I will be here when you wake.

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I will be here when you wake.

by Ells_y

Summary

One second, Rozanov is in front of him, gliding away with the puck to the Voyageurs' goal. The next, Ilya is on the floor with an enforcer looming over him. And he isn't getting up. For a moment, Shane doesn't move. He can't.
Then, he is surging forward with all of his might to reach the Boston team captain. He nearly reaches him, too, before he registers a sharp pain in his side and the world goes blank.

Shane and Ilya both get hit while playing a game against each other. Cue some hospital shenanigans and Shane's parents finding out about their relationship. (And maybe Hayden and JJ too)

Notes

First fic posted on here. Hope its okay. :))

The game had been going well for the Voyageurs.

Playing a home game after a series of aways had certainly helped with the team's morale. They were two goals ahead, and Shane could see it starting to get to the Bears. Well, mostly he could see it getting to Rozanov, whose brows were furrowing with annoyance, even behind the easygoing smirk he held on his face. Shane knew that he might get some complaints about the game that evening from the Russian. As they skated towards the offensive zone for the face-off to restart the play, Shane could only meet Rozanov with his own smile and glint in his eyes.

"Feeling scared yet, Rozanov?"

"No. I am never scared," Rozanov replied with a small scoff. "Is you who should be worried, Hollander. You are against best player in league."

They were face to face now, staring, unblinking, as their sticks touched the ice.

"Sure you are," Shane chuckled, "Game on, Rozanov."

And with that, the whistle was blown and the puck was dropped. Shane cursed silently as the puck was quickly snatched up by the Bears. He set off, gliding across the ice, trying to ignore the obvious gloating lacing Rozanov's face as he skated by.

Boston had already taken the puck down to Montreal's defensive zone, charging forward towards the goal. Hayden was already up there along with the defenders, desperately rushing forward to prevent their opponents from scoring.

One of the Bears players lined up and took a shot as Shane raced forward, only for the puck to bounce off of the goalie's pads. Quickly sliding in, Shane hooked his stick around the puck, which had luckily come his way after rebounding. Then, he was tearing off down to the other side of the rink.

Both JJ and Hayden were on the ice, manoeuvring themselves into a good passing position. Shane twisted his body round to aim for JJ, who currently had no-one surrounding him, only to feel a body brush roughly against his and a stick knock into his own. Whipping his head around, he realised the puck was gone, and number 81 was speeding away from him.

Rozanov.

Shane followed immediately, not wanting to risk Rozanov scoring a goal and starting to close the gap between the teams. He was right on the Russian's heel, face flushed and breaths heavy as he neared him.

It happened so suddenly.

One second, Rozanov is in front of him, gliding away with the puck to the Voyageurs' goal. The next, Ilya is on the floor with an enforcer looming over him. And he isn't getting up. For a moment, Shane doesn't move. He can't.

Then, he is surging forward with all of his might to reach the Boston team captain. He nearly reaches him, too, before he registers a sharp pain in his side and the world goes blank.

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Yuna and David Hollander have always made it a tradition to watch their son's games together. If they can't physically be there, they will sit at home together, with Yuna often yelling at the screen giving advice Shane cannot hear and David nodding along to whatever his wife says.

It was a home game for Shane, but they hadn't been able to make it in person, despite Ottawa being only a short drive from Montreal. Yuna was proud of her son, Shane having scored the first goal and gotten an assist on another. She was especially proud because she knew how difficult games were against Boston and how riled up Shane would get before facing his notorious rival, Ilya Rozanov.

The pair had always been somewhat antagonistic to each other, though Yuna suspected most of the rivalry was showcased for media attention. In fact, she was positive that her son respected Boston's captain. Rozanov was, admittedly, an incredible player and she had seen Shane watching numerous games of his where Rozanov had exhibited admirable skills on the ice.

Yuna had gone into the game slightly nervous for Shane. The Montreal Voyageurs had lost their last two away games, and she knew that the boys needed some sort of pick-me-up after their recent failures to secure a win. Miraculously, the home stadium acted as some sort of good luck charm, because the team was doing amazingly well against the Bears.

By the start of the third period, the score was 4-2 to the Voyageurs, and the nearing end of the game was exciting for the team as well as the fans. The win was in sight, and the players had their hands all grasping for it. Yuna could see that Boston, particularly Rozanov, were becoming a bit more aggressive in their plays with the threat of a loss ahead of them.

David had left to go and get a few more snacks from the kitchen as the game restarted after an unsuccessful shot on Boston's goal. Yuna watched as her son chirped his rival on the TV screen before leaning down, ready to take the puck.

Unfortunately, the lead seemed to have gone to Shane's head, and he missed the puck by a millisecond on account of his cocky behaviour. Watching Rozanov skate off with the puck, Yuna could only roll her eyes at her son's apparent cursing of himself for losing the face off to the Bears.

There was a bit of back and forth with the puck, until it was finally back in Shane's and the Voyageurs hands. Yuna rose with excitement as her son skated swiftly towards the offensive zone. But then she blinked, and the puck was back in the hands of Rozanov.

"No, Shane, c'mon! What have we talked about with your coach? Check your blind spots!" Yuna yelled at the TV, arms outstretched as if she were trying to force this information to reach Shane through the screen.

"Everything alright in there?" David poked his head around the doorway and walked in with his arms full of food. Yuna turned around to face her husband, shaking her head ever so slightly as she took some of the things out of his hands.

"I think we need to give our son an ego check. It's making him forget basic pointers."

"Ah, well, at least the team is winning. You can lecture him through the phone later tonight," he patted his wife's back as they settled back on the couch, ignoring the rising volume of the TV.

"I suppose," Yuna nodded, "Hey, did you bring any chips with you, I…"

Her voice trailed off at the sudden shouting that echoed across the room. The commentators were going berserk, and the camera was rapidly switching between two players down on the ice, a few feet apart. Yuna had her eyes glued onto the screen, as did David, but neither of them could make out the player's numbers or faces with the flittering camera angles being displayed.

“- and that’s Ilya Rozanov in the middle there, he was hit by defenseman Hughes on the Voyageurs-”

The camera panned to Rozanov, eyes blinking but unmoving on the ice. Medical personnel were beginning to surround him, carrying a stretcher with them. The camera suddenly moved away from him to focus on the other player who had been downed. Yuna and David could only stare in horror as they saw dots of blood sprinkled onto the ice, leading up to the player on the floor, a proud number 24 displayed on the back of his jersey.

“- Montreal’s captain, Shane Hollander, is also being lifted off of the ice-”

“Yuna, honey,” David was wrapping his arm around his wife’s shoulders, but she could barely register it. Her focus was on the commentators, who were reviewing Shane’s condition.

“- seems he was taken down by Smith there, a truly brutal hit-”

They replayed the footage. Shane had been skating towards Rozanov’s direction, only to be rammed into by one of Boston’s enforcers, who had not seen his own captain be knocked down and was known to be quite vicious on the ice. He had slammed onto the ice, almost face first, and a spray of blood had followed.

“- unfortunate for both captains to be taken out of the game like that-”

“Yuna, we need to go,” David tried again, but the commentators continued.

“- taking them to hospital. Rozanov seems to be moving in and out of consciousness, but Hollander still remains unresponsive-”

The TV screen went blank. Yuna turned to see David holding the remote, with his phone lit up in his other hand.

“Shane’s coach is calling, honey,” David took hold of his wife’s hand and pulled her up from the couch, “Why don’t you sit in the car, and I’ll find out what hospital he’s being taken to so we can meet him there.”

Yuna nodded, still somewhat frozen with panic. Internally, she thought she was being silly,

and she knew that Shane had taken a number of rough hits before. But the suddenness of this, and the fact that both he and Rozanov had gone down so quickly, took her aback. And now Shane wasn't getting up. He wasn't getting up.

Somehow, Yuna found it in herself to head towards the garage, wanting nothing more in that moment than to hold her son.

"There we go, honey. Let me take this and then I'll drive us to Montreal," David gave his wife a gentle kiss on the forehead, "It'll be okay, Yuna. Our boy is tough, he'll get through this."

That was all Yuna could hope for.

-

The win for the Voyageurs was severely dampened by the night's events, and neither team had scored a goal after the loss of their captains. After the game had ended, a few players headed down to the bar to celebrate the win with only minor enthusiasm, feeling the drain on their morale. Others headed back to their rooms, telling their coaches to send updates on Hollander and Rozanov.

Hayden and JJ instead found themselves at the hospital at half eleven in the evening, desperate to know if their captain and friend was alright. It had taken them a while to escape media duties in place of Shane, and even longer to make it to and find their way through the hospital. Now, they were waiting for someone to turn up who could tell them about Shane's condition.

The receptionist in front of them had been tapping away at her computer for a few minutes, and JJ had begun to pace (annoyingly) behind Hayden. Finally, after what seemed like a million years, the receptionist looked up and peered at the two hockey players in front of her.

"You're here for Shane Hollander, right?" Hayden looked up from where he had his head in his hands to the woman in front of him and nodded insistently, "Okay, so you're going to need to take a left down that corridor there. You'll find a waiting room where a doctor will let you know when he's ready for visitors."

"Thank you so much," he turned towards JJ, who hadn't stopped pacing around the room, "Hey, JJ, let's go."

Upon hearing his name, the other man perked up, and off they went, practically sprinting through the hall only to be abruptly stopped when Hayden stumbled into none other than Cliff Marlow. The man looked slightly affronted by the intrusion of his personal space, but took a step back to let them pass.

"Oh, sorry, didn't see you there," Hayden grinned sheepishly, "You, uh, you're here for Rozanov?"

"Yes," Marlow grunted, "Coach told me to go with him because I'm his medical proxy on the team. They said I could wait until the doctor comes out with some information."

"Right, yeah, I guess that makes sense. Um, we'll just be over here then. Sorry about, uh, Rozanov. We hope he's alright."

Sure, Hayden had never liked Rozanov, but he wouldn't wish that hard of a hit on anyone. Both he and JJ made their way over to the other side of the waiting room (waiting directly next to one of their biggest rivals had felt too awkward, even if they were in the same boat of worrying about their friends).

It took twenty minutes for a doctor to appear, but he headed straight for Marlow, much to JJ and Hayden's dismay. Another half an hour passed, and Marlow reappeared, grumbling on his phone.

"- yeah, he'll be alright. It's a pretty bad concussion and some bruised ribs, but nothing he can't handle. Took him by surprise, that's all. I'll check on him tomorrow, he's gonna need someone to make sure he sticks to the recovery plan for a few weeks…"

Rozanov was going to be fine then. While the two Voyageurs wanted to be somewhat happy that the (irritating) Russian they had known for some time would be alright, it didn't make them optimistic about Shane's condition, especially as no-one had come out to see them at that point.

It wasn't long before Yuna and David Hollander made their way into the waiting room after that. They had panicked looks plastered on their faces, and David had his hand clasped tightly around his wife's arm.

"Mr and Mrs H, over here," JJ called out to them.

“Oh, JJ, Hayden, thank God you guys are here. Have they said anything about Shane? Do you know how he’s doing?” Yuna rushed towards them. The hockey players could only respond with a solemn shake of their heads. Yuna pursed her lips. “Well, then, we’ll just have to wait with you.”

It felt like an eternity. Every time someone in scrubs or a white coat passed by, the four looked up eagerly hoping for information, only to be met with dismay as the doctors and nurses continued their paths away from them. David went back twice to the receptionist, trying to demand information from someone, anyone.

“Family of Shane Hollander?”

Finally.

There it was, the news they had all been anxiously awaiting. David and Yuna quickly stood for the doctor while Hayden and JJ stood behind them as they spoke to her.

“Well, I can tell you that Mr Hollander will be okay,” the group collectively let out a heavy sigh that they had been holding in all this time, “He is, however, going to need to stay in for observation for a day or two. Mr Hollander has a broken collarbone, a facial fracture with some soft tissue damage and a concussion. Fortunately, none of those required surgery to fix, but he will need to be in a sling for up to twelve weeks. With the consent of Mr Hollander when he wakes, we will relay this information to his team doctor so they can monitor his recovery.”

“Of course, yes,” David replied, “Will we be able to see him now?”

“Like I said, hasn’t woken up yet, so I would only really advise you as his parents to see him and make any decisions for him while he is unconscious. If you wish to stay, he is in room 2112. We have a cafeteria area open with a few vending machines so you can get some refreshments if you need it. I will assure you though, Mr Hollander is under the best of care here and we will make sure to notify you if his condition changes.”

Yuna and David nodded in understanding. As the doctor walked away, they turned to the two hockey players still waiting behind them.

“Sorry boys, you may have to wait until Shane’s woken up to see him,” Yuna looked apologetic, but her head kept turning back to where the doctor had directed them to.

“Don’t worry about us, Mrs H. We’re good just knowing that he’s okay. If you don’t mind, Hayden and I will be back tomorrow morning. I mean, if Shane’s awake and everything.”

Yuna smiled at the two men. “I’m sure Shane would love it if you two stopped by.”

Yuna and David bid both Hayden and JJ goodbye, but Yuna didn’t even wait until they had left the room to turn and head towards Shane’s room.

She needed to see her son.

-

Ilya had never been good with hospitals. They were too bright with too many random noises and rushing people. He didn’t like how he was confined to the bed. And most of all, he hated that he was stuck alone in the room knowing that Shane was hurt in the room just down the hall from him.

Marlow had filled him in on what had happened after the Voyageurs’ defender had run into him. Now, he was stuck with the knowledge that Shane (his Shane) was injured and he wasn’t there to help him.

Ilya had contemplated leaving his room earlier to be with the other man, only to stop when he saw David and Yuna Hollander enter the room where Shane undoubtedly was. He had frozen in the doorway seeing their hurried movements to check their son, only to be ushered away by a nurse who had appeared in front of him. Inside, Ilya knew he should let Shane be with his family, but there was a growing urge (a sort of yearning, but he didn’t want to think about what that meant) in him to go and see how Shane was doing.

His bare feet were cold on the linoleum floor as he walked to the end of the hall to room 2112. Shane’s parents had both left earlier, disappearing through a set of doors and not seemingly coming back any time soon. And so, Ilya was seizing what could be his only chance to see Shane for the next few weeks or even months.

The vital signs monitor that Ilya was dragging along behind him was loud as it scraped along the floor, much to his annoyance as he was trying his hardest not to alert any medical personnel of his actions. The door to Shane’s room, too, was exceptionally loud as it creaked open, as if it was trying to expose what he was doing.

Shane was propped up by numerous thick pillows, something Ilya would laugh at if this were any other situation. But he couldn't, not when he could now clearly see angry red stitches running down the side of Shane's face accompanied by darkening bruising and a sling holding his arm.

"Moya Lyubov."

Ilya rushed forward, and suddenly nothing else was more important than Shane Hollander. His hands went to cradle Shane's head, only stopped momentarily by the pull of the wires from the monitor.

"Ilya?"

Ilya's eyes met Shane's, and then they were kissing, slowly, deeply, and with more passion than they had ever before. They were lost in each other. Ilya stroked his thumbs down the side of Shane's face, only pulling back when the other man flinched slightly.

"Sorry, sweetheart," Ilya apologised, "Is too much? How bad are you hurt?"

Shane grazed his own finger over Ilya's with a slight chuckle and then spoke with more vitality, as if he had only just properly awoken, "Ilya! You're here!"

"Yes, of course I am here, Shane. Idiot doctors will not let me leave," then, pausing for a second, he continued, "I would not leave anyway. I stay for you. Now tell me, lyubov, are you okay?"

Shane continued to grin at Ilya, nodding enthusiastically.

"It's only a little facial fracture, broken collarbone and concussion. Can't even feel anything since they hooked me up on the good stuff."

He indicated to the IV bag that ran into the cannula placed carefully in his hand, gesturing with a reckless excitement that nearly pulled the drip stand over. The Boston captain's face soured slightly, wanting to say that it was not only a little injury, but deep down he knew that was not what Shane needed at that moment. He wouldn't want Ilya to stress and obsess over his injury, not when he was likely covering up his own devastation that this injury would take him out of playing hockey for several weeks. Instead, Ilya chose to grin and run his hand through Shane's hair, hoping to take his mind off of the situation at hand.

“Mm, I can tell. Maybe we don’t move around so much. Nurses will not be happy to find that all the, ah, painkillers are gone to waste,” Ilya moved his hand down to lightly grip Shane’s arm. He frowned when he noticed Shane grinning. “What? Why are you laughing at me?”

“It’s have gone to waste, not are,” Shane smiled up at him. Ilya rolled his eyes, though fondness was evident in them. Trust Shane Hollander to start correcting his grammar while laying drugged up in a hospital bed.

“You are mean to me, Hollander,” Ilya joked, “Maybe I go somewhere else and find nice people. People who don’t correct grammar all the time.”

He started to move away, turning his back to the Voyageur, only to hear a small whine followed by a ‘no, come back!’. Ilya allowed himself to turn back and be pulled close towards the hospital bed as Shane grabbed at him with his good arm.

“Don’t go. Stay. Here, with me,” Shane shuffled to make room, pulling the blanket back and clearly indicating for Ilya to join him in the bed.

Ilya bit his lip, contemplating. Logically, he knew that it was a bad idea, that anyone could walk in at any moment, the doctors, the nurses or, worse, Shane’s parents. But looking into Shane’s pleading face, he somehow couldn’t find it in himself to care all that much.

It was a bit awkward trying to fit two fully grown hockey players into a rather small hospital bed and, really, they shouldn’t have tried. The frame groaned menacingly under them. The wheels rattled as Ilya shifted to get comfortable. The drip stand threatened yet again to topple over.

But then everything was calm. Ilya’s head was settled into the crook of Shane's neck, careful to avoid his broken collarbone. Their legs were entwined, and Ilya was pulling Shane’s body as close as physically possible by hooking his arm around the other’s waist. Both the blanket and the hospital gowns they were wearing were thin, but Ilya was only filled with warmth as he smiled softly into Shane’s skin.

“Are you feeling okay?”

“Hm?”

Ilya moved his head to stare up at Shane, who had begun to thread his fingers through the

golden curls his chin was resting on. Shane looked at him expectantly.

“I saw you get hit before I went down too. I just wanted to make sure you were okay too.”

Ilya blinked up at Shane for a moment, before placing a gentle peck onto his neck.

“I am okay, Shane. Is a tiny concussion. Do not know why they brought me here, it is so small. Back in Russia, we got hit harder than that daily.”

Shane let out a long, slow exhale.

“You know it worries me when you minimise things like that. I don’t want to see you hurt as much as you don’t want to see me hurt.”

“I promise, Shane, I am fine. Now, sleep. You cannot heal without rest.”

With that, Ilya brought his head up to meet Shane’s one final time and captured his lips in a soft kiss. Then, he let his head fall back onto Shane’s shoulder.

“Sleep, moya lyubov. I will be here when you wake.”

-

Yuna Hollander thought she had seen it all in her 27 years of parenthood. She had been there for all of Shane’s embarrassing moments, his sad ones, his happy ones. But nothing, absolutely nothing, could’ve prepared her for seeing Shane wrapped in the arms of his arch rival.

Earlier in the night, both her and David had decided they needed a break from hovering over Shane as he slept. He had woken up once already, and they, along with a doctor, had filled him in on the situation and his injuries. There was nothing more they could do other than wait for the hospital to decide it was okay to release him from observation.

They had left for the cafeteria in search of some food, and to take their minds off of what a mess the night had become. David had come back from searching through the kiosks and vending machines (the main service area was not open at that time of night) with arms full of

sandwiches and sweets that would've given Shane and his macrobiotic diet a heart attack if he had been there to see it.

They had sat there for a while, munching their way through the snacks and gulping down as much coffee as humanly possible. After a while, they had gone to stand outside, wanting both to escape the stuffy air of the hospital and avoid reminding themselves of how helpless and injured their only son had looked.

It had been over two hours by the time they had wandered back inside. Though, instead of the quiet, tranquil atmosphere they had been expecting, Yuna and David were met with nurses and security running about, looking into different rooms and calling out one very familiar name.

It became very apparent very quickly that the staff had lost track of Ilya Rozanov. Yuna wasn't entirely sure how, considering he was a very tall, very loud Russian man with no experience with subtlety. But, against all odds, Rozanov had managed to escape his room without setting off any monitors or alarms.

Trying to escape the craze of the hospital, David and Yuna had slipped back into their son's hospital room, only to be confronted with… this.

Yuna wasn't entirely sure what this was, but she sure as hell knew that it was something special to have elicited the warm, peaceful smile on Shane's sleeping face. And this had apparently been going on for quite a while, if Yuna could tell anything from the familiarity Rozanov was clutching onto her son with.

Yuna knew both her and David had nothing against Shane being possibly gay. No, it wasn't that. In fact, they had spent several years suspecting it until Rose had come along. And even then, the relationship was so short that Yuna wasn't convinced that it wasn't a way for Shane to hide his true sexuality.

The confusion stemmed more from the fact that the man in Shane's bed was someone he had supposedly spent years hating. Sure, the media may have played up the rivalry a bit more the entertainment value, and yes she knew that Shane respected Ilya as a player, but she had endured several rounds of Shane's rants over Rozanov's antics on the ice that she was convinced that the only emotion between them was detestation. Evidently, she had been wrong.

So, there they were, frozen in the doorway of Shane's hospital room, jaws on the floor as they watched the rivals snuggle in closer together.

“David,” Yuna said finally, breaking their stunned silence, “I think you had better let someone know that we found Rozanov, and that he’s okay.”

“Yeah, um, sure, okay. Should we - uh - should we wake them?”

“I think they both need the rest. Obviously, we need to talk to both of them, but that can be left until later. We’ll only wake them if the doctors say it is absolutely necessary to move them.”

As David left the room, Yuna could only continue to stare. Though, even through her shock, she could feel that little bit of joy begin to creep in that Shane had found someone who seemed to so obviously love and care for him.

-

Shane loved waking up in Ilya’s arms. There was something so homely, so comforting, so domestic in the experience that he never wanted to leave Ilya’s embrace. It was early, and though the sunlight threatened to pierce through his eyelids, Shane did not want to open his eyes and face the world just yet. Instead, he turned more into Ilya, pressing his nose down into the other man’s curls.

“Mm, moya lyubov, stop moving” Ilya responded, slurring his words with exhaustion evident in his words.

Someone clearing their throat ripped Shane out of his little bubble of bliss.

Shit.

Sitting opposite him was his mother and father who were both looking, well, lost for words. His mother raised her eyebrows at him, clearly looking for some sort of clarification.

Fuck.

“I can- I can explain,” Shane scrambled to sit himself upright, wincing in the process as he put weight onto his broken collarbone. “Just let me, um…”

“Shane, what are you-” Rozanov interrupted, only to falter in his own words as he surveyed his surroundings for the first time, “Гавно.”

He seemed to still, but did not move away from Shane. Instead, his grip tightened on Shane’s waist, as if preparing to protect him from any oncoming attack. Shane instinctively splayed his fingers out across Ilya’s back to urge him to calm down. Yuna and David continued to watch the scene in disbelief, the idea of Shane and Rozanov being together, like this, so alien to them.

“Mom, Dad,” Shane began carefully, “This is Ilya - Ilya Rozanov. He’s, um - we’re…”

“Together,” Ilya finished for Shane, “Partners. Lovers.”

“No, not that word, Ilya, it's gross. We are together, though,” Shane paused for a moment, scrambling to find the words, “Look, I’m so sorry I didn’t tell you guys, it’s just, you know how it is in the hockey world, I - we could never come out, especially not with Russia and all that. But you have to know I wanted to tell you, and this is definitely not the way I would’ve told you and-”

“Shane, moya lyubov, breathe. You cannot think or talk when you are like this, yes? Breathe.”

Ilya voice cut over Shane’s rambling, reassuring and calming. It reminded Shane to stop and think clearly about how he was going to fill his parents in on this situation. He opened his mouth to speak again, but his mother beat him to it.

“I thought you hated him. Everyone thinks you hate him.”

David nodded in agreement to his wife. Shane let out a short, breathy laugh.

“I don't. Hate him, I mean. Obviously,” he gestured to the position they were sitting in. His brain was beginning to pound inside his skull, overpowering the painkillers being steadily fed into his system, this conversation becoming increasingly more overwhelming by the minute. “He's my, uh-”

“I am his boyfriend,” Ilya supplied.

“Yeah, my boyfriend,” Shane shot Ilya a small smile at this admission of their relationship. “I love him.”

Yuna inhaled sharply. David's eyes flickered between the two, as if trying to assess all the details of their relationship by simply staring at them.

“So, how long has this been going on? Is it recent or?”

“No, no, not recent,” Shane cast his eyes downwards, slightly embarrassed to answer his mom's question. “We've been together, I mean seeing each other since our rookie season.”

“Your rookie season!”

“No it was before that. Remember, Shane, summer before?” Ilya added. Shane could only turn to glare at him, while his boyfriend only made a small shrugging motion at Shane's apparent annoyance. David spoke up.

“So it's been years,” then a pause, “What about Rose? You guys were together for a few months not too long ago. You- you didn't cheat did you?”

Ilya let out a small huff at the mention of Shane's ex-girlfriend, and tightened his arm around his boyfriend even tighter and more possessively than before.

“No dad. God, no. I wouldn't do that. To Rose or to Ilya. There were some breaks in Ilya and I's relationship. Rose happened in one of them, and Ilya and I didn't properly get together until after that. Before we were just, you know, seeing each other.”

Both David and Yuna's mouth formed a small ‘o’ shape at the realisation of his words.

“I guess I just want you guys to know that this isn't new,” Shane let his gaze sweep over his parents and rest on Ilya's face, with his golden curls and dazzling eyes, “This isn't something that has just happened overnight. I love Ilya. He loves me. And despite everything we've been through - the homophobia, the secrecy, the hurt - we chose each other. It's going to stay like that. Forever, I hope.”

“Forever,” Ilya echoed. Then, there was a soft peck on Shane's cheek that left him blushing furiously. They froze for a moment, forgetting about their audience. Meanwhile, both David

and Yuna turned to face each other, with clarity and understanding between them. Ilya was it for Shane, and it appeared to be the same the other way around. Their son's love and happiness was not something they would get in the way of.

“Well, this is certainly unexpected,” Yuna began, “But I'm glad you two have each other. Even if Ilya plays for Boston.”

“Mom, come on,” Shane groaned, but his irritation was only half-hearted. The subtle teasing from his mom only revealed her acceptance, and his dad's too as he chuckled at his wife's antics.

“I think what your mom is trying to say is that we are happy for you Shane. And thank you for telling us, even if it needed a little bit of prompting.”

“Thank you. And, again, I'm sorry about not telling you earlier. I wanted to but…”

“It's okay Shane. We understand,” his mom smiled before standing and placing her hand on top of Shane's. “I think your father and I are going to head out for a bit to grab some things. Besides, we have to let the nurses know that Ilya is okay. It took a lot of convincing for them to let you stay in here after all the chaos you caused.”

With a raised eyebrow towards Ilya, and a few hugs goodbye, Shane and Ilya were once again left alone in the hospital room. Upon David and Yunas's exit, Ilya exhaled deeply and dropped his head onto Shane’s hospital gown-covered chest.

“That did not go badly.”

“No, it didn't. It was terrifying though,” Shane planted a kiss onto the unruly curls under his chin.

“Maybe for you. Russians do not get scared, I tell you before,” Ilya grinned as Shane was provoked into shoving him for his mockery, “But is good they support you. Us. There is no hiding with them anymore. Is good.”

“Yeah. I’m glad,” Shane agreed, looking down at Ilya with a soft, adoring expression. He bent his head, capturing the other's lips in a kiss. “I love you.”

“Mm, I love you too. Maybe even more than you love me,” Ilya said through kisses. Shane

broke them apart just to slap him in the arm.

“God, do you have to make everything a competition?” Shane grinned before joining their mouths together again.

He could feel Ilya smiling into the kiss, and some muffled words about how, yes, everything was a competition and that he still loved Shane more.

Soon, the whole world around them was tuned out and it was just them, Shane and Ilya, lying on an uncomfortably small hospital bed and getting lost in each other.

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Bonus

Hayden and JJ had made their way back to the hospital the next morning, bringing with them Shane's bag from the game as well as some ginger ale in place of a get well soon gift. The place had been fairly busy, with most seats in the waiting room taken already. The pair had bypassed the waiting people and headed towards the private rooms where Shane was being monitored. They had seen David and Yuna Hollander making their way out but hadn't spoken to them, instead choosing to immediately replace them as Shane's bedside companions.

It had turned out that Shane in fact did not need any more companions in his room.

Hayden stood frozen as he peered through the door window with abject horror. Meanwhile, JJ was crouched by his side, making gagging noises and complaining about needing to bleach his eyes.

Shane was not alone. No. When the two Montreal players had turned up outside the hospital room, they had witnessed their captain being practically swallowed whole by someone. And not just anyone.
Ilya Rozanov.

The man their captain supposedly hated was currently running his hands under Shane's hospital gown and up his torso, all while pressing his mouth onto Shane's. For a moment, Hayden had been ready to rush into the room and pull the Russian off of his captain, but then he had seen how Shane had melted into the kisses and had an overwhelming realisation.

The closeness and the familiarity between the two men hadn't occurred recently. This had been going on for a while. Years even. And it certainly didn't seem like it was going to stop

anytime soon either.
Hayden was drawn out of his thoughts by JJ's further exclamation.

“Hayden, the capitaine! He's with- they were- Rozanov is-”

“I think we should go,” Hayden said finally, “Lets, um, leave them to it, I guess.”

They left quickly after that. The bag and ginger ale were left with a receptionist to give to either Shane or his parents. JJ muttered his disbelief under his breath in French the entire walk out to the car. When they were sitting inside, Hayden took a deep breath and turned to JJ.

“You don't have a problem with Shane being… gay, do you?” JJ looked back with a vaguely insulted expression.

“No! No, of course not. I just wasn't expecting to see Rozanov, that's all.”

“Yeah, no, me either. I can't believe he's with Rozanov,” then a pause as Hayden let his head drop back onto the headrest, “I can't believe he didn't tell me. I mean, I'm his best friend.”

Hayden knew the sports world wasn't very accepting, much less the hockey one. But Hayden had thought that he and Shane could tell each other anything. A part of him felt guilty that Shane felt like he had to hide this from him.

“We will talk to the capitaine tomorrow. Or when he is feeling better,” JJ declared.

Hayden felt himself nodding along as he started the car.

Shane and Rozanov.

Shane and Ilya.

It was almost too surreal to comprehend. They had spent so much time in public hating each other that it was hard to imagine then doing anything else.

Only one thing was for sure. Whatever the relationship between his best friend and his rival

was, he was going to support Shane (and Rozanov, but it hurt something deep inside Hayden to admit that).
The idea of having to get to know Rozanov as Shane's partner made his head ache. The idea of having to be friendly with the man made it ache even more. Again, Hayden was struck with how bizarre this was.

God, he really needed to call Jackie.

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