

stand here with me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77471931) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77471931>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Zane Boodram , Evan Dykstra , Luca Haas , Wyatt Hayes
Additional Tags:	Plane Crash , Hurt/Comfort , Presumed Dead , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Near Death Experiences , shane is the one whose plane nearly crashes ok , Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending
Language:	English
Collections:	anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 3,932 Chapters: 1/1

stand here with me

by Anonymous

Summary

The team has just come back into the locker room and Ilya is sitting in front of his stall, unlacing his skates, when his world changes.

“Oh, fuck,” Bood says. He’s got his phone in his hand and a stricken expression on his face. “The Metros plane had to make an emergency landing.”

--

Or: Shane's plane is the one that almost crashes.

Notes

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

The team has just come back into the locker room from practice and Ilya is sitting in front of his stall, unlacing his skates, when his world changes.

“Oh, fuck,” Bood says. He’s got his phone in his hand and a stricken expression on his face. “The Metros plane had to make an emergency landing.”

Ilya’s heart stops.

“What?” Dykstra demands. “Are you serious?”

Bood nods. “It’s—hold on, the page is loading—it—fuck, there’s a video. Jesus Christ, the plane is on fire.”

Everyone goes very still.

“It’s—uh—they’re on a runway, in the video. I think it says—yeah, they landed in Albany. Where were they going?”

“Washington.” The voice that speaks is so flat and completely devoid of emotion that Ilya wonders for a strange moment if someone’s Siri responded to the question. Then he realizes that the person who spoke was him.

“Shit,” Bood says. “Roz, you’re friends with Hollander, aren’t you?”

Friends. Better than what he could have said: business partners, acquaintances, long-term rivals. And yet it’s not what Ilya wants to hear. *Love of my life*, he thinks, and a horrible lump surges up and clogs his throat so he cannot speak.

He nods his head, mutely.

“Fuck,” one of the rookies hisses, and there’s a moment of silence around the locker room as everyone tries to figure out what the fuck to say. Bood is back on his phone, head bent, scrolling aggressively. “Okay, it’s—it doesn’t say if there are any casualties. Let me check another site.”

Someone’s phone rings. There’s a muttered curse, then, Hazy’s rough voice: “Hey, hun. Yeah, I saw. Yeah, it’s—did you see if there are any—yeah, no. Yeah, can you let me know if you see anything? Yeah. Yeah. I’m good, we’re all good, we’re—“

At some point, Ilya stops listening. He feels very strange, lifted up from his body in a way he hasn’t felt in a very long time. Not like an out of body experience, but maybe close to one, like something that’s tethering him to his limbs has become unhooked and all it will take is one more critical failure for him to drift off entirely. All he can think is, *I knew it. I knew it. Of course. I fucking knew it.*

It was so foolish of him, to think that he could have this. He knew what could happen. He spent years thinking about it, knowing that if he was stupid enough to get attached to anyone that he would end up here. And now here he was. How dumb was he, to think he could

escape it? To think it was just a string of bad luck that hit him, that it wasn't him that was cursed.

“Roz,” someone says, and Ilya lifts his head just enough to see Haas in front of him, expression pinched. “Are you okay?”

What a stupid question. Ilya clears his throat, nods. “Yes, yes, I am—I will call the Hollanders. There will be Foundation statements—I have to go.”

“I don’t know if you should be driving like this,” Haas says, worried, and no, Ilya definitely shouldn’t, he definitely shouldn’t be driving when the love of his life is probably dead, but a friend’s death shouldn’t shake him up this much, and if Ilya accepts a ride home it’ll be obvious that he and Shane are more than friends. Even in death, Ilya thinks, Shane wouldn’t want anyone to know.

“I will be fine,” Ilya says. “I am just—surprised. I live five minutes away, Haas, is fine.”

Haas’s expression doesn’t change, but he steps back when Ilya rises to his feet. He should probably pack up his gear. He should probably make an effort to clean himself.

He doesn’t. He leaves the skates on the ground beneath the locker, grabs his keys from the top shelf, his wallet, his phone.

“Let us know if you hear anything,” Dykstra pipes up from the other side of the locker room. Ilya nods. In his pocket, he thumbs the power button to turn off his phone.

“I will,” he lies, and leaves.

—

Shane’s stomach jolts at the first bout of turbulence. *It’s nothing, it’s fine, this happens all the time*, he tells himself, even as he squeezes the armrest. He’s always been a nervous flyer. Even after years of jetting back and forth every and other weekend. Hayden teases him about it. Ilya probably would, too, but then he and Shane never fly anywhere together, and Shane’s not sure Ilya knows this about him. For that matter, Shane has no idea if Ilya is a nervous flyer, or what type of candy he likes to buy at the airport, or whether he prefers to watch movies on the plane or nap.

Shane’s heart pangs at the thought. How little they are allowed to know each other, after all these years. Shane is getting so tired of it.

Then the lights flicker.

They’re up a moment later, but before Shane has a chance to take a deep breath, the plane plummets suddenly through the air in a wild dip. Then the oxygen masks fall from the ceiling. And then Shane realizes that out the window, the right wing is on fire.

Oh, Shane thinks, dumbly. *So this is how I die.*

It’s kind of embarrassing, how quickly he realizes he’s fucked up.

All these years of anxiety, all these years of planning, and he failed to anticipate this: the potential for a sudden and premature death. He is going to die, and he is going to leave Ilya all alone. He is going to die, and he is going to do it without ever having been able to love Ilya loudly and openly. He is going to die, and he is going to do it without winning a fourth Stanley Cup or becoming the first Asian-Canadian player in the NHL to work until the age of forty with a perfect career, and Shane is suddenly realizing how little he gives a fuck about all that. A fourth Stanley Cup, a few nice goals, a league that stands behind him instead of against him: in pursuit of these aims, which he will now never achieve, he gave up the chance to love Ilya like he deserved to be loved.

Fuck. *Fuck*. He is such a fucking idiot.

He has the wild idea to try to call Ilya or send him a message, but by the time he's fumbled his phone out of the seat pocket in front of him, it's too late. The pilot or a flight attendant is on over the speaker, telling everyone to brace, and Shane's phone falls to the floor as he bends over in his seat, head between his knees. Ilya, Ilya, Ilya. He breathes in, sharply—fuck, is this his last breath?—and as he exhales he thinks of Ilya the first time he had told Shane he loved him, his wet, crumpled face, the joy and relief in his eyes when Shane had said it back, the heavy weight of his beautiful, perfect self sprawled overtop Shane. Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.

The plane touches down.

—

Ilya doesn't crash his car on the way home. He considers it—looks at the thick trees that line the road leading to his house—but his brain is moving slowly. As soon as he sees a tree, he is passing it, and then he's pulling into his garage and the opportunity is gone.

Ilya sits in his car, in his garage, for a very long time before he manages to force himself to go inside.

The way he sees it, there are essentially two ways this could go, and in either case, Ilya's course of action is the same. If Shane is alive, then he won't want Ilya to do anything stupid. He'll want to keep things on the down low—he'll want to keep his secret. He'll probably have sent Ilya a text, reassuring Ilya that he's not hurt and offering to call him, when he gets some alone time. Unless he's in the hospital; then there won't be an offer to call. But even then, Ilya knows, he wouldn't want Ilya to visit him. Too obvious, too obvious, too obvious. Everything is too obvious, because Ilya is too obvious, because after all the years of locking his feelings up in a small concrete cage, he let himself free when he fell in love with Shane, and now he can't quite seem to manage to wrangle himself back under control.

Of course, maybe Shane isn't alive. And if he isn't—well, Ilya would like to live a few more hours without someone giving him that information. He knows what it will feel like, to learn it. Knows what it will feel like afterwards. What he feels right now, that is infinitely better.

He keeps his phone off.

It's been a long practice, and Ilya didn't change or shower at the rink: he's covered in sweat, and reeks. He should get himself clean, he should put different clothes on, he should eat and

drink something. But Shane is probably dead, and Ilya is very tempted just to sprawl out on the couch and try to sleep until this whole nightmare is over. Still, he finds himself hovering over the couch, hesitating. Shane's voice in his head: *if you put your dirty ass on that sofa, Rozanov...*

Ilya showers.

It's definitely not up to Shane's standards. He doesn't wash his face, or his hair. He mostly just stands under the spray and stares at the tile. But it's better than nothing. Afterwards, he hovers in the closet. He wants to take one of Shane's sweatshirt and curl up in it. It always makes him feel like nothing can touch him, being surrounded by Shane in that way, the smell of his light aftershave, the pulled hems of the sweatshirt where Shane tends to fidget with it. But Ilya realizes, even as he's reaching for it, that Shane's clothes may be a limited commodity, now. If Ilya wears this sweatshirt now, he's effectively ruining it, because next time it'll smell like him instead. How many sweatshirts does Shane have? Ten? Twelve?

Ilya forces himself to drag on one of his own sweaters.

By the same logic, he bypasses the bed and goes back downstairs. It's been a while since Shane visited, and the bed doesn't have many reminders of him left, but Ilya won't be erasing what is there so quickly. His mother's clothes, her belongings, all remnants of her—they disappeared one day, a few weeks after she died, while Ilya was at hockey practice. He won't let that happen to Shane. Surely Shane's parents will let Ilya into his house in Montreal, before they clear it out? To let him pick up his belongings, if nothing else. He can steal a few things, while they're not looking.

Ilya lays flat on his back and stares at the ceiling. He lays there for a very long time before he eventually falls asleep.

—

Ilya isn't answering his phone.

Which, okay, Ilya doesn't have to be at Shane's beck and call all the time. But it's been two hours since Shane's flaming plane landed on a runway in Albany, and at least an hour and a half since that fact made the news, and Ilya is *not answering his phone*.

His first thought is to ask his parents to check on Ilya, but they're already in D.C.—had taken the opportunity of Shane's game as an excuse to visit the city's many free museums. *Ah, boring Hollanders*, Ilya had said when Shane told him, his smile quirked in that way that meant he found it cute as hell.

Shane had called them, as soon as he could. They were his first call, after Ilya. Well, his eighth call; he gave up after the seventh time he hit Ilya's voicemail. "Mom, I'm okay," he said, as soon as she picked up the phone, and from the baffled silence that followed, Shane figured she hadn't seen the news, yet. He was glad he beat CBC to it. He can imagine his parents' panic.

He can imagine *Ilya's* panic, which is why he's desperate to get him on the phone. Maybe his phone is dead. Maybe it's in a different room, or maybe he's still on the ice, doing an extra long practice. But surely someone would have told him by now, what had happened? Surely someone would have announced the news that the Metros had an emergency with their plane? And surely Ilya would check his phone then, would try to call?

He can't even call one of Ilya's teammates, because he doesn't have their phone numbers. Because why would he? Publicly, he's Ilya's business partner; marginally, his friend. Not his partner. Not the sort of person you introduce to all your teammates and bring to team bonfires and exchange phone numbers with, just in case.

Maybe if Shane had been less of a coward, he would have gone to the team party with Ilya, and he would have met someone, then. He'd be able to call them.

God, he's been so fucking *stupid*.

A couple people have to go to the hospital—an assistant coach needs stitches for cut on his arm from a suitcase that fell out of the overhead bin, a rookie didn't brace himself properly and banged his head hard enough on the seat in front of him to need a concussion eval—but everyone else is given the choice between staying a night in Albany and catching a bus back to Montreal, tonight.

"Neither," Shane says, when they ask him. "I need a rental car."

"Where the fuck are you driving to?" Mitty asks.

"Ottawa."

They assume he's going to see his parents and he doesn't correct them, though he wants to. *Fuck*, how he wants to. He wants to scream from the rooftops that he's going to see Ilya Rozanov, because he's in love with Ilya Rozanov, because Ilya Rozanov is the best person on the face of the fucking planet and Shane is going to marry him if it kills him.

Shane should probably hang around: make sure the guys who went to the hospital are okay, check in with the folks staying at the hotel, be a Captain and make sure his teammates are okay. But Ilya isn't answering his phone.

There's car rental at the airport. Three hours after the emergency landing, Shane is on his way to Ottawa.

It's a long drive, and Shane keeps checking his phone throughout, any time he has to stop at a red light or for gas, but the hoped-for text from Ilya never appears. His parents text him that they can't get a hold of Ilya either, which just makes the knot in Shane's stomach tighter. *I am depressed*, Ilya had told Shane, not that long ago. *I am seeing a therapist*.

Surely he wouldn't—surely he wouldn't? Not without checking in with Shane, first. Not without waiting to see if Shane was okay.

Shane doesn't like to speed, but he goes ten over the limit the whole way to Ottawa and doesn't even feel guilty about it.

—

Ilya wakes up to the sound of the door opening.

For a second, he doesn't remember—and then it smacks into him, the memories. *The Metros' plane had to make an emergency landing.* His silent phone, still lying somewhere on the kitchen counter.

Ilya closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. This is where his life turns. Either it will be someone come to tell him that Shane is fine, or it's someone come to tell him that Shane is dead.

"Ilya?"

Ilya's eyes shoot open.

"Shane?"

His voice is already thick before he sees Shane, dressed in a crumpled sweatsuit, a duffel bag hanging over his shoulder that he drops the second he sees Ilya. He all but catapults over the back of the couch, landing firmly on Ilya and plastering him into the cushions.

"Ilya, fuck," Shane sighs, worming his face into Ilya's neck. "You weren't answering your phone, I was so worried."

Shane was worried? Shane was worried. Ilya feels suddenly hysterical. He grips tight around Shane's hips, trying to process the sudden, lovely weight of him.

"Shane," he says again, because he can't seem to think of any other words.

"Ilya," Shane bites back, half-smiling, and it's so familiar, so *him*, that Ilya can't help it: he bursts into tears.

"Oh, shit," Shane says. "Fuck, Ilya, don't cry, it's okay, I'm okay, you're okay—"

Ilya just hides his face in Shane's neck and cries harder. It's an odd position there in but Shane manages to pet Ilya's shoulders, his arms, sneaking one hand into Ilya's hair to scratch at his scalp.

"It's okay," Shane promises, voice low and soft. "You're okay, I'm okay. Try to breathe, yeah?"

Eventually, Ilya gets himself under control. Shane presses their foreheads together, noses brushing. "Why didn't you answer your phone?" Shane says. "I wanted to tell you I was okay."

Ilya snuffles. "Phone is off."

Shane huffs. “Okay, why is your phone off?”

Ilya pets a hand across Shane’s cheek. His perfect, beautiful cheek, with his perfect, beautiful freckles. “I didn’t want to have to know,” he says. “If it was true.”

Shane closes his eyes for a moment. “Ilya,” he says, his voice so sad.

Ilya keeps brushing Shane’s cheek with his thumb. “Is everyone okay?”

“Yeah,” Shane says. “A couple stitches, nothing worse.”

“How did you get here so fast?”

“I rented a car,” Shane says. “I was worried about you, I already said.”

“You left your team?”

“My team is fine,” Shane says. “I wasn’t sure about my boyfriend.”

Ilya takes a slow breath, in and out. It’s okay. Shane is okay. He’s lying here right on top of Ilya, crushing him in the way that Shane always finds so comforting and that Ilya puts up with because Shane finds it comforting. Right now, he can kind of see the appeal.

“I don’t think I was too obvious,” Ilya says, after several long moments. Shane quirks an eyebrow, a silent question. “Bood told us in the locker room, about—” He swallows. “They could tell I was worried, but I don’t think anyone thought—”

“I don’t give a fuck,” Shane interrupts.

Ilya blinks at him. “What?”

“I’ve been an idiot,” Shane says. He blinks and his eyes are suddenly glimmering with tears. Ilya wants to lick them off his face, kiss them away so he never cries again. “You know, the plane was going down, and all I could think is how fucking stupid it was. All the stuff I’ve given up because I’m scared.”

“It’s not stupid,” Ilya argues, even as something suspiciously like hope twists itself around his heart. “You have good reasons. Important.”

Shane shakes his head. “More important than loving you?” he asks. “I thought I was going to die and it would have all been for nothing. And it was so stupid. No, don’t argue, it was. I love you so much and I could have had a real life with you but I was giving it up because I was worried about my fucking hockey career. My *job*.”

“You love hockey,” Ilya says. “Hockey is your whole life.”

Shane kisses the corner of Ilya’s mouth. “Not anymore.”

—

Shane finds Ilya's phone and turns it on while Ilya is cooking instant ramen. Shane's not particularly hungry, but he knows he needs to eat, and, more importantly, Ilya does, too.

Ilya's phone immediately lights up with notifications. It takes a minute for the buzzing to stop. When it does, Shane clicks into Ilya's phone log. Missed call after missed call from Shane and his parents. Heart aching, Shane switches over to see his texts.

Everyone seems to have reached out to Ilya: Shane and his parents, of course, but also Svetlana, Bood, Haas, Barrett. Everyone on the fucking Centaurs team, it seems. A few guys from Boston, too, asking if Ilya has any inside information that hasn't been shared publicly yet.

"Your teammates are pretty worried about you," Shane says, as Ilya pours boiling water into styrofoam cups. "You might want to let them know everything's good."

Ilya shrugs. His face is still red and his eyes are creased from crying. Shane wants to cover him in kisses.

"Send a message for me," he says. "In the group chat."

The group chat is called Ilya's Slutty Little Whores. Of course. Shane doesn't even want to know.

An idea occurs to him. "Hey," Shane says. "Come here."

Ilya frowns but nestles into Shane's arms obediently. "Say cheese," Shane says, and snaps a picture before Ilya can protest.

"Hollander?" Ilya asks warily. "What are you doing?"

"I think it's time your team knew about us," Shane says, typing out a quick message to accompany the photo. "Yeah?"

He glances up at Ilya, thumb hovering over the send button. Ilya's eyes are wet and his lower lip is wobbling. He kisses Shane, hard.

"You are going to ruin my tough guy image," he says.

Shane grins and sends the picture, then tosses the phone down onto the counter. "I think your team already knows how soft you are, Rozanov."

Ilya gasps theatrically. "*Soft*? I'll show you soft you little—"

By the time they get back to the kitchen, the ramen is cold.

—

ILYA'S SLUTTY LITTLE WHORES

Bood, 11:16 a.m.: For those who haven't heard, it looks like all the Metros made it out okay, aside from a few cuts and bruises. Harris said he'll let us know what the comms office decides about social media posts.

Hazy, 11:32 a.m.: phew! @Roz, want to make sure you see this

Barrett, 3:47 p.m.: @Roz send us a text when u can so we know ur ok, were a bit worried about you

Ilya, 6:43 p.m.: Hey, sorry for the slow reply, this is Shane Hollander on Ilya's phone. I'm with Ilya now and he's okay, thank you for your concern. He will probably miss practice tomorrow, though. Also, consider this our official announcement that we've been dating for several years. Hopefully I'll be able to meet you guys soon?

[Attached image ID: Ilya and Shane pressed up together in the kitchen, Ilya's head tucked under Shane's chin, Shane's arm wrapped around Ilya's shoulder. Both of them have clearly been crying, but both are smiling faintly at the camera.]

Hazy, 6:45 p.m.: UM

Haas, 6:46 p.m.: Thank you for telling us, Captain! Congratulations!

Barrett, 6:46 p.m.: Okay not to be that guy but I fucking knew it

Dykstra, 6:48 p.m.: UM HOLY FUCK ROZ

Dykstra, 6:48 p.m.: I mean I support you this is great we love you etc but WHAT

Hazy, 6:49 p.m.: What he said

Hazy, 6:49 p.m.: Is this shock? Is this what shock feels like?

Hazy, 6:50 p.m.: Am I having a heart attack? Hallucinating? Where is my wife when I need her

Hazy, 6:52 p.m.: Guys seriously I think im having heart palpitations

Hazy, 6:56 p.m.: Guys??

Hazy, 6:58 p.m.: Man, fuck you all. If this is a prank I will kill you

Ilya, 6:59 p.m.: not a prank. now stfu and stop blowing up my phone I'm busy 🐱

Hazy, 7:01 p.m.: FML

End Notes

I know there are already too many plane crash fics in this fandom but also there can never be too many plane crash fics in this fandom, do you know what I mean?

Title stolen from The End of the World by Rob Dickinson.

I have read a million fics, and don't want to accidentally plagiarize any of them, so if you notice anything in this that is too similar to another work, please call it out, and if I have read it I will credit appropriately and/or update my work accordingly. Thank you!

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