

waiting room, no place to stand

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waiting room, no place to stand

by [claryfairy](#)

Summary

With shaking hands, Shane unlocked his phone and dared to click on the article SportsCenter already posted. There wasn't more information than what Shane had just seen, but the article already featured a photo.

Ilya lying motionless on a stretcher, some of his teammates trying to cover him while being taken away.

But what was really getting to him, was the blood on the ice.

He hastily locked his phone again, not being able to stare at this picture any longer.

Fuck. He really needed to see Ilya.

or: Shane has to watch Ilya get injured during a game and faces the difficulties of a secret relationship in the meantime

Notes

trying to make the wait for the show a bit shorter by writing this! english isn't my first language but i hope you enjoy it anyway !! <3

this is set some time after heated rivalry when Ilya already started playing for Ottawa

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

Shane loved watching Ilya play.

Of course, it was a good way to keep studying his techniques since after all, they still were fighting against each other on the ice and Ilya *was* his most serious rival in the league. But his main reason to watch every single game was for Shane to watch his boyfriend do what he loved the most and look absolutely ethereal in the meantime.

There was something so special about watching him play in a way like every other common person who watched hockey did but with the knowledge that the man on tv was his boyfriend. Also, this way, he didn't have to contain himself whenever Ilya did a fabulous pass or a goal that shouldn't have been possible to shoot, but he did it anyway.

When they were on the ice together, Ilya was his opponent. No matter how much he loved him, Shane would never be happy to see any other team than his own score. And nevertheless, they still did not want to make too much of a fuss, so Shane couldn't give his boyfriend more than a smirk on the ice, even when Ilya looked so goddamn hot while sliding over the ice, determination on his face.

Which is why Shane enjoyed the few rare opportunities where he was at home, no training or other duties scheduled while Ilya had a game going on.

The Centaurs were leading the game against the Admirals by 3 points and Shane was sure the win was all Ilya's. Felt extra sweet knowing that a win for his boyfriend also meant a win for his hometown team.

Shane relaxed against his couch, waiting for the last 10 minutes of the game to be over. Ilya would probably call him around an hour after they finished, just like they always did. If he couldn't be with him in person after the high of winning the game, they would at least keep doing it that way. Shane desperately wished for him to be able to actually be *in* the stadium, watching Ilya play and kiss him after winning but for now, this had to be enough.

Shane didn't even register the hit at first.

He's halfway through a sip of water, eyes flicking between the puck and Ilya's line. Then there's a crash with another player, nothing that they have never seen in a hockey game — and suddenly Ilya's down. The camera zooms in, then hesitates.

Ilya's not moving.

Not rolling over, not trying to push himself up. Just a sprawl of red against the ice.

Shane leans forward until his knees hit the coffee table, as if he was getting a closer look at what was going on if he just got closer to the TV. But replays already started before he could even fully process what just happened.

The replays showed some of the highlights of the game, Ilya successfully striking the puck, but Shane only halfway registered what was playing on the tv.

The only thing on his mind was Ilya's motionless body laying flat on the ice

That's the thing that scares Shane the most in that moment. Ilya was never still. Always moving, pacing around the Appartement, even when they are about to fall asleep he keeps letting his fingers trail over Shane's body, caressing all the freckles.

Shane had never seen Ilya that still before. He had seen him get smashed into the barriers or falling on the ice. One time, his nose was bloody and broken, but he would insist on playing. That's the Ilya Shane knew. He always got up, no matter how much it hurt or how hard the hit was.

From the corner of his eyes, he sees his phone lighting up. Several push notifications of sport apps with the same headline keep popping up over his lockscreen, all focused on one thing:

Ottawa's Ilya Rozanov injured during the game against New York, taken off the ice unresponsive.

With shaking hands, Shane unlocked his phone and dared to click on the article SportsCenter already posted. There wasn't more information than what Shane had just seen, but the article already featured a photo.

Ilya lying motionless on a stretcher, some of his teammates trying to cover him while being taken away.

But what was really getting to him, was the blood on the ice.

Shane's hands were shaking.

Fuck.

He hastily locked his phone again, not being able to stare at this picture any longer.

He needed to see Ilya.

He needed to talk to him and make sure he was okay and that, like many hockey injuries, it looked worse than it actually was.

Something inside of him hoped that Ilya already regained consciousness and somehow got access to his phone, even though he knew that was 100% not the case. He still tried and texted him, even if it was just a way for Shane to show Ilya *i am here* without actually being by his side.

to: Ilya

babe

are you okay

okay i'm coming

don't worry

wait

which hospital are you at?

nvm i will find out

Shane had never been more determined without having a concrete plan before.

It was a 90 minute ride from his house to the center of Ottawa. He had driven longer for less. Driving nearly over an hour because the man he loves is in the hospital feels like a 5 minute drive to the grocery store in comparison. He would drive all night if that's what it takes to get to Ilya.

So that wasn't the problem. What did make this matter a bit more complicated was the fact that Ottawa had four different hospitals. He had absolutely no one he could ask where Ilya was so he just had to do what any sane man in love would do: go to every single of the four receptionists and ask for the status and room number of his fellow NHL „rival“. Who was also his boyfriend.

He was hoping they would simply trust him enough, because every single person in Ottawa knew who he was, and that the hospital staff was too overworked to care about things like privacy or data protection. Maybe his reputation of being a nice man next door would finally pay off in moments like these, really only seeming like a worried friend. Not like a boyfriend who's hands couldn't stop shaking and was too close to crying for his own liking.

Fuck, he really needed to see him or he would just lose it completely.

He made it to Ottawa in 80 minutes.

Shane put the concept of medical confidentiality on a very high pedestal while entering the first hospital on his list. If anyone would leak this, he would sue the fuck out of them. He was usually a chill guy but right now he was just *so* angry.

Angry about the guy who pushed Ilya too hard.

Angry about the fact that he couldn't just be out and openly admit that Ilya was his boyfriend and get a text or call from someone of the team to inform him about his health and whereabouts, because then he wouldn't have to drive through all of Ottawa, searching for his maybe critically injured boyfriend.

Thank god he knew the streets of the city by heart. Which is exactly why he chose the Ottawa Civic Campus Hospital as his first choice. He remembers Hayden having to go there once when he broke his nose during a game they played in Ottawa so maybe they would take Ilya there as well? Seemed logical to him.

He checked his phone before hurriedly entering the E.R through the automatic doors, the familiar scent of antiseptic hitting him. No message from Ilya, no 'seen' next to the blue text message bubble.

Thankfully, the E.R was relatively empty - thank god this happened on a wednesday afternoon and not like, saturday night - so he walked purposefully towards the reception. If he acted like he was *supposed* to be here, maybe then they wouldn't make a fuss about giving him the information.

„Excuse me? I'm looking for an Ilya Rozanov. He should have been brought in here like two hours ago?“ Shane looked at a woman who was presumably in her 30's. He noticed immediately how her facial expression changed when she looked up from her computer and met the one and only Shane Hollander's eyes.

„Oh Mr. Hollander, yes- I um, I mean yeah, Sir. Mr. Rozanov is currently in our neurology department and staying there overnight for observation. He was just brought to room 483 after receiving treatment in our trauma bay.“

He usually didn't really like the attention that came with being a famous hockey player but right now he was so glad the woman at the front desk seemed *starstruck*.

„Okay, great thank you. Can you tell me what exactly happened to him, like what kind of *treatment*?“

She typed something into her computer, switching from looking concentrated at the screen and smilingly looking up at Shane.

„My wife and I are big Montreal fans.“, she said between clicking and typing.

„Oh, uhm, thanks?“ He didn't want to be rude but he was getting nervous. Neurology could mean anything from slight concussion to brain damage.

„Okay so from what I can see they did a CT and checked if there was any brain bleeding or skull fracture but it came out clear.“ Shane already let out a big exhale while the nice lady continued to click herself through Ilya's files. „Yep, looks all good. Mild concussion. He's probably still out of it but he managed to answer most of the questions just fine. He will be kept here for about 24 hours to monitor his vitals or if there are any new symptoms that would be abnormal for the diagnosis.“

„But his head, it was bleeding a lot?“

„Just a laceration. They look so much worse than they usually are.“ She looked at Shane sympathetically, probably noticing how tense he was still feeling. „I can ask a doctor to come over here and explain it to you in more detail if you want.“

„No, no, thank you so much. I just wanna go and see him.“

Shane made a quick mental note to send her some signed jersey from the team or anything. She didn't *have* to tell him all that but she probably noticed that he was about to lose it if he was left in the dark about Ilya's state any longer.

Shane was quick but he was never as quick as when he walked through the hospital corridors.

He was hoping that one day, he didn't have to keep looking for Ilya behind doors with numbers on it.

When he found the correct room, he silently entered, not wanting to disturb Ilya in case he was still asleep.

In fact, he still was. Ilya looked pale, the rings under his eyes dark. Shane immediately noticed the bandage on his temple, near his matted locks. It felt so wrong seeing him in a hospital bed, with a gown he would never wear voluntarily and an IV line looped in his arm.

Shane was afraid to touch him but he needed to ground himself. Make sure that he was *really* okay. That Ilya was still there.

He slightly stroked the other man's arm, careful not to touch the IV, when Ilya stirred.

"Hey." Shane said as softly as possible, not knowing how well Ilya would adapt to noises after the injury he just sustained.

„Hollander?“ Ilya slurred, eyes only slightly fluttering open. „Did we win?“ His voice was rough, slurred, his accent thicker than usual.

Shane huffed a breath that was almost a laugh, half relief, half heartbreak. “Still thinking about the scoreboard? You’re unbelievable.”

Seeing Ilya alive, talking to him and no longer bleeding was easing his anxiety better than any xanax ever could. There were tears forming in his eyes, and he quickly rubbed them away, not wanting Ilya to worry about him.

“Always,” Ilya murmured, trying for a smirk that came out as more of a grimace.

Shane gave him a quick kiss on the lips, the fear of someone walking in on them not being as intense as the fear he had over Ilya's life just hours ago.

He blinked slowly, gaze still unfocused. “Is risk that you are here.”

“Yeah, I know,” Shane said softly, pulling a chair to the bedside. “But I wasn’t gonna let anyone keep me away from the man I love”, he whispered and Ilya softly smiled. „Especially if the last thing I see on TV is said man being as still and unmoving as I’ve ever seen him before.“

Ilya's brows suddenly knit, confusion flickering across his face. "They... said many words. I don't—" He gestured weakly, frustration in his tone. "Too fast. Medical English. I don't understand."

Shane's chest tightened. He reached out, brushing his thumb lightly against Ilya's wrist. "Hey, it's okay. I asked the nurse. They said it's a mild concussion. No fractures. You'll be fine."

Ilya exhaled slowly, tension easing from his shoulders. "Mild," he repeated, testing the word like he wasn't sure he believed it. "Feels... not mild."

Shane smiled faintly. "You've had worse."

"Mmm," Ilya hummed, his eyes already slipping half-shut again. „Are you okay?“, he then asked and Shane nodded fiercely.

„Yeah. Head wounds always look so nasty. There was a lot of blood.“

Shane was carefully stroking through Ilya's locks, trying not to touch the stitches that were used to close the wound near his temple, a nasty bruise already forming around it.

„Made me look badass.“

„Oh totally. Nothing's more manly than getting your head split open by another 6'3 man.“

„Now I get to have scar. Is sexy.“

Ilya was truly one of a kind. Still making Shane laugh shortly after getting his head split open. God, Shane loved him so much.

„And now you know what I had to go through. When you were in hospital.“, Ilya mumbled, leaning into Shane's touch.

„I won't do it again if you don't. Get some sleep now, baby.“ Shane could see how hard it was for Ilya to keep his eyes open, his eyelids fluttering all the time.

„But I want spend time with you. Next time we see each other is in four days.“

That was true. Shane had to fly out the day after tomorrow and would only be home on Sunday, where they planned to finally have a day to themselves.

„I don't have to be anywhere but with you. And you certainly aren't going to be on the ice tomorrow.“

„We'll see about that.“, Ilya mumbled and Shane shook his head, grinning about his stubborn ass boyfriend. He would be okay.

„Sleep. I'll be here when you wake up.“

„Y'not leaving?“ Ilya mumbled under his breath and Shane squeezed his hand, full of determination. „Never.“

Ilya mumbled something in Russian, squeezing Shane's hand back as firm as he could.

„What was that?“, Shane whispered, stroking through his boyfriend's beautiful locks.

„I love you.“

„I love you too.“

Ilya fell asleep again and Shane of course couldn't bring himself to leave.

They would be okay. A mild concussion truly wasn't the end of the world, Shane knew from personal experience. He still felt like he needed to keep watch over Ilya so would truly stay okay. Not that he was qualified to intervene if something was going on, but he had so little control about everything that happened today, watching Ilya's chest softly rise and fall was the least he could do for his own mental health.

He decided to text his parents, who had been asking about Ilya hours ago. He updated them, telling him they would be okay, but still asking if they could come to their house after Ilya gets discharged tomorrow. Shane knew there was no way he could not join the game on Friday. If they could stay at least one night together with his parents and then leave Ilya there in their care, he would at least be able to go to Chicago without worrying too much. His mom was immediately on board, happy about seeing her boys again.

Shane knew that Ilya still had a hard time being taken care of by other people, not really being used to it. But in his foggy state, he would hopefully just happily accept the help.

Shane watched him for some more time, until he decided to get some sleep himself. The day drained him badly after all, and thanks to the nice private hospital room Ilya got, there was at least a semi comfortable armchair in one corner of the room. He immediately drifted off into a dreamless sleep, falling asleep to the sound of Ilya breathing.

„Shane?“ Ilya’s rough voice, still sounding tired and weaker than usually, filled the room. It was the most beautiful sound Shane ever heard.

„Hey.“ Shane stood up from the armchair and sat down on the edge of the hospital bed, taking Ilya’s hand back in his, right where it belonged.

„You look like shit.“

And well, he probably did. He was still wearing the same clothes he quickly threw on yesterday before getting in the car. Since then he had cried, laughed and slept in a fucking chair. But he also couldn’t care less about that.

„Asshole.“ Shane grinned, the relief of Ilya truly being back to his old self still washing over him. „But how are you feeling, hm?“ Shane rubbed his thumb slowly over Ilya’s hand.

„Argh, what is it called? When you feel like you are on rollercoaster?“

„Dizzy.“ Shane grinned.

„Yeah! Dizzy! I feel dizzy. But also okay. Because you are here.“

„It will get better in a few days. Until then, you can lean on me.“

„You are so cute.“ Ilya smirked and Shane slightly hit his arm. „Nothing cute about having to take care of my boyfriend who nearly bled out on a hockey field.“

„And now you are dramatic. We have dangerous job, Hollander. Could happen all the time.“

„But we do have a good run. Nearly 10 years and only two overnight hospital stays.“

„I did not always tell when I got hurt. Who was there to tell anyway? I just played through it. But now I have you. This feels different.“

Shane smiled turned wide when Ilya finished his sentence and he gave him a quick kiss on the lips. „You like me taking care of you?“

„Don’t make me say it out loud.“ Ilya huffed, rolling his eyes but blushing slightly.

„Oh you really do! That’s such a development!“

„I don’t know what that word means.“ Ilya lied and Shane grinned. „Just a few more hours here and then I’m taking you home. And I’m gonna take such good *care* of you.“ Shane said under his breath, Ilya’s wide grin showing him that’s exactly what he needs to heal.

End Notes

thank you so much for reading, i hope you enjoyed it <3

i'm so obsessed with these two, i could write about them in every situation possible lmao

and ngl, i work in a hospital myself and i too would give shane hollanders every information he asks for

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