

give me your hurt if you need someone to blame

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give me your hurt if you need someone to blame

by [iittaliia](#)

Summary

"What the fuck were you thinking putting me down as your emergency contact?"

"What?" Ilya blinked, the sudden change in atmosphere clearly having caught him off guard. "That I want you here?" he said like it was obvious, like that would be reason enough to put everything they were and everything they had at *risk*.

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Or, Shane thinks that being an emergency contact *is* an emergency.

Notes

Howdy!

There's plenty of lovely fics (one of them being [mine](#)) of Shane in the hospital, but what if Ilya gets injured instead?

But! This is way less about being injured, and more about working through how to deal with that as a loved one. So if you are in any way squeamish about injuries or hospitals, know that those act more of a launchpad for the bigger picture, and are barely mentioned.

Note, this is set sometime after the first book/season, so this is not Ilya getting an injury *instead* of Shane.

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

Ilya was lying on the bed, a spoonful of pink pudding halfway to his mouth when Shane barged in. The calm yet happy - well, now startled and happier - look was such a contrast to the way Shane was feeling that he had to lean forward, hands on knees and dry heave.

"Do we need to change places?" Ilya asked.

"Jesus fucking Christ", Shane answered.

Shane hadn't been watching Ilya's game even though the Russian had tried to convince him with his tongue in multitude of ways. There had been just the slight issue that Shane had *also* been playing at the time, so the role of a supporting boyfriend had to be put on hold in favour of scoring some goals.

When he'd gotten off the ice in Montreal he'd checked the score and felt a weird mix of disappointment and joy after seeing that Ottawa had lost.

Those feeling quickly changed to dread when he'd gotten a call from an unknown number, stating that Ilya Rozanov was in the hospital and he should be made aware of it.

Hayden had clearly checked more than just the score of the game, because only a glance in Shane's direction had him reach out with a gentle "I'll drive".

He'd dropped Shane off with a promise to wait in the parking lot until told otherwise, and had pushed Shane towards the entrance before he could even say thank you.

Now Shane thought that Hayden should be thanking *him* for not having thrown up in his car.

He was brought back to the moment by a clink of a spoon against a tray table, and with a last deep breath Shane straightened up.

"Are you okay?" he asked, looking Ilya all over even though the splint on his wrist was shining at him like a disco ball.

"Are *you*?" Ilya shot back, waving his injured hand toward him and the thankfully throw-up free floor.

"Stop doing that", Shane hissed, pointing at the hand. "You're hurt, what happened, what did you *do*?"

"I did not ask Jokinen to shoot the puck at my wrist, if that is what you think." Ilya did not look impressed at the insinuation. Shane blushed.

"Of course not", he mollified, even though the idea wasn't *that* far fetched. "But are you okay, is there anything else? Do you have a brain injury? Are you bleeding? Are you bleeding *in* your brain? Do you -"

"*Shane.*"

Ilya's voice got through the panicked fog that had filled Shane's mind. It always did, and Shane had to close his eyes for a bit so he wouldn't start crying at the look he was sure Ilya was giving him.

"Sorry", Shane said. "I'm sorry, I just..."

"It's okay", Ilya answered gently and Shane felt like absolute shit, having made the whole thing about him. He'd been lucky enough to not have to spend too much time in hospitals himself, but he was still quite certain that the actual patient wasn't usually the one comforting the visitor.

"I am okay", Ilya added after a moment. "It is only a sprain or a tear, they are still checking that but nothing bad. No surgery, just this boring thing." He waved the hand again, smirking when Shane shot him a pissed off look.

"So you are going to be fine?" Shane double checked, squinting his eyes with distrust. Ilya rolled his.

"Yes."

Shane felt relieved for approximately three seconds before the final adrenaline dropped and in its stead came a much worse, uglier feeling.

"So, are you going to kiss it -" Ilya started and Shane snapped.

"Then what the fuck were you thinking putting me down as your emergency contact?"

"What?" Ilya blinked, the sudden change in atmosphere clearly having caught him off guard. "That I want you here?" he said like it was obvious, like that would be reason enough to put everything they were and everything they had at *risk*.

"But anyone could -"

"No they couldn't", Ilya interrupted, having caught on what Shane was getting at. "Who the fuck has access to my emergency information?"

"All the fucking health care professionals for starters!" Shane shot back, feeling like throwing up again.

"They have to keep secret, is fine."

"But what if they *won't*?" Shane pressed. How was Ilya not *getting* this? "What if someone -"

"Fucking Christ Hollander you didn't have to come!" Ilya yelled, startling Shane. "If it is so fucking inconvenient for you, then fucking *leave*."

"No, of course I came, I didn't mean -", Shane tried, getting a horrible feeling that he'd lost the control of the conversation and the moment.

"I will fix the info, do not worry", Ilya snarled back, ignoring him and turning his gaze off Shane for the first time since he'd entered. "I will remove you off it, leave it fucking empty like it was."

"What - empty?" Shane felt all the blood drain from his face. *Shit*, he'd fucked up. Of course Ilya didn't have an emergency contact, because Ilya didn't *have* anyone in Canada - or really in general.

"What about Svetlana?" Shane offered, wanting to kick himself *immediately* afterwards. That had been the wrong thing to say.

"Oh. Right. Svetlana", Ilya replied coldly. "No, I don't think I will put her name. What is the point, she'll be added when I marry her."

"No, Ilya, don't -"

"I think you should go now. I do not want to inconvenience you any more."

Shane felt glued to the spot as he watched Ilya reach over to the nurse call button, feeling like everything was slipping through his fingers.

"*Ilya*." His voice cracked and he tried to reach out, realising he hadn't even gotten close enough to touch the bed, let alone Ilya. He had just come in, had a panic attack and started accusing Ilya of - what? Being associated with him and letting the staff that is under confidentiality know that?

He should have immediately walked up to Ilya to taste the stupid pink pudding off his lips, before taking his non-injured hand and holding it and keeping it *safe* like he wasn't able to do with the other one.

Shane wanted to start the whole thing over but he couldn't even start with an apology, because a nurse had suddenly come in and gone straight to Ilya's bedside like Shane *hadn't* done.

"Hello Mr. Rozanov, are you done with this?" the nurse asked, pointing towards the food tray.

"Yes. I am done", Ilya said, not looking at the tray.

Shane walked out.

~*~*~

Hayden had asked where to drive and with only a momentarily surprise flitting across his face for the request of Montreal, had done just that. He'd asked if Ilya was going to be fine, and Shane had nodded, not trusting his voice to elaborate.

Yes, Ilya was going to be fine, but was Shane? Were *they*? Was there even a them anymore?

When Shane woke up the next day, he felt like shit but also determined. He was going to fix the mess he'd created, and that started with going to see his coach. He figured a day trip to Ottawa would not be enough, so he needed to skip the next practice.

Shane was not used to *telling* rather than asking, which worked in his favour. Theriault was surprised enough to allow the absence without any questions, so Shane didn't offer any answers.

He spent the whole drive feeling a weird mix of anxious and optimistic, going through what he wanted to say so he wouldn't fuck up again. He contemplated sending Ilya a text to let him know he was on his way, but opted not to. He tried to tell himself it was because he didn't want to apologise through text, but in reality he was scared that Ilya would tell him not to come.

When he finally got to the hospital, he had a stupid moment of staring at an old baseball cap and sunglasses in his back seat, wondering if he should try to make himself look less like Shane Hollander, the famous hockey player. He chose not to, figuring it would be the first peace offering - also, the hospital staff already knew who he was and the damage they could do to their relationship was nothing compared to the damage Shane had already done.

The receptionist was the same from the day before, and gave him a reassuring smile. Shane was sure it was the default expression, but appreciated it nonetheless.

"Hello. Could you direct me to Ilya Rozanov's room, please?"

"Let me have a look", she replied brightly enough that the sudden change in expression to apologetic instantly made Shane's blood run cold.

"I'm sorry, there is no patient currently residing with that name."

"Are you sure? Could you check again?" Shane asked and spelled Ilya's name, and with an increasing dread filling him watched as the receptionist did the search again only to shake her head gently.

"Can you tell me when he left, please?"

Another few clicks before Shane was met with kind but pitying eyes.

"I'm sorry Mr. Hollander but I can only disclose that information to the next of kin or the emergency contact."

Shane wanted to throw up.

He wanted to ask her to do a double check, but he was too ashamed to do so. She knew who he was, and she had been the one to let him in the day before, so she certainly didn't need to do a double check.

Shane thanked her through the tightness in his throat and hurried back to his car, afraid he was only a few minutes away from a panic attack that would certainly make him the selling point of gossip magazines for a few days, but would not help his cause.

In the car, after calming himself down enough to hold his phone without the fear of dropping it from shaking, Shane stared at his last text exchange with Ilya. They'd wished each other good luck in their respective games, Shane encouragingly (*kick their ass*) and Ilya less so (*try not to fall over*). It was such an inconsequential conversation in the grand scheme of things, but Shane still felt cut open reading it.

They'd talked about how Shane had felt before Vegas, when Ilya had ghosted him. How Shane had felt small and insignificant, and afraid that the whole thing between them had been just a big joke to Ilya on Shane's expense.

Ilya had apologised and promised to do his best to answer texts in the future, and Shane had felt embarrassed and needy, so offered to come up with a word he could use to tell Ilya he wanted an answer without him having to answer *all* the texts.

Ilya had just looked at him all puzzled. "But do you want an answer to all texts?"

Shane knew what the truth was immediately, but he didn't admit it until Ilya had held his chin gently yet firm, and asked again. That time Shane gave an embarrassed nod. He wanted the reassurance that he wasn't being ignored on purpose, and that Ilya was okay.

"Then I will answer all texts, stupid", Ilya said like it was that simple and kissed Shane's nose, and that was that.

And Ilya had kept his promise. Of course the replies weren't instantaneous, and sometimes the answer was nothing more than a haha reaction bubble - mostly because Shane *hated* that one, but not a text went by without an acknowledgement.

Shane had asked, once, after having had a horrible day of missing Ilya like crazy and the amount of texts had reflected that, if he was a burden to him. The reply was just a NO with a bunch of exclamation points, and Shane would have been mad about it if hour and a half later he hadn't opened the door to a frantic Ilya crashing into him.

"You are not *burden*, you stupid дурачок", and then he went on to prove it.

After, Ilya explained that he didn't mind the texts or answering them. With a blush he would deny having, he said no one had ever wanted to check on him and hear back like that, without any ulterior motives. It made him feel loved and appreciated, and if it helped ease Shane's anxiety he would continue doing it until told otherwise.

Shane hoped that would still be the case now, and sent a message.

Are you home?

He watched as the message went from sent to delivered to read before three dots appeared.

Yes.

Shane let out a breath he hadn't realised he was holding, and the tightness around his heart eased the tiniest bit. He didn't know what he would have done if Ilya wouldn't have answered.

Shane wanted to ask if he needed help, but knew that would be the wrong thing to say. He didn't want to insinuate that Ilya couldn't take care of himself. He also wanted to ask if he could come over, but again was too afraid Ilya would tell him no.

Not wanting to give Ilya the opportunity to put the phone away Shane quickly came up with a response that would cover both questions he really wanted an answer for.

Is someone with you?

Yes.

The tightness around Shane's heart came back tenfold. He knew what Ilya wasn't saying - Svetlana was there. Who else could it have been? He didn't have many close friends - if any, Shane thought miserably - and all the other Ottawa players must have been busy trying to figure out how to play without him.

Shane tried to be grateful that at least Ilya had someone helping him, but their stupid fight kept playing in his head. "*She'll be added when I marry her*", Ilya had said. Sure, they'd been fighting and he wouldn't put it past Ilya to say something intentionally hurtful without actually meaning it because *he* was hurting, *but*.

It wasn't the first time. He'd talked about Svetlana before, about *marrying* her. For convenience rather than love, but the ugly, jealous part of Shane didn't care.

And maybe Ilya had changed his mind. He loved Svetlana and she loved him back, even if it was in a different way. Maybe Ilya had decided that he preferred her love to Shane's, since Shane clearly couldn't do it properly.

It took an hour before the tears had subsided enough for Shane to drive back to Montreal.

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When Shane showed up to the next rehearsal he shot down Hayden's questioning look with a quick shake of his head.

He'd spend the previous day wallowing at home, sleeping and crying while feeling numb, stupid and defeated. He knew he could have skipped the practice, but it felt dishonest. He had no reason to skip now, not when he *wasn't* rolling around in sheets with Ilya, but rolling around on his own feeling sorry for himself.

Still, the wound was too fresh to talk about - and during practice was certainly not the right time. So he avoided Hayden the best he could, which turned out to be less difficult than he

thought, because Hayden disappeared immediately after they got off the ice.

It gave Shane a false sense of security, but he really should have known better than to hope he could slip out uninterrupted. He had barely sat down in his car when a door opened and Hayden was sitting down, already buckling himself in. Hayden didn't *ask* as much as he informed Shane that he was coming over.

Some twenty minutes later they were sitting on his sofa armed with beer, which Hayden had raised his eyebrows at. Shane had shrugged, mumbling something about needing a drink. It was stupid, because he wouldn't get drunk off of one, but he felt like it gave him the excuse to be vulnerable and blame it on something other than him being a pathetic loser.

"Okay. So", Hayden started, staring pointedly at Shane. "How's Rozanov?"

"I don't know", Shane replied miserably. "He won't see me."

Hayden looked confused for a split second before his face cleared and he groaned. "What did you do?"

"Why do you assume it's my fault!"

"Because he thinks the sun shines out of your ass and if possible would live inside it only to be near. If he doesn't see this accident as an opportunity to spend as much time with you as possible, it must be because of something you did", Hayden reasoned sternly. "Also, you were all weird after the hospital."

Shane looked away, feeling ashamed. Hayden was right, they could have turned the unfortunate circumstance into a happy accident and properly spend time together, not like the fleeting moments here and there that they usually got during the season.

"He put me as his emergency contact and I got mad and basically told him to change it", Shane admitted, not raising his gaze from the floor.

Hayden hit him upside the head.

"I got scared, okay! It had just been a whole rollercoaster of emotions that landed no panic. We'd agreed to not tell people, and there he was, just announcing it!"

"Announcing it?" Hayden looked puzzled. "What, did he write you down as a *husband*?"

"What? No. He doesn't have anyone else to put there, so he put me as the general person to contact, no relationship stated."

Hayden stared at him in utter disbelief before groaning loudly. "There's a thousand reasons why you would be as his emergency contact!"

"Really? I can't think -"

Hayden put up his hand and started counting on his fingers. "It was a dare from his team that he forgot to correct. It was an elaborate scheme to throw off your game. It was an accident,

he was cussing you out and the staff misunderstood that as him wanting to see you. It was intentional from the staff - maybe they didn't check his actual ID but knew that he's a hockey player, so they called you because they are a fan." He trailer off, running out of steam. "Honestly, Shane I can't *not* think of reasons that would come up before the highly illogical conclusion that you would be in love. Fuck, man, you could just be *friends*."

Shane felt worse and worse with every scenario Hayden presented, because *he* should have thought of them. He couldn't really defend himself, so instead he grumbled "I miss when you hated him and were automatically on my side."

Hayden reached out to put his hand on Shane's arm. "I am *always* on your side, but Jesus Christ Shane do you make it difficult sometimes", he groaned good-heartedly. "Do you remember when you got hurt on the ice?"

Shane frowned, confused at the sudden change in conversation. "That rings a bell, almost like I was there."

"Jackass. Anyway, have you ever looked at the footage?"

"No, it makes me squirmy."

Hayden rolled his eyes. "Well other than also living it, I have. I watched it sometime after you told me about you guys, when I didn't yet quite believe it. I figured it was a big joke and that the video would prove it, because I thought I'd see him laughing or some other inconsiderate shit."

"He's not *evil*", Shane defended immediately but Hayden waved him off.

"Instead I saw him grief-stricken and I knew you weren't joking about your whole... *thing*."

"Relationship", Shane corrected automatically.

"Maybe tell yourself that, because people in committed relationships that have lasted over a fucking decade have each other in their medical files." Shane flinched, and Hayden gave him and apologetic smile that was really more of a grimace. "Look, I'm not trying to make you feel bad. And of course I don't know what exactly he was thinking, but I would imagine he remembered the way it made him *him* feel to see you get hurt and know that he essentially didn't - and still *doesn't* - have any right to visit you", Hayden explained. "So he put you in his file not because he '*doesn't have anyone else*' as you so elegantly put it, but because he *loves you*. He doesn't want to put you in that same position. Of course he also wants you there for himself because - and I can not overstate this enough - he *loves* you, but I would bet anything he did it so *you* would feel better." Hayden squeezed Shane's arm before gesturing towards his phone. "I mean c'mon Shane, doesn't he answer literally every single one of your texts just so you don't get anxious?"

Shane let out a shaky exhale and nodded, not trusting his voice - not that there was much he could say anyway. His throat was tight and his eyes were wet and he was just so exhausted, even though Hayden had done most of the talking.

He seemed all talked out now thought, and Shane watched him take a long and satisfied sip of his beer like he'd just done a hard day's work - and he had.

"You are my best friend, you know", Shane said with a small but sincere smile, trying not to feel embarrassed.

"And don't you forget it", Hayden said fake-sternly before turning sincere. "It's all going to be okay, you know."

"I know", Shane lied.

~*~*~

After repeatedly checking that Shane would be okay, Hayden left. The company had been nice, but Shane had actual babies to take care of, and could not keep doing the emotional labor for an adult man.

So Shane was alone again, and instead of doing something nice like he'd promised Hayden he'd do, he was once again staring at his phone. The conversation had left him feeling shaken and vulnerable, but the main thought in his head was suddenly - had Ilya and him broken up?

The idea had crept into his head the moment Hayden called their relationship a *thing* and he'd defended it. Ever since Ilya had called himself Shane's *boyfriend* in front of his parents Shane had been so sure of their relationship, having finally gotten clarity after so many years.

But back then Ilya had gotten there first - he'd been the first to define it without them having to have a talk of '*are we together, are you my boyfriend*'. So what if now they had actually broken up and Shane was just too naive to realise it because no one had *said* they were breaking up, the same way he hadn't realised they were boyfriends before Ilya said it?

He had their text conversation open, the last message still being Ilya's 'yes', and he'd written and deleted multiple versions of '*are we broken up?*' and '*did you break up with me?*' and '*when you said you were done did you mean for good?*'

He hadn't decided on what to do when his phone suddenly beeped with a new message, making him nearly throw it.

It was a photo of his parents living room from his mum. Shane recognised the pile of fur taking up most of the sofa, and he felt his throat close up.

Is there a reason why Anya is currently drooling all over our sofa cushions?

Shane hit call before he even realised he was doing it.

"Hey sweetie", Yuna answered gently. It had been such a long time since someone had called him a pet name, and it cut Shane open. He burst into tears.

“Mum. I fucked up.”

“Oh love”, Yuna exhaled. “Then you fix it.”

~*~*~

The drive to Ottawa gave Shane time to think.

Anya being at his parents must mean that Svetlana was no longer staying with Ilya, because the only reason Ilya would voluntarily give her away was if he couldn't properly take care of her. Also, surely they couldn't be broken up if Ilya was using his parents for dog sitting, that seemed like a faux pas.

Shane was tired of living in this stupid purgatory he'd build for himself, and he was going to *fix it*.

There was an unfamiliar car parked in Ilya's driveway, so Shane had to park on the side of the road. He didn't care, it wasn't like the neighbourhood was bad and he didn't care about cars anyway. He'd once joked that he could just sell his and take one of Ilya's without him even noticing, and he figured that was stills true if he'd gotten *another* car.

Only after knocking on the door did Shane realise there was no indication that the car on the driveway was actually Ilya's and not a guest's. He felt his heart drop to his stomach alongside the dread that was already gathering there, and he kept knocking on the door, suddenly desperate to interrupt whatever was happening inside.

He could hear vague Russian curse words getting closer, and the start of “I'm *coming*, what the fu-” was clear until it stopped the moment Ilya opened the door. He was halfway in a jacket, the other sleeve slipping through the fingers of his injured hand when their eyes locked.

“Hey”, Shane croaked like he hadn't spoken in days. He tried a smile, but it must have been more of a grimace from the way Ilya's face immediately hardened.

“I was leaving”, he said as a greeting, roughly pulling the jacket on properly. He sidestepped Shane like he was nothing, letting the door start closing behind him. Shane panicked and leaped forward, catching it.

“Okay”, Shane said, hating how immediately defeated he sounded. “Can I wait for you?”

Ilya stopped. “Why?” he asked, not turning.

“Because I...” Shane started, voice shaky. He took a deep breath as Ilya slowly turned.

“Because I need...” Shane tried again, and his eyes involuntarily glanced towards the car. He'd now realized that it was an Uber, he could see the silhouette of the driver. The driver

didn't seem interested in them, but that could have been an act.

"Unbelievable", Ilya stated, shaking his head. His expression was hard, but Shane could see the disappointment and unsurprise underneath. His glance towards the driver and unwillingness to spill his heart out in front of him hadn't gone unnoticed.

"Please", Shane pleaded. "I'll wait."

"Whatever, Hollander", Ilya spit with a roll of his eyes as he turned back towards the car.

Shane wanted to scream, wanted to plead and ask Ilya to come back. He didn't want the conversation to end with *Hollander*, because they hadn't been Hollander and Rozanov for quite some time.

He wanted to say a lot of things, but instead he said "Please be careful."

Ilya stopped, hand on the door handle. He looked at Shane in tense silence for a beat before his face morphed into an ugly sneer.

"I will ask the driver not to get in an accident", Ilya said. "Not that you would find out about it anyway."

With that, Ilya got in the car and Shane watched from the doorway as he left. As the noise from the car disappeared, Shane walked into the house in a daze, closed the door behind him and immediately sank on the floor against the wall.

Shane was not unfamiliar with panic attacks. He'd always been an anxious and high-strung person, so he'd had to learn how to cope and self-soothe. He knew what did and didn't work for him, and he'd tried his best to not feel ashamed over it and inform the people closest to him on how to help.

For example going through what he could hear, see, smell or feel only made him more distressed, because he felt like there was a right answer that he was just missing. Breathing exercises helped sometimes, but they also annoyed him - he was a grown man, he should know how to breathe.

And he was trying to do just that, breath for four, hold for seven, exhale for eight when there was a voice.

"That's good."

Shane's eyes shot open and he immediately lost the tentative rhythm he'd build up, his heart rate picking up and breath coming in quicker.

"That's not."

Ilya - and it was Ilya, Shane could figure out that much, sat down in front of him, not quite a respectful distance away but also not touching. He stared at Shane with an expression Shane couldn't name under normal circumstances, let alone when he wasn't sure if Ilya was some kind of a panic induced hallucination.

”What happened in the last game?”

Shane blinked. “What?”

“Your last game, Hol - *Shane*, what happened? Did you lose? You probably lost, your team is shit. Did Pike confuse left and right again?”

Hearing his first name from Ilya after what felt like weeks was enough to bring Shane back slightly to focus on the... ramblings about hockey?

“You wanna talk about the game?” Shane asked, stuttering slightly over the words.

“Yes”, Ilya said in his *‘you’re being boring’* voice. “Tell me about it. I didn’t watch, too busy winning.”

Shane frowned. Ottawa hadn’t won. He was quite sure Ottawa hadn’t won. He tried to think it over, and that was the only conclusion that felt correct.

“You... didn’t win?” Shane hadn’t meant for it to come out as a question, but his brain was still scrambled and he was afraid of saying something that could make Ilya leave.

Shane thought he could see the corner of Ilya’s mouth twitch, but the smirk left as quick as it came so Shane brushed it off as his tired and wet eyes playing tricks.

“I asked about your game, not this fantasy where I lose. Tell me.”

Shane wanted to argue on principle, but he was tired, sad and confused so he wanted something familiar more. He wanted to do as Ilya said and only focus on that.

So he tentatively started talking about the game, pausing here and there to think about what to say, taking shaky breaths in between. Ilya listened, uncharacteristically not interrupting with a teasing comment or a taunt, just letting Shane talk it out.

Shane didn’t know how much time had passed when he finally had nothing left to say. The panic sweat had cooled on his skin and his eyes were puffy and face wet, but his breathing was even and his heart only skipped in the way it always did in Ilya’s presence.

“Thank you”, Shane said quietly.

“You’re welcome”, Ilya replied quietly.

They fell silent and Shane couldn’t remember the last time he felt this wrong footed with Ilya. He’d come all the way here but felt tongue tied now, not sure how’s he could even begin to explain himself, so he started with asking for an explanation.

“You came back.”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

Shane was expecting the answer to be something along the lines of ‘*I forgot my wallet*’ or ‘*my date cancelled*’ or ‘*I don’t trust you here*’, or just getting up and leaving, so Ilya averting his gaze and staying seated was odd.

“Because you did.”

Shane’s face grumbled and he felt the already too familiar prickling behind his eyelids.

“Did you think I wouldn’t?” he asked, scared of the answer.

Ilya shrugged and Shane lost the battle with the tears. Ilya looked weirdly small and defeated, like he’d just quietly accepted that Shane would not see him again, like it was just a matter of time before that would happen.

“You didn’t text me”, Ilya reasoned, like that would be proof enough.

“I didn’t think you’d want me to”, Shane answered softly.

Ilya let out a frustrated noise, finally something other than the apathy he’d been protecting. “I always want you to.”

“You could have texted too”, Shane pointed out carefully, not wanting to come out as accusing.

“I thought you were mad.”

“*Ilya*”, Shane whimpered and Ilya let out an indescribable noise. “I am *so* sorry.” Shane really should have started with that. That should have been the second thing out of his mouth after ‘*I love you so fucking much*’.

“I got so scared and worked myself so high up that when I crashed down I didn’t know what to do with it, so I did the wrong thing and I was so horrible to you.” Shane worked to get the words out less shaky than what he was feeling, needing Ilya to understand. “I know it’s not an excuse, but I need you to know that I was never angry at *you*.” Ilya looked at him then, and Shane didn’t know if it was a good or a bad sign that his eyes were wet as well. “When I thought about it later, I think I would have been mad at you if you *hadn’t* put me in your file, because if I couldn’t come see you I would have ended up in the bed next to you.” He let out a humourless laugh. “You were thinking of me when you did it, like you always do with the stupid haha bubbles too, and I just took it for granted.”

Ilya looked like he was hanging on to every word, and Shane wiped his eyes, wanting to see him properly.

“I should have thanked you for loving me like that, and been better at loving you back. Because I love you so much that sometimes I feel like it’s all I do and all I am.”

Ilya’s lip wobbled and Shane held his breath. After what felt like the longest moment of Shane’s life Ilya opened his arms a little and the words ‘*come here*’ had barely left his mouth when Shane was scrambling forward, crashing into him.

Ilya let out an umpfh sound that morphed into gentle shushing as his arms wrapped around Shane and he carefully rearranged them so he was leaning against the wall, Shane halfway in his lap, crying.

"I am still mad", Ilya said quietly, but he sounded tired rather than angry.

"I know", Shane sniffed and squeezed Ilya's waist. Even though it stung, he appreciated that Ilya didn't pretend like they were immediately okay.

"But I am also sad. All the time", Ilya continued, gathering his thoughts. "I was hurt, and miserable, and I should have asked you before doing it, and I should not have yelled at you and I am sorry."

Shane knew Ilya hated talking about these things, and he knew admitting all that had not been easy. They were both so stupid, Shane thought. Both blaming themselves and mad for the wrong reasons, waiting for the other one to fix it. Shane didn't know what to say, so he just kissed Ilya's chest where his face was partly pressed against and murmured that it was okay, hoping that would do for now.

"You don't have to worry about the nurses, by the way", Ilya said suddenly, and Shane wondered if he'd missed part of the conversation.

"What?"

"I told them it was a joke, when I removed you", Ilya explained, rubbing Shane's back soothingly like he was pre-emptively calming Shane down.

Shane wanted to cry, which was an odd feeling to have while still kind of actively crying. Even when Ilya had been so hurt and angry, he'd still tried to do damage control to ease Shane's stupid fears.

"Put me back", Shane requested, not caring that it came out needy and pleading.

"Huh?"

Shane scrambled back a bit, not wanting to disengage but suddenly desperate to properly look at Ilya.

"Put me back. *Please*. At least until..."

"Until?" Ilya asked, eyes wide and hopeful enough that Shane felt brave enough to finish.

"Until we get married."

Ilya blinked. "Are you proposing?"

"No! No. I am..." Shane thought about it. "Letting you know." He moved a bit, raising his hands to gently hold Ilya's face like he'd done to Shane so many times. "I want to be the emergency person and *your* person in general for as long as you want me to."

“If you were proposing”, Ilya started slowly, like the words were too unfamiliar to say confidently. He raised his own hands to wrap his fingers gently around Shane’s wrist, like he was making sure Shane stayed exactly where he wanted him. “I might say yes.”

Shame beamed. “I might ask”, he said and kissed Ilya, *finally*.

End Notes

If anyone's wondering, Ilya was getting an Uber to get Anya back because he was feeling lonely. So there wasn't anything nefarious taking place, just stupid boys being stupid.

Also, according to a native Russian, дурачок means fool/dumbass affectionally.

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