

Ilya Rozanov loses an organ

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Ilya Rozanov loses an organ

by [foreveroutoflove](#)

Summary

Shane regretted keeping his observations to himself because Ilya, pale and sweating after putting on his gear, basically collapsed on the ice. He was filled with dread, disappointment, and self-loathing the entire ambulance ride to the hospital. He allowed the love of his life—his other half—to wave off his pain to avoid an argument.

Or Ilya Rozanov has an appendectomy.

Notes

I'm feeling a bit of writer's block, but this came to me a few days ago. I wrote this when I should have been working.

It was disarming for Shane to see Ilya in his current state. Prone, quiet, subdued. In the times when Shane watched Ilya as he slept, the man seemed full of life. It was almost as if he were ready to spring forth from slumber with mischief.

Maybe it was the hospital bed. In it, Ilya looked small. At six foot-three inches, Ilya always seemed larger than life. Looking down at him, his static state made it apparent he was just a man.

Maybe it was the lingering anesthetic coursing through his veins. The medicine was suppressing the frenetic energy the Russian stored inside himself.

Shane should have paid more attention when Ilya had mentioned a stomach ache before the Centaurs' morning skate. His husband rarely voiced much about any injury or illness. Playing with bruised ribs, already did it. Taking a stick to the mouth, what's another visit to the dentist? Skating on a tweaked knee, when was he not?

So instead of giving Ilya's complaint much thought, Shane teased that his ailment was the result of his less-than-clean eating habits. Ilya begrudgingly agreed with him and stumbled off towards the bathroom. Alarm bells should have been blaring in Shane's mind.

Ilya was quiet the entire trip to the arena. Shane could basically see the tension his husband was carrying. It was almost as if he was trying to curl himself into a ball. Weird, but maybe Ilya was on the precipice of a depressive episode.

It never turned out well for them when Shane preemptively tried to catch him before the fall. Ilya felt overwhelmed and claustrophobic from Shane's attentiveness, and Shane felt clingy and annoying for trying to read Ilya's state of mind. In the end, Ilya assured him that it would be better for both of them if Shane helped him up after he was down.

So, Shane decided not to comment on his former rival's withdrawn state.

Ultimately, he regretted keeping his observations to himself because Ilya, pale and sweating after putting on his gear, basically collapsed on the ice.

Shane was filled with dread, disappointment, and self-loathing the entire ambulance ride to the hospital. He allowed the love of his life—his other half—to wave off his pain to avoid an argument. What that inaction had earned his husband was a ruptured appendix and a severe case of peritonitis.

For four hours, Shane waited shell-shocked as doctors and nurses attempted to save Ilya's life. Even though he was seated in the waiting room, it felt as if doctors had cracked his chest open to remove his heart.

"Hhnn," Ilya groaned, snapping Shane out of his brief trip down a terrifying memory lane.

He dragged his chair closer and brushed golden brown curls off of Ilya's forehead. Ilya felt unusually warm under Shane's fingertips. The doctors had warned about a post-op fever, especially after a burst appendix.

Ilya's eyes were still closed, but Shane could see his husband fighting to wake up. There. There was the spark Shane had learned to allow himself to love and adore and cherish.

"Hey, I'm right here," Shane cooed. He adjusted the cannula under Ilya's nose.

"Shane," Ilya slurred weakly. "How did it go?"

"You're fine," Shane whispered. "Perfect, really. It went great."

Tears threatened to spill from Shane's eyes. He sniffed and blinked them away. He gave himself a moment of fretting over Ilya: caressing his cheek, tugging the hospital blanket higher, and kissing his nose, eyes, cheek, forehead, ear.

Ilya silently nodded his head in relief before falling under once again. The doctor had informed Shane that Ilya would need a few more hours before he was fully conscious.

Blowing out a sigh of relief, Shane opened his phone. There were over a hundred messages from his parents, Coach Weibe, their teammates, Svetlana, Rose, Hayden, and just about anyone who had his number. He winced.

In his panic, he completely forgot their morning skate was supposed to be a precursor to their game against Toronto. He had been consumed with worrying over Ilya. For the first time in Shane's life, he didn't think about hockey for more than an hour.

Shane leaned back in his chair. He set about answering his texts. At least he would have something to occupy himself as Ilya rested.

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"I want a burger," Ilya grumbled.

Two minutes ago, a lovely nurse walked in and provided Ilya with a cup of Jell-O. He smiled and thanked her as charmingly as possible for a man hooked up to several machines. However, as soon as she left, Ilya blanched and stuck out his tongue at the cup.

It was day three in the hospital. On account of the peritonitis, Shane and Ilya were told that they shouldn't expect a release for at least a week. That meant crummy hospital food Ilya couldn't keep down, spending restless nights apart from each other, and now, two missed games. Shane knew he had to return to the ice soon. The Centaurs losing their captain was bad enough, but also their other star center. That could be demoralizing for the team, especially the younger players.

"Hollander, get me real food. I will give you money," Ilya tried to order.

"Eat the Jell-O. I'm not wasting my time on food you're probably going to puke right back up," Shane said tersely.

If his husband could handle it, Shane would have arrived at the hospital with a bag of McDonald's for him—as gross as it was. He'd do anything to lift Ilya's spirits.

Ilya pouted, but he obeyed. The Russian cracked open the Jell-O cup and scooped a small amount of the viscous green solid into his mouth.

Despite the unsexiness of their present situation, Shane couldn't help but watch how Ilya's lips wrapped around the wooden spoon. His eyes followed the constricting motion of Ilya's throat, the rise and fall of his Adam's apple. Sick and bedridden, his husband could still turn him on.

"Hmm, so yummy," Ilya said flatly. He let the spoon clatter on his bedside tray.

"I would've thought you'd like empty calories."

"Ah, when they taste good. This, this tastes like..." he was finding an apt description. "Martian come?"

Shane burst out laughing. "Because you've had it before?"

Ilya immediately began to chuckle, but he was seized by the stinging pain of his diaphragm rocking his wounded body. He hissed and pressed a hand to the lower right side of his abdomen.

"Oh shit," Shane gasped. He stood immediately and pushed the bed tray away. "Are you okay?"

The Russian's mouth was held tight in a grimace as he exhaled short breaths through his nose. He tipped his head back, staring at the ceiling. Shane could see he was blinking away involuntary tears of pain.

"Be boring, Hollander," Ilya groaned. His face might be pinched in pain, but his voice was laced with fondness.

"Sorry."

"No, you're not."

Shane didn't try to argue. He'd rather see Ilya in pain from laughing than quiet in despondent agony. Call him a sadist.

"Hey, let me take a look," Shane gestured at where Ilya's hand rested on his stomach.

Ilya nodded silently.

Quietly, they worked together to pull down the hospital covers and hike up Ilya's hospital gown to reveal a large bandage stretching from his right hip to the edge of his belly button.

Since Ilya's appendix had ruptured, the doctors had to perform an open appendectomy. At the time, Shane had been too nervous to ask any more questions. He just wanted Ilya restored to his healthy self. He could be curious later.

It seemed the present was late enough. As Shane removed the bandage, he discovered how invasive an open procedure could be.

A four-inch scar ran parallel to the deep V of his hips. The very crease Shane had run his tongue over countless times was now marred by a deep, swollen, red scar. There looked to be around eight bright blue stitches keeping Ilya's skin joined together. He felt the urge to run his finger along the seam of the fresh wound, but held himself back.

The scar was complemented by a tiny crescent-shaped scar that sat inside Ilya's belly button. Up close, it looked a little gnarly the way it made that section of Ilya's belly button dip in a little further than what was natural. What had once been the sculpted, tan plane of his husband's abdomen has become a red, swollen battlefield. Ilya survived all the same, so it really didn't matter to him how much his husband's body had been changed.

Shane looked up at Ilya, who was looking down at himself. There was no doubt he was thinking about his near-death experience, missing the games, and his post-op care. Ilya was nowhere close to being discharged, but Shane had looked up what recovery looked like for someone who had their abdominal muscles cut and their intestines moved around. According to his brief online research, it will probably be three or four weeks before Ilya can return to the ice.

"Are you okay?" Shane asked again.

Ilya's eyes rose from his stomach to meet his husband's eyes. The knowing look in his eyes told that he understood Shane was asking a different kind of question.

"Nothing keeps me down for long," Ilya shrugged. "Maybe I will enjoy being stay-at-home husband." A crooked grin stretched across Ilya's face.

"I'm serious, Ilya," Shane rested a hand on Ilya's cheek. "I don't have to go back. I can stay with you until you're healthy and ready to come back."

Ilya's eyes softened, and he leaned in. Shane met him halfway. Ilya licked at Shane's lips, inviting him to deepen the kiss, but the smaller man pulled away.

This was not the time for heavy petting and panting. Shane rested their foreheads together as they breathed in one another. After a while, Ilya pulled away.

"Sweetheart, I will be fine. Anya will keep me company."

"And mom."

It went without discussion, Yuna would be there for Ilya when Shane could not.

"And Yuna," Ilya affirmed. "Plus, it will give you chance to be the breadwinner for once. I am sick of being your sugar daddy."

"Oh, fuck off." Shane was failing to bite back his smile.

“I will be okay,” Ilya grabbed Shane’s hand and pressed a kiss to the back of it. “You won’t even notice I’m gone.”

“I won’t notice the gaping hole in our front line?” Shane asked sardonically.

“Hmm, hole,” Ilya hummed dreamily. He wiggled his eyes brows suggestively at Shane.

This man was so infuriatingly funny. Shane wanted to shove him out of the bed, but Ilya was fragile enough.

“You know what, how do I pull the plug?” Shane pretended to look around for a button to press. “Nurse!”

Ilya began to laugh before quickly clutching at himself again. “Shane!” Ilya groaned. “Fuck. Shut up.”

Shane bit back a smile and settled in next to Ilya on the hospital bed. He leaned his head on Ilya’s and wrapped his arms around his man. It was nice. Until Ilya ruined it.

“How long do you think it is before we can have sex again?”

Shane might kill Ilya before he makes his return to the ice.

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