

shane hollander gets appendicitis

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shane hollander gets appendicitis

by [ur_worst_nitemare](#)

Summary

Shane gets appendicitis. That's it. That's the story.

Notes

Thank you to one of my dear dear friends that had appendicitis and was the inspiration for this story. You are very loved. A lot of my work takes place during The Long Game and this one is not an exception so minor spoilers.

DISCLAIMER: I am a vile hater of generative AI, especially in creative fields. I did not use it to create this. Do not use it on my work!!!!

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Chapter 1: Chapter One

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane and Ilya were no stranger to medical mishaps being professional hockey players. The hospital staff in Ottawa knew both of their names at this point due to the amount that they'd be in. And even outside of that, they were both notoriously terrible with recovery, *especially* Shane. He had managed to land himself in the hospital for improper recovery more times than he could count. Ilya literally had to beg him to stay in bed and rest because he would often refuse, insisting that he was ok to return to play (he was wrong).

Both of them had been working together over the years to become more honest with one another since their conversation in the cottage all those years ago, and while they'd made improvement in some areas, others still faltered. The main area in need of work was injuries and being honest about them. Both Ilya and Shane were also well-versed in the department of hiding injuries, not so much from their team (they almost never hid anything from their team doctor) but more so from each other. And again, Shane was particularly bad about this, both in and out of hockey. Sickness, sprains, bumps, or even broken bones were all things that Shane had ignored, kept from Ilya, or downplayed to the extreme, all in an attempt to calm Ilya down because he was "dealing with enough" despite the fact that he was completely fine with and desired to take care of Shane, just as Shane did for him.

Ilya had called this the "Hollander Hold" which was basically where Shane would put himself "on hold" to continue going about life. Phase one was ignore, phase two, keep it secret, and phase three, downplay. So, it was no surprise when one day, Shane had got home from a brand meeting with an awful burning sensation in his side and he decided to ignore it, hoping it would dull. And of course, he didn't mention this to Ilya (even though Ilya would arguably like to have known).

It was some of the worst pain he had experienced. Shane had to excuse himself to the bathroom and clutch the wall, biting his fist as he felt tears well up in his eyes. His side felt like it was on fire.

"Long day?" Ilya noticed the discomfort in Shane's face (he noticed everything about Shane), wrapping an arm around his waist and taking Shane's bag in the other.

“Yea,” Shane leaned into his neck, “Really long day. Good, but long,” Shane let out a breath of relief. The burning feeling in his side was still agonizing, but it had managed to dull down slightly. He grit his teeth as he moved to ignore it.

Ilya tossed Shane’s bag to the side, backing up until Shane was pressed against the door, “I can fix that,” He took two fingers and tipped up Shane’s chin, their lips dangerously close together but not quite touching. Shane’s breathing picked up slightly, his hands tightening at the hem of Ilya’s shirt.

“*Please,*” Shane’s voice was no louder than a whisper.

“I can’t hear you, sweetheart. You’re going to need to be louder.”

Shane whined loudly, “Ilya, *please*, don’t tease me today.”

Ilya reached forward, pulling him impossibly closer, “Ok, ok. Very sorry. You know I like to hear you beg.”

“You’re not sorry.”

Ilya chuckled as kissed him, “No, am not.”

The two resumed their kiss intertwined with one another as they made their way to their shared bedroom. But as Ilya pushed him into the room and they began to strip themselves of their clothing, Shane felt it again, but this time worse. The burning feeling came back with a vengeance, almost like it was angry at Shane for dismissing it earlier. He tried desperately to ignore it, flashing a smirk at Ilya and sinking down to his knees. Shane tugged at Ilya’s sweatpants enthusiastically before he felt another sharp pang and his expression changed.

He felt like he couldn’t breathe. The burning sensation somehow managed to grow even worse and Shane nearly collapsed, clutching his side.

“Shane?!” Ilya immediately tugged his pants up and bent down, narrowly catching him. He slowly lifted Shane up off the floor and sat him on the bed next to him, “солнышко, talk to me. You’re phasing in and out, are you ok?”

Shane tried to open his mouth to talk, but found he was in too much pain to form more than a few words. The burning had stripped him of his ability to speak and that made Shane begin to panic.

“I got you, I got you моя любовь, I have you right here,” Ilya said reassuringly, pulling Shane closer to him, “I will ask question. I see you struggle to talk right now. Can you squeeze my hand?”

Shane squeezed his hand a few times.

“Good. Good job. Squeeze once for yes and twice for no, ok?”

Shane squeezed once.

“Beautiful. Now I ask. Are you in pain?”

One squeeze.

“Can you talk at all? Is this quiet because of pain?”

One squeeze and then another spaced out.

“Ok, I am going to lie you down in our bed and get some water and tylenol, ok?”

Another squeeze.

Ilya left and returned fast with the painkillers and water, helping Shane sit up and take the meds. He climbed in beside him, holding Shane close. A few minutes later, the pain killers had seemed to process and while he was still weak, Shane found himself able to speak a little more.

“Welcome back, my love,” Ilya said, stroking his hair, “Now are you going to tell me what just happened? Was anxiety thing or did you hit something during practice and not tell?”

“N-not anxiety. Pain,” Shane managed to croak out, “Burning. Burning sensation in my side. Felt it earlier at my meeting but...but ignored it. Thought it went away.”

Ilya frowned, “So you put yourself on Hollander hold, huh?”

“Probably nothing. Just probably pulled something. Will be fine,” Shane curled slightly into Ilya a bit more, “Not mad?”

“Baby, why would I ever be mad at you for being in pain?”

“Ruined the mood.”

“You are in pain, Shane. I’m not making you continue if you are in pain,” Ilya stroked his hair, “Sleep?”

Shane nodded, tucking himself into Ilya’s side. The pain was still present and growing, but he figured that it might go away in the morning. Regardless, he couldn’t make this a big deal. Ilya was exhausted and he didn’t want to add that. He closed his eyes and attempted to get some kind of restful sleep. It would go away in the morning, everything would be fine, and he’d never have to think about this again.

He was wrong.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:

МОЯ ЛЮБОВЬ - my love

СОЛНЫШКО - sunshine

Chapter 2: Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

Shane was incorrect. The burning sensation from last night had not gone away and he woke up screaming from how much pain he was in. Ilya of course, the everloving partner, woke up with him, which was exactly what Shane was trying to avoid.

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“It’s ok, it’s ok,” Ilya held him in his arms, rocking them back and forth, “You are safe. You are here with me.”

“Ilya,” Shane felt like he was going to puke. He was in so much pain. Something was certainly wrong at this point and he probably should have gone to the ER last night. But Ilya...

“I think you need the hospital, but do you think you need the hospital? And do not lie to me.”

Shane thought about it for a second. The burning was bad, despite the painkillers and he felt like he was going to pass out at any moment. His stubbornness and desire to not become a burden to his boyfriend overrode any rational decision about going to the hospital. So he said no, hoping that Ilya would relent and that he could hide the pain better. Or at least he tried.

When he went to speak, the burning had increased again and he felt his throat go dry. He settled for shaking his head, trying to turn over in an attempt to hide his face from Ilya, but failed. Because Ilya noticed. He always did.

“Ok. You say no, but this pain you are experiencing right now is not normal. You cannot talk or sit up, you wake up screaming. Something is wrong. You have made bed and now you must lie in it or whatever expression is,” Ilya moved off the bed and kicked on his slides, moving over to Shane to help him up. Shane looked at him like a kicked puppy, “We are going to hospital, end of story. And don’t think I won’t toss you over my shoulder like sack of potatoes. Also we are talking about this later, no getting out of it.”

Shane nodded, tears welling up in his eyes as he clutched onto Ilya’s arms. Ilya actually had to make due on his promise of carrying Shane because Shane found he couldn’t walk. The drive to the hospital was relatively quick despite the fact that it felt like an eternity, and Shane was quickly checked in and relegated to a doctor. Thankfully the hospital was having a slow day and they were able to get him in almost immediately.

Shane felt himself grow anxious. The doctor looked distressed looking at the quick scan they had taken as Ilya began describing Shane’s symptoms, “Can I ask how long you’ve been feeling this burning?”

“Since yesterday,” Shane almost didn’t recognize his own voice. Ilya just looked shocked.

The doctor nodded before looking back up at Shane and Ilya, “Well, Mr. Hollander, I am *very* glad you’re here with us right now. It appears you have appendicitis and it is very serious. If you had been going about life any longer your appendix could have ruptured and you could have gotten very sick. You’re going to need emergency surgery. Now.”

Oh. Appendicitis.

A girl in one of his classes from when he was younger had had the same thing happen to her. He remembers her screaming her head off as she was rushed to the hospital. She had been gone for a few weeks, but then returned with a smile on her face and was showing off the “badass scar” she had gotten from her surgery. Shane remembers being *terrified* of having a similar experience and was petrified at any sort of cramping for years later. And now it was coming true.

“Surgery?” Shane asked, “How long will recovery be? I’m a professional hockey player and-”

“And we will focus on that later,” Ilya interrupted him, giving him a look. Shane shut his mouth instantly. His strength was waning by the minute anyway and he didn't have the energy to argue.

“Recovery usually only takes 1-2 weeks,” Shane let out a breath of relief, “...But you need something called an open appendectomy, which is essentially an open surgery where we remove the organ as a whole, which will take a month of recovery,” Shane's breathing picked up again.

“There's not much to the recovery plan. Just stay in bed for the first week and then try some light exercise and stretches for the remaining time. And this will all be written, but patients usually like to hear things out loud before getting the long and complicated papers.”

“Thank you,” Ilya nodded, watching as the doctor exited the room.

The doctor nodded back at him, “Unfortunately I'm going to have to ask you to leave in the next few minutes as we need to prep Mr. Hollander and get him in surgery now, but you're welcome to stay in the waiting room, Mr. Rozanov. The surgery only takes a few hours.”

Ilya nodded again as the doctor left. He turned to Shane.

“I didn't think it was that bad,” Shane said raspily.

“But you did not tell me.”

“Didn't feel like it was important.”

“Shane,” Ilya's expression exuded something Shane couldn't make out. It wasn't shame or disappointment, but it wasn't quite fear either, “You are important. Your pain is important. When you are *in* pain, that is important.”

Shane was so in love with this man, “Sorry.”

“You did what you felt you had to, my love. I will be in waiting room. You are strong and you are brave. But do not think we will be avoiding this talk later, ok?”

Shane nodded as Ilya kissed his forehead and left the room. A few doctors came in and explained all the legal jargon before they began preparing him for his emergency surgery.

Appendicitis.

Well, he was always in a situation, wasn't he?

The surgery went well and Shane was released quickly to Ilya, who took his recovery plan packet and recovery medication. Shane barely remembered leaving surgery, waking up dazed a few hours later with Ilya's hand on his face.

“Hello sweetheart, how are you feeling?”

“Fine. Woozy though,” Shane tried to sit up, but Ilya lightly pushed him back down.

“No. None of that, you stay lying down. Is there anything you need?”

“Water,” Ilya nodded and handed Shane a glass, watching with care as he drank the liquid. Ilya set it down for him.

“Are you ready to talk?”

“You know my answer to that,” Shane looked to the side guiltily. He really did not want to talk about this.

“If you are not ready to talk now, ok. But we cannot leave this. You got very sick.”

“I promise it wasn’t on purpose.”

“I never said it was, любимый,” Ilya pulled Shane closer, “But how many times have I told you that hiding injury is not ok?”

“I know, but I *really* thought it was nothing. And I didn’t want to burden you with something silly.”

“I always want you to bother me, whether silly or serious. If you are in pain, you speak up. Ok?”

Shane nodded and Ilya knew that it was easier said than believed, but he was happy to have gotten through to Shane somehow.

“I am serious. Looked at treatment plan while you sleep, you could have died.”

Shane’s face went pale at the thought. He very well could have died if he had kept this to himself.

“Died?”

“Da, died. So no more secrets, please?”

Shane nodded again and leaned into Ilya’s side, “Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For staying with me. You don’t have to.”

“Oh, but I *want* to,” Ilya chuckled, “Now get to sleep. You will need lots of rest if we are going to be together for two weeks.”

Shane raised a brow and looked at Ilya confused, “...Two weeks? You have a game next week and practice starts for that in 3 days.”

“I do not see your point.”

“Ilya.”

“You think I am leaving you for recovery? It is true, I will not be with you whole time, but for the first two weeks I am home, yes. Convinced coach.”

Shane laughed, hugging Ilya tightly and being careful to avoid popping his stitches, “I love you.”

“I love you too. Now get to sleep, come on.”

Chapter End Notes

Translations:

любимый - favorite/beloved

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