grigori as a reason, but he figured Ilya would shut down.

"Yes." Ilya paused thoughtfully, "But also because my father, not good man."

Shane wrapped Ilya up in his arms. No other words needed to be said between them at this moment. So, he let the worries wash away and just stayed in the present with the man he loved. Shane sighed again and held his breath as Ilya's hand slowly drifted toward his stomach. When it stopped to cradle the area, Shane knew he couldn't have asked for a better outcome of this bomb dropped into their lives.

End Notes

Please leave a comment or simply give a kudos if you feel inclined! I hope you enjoyed the story. Also, I could be persuaded to do a follow up to this fic if people want.

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