

come back

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come back

by [emerybemery](#)

Summary

if Ilya came back to see Shane in the hospital while he's recovering from his concussion

Notes

A slightly self-indulgent one shot of "If Ilya came back to the hospital after Shane's concussion in episode 5".

Has probably been done before, apologies if so.

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hi there! This is my first hollanov fic, but definitely not my first foray into fanfiction. I have exclusively been writing Wille/Simon from Young Royals for the past three years or so, so jumping into new characters has been a bit daunting. If anything seems off/out of character, pls forgive me.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Jane / 22:17

come back :(

Lily / 22:18

we both know that is a bad idea

Jane / 22:18

pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease

Lily / 22:18

how much medicine have you had?

Jane / 22:19

I have no idea but I feel great

Lily / 22:20

I am sure you do

Jane / 22:20

so can you come back now please

Lily / 22:20

visiting hours are over

Jane / 22:21

we are both rich famous hockey players the visiting hours don't apply to us

Lily / 22:21

I am not abusing my status to sneak into hospital after it has closed

Jane / 22:22

its a hospital its always open

please come back

Shane stares at his phone screen, his very eyeballs pounding in discomfort, even though it is set to its lowest brightness. He waits for Ilya to respond, waits for the text bubble to appear - but it doesn't. He gives a quiet, disgruntled hum, and puts his phone down, instead electing to stare at the ceiling. He's technically breaking the nurse's instructions by being on his phone - he knows the light will do anything but help the pain in his head from the concussion, but he's so high on painkillers that it barely registers as being problematic.

There's a knock at his door, and Shane raises his head sharply, causing a bolt of pain through both his head and collarbone that not even the highest dose of morphine could muffle. He lets out an audible grunt of pain, but quickly purses his lips to stifle the sound as his nurse enters the room, greeting him with a warm smile. Shane has seen her multiple times over the course of the day, meeting her mid-afternoon when she'd come on shift, and it had been her that had walked in when Ilya had visited. She'd given the two of them a briefly suspicious look, eyes flicking between them both, before resuming her professional front, joking about Ilya smothering Shane with the pillow.

"Mr Hollander," says the nurse, Eva, smiling warmly. "One last obs check from me. I'll be heading home soon, so your night nurse will be in to check you overnight." She fastens the blood pressure cuff around his left bicep, and pushes a couple of buttons on the machine next to his bed. She switches the pulse oximeter to a finger on the hand of the arm in the sling, as she had with all other obs checks. Shane figures it's to not skew results, due to the change of blood flow from the blood pressure cuff altering his heart rate.

"Will they be poking and prodding me every couple of hours too?" Shane mumbles, screwing his nose up at the unpleasant sensation of the blood pressure cuff tightening.

"Only twice," says Eva with a chuckle, watching the screen and taking notes of the numbers. "Will you be expecting any visitors tomorrow morning?" she adds pointedly, looking sideways at Shane while still jotting down notes.

"Um -" Shane clears his throat, right as his phone buzzes against the sheets. The screen lights up dimly, the name 'Lily' blinking back at him. "Maybe," Shane mumbles, flipping his phone

face down.

“No Mr Rozanov attempting to cause a mysterious death?” Eva teases, removing the cuff and switching the oximeter back to Shane's left middle finger.

Shane's cheeks go uncomfortably warm, and he's sure that Eva notices the way his heart rate accelerates slightly, the number increasing from 81bpm to 95bpm on the screen of the obs machine.

“Not that I'm aware,” Shane says, trying to sound calm and casual, though he's vaguely aware of how his words are slurred. “It would be nice if he came back, though,” he mumbles, before he can stop himself.

“Yeah?” hums Eva, hovering by the edge of his bed, a softly amused expression on her face.

“I mean -” Shane quickly clears his throat, avoiding looking at her, “- he left something behind. I need to get it back to him.”

Ilya, had, of course, left nothing behind.

“I'm sure he can come grab it,” says Eva, nodding. Shane is bad at reading people, but he's mostly sure that Eva is all but seeing straight through him.

“Anyway, Mr Hollander, it's been a pleasure looking after you today, I'm sure you'll make a great recovery,” she says, straightening his bedding out. “How is your pain? Do you need anything before I head off?”

Shane gives a small shake of his head. “I'm good, thank you. I feel...” Shane trails off, unsure what word to use.

“Spacey?” Eva offers, smiling knowingly.

“Yeahhh,” Shane says, grinning. “I can feel that my head hurts, and my shoulder hurts, but I also...can't feel it.”

“Perfect,” nods Eva. “The night nurse will be in with some more painkillers in a few hours if you need it. And yes -” she says with a laugh as Shane goes to interrupt “- they'll be doing your obs then as well. Like I already told you.”

Shane sticks out his bottom lip in an exaggerated pout.

“Do your best to get some sleep, Mr Hollander.”

“I will,” Shane sighs, knowing that he'll likely wake at even the slightest sound in the unfamiliar environment. Eva gives him an understanding grimace, and opens her mouth to say something when the door suddenly opens without warning, and a tall figure enters the room.

“Ilya -”

“Sha- Hollander -”

“Mr Rozanov!”

Shane knows he is grinning stupidly, unable to stop himself. Eva looks between the two of them, obviously fighting to remain professional as she bites back a smile.

“Uh - sorry,” Ilya says, looking a little like a deer in headlights, jaw clenched. “I know it is -”

“Outside of visiting hours?” Eva finishes airily.

“Yes, but -”

“You forgot something?”

Ilya blinks, eyes flickering to Shane, who knows he's still beaming like an idiot, caught up in the realisation that Ilya had actually *come back*. Shane had asked him to come, and Rozanov *had*.

“I forgot -?”

“Yes,” Shane says quickly. “You forgot something.”

Ilya's lips part in obvious confusion, but he blinks rapidly, clearing his throat. “Yes. Correct. I am here to...pick up.” He pops the *p* sound, side eyeing Shane.

“Great,” says Eva lightly. She changes some settings on the obs machine next to Shane, then turns to look at Ilya again.

“Best not to be so forgetful, Mr Rozanov,” she says. “Your rival may have a concussion and a broken collarbone, but seems like you're on track to forgetting how to play the game.”

“I would never,” Ilya says immediately, to which Eva chuckles.

“Stay...as long as you like,” she says, looking between the two of them. Shane pulls an exaggerated expression of shock, all wide eyed and slack-jawed, which makes Ilya shoot him a frustrated look.

“I didn't see anything. And I'm sure the night nurses won't, either,” Eva says pointedly.

“Goodnight, Mr Hollander. Mr Rozanov.” She backs out of the room, and closes the door quietly, vanishing from sight.

“You know that this is bad idea, Hollander,” Ilya says quickly, looking at Shane with sharp eyes.

Shane just giggles. His head feels funny, a little bit like he's one of those Pop Vinyl figures of himself, head bobbing ridiculously at any movement.

“Shane -” Ilya tries to reprimand him, but Shane cuts him off.

"Ilyaaaaaa," he says, with the same giddy tone that he had greeted Ilya with earlier in the day. And, just like earlier, Rozanov hurries to shush him, glancing at the door with a flicker of worry.

"You came," Shane sing-songs, reaching blindly for Ilya's hand.

"You practically begged me, Hollander," huffs Ilya, taking Shane's outstretched hand in both of his. "Then you make up lie that I forgot something? I would never be so stupid."

"I *know*, but I had to make it convincing, why you came back," Shane mumbles petulantly.

"Not very good plan, Hollander."

"I have a concussion," Shane whines. "I'm not thinking straight."

"You never do," Ilya says flatly. "Think straight," he adds, when Shane blinks at him.

"*Oh*," says Shane, then he giggles. "Funny. You're funny."

"Why did you want me back, Hollander?" Ilya sighs.

Shane pouts, tugging Ilya's hands, wanting him closer, like he isn't already standing directly against the bed, inches away from Shane. "Lonely," he mumbles. "You didn't stay for long earlier."

Ilya sighs again, a soft, slightly resigned sound, but there's a grudging smile tugging at his lips. "Shane," he says quietly. "We both know that me being here is not good idea."

"I know," Shane mumbles. "But...I want you here. Need you here."

Ilya's face softens, head tilting on an angle. Shane knows that he is the only one that Ilya looks at like this. Normally, his jaw is set, brows tense, all lines and sharp edges, intimidating on and off the ice. But Shane knows the soft edges, the rounded corners and shining eyes, the unreserved smile, still slightly hesitant but Shane is seeing it more. It's that small smile that Ilya now looks at Shane with, even if he does shake his head a fraction.

"Hollander," he says quietly.

"Did you think about what I asked you?" Shane says quickly, before Rozanov has the chance to reprimand him further.

"No, I have not. You are full of bad ideas today," Ilya mumbles.

"I think I'm full of *amazing* ideas," Shane corrects him, closing his eyes blissfully. Closing his eyes helps a little with the spaciness in his head, somehow grounding himself in the darkness, anchoring his sensation to focus on the hold Ilya has on his hand, the way his thumb traces over his knuckles.

"You should sleep, Shane," Ilya says, his voice still quiet.

“Maybe,” Shane says, keeping his eyes closed.

“I am not supposed to be here.”

Shane huffs. “Ignore the rules, Rozanov.”

“This is how I know you are not in right mind. Shane Hollander telling me to ignore rules,” Ilya scoffs.

Shane opens his eyes to glare at Ilya, offended.

“You look like little angry kitten,” chuckles Ilya, brushing his thumb softly over the bruising beneath Shane's eyes. “Little angry kitten, high on pain medicine.”

“I'm a tough guy,” Shane insists, puffing his chest a little, which makes Ilya chuckle again.

“Sure, Hollander,” he says flatly.

“Ilyaaaaaaa,” Shane sings out again, perhaps a decibel or two too loudly, because Ilya all but smothers Shane's mouth with his hand as he shushes him wildly.

“Eva said she didn't see anything,” Shane says, voice muffled behind Rozanov's hand. “And the night nurses won't see anything, either. Ignore the rules. *Stay.*”

Ilya lowers his palm from Shane's mouth, dragging his thumb unmistakably on Shane's lower lip as he goes, surveying him keenly.

“They will not say anything?” he asks cautiously, finally seeming to at least consider Shane's pleas.

Shane nods quickly, wincing as his head throbs. “They won't say anything.”

Ilya pauses for a few moments, and Shane could all but see the cogs turning in his brain. Then, he sighs shortly. “I will leave early morning. 4am. No one can see me here.”

Shane can't help but beam, and immediately begins shuffling to one side of the bed, tugging at Ilya's hands.

“Hollander, what are you -?”

“You aren't going to sit on a chair all night,” Shane mumbles. He does his best to mask the pain that flashes dully through him with how he had moved himself, but he can tell that Ilya had noticed.

“This bed is too small for two of us, Hollander.”

“Make it work, dammit, Rozanov,” Shane sighs. “Put the rail up, it'll stop you falling off.” Shane demonstrates awkwardly, reaching across his body, over his arm in the sling, to pull up the rail on the right side of the bed, wedging himself against it before smoothing the covers over himself, and lifting the left side of the blanket as an invitation for Ilya.

Rozanov stays frozen for a few moments, staring at Shane, an unreadable expression on his face. Shane wonders if he's about to change his mind, and simply walk out of the hospital room, leaving him alone and isolated in an unfamiliar environment. But he doesn't.

Ilya scuffs off his shoes, shrugs off his jacket, tossing it over the chair in the corner, and slides, a little awkwardly, into bed with Shane. He had been right, the bed is (almost) too small for the two of them. Rozanov gives an uncomfortable grunt as he clicks the rail into place, and tries to straighten himself out. Shane doesn't give him much of a chance to settle before he shuffles up close to him, the warmth of Rozanov's body drawing him in, each rise and fall of his frame instantly recognisable. He's used to most touches and contact with Ilya being heated, charged with an intoxicating intensity, but, if Shane was honest with himself, the slower, more loaded caresses have been becoming more and more frequent. And he has found himself wanting *that* more. Not that he doesn't also crave the feeling of Rozanov all over him, inside him, moving with him. But the urge to just...*exist* with Ilya is becoming harder and harder to ignore.

"I am here now," Ilya mumbles. "Will you sleep now?"

"Maybe." Shane, with the best of his ability, owing to his concussion and his broken collarbone, does his best to snuggle up to Ilya. Rozanov puts an arm around him, awkwardly avoiding his injuries and the cord of the oximeter still attached to Shane's finger, and Shane rests his head against Ilya's chest.

"Sleep, Shane."

"Mmmhm," Shane hums, letting his eyes close. Now that Ilya is there, right next to him, Shane finally allows himself to *feel*. He knows he's finally safe to do so. He lets his tiredness swamp him, the achiness trickling through his neck, across his shoulder, pulsing in his skull. His eyes are heavy, like rocks weighing down his eye sockets, keeping them closed being the only way to even slightly relieve the discomfort.

Ilya is murmuring something in Russian, and his hand gently strokes Shane's cheek.

"You still need to teach me Russian, Rozanov," Shane mumbles sleepily.

Ilya gives a wry, quiet laugh. "Maybe some day," he says. And then he kisses Shane's forehead softly.

Shane gives a happy little hum. He falls asleep quickly, pressed against Ilya, savouring the feeling of Ilya's fingers tracing over his skin, both of them ignoring the weight of the unspoken and unacknowledged shift that is occurring between them. Shane sleeps, dreamless and uncomfortable, but he doesn't wake, even when the night nurse comes to check his obs.

Shane sleeps safely, contentedly, in Ilya's arms, and he wishes, even deep in his slumber, that Ilya would never leave his side.

End Notes

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