My Heart Stopped With Yours

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by Spin_a_tale_for_the_world

Summary

When an accident on the ice leaves Shane fighting for his life, Ilya tries to keep it together when facing the prospect of losing the love of his life before they got the chance to really live.

Shane had been hit with a puck before, usually brushing it off with the knowledge that he would be sporting a hell of a bruise for a while. Which was why it felt so strange to him that he couldn't hear Hayden talking to him after taking a slapshot to the center of his chest. He tried to reassure his friend that he was okay, but the world turned off instead.

Ilya couldn't breathe. It was one of the few times in the game that he was on the bench, without being in the penalty box, and he had seen the puck collide into his boyfriend's chest. He had winced in sympathy, but had been too concerned. That changed when Hollander had wobbled, then collapsed to the ice without doing anything to stop his fall. Hayden's lunge forward was the only thing that stopped Shane's face from slamming into the ice. Out of the corner of his eye, Ilya saw the medics starting to head for the ice, and everything started spinning when Hayden started doing chest compressions with panic on his face.

"Folks, please stay in your seats to keep all aisles clear for the medics." Came over the loudspeaker as Ilya tried to fight against Troy's restraining arms. They both knew the request to keep the aisles clear meant a catastrophic injury. Hayden was being pushed away by one of the refs, giving the medics room to work, and the other man sent a horrified look at the benches that Ilya knew was for him. Ilya couldn't have stopped the sob that left him if he had wanted to when a medic cut Hollander's jersey open, followed by the shoulder pads that had done little to protect his chest. Thankfully for their secret, no one in the now silent area seemed to care or be doing much better.

Pads for the shock-thing that Ilya could never remember the name of were slapped on Hollander's bare chest, and everyone in the stands and benches waited with bated breath as it spoke. Ilya gave up pretending to be okay when the machine recommended a shock, and dropped his head into his folded arms on the half wall separating them from the ice. He could feel Troy rubbing his back, and only lifted his head high enough to see when a medic yelled clear. A whimper left him as the love of his life jerked on the ice, and he sobbed openly when he heard another medic report that there was a heartbeat. Things moved even faster after that.

"Looks like the medics are getting ready to move Hollander off the ice, so we ask everyone to remain in their seats. We are getting information that the rest of the game is going to be postponed and rescheduled to a later date. The current score and stats will be carried over." The Centaur's coach started herding the players from the bench and into the locker room, but Ilya refused to move from his seat, his eyes glued to his boyfriend's still form. Weibe finally made his way over to gently grab onto the back of Ilya's neck.

"The sooner we get you changed, the sooner you can get to him." Weibe whispered, giving his neck a paternal squeeze despite barely being old enough to be Ilya's father. By that time, the medics were moving Shane off the ice, so Ilya gave in to the advice and left the bench. They hadn't meant to come out the entire Centaurs roster, but they had decided to show up unannounced at Ilya's Ottawa home while the couple was in the shower. It was too difficult to explain away, so they went with the truth and were pleasantly surprised when it was relatively well received.

None of them had cared that they were interested in men, though coming to grips with the fact that the two biggest rivals in the NHL were a committed couple took a little longer. It

had been a huge relief to both Shane and Ilya in different ways. For Ilya, it meant a place where he didn't have to hide how much he loved his boyfriend, and for Shane, it was hope that things might not be that bad once they went public. The only change was the teasing Rozanov got about using the rivalry as flirtation and foreplay.

He'd never been more thankful for the unintentional outing than that moment. The moment he walked through the locker room doors, hands were there to help strip him out of his gear. He followed their instructions on autopilot, too numb with fear to do anything else. It took less than five minutes to have him stripped, pushed into the shower, dried off, and dressed. When he was pushed out of the locker room with well-wishes and assurances that they would meet him at the hospital as soon as they could, David Hollander was waiting for him.

"I didn't think you'd be in any shape to drive." Shane's father told him, taking Ilya's keys from limp hands.

"Are you?" Ilya found himself asking quietly.

"Not really, but I can pretend for a bit." David admitted, and Rozanov followed him silently out to the parking lot. He was a little surprised Yuna wasn't there, but assumed that she had gone in the ambulance with her son. The Russian was thankful he had driven his sensible car to the game, since he wasn't sure either one could drive a high-performance sports car in their state, and spent the drive to the hospital in near silence. He gripped onto his mother's crucifix hard, muttering prayers in Russian that he had never claimed to believe in. Begging not to lose Shane like he had lost his mother.

"What happened?" He finally asked, breaking the silence. "His heart…fine before." English was being difficult as his mind raced in panicked circles, forgetting words other than those in his native language. His accent was more pronounced as well, and he felt like that seventeen-year-old visiting Canada for the first time nearly a decade ago.

"We don't know." David admitted, nearly as softly. It made Ilya fight back terrified tears. "His heart stopped, we know that, just not why. But it was beating normally when they got him to the ambulance." It was something. Knowing that Shane's heart was beating again made it feel like Ilya could breathe again. They pulled into the first parking spot they saw and both rushed out of the car. David was through the door immediately, but Ilya hesitated. As long as he was outside, as long as no one told him that something had gone wrong, his Hollander was fine. He was alive. He could still love Ilya back. Yuna walking out ruined the pretense, and he braced himself for bad news.

"Shane's okay, Ilya. He's fine and starting to wake up." She told the young man she had started to claim as her own. The relief that flowed through Rozanov made his knees shake, and he had to force himself to stay upright so Yuna could get him inside. She walked him past the check-in desk, and Ilya realized that meant that Shane was already in a room.

"Hey." Shane said with a tired smile when he saw Ilya, who immediately made his way to the bed and gently rested his forehead against the other man's.

"Never do that to me again, Hollander." He murmured in Russian, which had Shane reaching up to cup the back of Ilya's head to keep him there for a moment.

“I don’t know what you said, but I think I got scolded.” He joked lightly, earning him a scowl from his parents and a confirmation from his boyfriend.

“Da.” The Russian man pulled back when the door to the room opened and was unsure if he should be concerned or relieved by the presence of a doctor.

“Mr Hollander.” The doctor said with a smile. “Glad to see you awake. I’d like to talk to you about what happened. Are you comfortable with them staying?” He glanced at the three other people in the room, giving Ilya a slightly confused look at who, to the outside world, didn't fit.

“It’s fine. I’ll tell them anyway, but you can answer their questions better than me.” Hollander gave the doctor his best smile, even if it looked a little wan. The doctor nodded and pulled up some X-rays on the large-screened computer.

“Unsuprisingly, you have some broken ribs from CPR, but it’s what saved your life.” The doctor told them, ignoring the tension Rozanov felt at his words. “But, the reason you went into cardiac arrest is something called Commotio cordis.”

“Is it serious? Should we be looking for anything?” Yuna interrupted, gripping her husband’s sweater arm tightly.

“It can be, but it’s not a disease.” The doctor explained. “When a significant blow to the chest hits at just the right time, it can interrupt the heart’s electrical rhythm and cause it to stop. Survival depends on how quickly the patient gets resuscitated, which I heard was nearly immediate in Mr Hollander’s case.” Rozanov wasn’t sure he would ever be able to thank Hayden enough for his quick reaction, but he would do his best to express it.

“Yes. He received chest compressions almost immediately after he went down.” Yuna told the doctor, and Ilya saw Shane’s forehead crease in confusion.

“I’ll tell you later.” Ilya told him quietly, voice breaking a little as it again hit him how close he came to losing the love of his life.

“What’s next?” David asked, ignoring the exchange by the bed to focus on the doctor.

“I’d like to keep him overnight as a precaution. His bloodwork has some elevated Troponin and Creatine kinase levels, but the CK-MB is minimal.” The doctor assured him. “We’ll send him home with a Holter monitor to look for any arrhythmias, but he should be discharged tomorrow. Long term issues are unlikely with how quickly he was brought back.”

“Can we get that in English doc?” Hollander joked, though Ilya was grateful for it as he had very little idea what the doctor had told them.

“Creatine kinase is released into the blood when muscle is damaged, and CK-MB is used to determine if the damage is to the heart muscle. It’s likely that the elevated CK is from the skeletal muscle injured in the impact. The troponin and CK levels suggest that you basically have a bruise to your heart.” The doctor filled them in, which helped relieve the fear a bit more.

“What is Holter thing?” Ilya asked, his English improving slightly as his adrenaline started coming down a bit, as it sank in that Shane was going to be fine.

“It’s basically a portable version of the heart monitor he’s on.” The doctor told him. “I don’t expect there to be any complications, but I’m not taking any chances. I’d rather be aware of any irregular heartbeats than not.”

“Thank you.” Yuna told the doctor, letting out a sigh of relief and nearly collapsing into the nearest chair. A nurse came in before the doctor could leave.

“I’m sorry, but there are quite a few players in the waiting room asking about Mr Hollander.” She told them with an apologetic smile and left when they told her one of them would go down to talk to them soon. The doctor left soon after, and Ilya bent to press a kiss to Shane’s forehead.

“I talk to them.” He said, relieved to be bringing good news to what he assumed was both teams. He wasn’t sure how they would explain to the Montreal team why Rozanov was in Hollander’s hospital room, but at the moment, he didn’t care. All he cared about was that his love was alive and would be fine.

“No, I’ll go.” Yuna had stopped him with a hand on his arm. “You stay with him.” She patted his cheek when he nodded, then leaned over to kiss her son’s head. The walk back to the waiting room was easier now that she wasn’t worried that her son’s heart had stopped. Her composure only lasted until her eyes landed on Hayden. Without a thought in her mind, she was across the waiting room and throwing her arms around her son’s friend. She felt him tense and was quick to reassure him. “He’s okay.”

“Really?” He melted slightly at her words and hug got a little tighter on both sides. Knowing she had to tell the rest of the group, she pulled back. Sure enough, the waiting room was packed full of hockey players, coaches and other team members.

“Shane’s fine.” She told them all, looking at the faces she recognized from Shane’s team and a few from her home team. Luca Haas looked absolutely wrecked, eyes red from crying. Yuna immediately moved to give the young man a hug. He had been the one to hit the puck into Shane’s chest, and had probably been beating himself up over it since the Montreal’s Captain’s collapse.

“It’s not your fault, I promise.” She assured him, hugging him tighter when she felt a few tears hit her shoulder.

“What happened?”

“The puck hit him at the perfect time to stop his heart.” Yuna told the collection of hockey stars. “The doctor said it’s very rare. He’ll be here over night and has to wear a heart monitor for a while, but she should be back to normal relatively quickly. Once the broken ribs heal.”

“I did break his ribs.” Hayden said, his voice cracking a bit. “I thought I felt it, but I kept going.”

“You saved his life.” Yuna insisted firmly. “They said he might not have made it if you hadn’t reacted so quickly.” Heyden let out another hard breath and nodded before he sat back down on one of the chairs.

“Where’s Rozanov?” She heard one of Shane’s teammates mutter, and she knew they were judging him for not being here for someone he called a friend. There were still people who doubted the reality of their friendship since they announced the formation of the Irina Foundation. At least she could do something about it.

“He’s in the room.” Yuna said, making it clear that she had heard the man. “He rode in with my husband so we had a car.” It wasn’t entirely true, but it was close enough that she could claim ignorance if anything came up. Right after she spoke, there was a chime from almost everyone’s phone. There was a collective sigh of relief when the Instagram symbol pulled down to show of picture of Shane Hollander in a hospital bed giving the camera a tired thumbs up. There was a large bruise at the center of his chest, with the imprint of the puck filled in with black. The bruise faded from black to purple, to red at the edges.

“Tell him we’ll see him soon.” Coach Weibe told Yuna as he started herding his team toward the door. “We’ll let him get some rest.” The Montreal team followed them out soon after, though a few stragglers stayed.

“Is it okay if we say hi?” Hayden said, with J.J. and Haas standing next to him.

“Of course.” She told them, leading them down the hall to her son’s room. “Shane? Hayden, J.J. and Haas are here.” It was David who answered, telling the small group they could come in. The three men immediately crowded around the bed, looking their fill at the man who had quite literally died a little over an hour ago. Ilya had retreated to a corner of the room, but kept his eyes locked on Shane. Yuna made her way over to him, being as subtle as possible to avoid revealing too much to J.J. who was the only person in the room not in the know.

“How are you doing?” She asked. Her future son-in-law looked at her with tears in his eyes, and a wobble to his chin that told her he was barely holding on. He shook his head, and she relented for the time being.

“Ilya.” Shane called out after a few minutes of talking with the other three players. In an instant, Rozanov was across the room and by his boyfriend’s side in an instant. Shane tilted his head up and demanded, “kiss.” Ilya looked around in shock, mainly at J.J. who looked horrified at the possibility that Shane needed a doctor again.

“Hollander.” Ilya said quietly. “J.J. is here.”

“I don’t care anymore.” Shane insisted. “I literally died, even if it was just a few minutes and I really dont’ want to hide anymore.” Ilya looked like he might break into tears soon, but just nodded and leaned forward to give his boyfriend a firm kiss.

“What the fuck?! Rozanov? Really? Out of all the guys in Canada, you picked him?” J.J. shrieked, making the rest of the people in the room break into giggles. Ilya was able to hide his tears behind the veil of laughter, but in reality it was relief. He had watched the love of his

life dying on the ice, gotten him back and Shane was willing to tell the world about them. He only hoped it would go as well as it had so far.

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