

Love You Out Loud

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Love You Out Loud

by [ItsSoLine](#)

Summary

Shane never thought he would find a love stronger than his love for hockey... Then he met Ilya Rozanov. An incident taught him that it was important to love Ilya out loud.

Notes

Merry Christmas!

I had another fic in me for this universe! This was supposed to be shorter and focused on the game, but I enjoyed writing Shane's pov from the other stories, so hope you enjoy!

I might do a story with Marlow's pov when Shane comes to Boston cause I think that would be fun lol. Plus maybe Shane's parents.

Also, I thought it was Friday :(

If you asked Shane Hollander, pre Ilya Rozanov, hockey was his greatest love. Getting on the ice for the first time had been something special. His mom had been a hockey fan long before he was even a dream that she and his father shared. So Shane grew up with games playing in the background as she nursed him and taught him to walk. By the time he had begun talking, he tried his hand at babbling the names of his mom's favorite players. He watched the TV mesmerized as they glided on ice and wished that he could do it too.

His mom took no convincing to sign him up for skating lessons, while his dad was more hesitant. He didn't want Shane to feel pressure because it was his mom's favorite sport. But Shane was adamant that he wanted to feel like ice under his feet for himself.

And although his first lesson had been frustrating because it was more him falling down than gliding, Shane loved it. He loved how the ice felt under his feet. He loved the cold that nipped at his bones. He didn't even mind the aches he earned from falling down. It made him feel strong. Like he was on top of the world. By his third lesson, he spent more time skating than falling, and his parents agreed to sign him up for hockey lessons. To no one's surprise, he was a natural. His mom might have consumed enough hockey while he was in her womb to make him a prodigy. Everyone around him knew that he was destined for greatness on the ice. And Shane. Shane did everything to make that happen.

He found it difficult to make friends or form any serious relationships because hockey always came first. Shane figured that once he was established, he would meet someone and settle down like people tended to do in the league. It didn't help that the thought of a relationship with any of the girls who others tried to push his way made her feel nothing but indifferent. He tried not to dwell on what that meant. But his traitorous mind whispered to him about how he had to make an effort not to stare at the other guys in the locker room. How he had noticed just how well built hockey could make people. He stared at his own body in the mirrors and wondered if anyone was admiring him the same way. But he couldn't think about that. No one could ever know his thoughts.

Shane had never expected Ilya Rozanov to get under his skin the way that he did. But the second Shane laid his eyes on the Russian and met his gaze, Shane knew there would be trouble. He tried to keep his mind from lingering on the way his heart was beating through the whole thing. He wanted to ignore him forever, lest he get in trouble. But Ilya would never let that happen. And Shane didn't want him to, even if he would never admit it. So he went along with almost everything Ilya asked of him. He knew that Ilya would never fault him for speaking up when he didn't want something. But Ilya rarely did anything to make him balk. Shane enjoyed their encounters, no matter how often he told Ilya to fuck off.

He tried his best not admit that he was becoming fond of Ilya. Fonder than he could have ever imagined. Everything imploded that one night at Ilya's apartment when they called each other their first names for the first time. It was always Rozanov and Hollander, never Ilya and Shane. No matter what Shane called Ilya in his head. If he stayed, it would mean that what they had was real. He couldn't let it be real. So he had left.

He left, and he didn't let himself text Ilya, no matter how much he wanted to. He found someone else. Rose was beautiful and funny. She was the picture perfect idea of who Shane

Hollander should be with. The media loved her with him, and his friends thought he was the coolest man in the world for pulling her. He could play hockey and have her. It wouldn't be so complicated.

Expect it was. She wasn't what he wanted, no matter how hard he tried to pretend. And she knew it. His mind would not expel Ilya from his thoughts. Every time he saw anything involving Ilya, he was filled with regret. And it didn't take long for Rose to see through his pretending. It was odd. She had come out for him, and all he could think of was Ilya. He couldn't wait to see him again. They reconnected and became closer than ever, and Shane couldn't be happier. They talked on the phone now. Shane was able to comfort Ilya when life reared its ugly head.

He had Ilya and hockey once again. And he was beginning to want this forever. If only he could admit it to Ilya. Shane began to ponder if he could. How would he do it? His mind flickered to a thought of Ilya at his cottage, just the two of them enjoying the summer together. They had never been on a true date, and it wasn't as if they were boyfriends now, but they were something. His cottage could give them the privacy to explore that. Shane could know what it would be like to wake up next to Ilya for the first time. It was a good fantasy. One he could not bring himself to forget. Next time he saw Ilya, he might dare to ask the other man. They were playing each other soon. Shane was plagued with excitement and nerves.

What if Ilya said no? What if he turned him away as Shane did that night in Boston when their routine had broken, and feelings began to slither their way in? This invite would mean more than just staying the night after they fucked. Shane wasn't sure he was prepared for the consequences. Yet, he began to make plans anyway. A plan for if Ilya said yes and a plan for if he said no. The no plan was more extensive. Shane thought about how to play it off like a joke or something that didn't matter to him. Even though he knew it would crush him. But he needed to keep Ilya no matter what. Even if it was just a few shared hours every few months in secret. Even if he had to stay an arms length away when it came to anything other than fucking. Ilya had hooked him from the start before Shane's heart, let alone his dick, could even keep up. And now he knew it.

Just like how Shane had fallen in love with hockey before he even touched the ice, Ilya Rozanov had stolen his heart all those years ago. He made Shane feel alive and Shane didn't know if his heart would keep beating without him. That was why he knew he needed to ask Ilya to spend the summer with him.

He would never tell Ilya, but when Boston came to Montreal, Shane scoured the internet to know exactly when the man came to his town. He smiled at the picture he found on Twitter that Ilya took with a fan at the airport, with a cheeky smile. He looked good. Shane couldn't wait to see him tonight. On and off the ice. Shane was going to invite him to his home. His real home. He would ask about the cottage, and then they would spend the night cuddled up together.

He reaffirmed that he wanted to follow through with it when Ilya had smirked at him on the ice and whispered words only for Shane's ears to him.

It would be perfect... It would have been perfect if he hadn't been hit by a truck of a man on the ice. Hockey was a contact sport, one could expect to be hit and shoved. But Shane knew instantly that this was different. The pain made him feel dizzy. The arena was full, yet he couldn't hear any noise. He felt like the only one on the ice. But there was someone else he had been thinking of all night. *Ilya... Where was Ilya?* Shane needed to say something to him. As his vision began to darken, he looked up desperately searching for the only person he wanted to see. The medical staff began to surround Shane, but he still found him. Ilya was standing nearby, looking so worried. Shane wanted to rid his handsome face of the stress.

Shane called out to him, hoping to assure him, but he didn't realize how much time he had left before his eyes closed and sleep took him away.

He woke up in his hospital bed. He was drugged out of his mind and didn't retain much of what was said to him or what he said back. But Ilya wouldn't leave his mind. Oh, how Shane wished that Ilya were beside him. He must be worried. Shane remembered his devastated face. But Shane couldn't text Ilya. No one let him have his phone.

The next time he woke up, he was more coherent and was told that he would be out for the rest of the season. The news was devastating. He was doing well, as per usual. They would have definitely made it into the playoffs this year. But now...

Montreal was a great team with good players, but even Shane, in his modesty, could admit that he had done wonders for their records. He led them to the playoffs many times and the cup more than once. It was more than every captain could say. Now their chances were much smaller, and he felt awful. Realistically, he knew it wasn't his fault. It wasn't anyone's. His mom could curse Cliff Marlow all she wanted, but he knew it was an accident.

Shane had never been out for such a long time, he wasn't sure what he would do with himself. He had missed a few games before due to concussions or other small injuries, but never this long. Shane sighed in his bed. There wasn't much he could do about it but build a time machine and go back in time.

Shane's mom let him take in the news, not forcing him to speak or react. He was still rather drugged, he thought for a second he was hallucinating when the door opened, and Ilya and his dad stepped inside.

Shane didn't try to make sense of it, he just felt relieved to see the man. "Ilya!" He called out for him, wanting him to come closer as soon as possible. Sure, Shane wouldn't be able to play the rest of the season, but Ilya was here. Shane wanted to say so much, but his parents were in the room. He refrained from telling Ilya that he was upset about missing last night. But it took more effort not to tell him about the cottage. He really wanted Ilya there. In fact, he wanted Ilya there sooner than the summer. Shane couldn't play hockey, he would have to rest, and it would be better to have the man he loved by his side.

He wanted to tell Ilya this. But Ilya's own words distracted him. People might know about them... It must have been the drugs because he was not filled with the panic he expected to come with the possibility of others finding out. It was strange, Shane Hollander, who spent so long hiding who he was, was not afraid in that moment. Perhaps he didn't want Ilya to feel guilty. Or perhaps there was a weird sense of relief he was feeling.

It didn't go away the next time he woke up. This time, the drugs in his system had lessened, and he was fully coherent. It didn't stop him from whining about Ilya being gone from his bedside. Had the Russian run away?

His mom reassured him that he was just sleeping in the hallway, that he had stepped out when Hayden came to visit, and had fallen asleep. Shane was glad that his parents hadn't woken him up, he had looked exhausted earlier.

"He must have been worried sick. Not hearing from me," he told his parents.

"We would have texted him if we could find him on your phone. You were calling for him..." His mom said. "You looked so weak on that bed, and the only thing you asked for, I couldn't get you... I knew then that there was something more between you. But I didn't expect him to show up on his own, and I didn't expect any of this."

"I'm sorry," Shane said. It was the only thing he could think to say.

"Don't be sorry," his dad chimed in. "We're sorry that you felt like you couldn't tell us."

The room fell silent. Shane wanted to reassure them that he and Ilya hadn't been serious until recently. But that wouldn't exactly be true. Shane was now sure that he likely loved Ilya all along.

"Is it bad?" He finally decided to ask. "Ilya said people knew."

"It's speculation, but it will get worse if you don't say something soon. Farrah and I have been working to prepare some statements depending on what you'd like to say. You could say it's just sportsmanship, or that you're more friendly than the media says, or..."

"Or?"

"The truth. It will be hard. But you could tell the truth if you want that."

Shane didn't respond, but longing sprang from his chest. Wouldn't it be nice to publicly claim his love for Ilya? He never thought it to be possible. And in any other scenario, he would spring for the safe option. But the speculation was already there...

"I'll have to talk with Ilya." He said, rolling his lip in between his teeth.

"Of course, we should give you time to talk... Earlier, you weren't exactly as aware as you needed to be."

When his parents left, Shane knew he wouldn't have much time. He needed to see what had happened with his own eyes, remembering Ilya's devastated face. Luckily, his mom had left his phone by his bedside. The light hurt his head, but he kept going. It was so easy to find the video; it was the first thing that popped up when he searched for his name.

When the video played, his eyes searched for Ilya as he typically did on the ice. But everything happened so fast, Marlow's body slammed into Shane's hard. Even through a video, Shane cringed at the impact and the way he had fallen onto the ice. No wonder he felt

like shit. Shane didn't have to look for Ilya because he was right beside him, frozen, staring down at him. From the angle, Shane couldn't see his face. But Shane remembered how broken he had looked, he heard his voice asking if Shane was alright.

It could have been normal concern, it wasn't proof for anything. But rivals did not look at each other like that. Rivals did not call out for each other before they passed out. It didn't mean anything, but it meant everything to them. And Shane thought for a moment about if it had been Ilya on the ice. He would have done the same. Maybe worse. He would spiral, maybe even fall into a panic attack when he didn't get his answers. Ilya had held it together well enough. But his reaction confirmed everything Shane needed to know. That Ilya felt it too. Love. Suddenly, Shane didn't want to lie anymore.

He was afraid Ilya wouldn't want that. But he did. Ilya wanted to love him publicly, no matter the consequences. So that's what they did.

Shane hadn't felt so sure of anything since being drafted. He never thought his love for someone would burn as deep as his love for hockey, but here he was. And the two were entwined. Ilya had made hockey fun. Playing against him were some of Shane's greatest moments on the ice.

The terror Shane felt when he realized he liked men and what it would do for his career was slightly quelled by the fact that Ilya was by his side. Shane loved him. Ilya loved him back. And now the world knew.

Shane didn't regret it. Not when he heard silence from most of his team, who had previously wished him well. Not when he was suspended. And not even when Roger Crowell tried to force him back inside the closet. Shane felt free.

Ilya was right. His mom was right. The league would not get rid of him. And if Montreal did, another team would snatch him up.

Never in his life did he think it would be Boston. But Trevor Hayes had made an effort to reassure him of their interest, even when he very well shouldn't have. No one would know unless Shane or Ilya spoke of that phone call.

Shane was crushed about the possibility of leaving the team he had considered his home for a decade. But the possibility of playing on the same team as Ilya was almost as tempting as the first time they had met each other in a hotel room. The All Stars Game had been brilliant. He had felt the kiss Ilya had planted on his cheek for the rest of the game. If they played together, Ilya could celebrate with him all he wanted, and the world would know.

Boston was a good team. They had players that Shane had enjoyed playing against besides Ilya. Shane could see just how well he would work with them already. His concussion didn't stop him from plotting hockey plays in his mind. If he went to Boston, they would be unstoppable. It would be him and Ilya against the world.

It was easy to feel like he wasn't a traitor when he felt as if he was the one betrayed. Montreal had made it clear that they didn't value him anymore because of who he loved. Meanwhile, Boston had embraced Ilya even more. They released a statement after they had

come out in support of their captain. They even used the right pride flag in their caption! Their PR team had reached out to Ilya to confirm. Shane had grinned stupidly at the purple, blue, and pink hearts. And he started to imagine that for himself.

There were other teams he could go to. New York had Scott Hunter. Shane had finally talked to him after the meeting, and Scott— as he told Shane to call him— reassured him that everything would be alright. He and Ilya had a double date in their future.

Shane wished he could stay in Canada, but he didn't think there was a team for him here. At least not now.

Shane was shocked that Ilya had said if Shane didn't want to go to Boston, they could find somewhere else. But the more he thought of it, Boston was the perfect place for him now. He was sick of stupid rivalries. He just wanted a team that supported him. And he wanted Ilya. He could have that at Boston.

So when Montreal finally reached out to negotiate his contract, he hardly even considered other teams. Things went on behind the scenes as the season went on. Although Ilya wanted to stay by his side, Shane forced him to get back to his team. It was good of him because they made the playoffs. Unlike Montreal.

When they made it into the finals, Shane knew that he had to be there. His arm was still in a sling, but he wanted to be there when Ilya won the cup once again in his home turf.

Shane was meant to have a press conference once the season was over in Boston to announce the trade. If it were normal circumstances, they would have done it sooner. But they didn't want it to "distract" from hockey. Crowell was going to be real mad when Shane showed up on the Jumbotron in Boston colors.

Shane's parents wanted to come. After meeting Ilya, they had grown fond of him quickly. Ilya spent as much time as he could at their house as Shane recovered. Shane was sure Ilya was soon to surpass him as their favorite son. He wasn't even mad. Ilya needed family. Shane would be his family as much as possible, but he was happy to share his.

"I hope I don't throw him off his game," he said when they arrived at the arena.

"If anything, I'm sure it would make him play harder," his mom shook his head.

Shane had ordered a jersey with Ilya's number on it to wear. But while he was cleaning his room, he realized that Ilya had accidentally left one of his jerseys. It smelled like him, and Shane knew he had to wear it to the game. He wanted to support Ilya, as Ilya had been doing for him since he had gotten hurt. Shane never thought it would be possible to show up for Ilya like this. But now that it was, he had to be there.

When Shane won the cup, his parents were there each time. When Ilya did. He had no one. He celebrated with his team and then watched as others received their families and loved ones on the ice. Shane would never allow that to happen again.

His dad wore the other jersey Shane had bought, while his mom still refused to be seen in Boston colors.

“If I have to wear a Boston jersey for the first time, it will be yours.” She told him. And Shane couldn’t bring himself to complain. Her being here was enough to show her support for Ilya.

This was the first time Shane had been truly out in public since he had gotten injured. His nerves settled in his stomach. They had arrived early, but there were still people around, looking at him, talking about him. He forced himself to stay calm. He took a few pictures with fans who asked and hoped Ilya wasn’t on his phone to see them.

They found their seats. Shane had splurged on nice seats. It was strange sitting among Boston fans. But he had only received a few playful chirps that made him chuckle. A few told him that they hoped he recovered soon so he could lose once again. If only they knew what would be announced in a few days. From all the hate he had received from Boston fans over the years, everything would change shortly.

Shane typically hated change. But he thinks that he could live with this.

Shane’s heart hammered out of his chest when Ilya finally stepped on the ice. The 81 that was on the back of Shane’s own shirt was easy to spot. Shane couldn’t wait for Ilya to see him. It was only a matter of time.

“Shane!” His mom tapped him on the shoulder, pointing up at the Jumbotron, it had been showing fans as the teams warmed up, but now the camera was pointed right at him. He swallowed his anxiety and waved before turning around and showing off just what jersey he was wearing. He quickly turned back, wanting to see Ilya’s reaction. And *oh*.

It was worth it. Ilya was staring up at him with the biggest dopiest grin on his face. The arena couldn’t believe what they were seeing. Ilya blew him a kiss before continuing his warm up. The game quickly began and Shane was on the edge of his seat. Normally, when he watched Ilya’s games, he searched for mistakes and missed opportunities. But he saw none.

His mom was right. Ilya played like a man possessed. Shane knew that Ilya had wanted to win this for him. He had told him he would. He just didn’t know Shane would be in the stands.

“Next year, we’ll win one together,” Ilya had told him, and Shane believed him. Shane knew that he had something to prove next season.

The game went by fast. Shane’s eyes stayed on Ilya the whole time, though his speed made it hard. Boston was up the whole game, it was a done deal by halftime.

Shane wasn’t surprised by the pride that he felt when Ilya scored one more goal at the last second. He grinned as Ilya lifted the cup, snapping pictures on his phone. Pictures that he could keep, not in the secret locked folder, which he used to keep pictures of Ilya in. He might even post these ones. He could do that now.

Shane wasn't sure about getting on the ice. He wasn't in Ilya's family seats, but when a security guard gestured for him to come down, he went, his parents close behind. Stepping on the ice was different without skates, but he felt just at home as usual. And Ilya was on him in an instant, pulling him into his arms and kissing him gently.

"I love you. I love you." He whispered against his lips before kissing him once more. When he finally pulled away, he looked at Shane with a mischievous grin. "Better than Scott Hunter, yes?"

Shane let out a surprised laugh. "Don't talk about Scott right now."

"You should have told me you were coming," Ilya told him, taking his hand.

"I wanted to surprise you."

"You did. Good surprise. I scored for you."

"I could tell when you blew me a kiss after each one." Expect that last. But he had been occupied by his teammates piling on him.

"You look good in my jersey."

Shane grinned. "It's yours. You left it at mine. It still smells like you."

Ilya kissed him again. "I love you so much."

"I love you too."

Ilya realized that Shane's parents were standing around next to them. He greeted them with hugs. The rest of the time on the ice was a whirlwind. Ilya wanted to take pictures of them with the cup and introduced them to his team. None of them knew that soon Shane would be joining them. And they were still nice after years of a vicious rivalry.

This feels like home, Shane thought. He couldn't wait to be in this position again next year. He would do everything to make it happen.

"You're coming home with me?" Ilya asked when they were finally off the ice.

"Yes. My parents drove my car here with some of my stuff." He was going to move in with Ilya. It was the easiest thing to do. And now that they were together, they refused to be apart. Neither of them entertained the idea of Shane getting his own place. If anything, they could look for a new place together. But for now, Shane couldn't wait to be in Ilya's space.

Shane's parents dropped them off. Ilya needed to shower. They promised to go out with the team even though they both wanted to stay home. Shane couldn't hop in the shower with him even though he wanted to. But his arm was still in a cast. He was getting it out soon. If only it were sooner. But it just had to spoil their fun.

Shane didn't change out of Ilya's jersey. He knew what it did to the man. Ilya was out of the shower with a quickness, and he was on Shane in an instant.

“Ilya. We have to meet your team.”

“Our team,” Ilya corrected, nipping at his skin. “You drive me crazy in that jersey.”

“Well. I have to get used to these colors.”

“It’s a shame you can’t wear my name permanently.”

“Maybe I can. If we hyphenate.”

Ilya stared at him in shock. “Are you—”

“I’m not proposing now. This isn’t very romantic. But one day...”

Ilya nodded his head, staring at Shane in wonder. “Yes. One day.”

“I love you,” Shane told him. “I needed to be here. We’ve missed so many moments together, but now the world can know that I’m yours and you’re mine. I can scream my love for you. I want to do that every day.”

“I love you too,” Ilya repeated, his voice strained. He had tears in his eyes. He repeated it again in Russian. He said it enough that Shane knew what it meant. And Shane had been practicing how to say it back. He had begun to learn Russian one step at a time. Another step in his dastardly plan to love Ilya Rozanov.

”Ya tebya lyublyu, Ilya. Ya tebya lyublyu.” He said, and Ilya sobbed, kissing him as the salty tears fell between them.

This was perfection, Shane thought. This was home.

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