

Please Stay (I'll Never Make You Go)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77273711) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77273711>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Relationship Problems , they fight , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , The Long Game , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Angst with a Happy Ending , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Car Accidents , Anxious Shane Hollander , Anxious Ilya Rozanov , Good Parent David Hollander , Good Parent Yuna Hollander , Minor Troy Barrett/Harris Drover , Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 5,574 Chapters: 1/1

Please Stay (I'll Never Make You Go)

by [Neo_Nightmare](#)

Summary

Shane knew his bad habit of crying while driving would probably catch up to him eventually.

OR

The aftermath of Ilya suggesting Shane could see someone else, if Ilya wasn't enough for him, but worse.

Notes

my first real angst fic :)

i just like putting my favs in Situations (shane bb ily)

timeline be damned also i used some book names and some show names

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

“You could, you know. See other people I mean.”

The world around Shane seemed to stop completely. Ilya’s words registered in Shane as if through water. The idea was so absurd. Shane’s stomach and mind turned, nausea and anxiety flooding his system. Did Ilya think he would do that? That he had done that? That thought alone doubled every feeling Shane had. There was no one for Shane besides Ilya. He couldn’t imagine anyone else. The fact Ilya would even suggest that...

“Have you been with someone else?” Shane tried to hide the anger, but failed. He also couldn’t stop the hurt from crossing his features, if only briefly before the mask of indifference fell back into place.

“No. But if you wanted, I’d understand,” Ilya seemed upset about something. Shane wished he’d talk to him. But Shane had tried. He really had, at least in the ways he knew how. The fact that he was even suggesting this to Shane was too much. If Ilya thought that Shane would seek out someone else, that Ilya wasn’t enough, then he really didn’t understand Shane. To Shane, Ilya was all he needed. His best friend. His solace. His safe place. The only person he’d ever loved. Shane would never leave him. He couldn’t. He wouldn’t know how to live without him. A life without Ilya wasn’t something Shane wanted. Hadn’t wanted in a long time. Even talking about this was making his blood boil.

How could Ilya think so little of Shane? As if the idea of cheating on Ilya didn’t fill him with immeasurable dread. The feeling gnawed away at Shane’s stomach. Tears welled up behind his eyes, threatening to spill over with each blink. Shane was at a loss for words still.

“I would never...never do that to you. I can’t believe...” Shane cut himself off with a breath. He’d barely made it inside Ilya’s house. His bag was still sitting on the stool next to him. Shane grabbed his phone out of the side and slid it into his pocket before turning back to the door, leaving behind his duffel. It just had clothes anyways. He stomped out to his car, the cold gravel of the drive crunching beneath his feet. He could hear Ilya’s steps behind him, the slap of his sandals on concrete not far behind.

“Wait, Shane,” Ilya reached out for his arm. His fingers barely brushed Shane’s bicep before he pulled away.

“No, don’t touch me. There is no one for me but you. I can’t believe this. Leave me alone,” Shane opened his door as a barrier between him and Ilya, the glass barely concealing his emotions. As the door shut, the first of the tears fell. He knew Ilya could see. But he didn’t care. He thought he saw Ilya say something, but he couldn’t tell what it was. With his vision blurry, Shane peeled out of the driveway, intent on heading back to his place 2 hours away. The same drive he’d just completed.

It was so out of the realm of possibilities that they were wasting one of the few nights they had with each other over this fight. Was it even a fight? Ilya hadn’t put up much of one. Shane could barely comprehend it. He hadn’t wanted to fight. He never wanted to fight with Ilya. Except maybe on the ice. Even then, that wasn’t a real fight. This felt worse. Something dark and sour curled around Shane’s chest, constricting his breathing. His ribs hurt from more

than just recent checks. Shane wiped at his face, desperate for the tears to stop falling. His head felt like it was full of cotton. The normal music he had playing, simple and easy, barely registered. Shane reached down towards his pockets, feeling for his wallet. He usually kept a piece of gum in there in case he needed a distraction. Both of his pockets were empty. It must still be in his bag. Which was back at Ilya's place. Fuck. He couldn't turn around. He'd run and jump into Ilya's arms if he turned around, and Shane was too hurt. He'd ignored the 2 texts Ilya had sent him. He planned on doing so until he could breathe again.

As if triggered by his thoughts, Shane's chest tightened. He couldn't breathe. Shane sucked in a breath as best he could. His hand that wasn't on the steering wheel clutched his chest. What if he and Ilya didn't make up? What if Ilya thought Shane was leaving him for someone else? What if Ilya had been trying to break up with him?

Each question made more and more tears fall. Despite Shane's usual good driving habits, he found himself speeding. Rain started falling on his windshield, further blurring his sight and reflecting his mood. There weren't that many other cars on the dark road, thankfully, the occasional headlights making themselves known. Every light he passed swam through his vision. Puddles started forming on the sides of the roads, splashing water against Shane's car. It had to have been almost an hour of driving, and the tears running down his cheeks had yet to cease. He felt so stupid. He's the one that left. It was his fault the night ended up this way. He could have stayed. He could have talked to Ilya, asked why he was even thinking like this. Instead, he just got angry.

Shane knew the route to Ilya's place by heart. He knew he was coming up to a place he could turn around. Would Ilya even let him back inside? He'd cross that bridge when he got there. Breaking another one of his rules, Shane pulled out his phone and began texting Ilya. Just a simple "I love you." Just a simple 3 word text. It took less than 5 seconds. Shane didn't even see the headlights coming right for him.

<3

Ilya hadn't heard from Shane that night. Or the next morning. He could have sworn he saw the typing bubble pop up once, but it disappeared. It could have been his imagination. Watching Shane pull out of his driveway, tears falling down his face, was a sight Ilya never wanted to see again. He hadn't meant to start a fight. He wasn't even sure why he brought it up. Shane deserved the best. He wanted to make sure Shane was being cared for. If he couldn't be there, he wanted to make sure Shane knew he could explore. Ilya was his only real experience. Maybe there was better out there for him.

Ilya saw Shane's bag still resting on the stool inside. He grabbed it before moving towards his kitchen. Despite having a game the next day, Ilya grabbed the vodka from his freezer and trudged his way to bed that night. As he walked upstairs, he heard something fall from the bag. Shane's wallet. He lightly tossed the bag and wallet into his room, rummaging around. Ilya settled on grabbing a shirt from the bag and sat in his bed. The bottle rested on the nightstand next to him. He gripped Shane's shirt and sniffed, breathing in the laundry detergent and deodorant Shane used. It would have to be a replacement for the lack of a warm body beside him.

Soft rain started pelting against his window. Usually, rain helped Ilya sleep. Tonight, all it reminded Ilya of was Shane's face. He looked so hurt. And angry. Ilya drank from the bottle. Cold heat spread across his chest as he swallowed the liquid. Ilya welcomed the burn. He'd made Shane upset. It wasn't his intention, but nothing had happened how he'd intended tonight. Now all he wanted was Shane to be here. Ilya fell asleep clutching Shane's shirt.

Ilya's morning alarms brought the knowledge that Shane hadn't responded to his texts. He hadn't expected one, but it would have been nice. Shane had always wished Ilya good luck before games. It was one of the few things he looked forward to on game days. Ilya didn't even want to make breakfast, the thought of food making his stomach turn. Normally he'd cook for Shane on days like today. Shane would sit on the barstool and complain about Ilya's cooking, Ilya would complain about Shane's diet, and then they'd enjoy each other's company before Ilya had to leave for morning practice before his afternoon game. Ilya would miss Shane, but knew Shane would be there when he got home. It was their system. Shane would have gone home after seeing Ilya again, and he played his game the next day. It wasn't ideal, but at least they saw each other. Now, that precious time was wasted. Over a stupid fight. Ilya grabbed water from the fridge, even that tasted bitter, and headed to the rink early. Better than stewing in his home, soured and rotting.

It didn't take long to get to the rink. Ilya didn't feel any better after the drive either. His boring car reminded him of Shane. He was the only one in the gym, choosing to get on the treadmill. Maybe running would help calm his mind. It used to help. Nothing seemed to anymore. He set a medium pace, his long strides extending across most of the belt. Ilya played some music, hoping to work into a groove. Time ticked up on the treadmill. He ran for 30 minutes before the door to the gym opened and he was joined by Troy. At least he didn't hate him. Troy set his bag down on the side of the room, moving to the weight rack. Occasionally he'd glance at Ilya, sporting an unreadable expression.

It looked like Ilya was working through something, Troy shouldn't push. But that was his captain. Maybe he could lend an ear. If the music choice was anything to go by, something was definitely off. Troy knew Ilya preferred fun music to workout to or hype up the locker room. Instead, the music droned and seemed to pour from his speakers like molasses. It wasn't normal. Troy had to say something before the rest of the team got there. Ilya slowly turned the speed down, starting his cool down pace. His muscles thanked him for the break, enjoying the slower pace. Troy set down his weights and walked over to Ilya.

"Hey, Roz. You good, today? Something wrong?" Troy didn't know what else to do. Rozanov was usually so composed in front of the team. A proper captain. Troy respected him. It kind of freaked him out to see Rozanov like this.

"Am fine. Nothing to worry your little head over," Ilya stopped the treadmill, one of his crooked smiles falling into place. It didn't look convincing.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm going now," Ilya walked by Troy, patting his shoulder as he walked past. It was probably meant to be encouraging, but instead it just felt empty. Troy watched as his shoulders disappeared into the locker room. Other teammates would be showing up soon.

Maybe one of them could say something. Troy went back to his weights, finishing his warm up.

In the locker room, Ilya grabbed a towel from his bag, wiping sweat from his brow. Wyatt had shown up and was putting his padding on. Ilya nodded in his direction and started changing into his gear. He shuffled his hype playlist for the other guys filing into the room. Slowly, they all started getting ready. Coach Wiebe made his appearance, laying down the game plan for today. Winnipeg wasn't a tough opponent at this point in the season, their center out for an injury. Shane had pointed out how their formation had faltered recently because of it. He'd sent Ilya clips when he was away earlier in the week. For the first time in a few weeks, hope filled the locker room. Ilya wished Shane had stuck around again. This would probably be a good game to watch for the team. Ottawa was starting to become something, but they were still nowhere near the top. But improvements were happening.

"Ok, guys. We are going to fuck them up out there. We work together better than they ever could. You have me. You have Wyatt. Troy is also here," Ilya joked.

"Fuck you, Rozanov!"

Laughter filled the locker room. At least Ilya looked lighter than he did earlier. Maybe he just needed a good game. Maybe that would chase the cloud away from his mind.

"We are going to win! We are going to prove it to Winnipeg! We will prove it to everyone!" Ilya cheered. Everyone else joined in! The music was cut off of Ilya's phone by a phone call; the buzzing interrupting the beat of the music.

David Hollander

Ilya sent it to voicemail on instinct. David had never called him first unless it wasn't important, but Ilya couldn't answer it right now. There were too many people.

"Got a chick wishing you good luck, Rozanov?" Wyatt joked.

"Something like that, yes," a voicemail popped up on his screen. Ilya would have to listen to it later. He finished pulling on his jersey and getting ready to go on the ice. He led his team out of the tunnel, the cheers of the home crowd echoing in his ears. It felt nice to have people supporting them again. Ilya missed winning.

The first period of the game went by smoothly. Ilya had 2 assists, both to Troy's goals. He was going to score one of his own before the end of the game. The second period was slightly less smooth. Winnipeg managed to score once. Ilya had gotten his score in the 13th minute, pulling the lead back to two. They were in a comfortable place as a team. Everything was starting to feel smooth. The buzzer went off, signaling the end of the period. 3-1 was a respectable score, especially for the Centaurs. If they could keep this up, they'd definitely win. Ilya watched the Jumbotron in the rink during the break, ads flickering across the screen in between spectator games, like the kiss cam. Ilya tried not to think about how he didn't even kiss Shane. It was hard not to.

Most of the time, Ilya could tune out the announcer's voices. It was never anything important. Game odds, which players were performing well or badly, other game coverage. The break between periods was really the only time he had to rest during games.

"And our thoughts and prayers are with the Montreal Metros and the Hollander family tonight."

Ilya immediately started listening. Why were they talking about Shane?

"Yes, late last night the Metros captain was in a car wreck. We do not know the current condition of the captain. John, I saw the wreck on the news. That was pretty nasty. Everyone, please keep the city of Montreal and the Hollanders in your hearts tonight."

The stadium let out a gasp. Everyone was in shock. Ilya felt the color drain from his face. This had to be a dream. His grip on his stick tightened; he was shocked he wasn't splintering the wood beneath his gloves. Ilya felt dizzy. He'd ignored David's call. It was probably about this. He looked at the board, hoping they'd put up any information. His heart was beating too fast, he couldn't breathe.

"Roz, you good?" Wyatt nudged him. It wasn't a secret that he and Shane were "friends" now. It wasn't out of the ordinary to assume Ilya would be concerned. Ilya could only blink. Words got stuck in his throat. He stood up and moved as quickly as he could into the tunnel behind his bench. Wiebe followed him.

"Rozanov! Hey!" he called after Ilya. Ilya threw off his helmet and gloves, sucking down breaths as much as his body would allow him. He slid down the wall of the tunnel, his head resting between his knees. Tears crowded his vision. What if Shane wasn't ok? The last time they were together, they fought. Was this Ilya's fault? Oh god, it was, wasn't it? Sobs wracked Ilya's body. His shoulder shook with the force.

"Hollander is your...friend, yes?" Wiebe asked, crouching down next to his captain.

Ilya nodded. He was so much more than just a friend.

"I'm sorry. I don't know why they made that announcement during the game. Do you need a minute? I can move Troy to center for the beginning of the 3rd. Give you some time to collect yourself. We can hold them off."

Ilya was lucky he had a good coach. He knew how he looked right now. He'd been a mess all day, only dragging himself together during the game. It was taking every bit of effort Ilya had to control his breathing. His shoulders had stopped shaking mostly. He finally nodded, acknowledging coach's words.

"Ok. See you back out there, Rozanov." Wiebe handed Ilya back his helmet. Ilya took it silently, hoping he could pull himself together quickly. He dug his palms into his eyes, the heels of his hands wiping away tears. Deep breaths started filling his lungs again. His heart hadn't calmed down, and he didn't think it would until he knew if Shane was ok.

5 more minutes passed of sitting on the wall before Ilya pulled himself up and walked back to take his place in the lineup on the bench. He'd still have some time before he went on the ice. He pulled his helmet down just enough to hide his eyes from his teammates. He'd already shown too much by running into the tunnel. 12 minutes remained in the 3rd period. If Ilya could just make it through, he could leave as soon as they were done. He'd greet everyone on the side, say good job, and sprint back to the locker room. The clock didn't tick down fast enough. Winnipeg had taken the opportunity with Ilya off ice to score again, making it 3-2. He'd fix that and end the game.

Ilya skated like he was the only one on the ice. Anyone who got in his way was taken down or slammed into the wall. It didn't matter. Ilya needed this to end. He scored again, 1 minute before the final buzzer. 4-2. Second wound down. Finally, years later it felt like, the buzzer rang out. Ilya skated to the side, fist bumping his team. His mind was nowhere on the ice. It was calculating how long it would take to get back to the locker room and to his car. How much he could speed to get to Montreal. Ilya didn't even want to shower. He would, because he stank, but he didn't want to waste time. Ilya all but ran to the locker room before stripping out of his uniform.

"Roz, want to join us out? We are celebrating!" Troy seemed happy. Harris had walked in the locker room too. Definitely contributed to the positive demeanor in the room.

"Not this time. Much to do," Ilya grabbed his towel, hoping no one else would stop him.

"Rozanov, you and Hollander are friends now, right? With that charity," Wyatt asked.

"Friends. Yes," Ilya just wanted to spill their secret right now.

"Wish his family the best from the team, ok? We hope he's ok," Wyatt's words were chorused with murmurs of agreement from the rest of the team between the cheers of victory.

"Ok," without another word, or delay, Ilya went and took the quickest shower of his life. He tugged his clean clothes on. When he went to grab his bag from his locker, most of the team was gone. Thank god. Ilya all but sprinted to his car, pulling up the voicemail David had left him. He hit play as he was getting buckled in.

"Hey, kid. Listen, Yuna didn't want me to call you, she said it would distract you today, and you needed to focus on winning or she'd be disappointed in you. I think she's just deflecting. I don't know if you've heard, but Shane is..." the man's voice broke, "Shane is in the hospital. He was driving last night, and was making a turn. He got hit pretty bad. When you get this message, we are at Montreal General. I know Shane would want you here... Yes, I am calling him, Yuna. He didn't pick up so don't worry about his game. See you soon, hopefully, Ilya."

The voice clicked off. Ilya had already typed directions into his phone. 2 hours 20 minutes. He'd make it quicker than that. He had too. No one had told him if Shane was even alive. He hadn't gotten another call, so he couldn't assume the worst. Not yet. Ilya blinked away tears and sped out of the parking lot.

Speeding down the highway was something Ilya was used to. He'd had his collection of sports cars for years. Sure, his boring car currently is what sped across the highway. It's not

his fault. Speeding was speeding. He just had to get to Montreal. Ilya had already shaved the arrival time down. He redialed David as soon as he pulled into a parking spot, flying out of his car. He didn't care who saw him. He needed to see Shane. David answered on the second ring.

"Ilya," his voice was thick with exhaustion, as if he'd just woken up.

"Where are you? What floor?" Ilya had already gone into the building. He guessed the ICU.

"ICU, floor 3. I'll come meet you. Use the North Stairs," David yawned.

Ilya hung up, too anxious to do anything other than run. He was so close. He took the stairs two at a time, his legs fighting back against the extreme use of the day. Maybe the pain was his repayment. It wouldn't be enough. He exited the stairs and nearly tripped. Ilya spotted David down the hall, who walked to meet him halfway. Yuna peeked her head out of a room down the hallway, her eyes glassy. Ilya was pulled into a hug by David. The tears he'd managed to hold back for the last 3 hours fell freely. David held him through the sobs, his hand in Ilya's hair a comforting touch.

"I'm sorry. This is my fault," Ilya cried.

"No, don't say that. You weren't driving that truck," David pulled back from Ilya.

"It's my fault he was driving. We fought and he left. I should have made him stay."

"Ilya. It wasn't your fault. Whatever you fought about, it didn't cause this."

"Where is he?" Ilya needed to see Shane.

"They have him back for surgery. How much do you know about what happened?"

"They made an announcement at the game. And your voicemail."

"Let's go grab coffee and talk," David led Ilya over to the elevator, "no need for more stairs. Not with my knees."

Ilya let out a small laugh, through the tears. He'd stopped crying, mostly. Tears still fell, but he could breathe a little. Shane was alive. Once he laid eyes on him, Ilya could calm down. The walk to the cafeteria from the elevator was short and silent. Ilya trailed behind David. Once David had a cup of coffee and Ilya a coke, they sat down at a table in the corner. Occasional eyes would wander towards them, but no one came up or said anything.

"Ilya, I can't tell you to not look it up, but just know that the accident wasn't pretty. The announcers were right about that. That had to fly Shane here. They were worried he might not have made it if they didn't. The truck hit his side of the car. When the paramedics arrived, they said he was lucky to even still be breathing, let alone trying to talk. He was trying to apologize. The doctor here told us that he had at least a broken femur, possibly a fractured pelvis, and a collapsed lung. Probably other things too, but he'd have to get inside during surgery. He said to prepare for the worst. That was a long time ago. I don't even know how

many hours. Maybe 12? We've had a couple updates. Shane is alive. You know Shane. He's a fighter. But we are just playing the waiting game."

Ilya tried to not panic the more that David talked. It really did sound bad. Ilya couldn't imagine it. He didn't want to. Shane had to be ok. There was no life for Ilya without him. Ilya stared at his drink. He wanted a cigarette. Maybe Shane would wake up from surgery just to nag him. Ilya would do anything to hear his voice right now. He fought the urge to look up news on the accident. Ilya didn't know if he could handle it. Especially if...

David's phone ringing brought Ilya out of his dark thoughts. Yuna was calling. Ilya could almost hear her words over to the phone. She sounded strained.

"Thanks, sweetie. We'll head back up," David stood, "They're bringing Shane back to the room."

Ilya stood up so quickly his chair scraped across the floor loudly. Every muscle in his body was trying to run upstairs. To finally see Shane. He walked with David instead, trying to calm his nerves. His heart was racing again. The elevator ride felt like it took longer than before, but it was probably just nerves. Both men were scared. The room they had to go to was almost at the end of the hallway. Yuna stood outside.

She noticed the men, glassy eyes still fresh despite looking like she hadn't slept since last night. She probably hadn't. Yuna hugged Ilya first.

"Thank you for coming, Ilya. I'm glad you won your game."

"I'd never lose to Winnipeg. Dishonorable behavior," Ilya hugged her tight. She needed it. He did too.

"That's why you're my favorite son," Yuna pulled back, resting her hand on Ilya's cheek, "I'm also glad you're here. Sorry I didn't want to bother you."

"You would never bother me. Never think that. I am here for you."

"I know. I know. I'm glad you're here. I couldn't think of anything. David and I barely made it here. They already had him in the back when we got here."

"He's ok," Ilya said for both of them.

"Do you want to see him? The doctor said he's just sleeping right now. David and I will wait down the hall," she reached for David before Ilya could answer. He didn't know if it would be better or worse without them. He was, in all honesty, nervous. He remembered Shane in the hospital after the Boston games a few years ago. High out of his mind. Ilya knew this would be different. Slowly, he opened the door. The beep of hospital machines greeted him instead of Shane's voice.

No amount of preparation could have helped play against the sight before him. Shane was wrapped in bandages and casts. Tubes wound around his body connecting to the IV bag and oxygen he was getting currently. His left leg was in a soft cast and raised up. His head was

bruised, the purple and red patterns covering his freckles. There were cuts dotting down the left side of his body that Ilya could see. Ilya was certain more bandages and wounds under the gown. He covered his mouth, biting his knuckle to muffle the sound of anguish in his throat. Ilya walked around to the other side of the bed. If not for the bruises, Shane almost looked peaceful. His chest rose softly. The heart rate on his monitor was quick. Ilya sat in the chair next to Shane's bed, gripping his free hand.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I'm so sorry," Ilya lifted Shane's hand to his lips and kissed his knuckles, "if I could go back in time, I'd never let you leave. I'd never even fight. I can't lose you."

Ilya rested his head on the edge of the bed, listening to the rhythmic rise and fall of Shane's chest. He didn't know how long he laid there, head resting their conjoined hands. The beeping on the monitor seemed to slow down. The sun set behind the hospital casting an orange glow across the room. Ilya didn't mean to doze off, but one second his eyes closed, the next a nurse was coming in the room.

"Oh, I was unaware Mr. Hollander would have other visitors. I just have to check on him really quick, then I'll be out of your hair," she said. Ilya rubbed his eyes.

"Do you know how long he'll be asleep?" Ilya yawned. The time on his watch read 8:46.

"He had a very tough surgery, Mr. Rozanov. He needs all the rest he can get. And don't worry, your secret is safe with me. I'll get out of your hair," the nurse left the room. Ilya sat back in his chair. He almost felt lighter now that someone knew their secret, even if it was someone they'd never see again. Shane would probably be so stressed by the idea. Ilya wished so badly Shane would wake up and tell him to pull himself together. Or just talk to him again. Would he be like the last time they were in a hospital? Would he remember what happened? Ilya would apologize again. He'd tell Shane he loved him. Shane was the only thing Ilya needed in life.

Ilya decided to stay awake this time, not wanting to miss when Shane woke up. He pulled out his phone, ignoring the texts from his teammates. Ilya knew it wasn't smart, but he searched "Shane Hollander Car Crash." Images and articles popped up, one after the other. Ilya clicked the first one. The first picture was graphic. A semi truck had slammed into the side of Shane's car and torn off the front buckle. Ilya could see all the airbags that had gone off in Shane's car. He should stop looking. It wasn't doing him any good. But still, he scrolled. He backed out of the article and moved to Twitter. It was all his feed was talking about. Pictures of Shane's car from multiple angles, most without him inside, a few with him taken from a distance, were being spread around. Ilya tried to ignore them, but he couldn't forget that. Shane really was lucky. Ilya went back to squeezing Shane's hand. He closed his phone and focused on the man in front of him. Shane's eyes were still closed. Ilya tried to focus on his features, memorizing the dip of his nose, the curve of his lips.

A soft noise made its way to Ilya's ears, soft enough he almost missed it. Shane's fingers twitched in his hand. His eyebrows scrunched together, as if fighting to move. Slowly, Shane's eyes blinked open. His gaze was unfocused until it settled on Ilya.

“Ilyaaaa,” Shane whispered. Ilya tried not to laugh. He also tried to fight the tears from coming back. Shane coughed, which seemed to be quite painful if the grimace across his face was anything to go by. He squeezed Ilya’s hand back.

“How are you feeling?”

“Like I got hit by a car. It hurts, Ilya,” Shane groaned in pain.

“Oh, so you have jokes, now? You scared me so bad.”

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry for all of it. I shouldn’t have left.”

“I shouldn’t have made you feel like you had to. I wanted nothing more than to stay with you. I don’t want you to be with anyone else. I want you to be mine alone. Only with me.”

“Ilya,” Shane coughed again, “I don’t even think I’m capable of wanting anyone besides you. Please don’t ever think you’re not what I want. You’re all I want. I love you.”

Ilya responded in Russian and started crying again. At this point, his eyes were going to swell shut from crying so much. Shane lifted his hand to wipe his tears away with his thumb, the movement difficult and strained. Shane was crying too. Ilya wasn’t sure if it was from pain or emotions. Maybe a mix of both.

“I guess my season is over.” Shane didn’t know what else to say.

“You can stay with me all you want and cheer for me at my games. No one will recognize you for a few weeks. Bruises make good cover,” Ilya swept his own hand over Shane’s cheek to brush away the tears and a strand of hair.

“Would you be ok with that? I’m going to be basically useless. You’d have to do everything for me.”

“Not much different than now.”

Shane tried to laugh, but he clutched at his ribs, pain blossoming behind them. He guessed he had broken a couple in the crash. Shane didn’t really remember much of it. He remembered flashes. Getting pulled from the car. He’s pretty sure the only thing he could say was sorry. He’d just wanted Ilya. He thinks he was loaded onto a helicopter. It gets fuzzy after that. No sense in worrying about that anymore, he guessed. At least he had Ilya.

“Not funny.”

“You laughed,” Ilya kissed his knuckles again.

“Maybe a little funny. I don’t ever want to leave you again.”

“I won’t make you. Stay with me,” Ilya pleaded with Shane, his eyes wet and begging.

“I will.”

Shane meant it.

End Notes

i hope you enjoyed this!

leave a comment or kudos if you did

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!