

The Crash

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The Crash

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Summary

He just knows that they've still been in a heated argument when the crash happened.
But none of that matters.

The only thing that matters right now is that Ilya wakes up soon so that he can look into those beautiful eyes, get a little lost in them, tell him he loves him and kiss him breathless.

Notes

Hello guys.

I got a bit inspired and tried my best with a little angsty one shot that has a happy ending, promise.

The Minor character that dies doesn't even have a name so no worries.

If I forgot a tag or you feel like I tagged something wrong please let me know and I will fix it. Also I know nothing about cars or medical stuff so let me know if something doesn't sit right with you.

I would also love to know what you think so leave me a comment.

English isn't my first language and I had no beta. Pls be kind. ♡

The air in the car was loaded with tension.

Ilya didn't say a word since they left the driveway, but his eyebrows are scrunched up in anger. It was Shane that spoke first, too loud, too angry. His voice was hoarse from screaming at each other. "I just don't understand why you are angry with me."

Ilya takes a deep breath. He would prefer if Shane would shut the fuck up right now. "Can you admit you fucked up once in life?" He shouted back at his Husband. Shane was stunned for a second. "Well I am sorry I picked up the call from your brother and told you about him wanting money again. Oh, and that I denied him and blocked his number. How awful of me. I should be fucking ashamed that I didn't keep it a secret." Shane doesn't get it. The problem isn't picking up the call. Why did his brother have Shane's number in the first place? Shane claims for emergencies. He made it crystal clear that he never wants to hear from his brother again and now this happened. He is so fucking angry. He knows it was wrong to immediately start screaming at Shane, but he felt betrayed. Shane didn't mean any harm. He had good intentions that he should have discussed with him for fucks sake. Ilya didn't expect Shane to scream back. It got to the point where Ilya needed to calm the fuck down, and he decided then and there that he would cut Anya's quality time with her grandparents short and pick her up. His dog always calms him down, and he desperately wanted to cuddle with her. Shane was having none of it and followed him.

"Okay fine. Don't answer me."

"For fucks sake Shane. Shut up." English was hard for him right now. He could yell at Shane in Russian, but he slowly lost his energy. Shane would understand most of it, but he doesn't want to say more that he will regret later. He did that enough tonight. He just wanted to pick up his dog and figure out how to approach this fight. He didn't want to go bed without solving the issue but right now he was too angry at Shane to even think straight.

They continued to drive in silence. The drive wasn't long, maybe 20 minutes, but it felt like a lifetime.

Shane was looking out the window now, all fight had left him. He takes a deep breath, ready to say something when the lights of a car start blinding them. Ilya notices that the driver is on the wrong side of the road. In a split second he yanks the steering wheel to the left, the car swerves off the road. He looks to his right and catches Shane's eyes as the car starts to roll over. Shane looks terrified and Ilya knows he does too. Shane screams out that he's sorry, and then the world went black.

Shane felt extremely dizzy, to keep it simple.

His vision is blurry around the edges as he opens his eyes. He can make out the cracked windshield. God his head hurts so bad. Why does his head hurt? He lifts his hand to his head and.. it feels wet. When he slowly brings his hand in front of his eyes he sees blood, so much blood. What happened?

He remembers driving to his parents with Ilya. Oh god Ilya. He slowly turns his head and his blood runs cold at the sight of his husband. Ilya's head is slumped to the side, facing away from Shane, airbag pressed against his chest. His right arm is in front of Shane. Shane's airbag didn't go off. Did Ilya know this would happen? Of course not.. how could he. Or did he want to soften the blow? Shane tries to make out if Ilya is breathing, but his eyes can't seem to fully focus right now. Shane shakily lifts his clean hand and brings it up to Ilya's neck, to his pulse point. And thank god he can feel it. It's faint but there. Shane is shaking, terrified. What the fuck happened?

Shane wants to lift Ilya's arm off of him, but he is scared to hurt him further. What if something's wrong with it, and he makes it worse? He takes Ilya's hand in his, god his hand is cold. So cold. He can only hope help will come soon because Shane left his phone at home. Did Ilya take his phone with him? Probably not with the way he stormed out of the house. He lifts Ilya's hand up to his mouth, carefully, not wanting to hurt him, and places a gentle kiss on the back of it before he gently lowers it again. His eyes hurt, he is so tired. He can close his eyes, right?

After what feels like ages he hears sirens.

God his head is pounding. He looks out the broken windshield and sees the lights of the ambulance. He sighs with relief, closing his eyes for a second.

Someone taps on the window and he startles. "He's awake!" The man shouts. Then Shane loses consciousness.

He comes to himself again when he gets lifted out of the car, wakes with a scream. His shoulder hurts like a bitch.

The young medic gives him a sympathetic smile.

"Sorry Mr. Hollander. I know it hurts. But we will give you painkillers. Promise"

Shane nods. They lift him onto a stretcher and carry him to the ambulance, and it is at that moment that Shane notices another car on the road, the front is totaled. A complete wreck. What the fuck happened?

Once the ambulance starts driving he starts to panic. But his mouth feels dry, like it's filled with cotton. He can barely make a sound. The young medic tries to calm him down. The world starts to spin. Why is it spinning?

Shane loses consciousness again.

When he wakes up again the lights hurt his eyes. The first thing he sees is the heart monitor to his left. Then his mom.

The second Yuna notices that Shane is awake her eyes fill with tears. "Oh honey. Thank god. You scared us."

His father enters the room, coffee in hand and also visibly filled with relief.

Shane tries to speak, but his mouth still feels like it's filled with cotton. Yuna gives him some water. Better. Finally.

"Is Ilya ok? What happened?"

Yuna gives David a questioning look and his father nods.

"Honey you've been in a car accident.

From what the police told us the other driver was drunk and on the wrong side of the road. He didn't hit you, thankfully, because he went so fast that they highly doubt either of you would have survived the crash. Driver hit a tree full-frontal. He didn't make it." Shane is confused. "But if he didn't hit us.. how did we crash?" It's David that's speaking now. "We don't know 100% since neither of you has been awake those past 2 days, but we think Ilya noticed and swerved to the right, got off the road.. the car rolled over a few times from what the police could gather. It's a miracle you survived."

Shane can't believe what he is hearing.

"Is Ilya.. okay?" He can feel the panic rise again. Yuna softly squeezes his Hands.

"He is okay Honey. You both are." "Can I see him?" "I will ask a doctor. You rest for now."

His parents leave Shane alone with the doctor once she arrives in his Room. She explains to him that his shoulder was thankfully just badly bruised, but would heal just fine. His head hit the passenger window so hard that he needed a few stitches and he got himself a nasty bruise. Of course he also got a concussion. Surprise.

Shane was stable the most time, but his body went into shock on the way to the hospital. He almost flat lined, apparently.
He was out for two days.

Ilya, from what the doctor said, was in an induced coma. He got a few broken ribs but also had to get emergency surgery done because of internal bleeding in his stomach area. But he is out of the woods. His right arm is broken, but she is sure that it will heal just fine. Shane shivers. Ilya's right arm was broken because of him. Because he used it to shield Shane.

A Nurse takes him to see Ilya a few hours later. His Husbands room is just across the hall.

Shane can't hold his tears back any longer when he sees him.

Ilya is a big, strong man but right now, in this hospital bed hooked up to the heart monitor, he looks so small. His skin is so pale. His right arm is in a sling and his wrist is purple and blue. The nurse pushes a chair next to the bed and Shane takes a seat. He reaches out to gently brush his fingers across Ilya's cheekbones.

"Can I be alone with him?" He asks the nurse, and she only nods before she leaves the room. Shane takes Ilya's hand in his and brings it up to his mouth, kissing it softly. He is so grateful his husband is alive, with him. This could have ended worse. Their injuries could have been career ending. Or worse.. They could be dead, like that drunk driver.

Shane vaguely remembers them having a fight before they got into the car to pick up Anya from his parents house. Ilya wanted to go alone, but Shane wasn't having it and followed him outside, into the car. Ilya told him to go back inside, but Shane wasn't listening. He had enough of their fights ending in one of them leaving for a bid or sulking for days with each other. Thank god he didn't go inside. Thank god he got into the car. He doesn't want to

imagine what Ilya must have felt if he was all alone.

Shane doesn't even remember what this fight was about. He just remembers it had something to do with Ilya's brother.

He just knows that they've still been in a heated argument when the crash happened.

But none of that matters.

The only thing that matters right now is that Ilya wakes up soon so that he can look into those beautiful eyes, get a little lost in them, tell him he loves him and kiss him breathless.

Shane is there when Ilya wakes up.

The doctors wanted him to wake up on his own term, so it took 4 more days. 4 days of agony because Shane's anxiety was a bitch. He got those nasty thoughts, that Ilya might never wake up again. And those thoughts got him so worked up that he had a panic attack. Not an ideal situation if you ask him, but thankfully Hayden was there when it happened and helped him through it.

Now though, all his worries flew out the window, because those beautiful eyes are looking straight at him. "Oh fucking finally".

Shane gets up from the chair he sat on for the past 2 hours so fast that said chair falls over. But he doesn't give a shit. He takes Ilya's face in his hands and kisses his forehead.

He looks into Ilya's eyes again and sees confusion. Shane can only guess that his Husband is trying to figure out why he is in the hospital. He didn't say a word, just watched Ilya closely. Ilya was looking around the room, slowly coming to his senses, then he noticed the sling. His eyes slowly find Shane's again and the big bruise. "What happened?"

Shane is so relieved to hear Ilya's voice.

"We got into a car accident.. drunk driver." Shane pauses to take a deep breath.

"You swerved the car off the road and our car flipped over before it came to a stop. We are really lucky we survived."

Ilya nods, taking in what Shane just told him. Everything will be okay now. They are alive.

Ilya is alive. And that's all that matters.

Ilya loves his in-laws. He really does.

But having Yuna hover around them like a mother hen is driving him insane.

Since both of them got discharged from the hospital they are staying at Shane's parents' house.

Both of them are not supposed to overexert themselves.

So Yuna took it upon herself to nurse them back to perfect health. It's been over a week now, and he is praying that this will be over soon. He just wants to be completely alone with his husband.

Said husband also felt suffocated and is now trying to negotiate with Yuna.

Since it is Ilya with the majority of injuries and Shane, thank god, is okay as of now he feels like he can take care of Ilya on his own. Anya is currently curled up on his stomach, snoring away happily. She warms him while he waits for Shane to come back to the room. He smiles to himself, happy that everything turned out fine.

The door opens and Shane slips in.

A smile on his lips.

"Okay she will drive us home after Dinner, but I had to agree to her coming over every day to bring us lunch. I guess that's better than staying here and being watched 24/7." Ilya can't argue with that. "Ok."

Shane gets onto the bed and positions himself against the headboard before he slowly guides Ilya's head onto his chest.

Shane's hand waves gently through his curls. Ilya nuzzles closer and shuts his eyes. He listens to Shane's heartbeat, one of his favorite sounds, and smiles to himself. Shane kisses the top of his head before he slowly tilts Ilya's head up and captures his lips with his own.

When they break the kiss they smile at each other. "I love you so much" Shane whispers. "I love you too" he whispers back before Shane kisses him again.

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