

Together

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Together

by [Alitomy](#)

Summary

“Hollander, you are stupid idiot,” Ilya says, his fists clenching in his jacket pockets as Shane stares at him from the hospital bed with that loopy smile on his face.

“What do you mean?” Shane asks, his voice airy and light, though Ilya picks up a hint of concern.

Ilya closes his eyes and inhales deeply. “You take your eyes off of puck, you look back at me.”

OR

A retelling of the hospital scene.

Notes

Welp, like literally everyone before me, I have been sucked into the Heated Rivalry universe and now I'm stuck here (there's nowhere else I'd rather be)
Please enjoy my first fic in this fandom :-)

Ilya makes his way down the cold hospital hallway, eyes looking straight down to avoid unwanted attention from other patients or staff members. It was bad enough he had to ask at the nurses station for Shane's room number – the glimmer in the nurse's eyes led him to believe she knew exactly who he was – and he'd rather avoid anyone else knowing he was here.

He had his excuse already in his head if he was caught. It wasn't unheard of for the captain to visit an injured player of an opposing team, especially if it was the captain. There was a sense of camaraderie amongst the captains - a level of respect on and off the ice - and even with this so-called 'rivalry' with Shane, it wouldn't be the worst cover story.

He thinks of Marleau last night after the game, apologies falling from his lips to the Metros as they shook hands post-game and only receiving glares in return. In the locker room, he had barely moved to undress once he sat down in his cubby, and Ilya had to clap him on the shoulder to get his attention.

"Marly, get changed," Ilya had said, trying to keep a level voice even though he was pissed at his alternate.

"I can't stop thinking about it. It's like, flashing through my mind on replay."

"Is hockey, no? Accidents happen," Ilya says, and tries to shrug nonchalantly through his simmering rage. "Hollander should have kept his eyes on the puck."

He thinks back to Shane lying motionless on the ice, and his heart aches.

"You may get visit from Player Safety. Do not ask me to pay any fines," Ilya grins, and Marleau shoves him away.

"Fuck off Roz, it was a clean hit, just unfortunate."

"Mm yes. So hit the showers, you stink."

Ilya had gone home and paced in his kitchen, fingernails chewed as he scrolled Twitter for any update on Shane's condition from the MHL, the Metros, hell he even looked up *Hayden Pike's* Instagram in case he had posted something.

Hours later, his phone pinged with a tweet from the Metro's Twitter page, saying Shane Hollander was awake and alert, and had suffered a concussion and a fractured collarbone. He would be out for the playoffs, and that the club wishes him well in his recovery.

Now here he is, walking closer and closer to Shane's hospital room with very little information on his condition, and with no idea on the mental state of the other man. He eyes the room numbers and stops just short of the one he was looking for, and scans the hallway before slipping through the door quickly.

Shane looks up at the sound of the door opening and closing and smiles wide and loopy.
"Ilya!"

Ilya clenches his jaw and puts his hands in his pockets. "I- Um, are you okay?"

"Concussion and a fractured collarbone, out for the playoffs, but-"

"Could be worse," Ilya says as he takes in Shane's appearance. His face was bruised from the impact from his helmet, and his right arm was placed in a sling. A big smile was plastered on his lips and he looked so.. relaxed.

"Could be worse," Shane agrees.

"Marleau feels terrible. He did not mean to hurt you." Ilya watches Shane carefully as he stands near the door.

"It's alright, we all get our bell rung eventually," Shane giggles, as if it was some funny game to him.

It was *not* a game to Ilya.

"Hollander, you are stupid idiot," Ilya says, his fists clenching in his jacket pockets as Shane stares at him from the hospital bed with that loopy smile on his face.

"What do you mean?" Shane asks, his voice airy and light, though Ilya picks up a hint of concern.

Ilya closes his eyes and inhales deeply. "You take your eyes off of puck, you look back at me."

Shane's brow furrows, and Ilya can see him trying to remember the events of the night before. The incessant beeping of the heart monitor attached to Shane fills the silence that the pair let take hold of the room.

"No, no I wouldn't," Shane says, his eyes closing as he rests his head back against the many pillows behind him. "I'm always focused on the game, so I would not get distracted. I *wouldn't*."

"You did," Ilya says rather harshly. He knew he was letting his emotions take over, but seeing Shane in a hospital bed was a sight he never wanted to see again. "You look back at me in the neutral zone and now you are in hospital with stupid concussion and broken collarbone."

"I-" Shane starts to say something but stops himself. Ilya watches from beside the door, unmoved from when he entered the room, *unable* to move as his feet felt glued to the floor. He watches as Shane struggles to find the words he wants to say, before he squeezes his eyes shut and shakes his head slightly.

"Hollander?" Ilya asks, his voice losing that edge from before. His eyes flick to the heart monitor as it increases speed, and Shane's hand is gripping his thigh.

Ah, he is having panic attack.

Ilya's feet finally unmoor themselves from their spot near the door and move him towards the hospital bed; his hands find Shane's and gently pulls it away from his thigh. He grasps Shane's hand and uses his free hand to run his fingertips gently across Shane's cheek.

"Shane?" He whispers.

"M'Okay," Shane responds shakily. "I'll be okay."

"Yes, you will." Ilya watches him closely and runs a hand through Shane's short, black hair, massaging the scalp gently as he does so. "I am sorry."

"For what?" Shane's heart monitor gradually slows to a regular rhythm, and Ilya feels his own heart do the same.

"For just now," Ilya's thumb runs across the back of Shane's hand. He has gone about this the wrong way. "You scared me."

"Sorry, I should've texted you-"

"No, no it's okay," Ilya reassures him. "You need to rest."

"Then I'm sorry for scaring you," Shane says quietly and leans into the hand gently massaging his scalp. "I can't believe I would do that. I feel so stupid."

"Was very stupid." Shane looks up at him, hurt in his eyes. "But was accident, yes?"

Shane smiles with an emotion Ilya doesn't want to - no, *can't* - name. He can't.

"Must really like you to be distracted by you on the ice," Shane mumbles, and Ilya sucks in a breath. "I *never* lose focus during a game, ever. Never ever ever. I was happy to be on the ice with you, I couldn't help it-"

"Hollander-"

"I guess it was kinda silly of me huh?" Shane continues, and Ilya only smiles tightly back. "Nothing distracts me when I'm playing hockey. *Nothing*. But you.. You're not nothing."

"Shane," Ilya exhales quietly. "You are on very strong medicine. You don't mean that."

"Eh, they put me on stronger meds when I had my wisdom teeth removed," Shane waves a hand nonchalantly, and the loopy grin returns to his face. "I mean every word."

Ilya watches him closely, his eyes flickering between Shane's as if searching for a hint of a lie.

He found none.

Lips pressed together in a tight smile, Ilya squeezes Shane's hand. "You should rest, Hollander."

“Why don’t you believe me?”

“What?” Ilya furrows his brows.

“You don’t believe me. Ilya, I *mean* it.”

“I-” Ilya starts but stops himself. He has let this go on for too long, this thing between them, and now Shane was basically confessing how much he means to him.

Shit.

“Come to my cottage this summer,” Shane says after a moment of silence.

“What?”

“Don’t go to Russia. Come to my house.” Shane’s gorgeous eyes bore into Ilya’s. “We’ll have so much fun, it’s so private no one will know-”

“Hollander, you know I can’t do that.”

“We’ll be completely alone, *together*,” Shane says. “Please?”

“Maybe, maybe.” Ilya smiles tightly and runs his fingertips over Shane’s freckles once more, revelling in the way he leans into the touch. Slowly, he pulls his hands away from Shane and steps away from the bed. “I should go.”

Shane pouts. “Do you have to?”

“What will you say if your mother walks in and sees me here?” Ilya asks as he eyes the door. Yuna Hollander was a force he did *not* want to reckon with.

“You are being a nice captain, checking in on a fellow captain who got injured on the ice,” Shane nods. “It’s normal. Stay, please?”

Shane holds out his hand and Ilya stares at it momentarily, eyes flickering to the door before he closes the distance to the bed once more and takes Shane’s hand in his. He notices Shane’s shoulders relax immediately as he melts back into the pillows behind him.

“Yes. Better,” Shane mumbles happily and closes his eyes. Ilya thinks back to yesterday morning, and how they woke up tangled together in his sheets; how domestic it had been to wake up together, eat breakfast together, get ready for the game together.

It was nice.

Ilya lets himself have something nice.

“I will stay,” he whispers, and Shane's smile settles the decision.

Yeah, they deserve nice.

Together.

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