

What if it were you (and then it was)

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What if it were you (and then it was)

by [Nituaii](#)

Summary

Oh god. Did Shane even have a will?

Ill alwayd be with you

I believe it in my beart

Ill akways be wtib you just like yur mother is

Please dont forget me

Or: What if it were Shanes plane that went down

Notes

I couldn't get the thought out of my head. Please excuse my english :))

Also some is inspired by the book, some by the show and yeah. If you find any mistakes let me know :D

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

Shane brushed his slick hair off his forehead, his helmet dropping down onto the bench with a soft thud. They hadn't managed to find their groove against Washington tonight. An annoyed huff lifted the wet strands off his forehead as he blew out the air in an attempt to calm himself.

He rubbed two hands over his face, body still warm from the game. He'd been checked into the sideboards pretty hard just minutes ago, his shoulder twinging from the impact. Shane was sure it would get better in a few days nonetheless.

A quick glance to his phone told him that Ilyas team had won earlier that day. A spark of pride warmed his heart, softening the blow from his own loss.

They still hadn't really talked since their fight days ago and Shane was itching to get home. Itching to see Ilya. Itching to apologize while looking into those eyes he loved so deeply, to make sure he heard, to make sure Ilya understood. Understood that he loved him dearly.

Shane sighed as he pulled the last of his gear off and headed to the showers. Only a few more days.

Shane didn't sleep well that night. He had no idea why, the hotel bed had been too lumpy, or maybe the room had been too breezy. Perhaps it had been the sounds of the city, just grating at his nerves for a reason he couldn't quite place.

The team made its way to the airport early that morning, the Washington weather cold against his face as he got onto the group bus. His breath puffed into a white cloud, his jacket dampening where his breath liquefied. He was glad to be flying home to Montreal.

He slumped into a window seat, his hands tucked under his arms, staring out of the window without really seeing anything.

He had sent a congratulatory message to Ilya the night before, just before heading to bed and had received a selfie in return. Ilya had been grinning into the camera wildly, his teammates along the bar beside him, arms slung around their captain or glasses raised to cheers into the picture.

It had hurt more than usual to delete the photo this morning before he had headed out to meet the team for breakfast.

Shane sat in his usual seat, leaning against the window, earphones in his ears even though no sound was playing. He was simply staring out into the morning, watching the clouds pass by beneath them. As he shifted in his seat, his shoulder twinged. He would have to do a few exercises at home. Maybe with a resistance band? He hadn't brought one.

Flying always gave him a sense of calm, so far up in the air. Nothing could touch him here. His problems were kilometres below him, a thing of another world. At least for a few hours.

Nothing could reach him here, not the stress from his endorsements or the fight with Ilya. Here he was free. He had a few hours to think about nothing. To enjoy silence.

As much silence as a plane full of professional athletes could be, anyway.

Shane let his lungs empty completely in a slow, deliberate sigh as his eyes slipped closed. He wasn't tired, not really. It was just nice to reset sometimes, to feel his own lungs expand and contract as he concentrated on his breathing. It centred him.

The plane dipped slightly, making Shanes belly jump. Laughter filtered through the noise cancelling setting of his headphones, muffled.

He cracked an eye open, watching J.J. wipe at his pants with one of those shitty napkins one got on planes. Why they didn't have normal ones Shane would never understand. They did nothing to wipe up spilled liquid.

Shanes attention returned to the window. He hadn't noticed until now, but it had gotten darker outside.

He didn't think anything of it.

Not at first.

Suddenly, the plane lunged again, dropping significantly more than before and both Shanes eyes snapped open, locking over the row with Haydens. His friend cracked a small smile, still very much relaxed. The plane levelled out again. They must have hit a hot air pocket or something. Shane vaguely remembered a YouTube video he'd watched years ago. Something about Jello?

Shane glanced at the flight attendant, his relaxed demeanour making him sink back into his seat. If he wasn't worried, Shane wouldn't be either.

For a few minutes, everything calmed down.

Shane twirled his phone between his fingers, watching the dark clouds on the horizon. There was a storm brewing. It looked far away.

Not far enough.

The plane tipped to the side suddenly, hard enough for Shanes shoulder to be crunched into his body uncomfortably, suddenly. He hissed with pain, frowning in confusion. What the hell?

And then suddenly his ass wasn't in his seat anymore.

He was levitating.

How was he levitating?!

Shane glanced around, ripping off the headphones. The plane had gone quiet as it suddenly registered to everyone what was happening. The calm before the storm.

His body crashed into the seat as the plane levelled. It felt like he'd been punched, his elbow hitting the armrest hard, sending tingles down into his fingertips.

"What the fu-." He didn't manage to finish the sentence before his attention was stolen away by an orange flicker in the corner of his eye.

Shane stared at the fire dumbly, his brain slow to react. He froze.

"Fire! The engines on fire!" A voice cried, and suddenly the cabin burst into panic.

The soft ding of the seatbelt signs was lost in the chaos as his team fell into a panic.

Shane looked around, ripped from his stupor.

They were going down.

Shane could feel it in his stomach, how they were dropping out of the sky, the way his heart was in his throat.

He looked over at Hayden. His best friend had his phone to his ear, speaking rapidly. "Jackie, listen to me. Jackie, please, listen. I love you so mu-." Another cry interrupted his hearing as they flew out of their seats again.

Oh my god. He was going to die. Shane was going to die and the last thing he'd done as he'd seen Ilya in person was break his heart.

He fumbled for his phone that had dropped to his feet. Somehow he'd stepped on it subconsciously, keeping it close even as the plane rocked every which way.

He had to...

What was he going to do?

He had to talk to Ilya. But he was playing a game in Tampa today. He was surely at the rink already, prepping his team. And what would he even say?

Shane bend to pick his phone, hitting his head hard against the seat in front of him as the plane rocked.

For a moment he saw only stars.

But the need to do something, to say something to Ilya was stronger.

The Wi-Fi in the plane still seemed to be working.

He could still hear Hayden murmur, though unable to understand the words.

The YouTube video he'd seen came back to him. Something about people sending their last messages in hopes of them being delivered upon impact.

God. His last words.

What could he even say.

Shane fumbled to open Instagram. He rarely used the app in and off itself. But it would be his best bet, no? Maybe the Wi-Fi would be enough. And if not... Once sent surely they were somewhere in the universe and would make their way back to Ilya. Even if he could not.

Sweat was making his palms slick, his fingers trembling as he pulled up the app.

He didn't notice the massive crack through the glass, thankfully not impacting the sensitivity of his touch screen.

He pulled up Ilya's Instagram.

Their life, documented in snippets that only made sense to them.

Tears fell onto the glass, the two plastic heart rings mocking him.

He'd wasted so much time. So many years hiding what he felt. So much time spent thinking about what others would say. And never thinking about what he wanted. What Ilya wanted. What they could be.

ShaneHollanderOfficial --> ilyarozanov

~~*I am so sorry*~~

He deleted those words. Then retyped them and hit send.

I am so sorry

Ilya I am so sorry.

I want you to know that I love you. So very much.

You're the best thing that happened to me. The only thing worth living for. I'm sorry I didn't see that I was hurting you. I would have spent my life making it up to you. Making sure you saw just how much I love you. What I ~~am~~ was willing to sacrifice for you.

His fingers were trembling. He was starting to mistype.

Please. Look after mum and dad. They're needy.

He was full on sobbing now, his fingers white with the pressure with which he was holding his phone. The plane around him continued to shake, to lurch and jump. His teammates screaming and crying. The belt was digging into his thighs and stomach as he was tossed around. None of it registered to him. All that was important was saying everything to Ilya.

You uphold my whole heart Ilys. Please don't be sad. I don't want you to be sad.

Oh god. Did Shane even have a will?

I'll always be with you

I believe it in my heart

You are everything to me

I'll always be with you just like your mother is

Please don't forget me

Shane immediately felt selfish after hitting send. But he could not die with the thought that Ilya would one day forget him.

The plane rocked hard, as if it hit a wall, and Shane smacked against the chair in front of him. Knocking him out cold.

Ilya sneezed as he sat on the bench, watching his team run through last minute drills.

It was taxing, having just played a game and having to go again so soon. But they could do this. They could win again. Ilya knew they could.

He watched in satisfaction as his team played out drills after the other. They flowed together like water today.

Ilya grinned all throughout the practice.

Even the short video Harris had made him film in the short time between their practice and warm ups, then getting into the gear and before the game wasn't so annoying today. They were in a flow.

Ilya didn't check his phone before the game.

He could feel the shift in the crowd. Usually their fans, even if it weren't many while in other cities, were a constant force, a low hum he'd grown so used to. And the jeering of the opposite teams supporters always pushed him to go further, to work harder. Ilya lived in those moments.

But tonight, something was different.

Somewhere during the second third, the crowd shifted. Suddenly, far more phones were in their hands than usual.

Sure, fans would snap photos here and there.

But tonight, almost everyone was holding theirs, whispering with the people next to them, showing things.

Ilya turned towards Wiebe while he sat on the bench, a questioning brow raising.

Wiebe was not paying any attention, glued to their iPad.

Strange.

Some scandal?

Ilya was about to reach backwards to gain Wiebes attention when his teammate slapped his shoulder. He was next on the ice.

So Ilya played, trying to ignore the growing uncomfortable feeling in his stomach.

With their last break approaching they shuffled off the ice.

Wiebe was waiting for them in the middle of their locker room.

"I want you all to stay away from your phones for this break."

Ilya frowned. What the hell?

"I need you all to concentrate on the game right now. We are only one point in the lead. Lets go over our strategy." Wiebe held up his clipboard, an attack plan sketched on with black marker.

Ilya frowned but complied. Wiebe was right. Whatever it was, it could wait until later. Only 40 more minutes and they would hopefully walk away with a victory. They could figure out whatever that scandal was later. Maybe someone had finally taken down Dallas Kent. Asshole.

So Ilya listened to the strategies like a good captain, gave his little morale boosting speech and they headed back onto the ice in no time, ready to win this thing.

The atmosphere around the rink was dampened by the news of... whatever it was that he still didn't know.

But most people had put their phones away, trying to refocus on the game. Even if an underlying current of nervous energy seemed to electrify the stadium.

Before the horn could start the third period, the announcers voice blared over the speakers.

Ilya was lazily skating towards the centre, getting into position for the puck drop as he listened.

"Just a few moments ago, it was reported that the Montreal Metros plane had an accident."

Ilya stopped moving, his momentum continuing to slide him forward on the ice. What..?

"As of right now there is not much information on the incident. However, we would like to express our condolences towards the families and the team and hope that no one was gravely injured."

Ilya felt his heart stop.

"After careful consideration, it has been decided that the game will continue tonight as we await official reports for more news."

Continue...

Ilyas momentum ran out a few meters from the centreline, leaving him standing there, frozen.

An incident.

Montreal Metros.

Shane!

Ilya whipped around, darting off towards the bench, and behind it the locker room. One skate already on the plastic floor, a firm hand held him back.

"Where are you going. The game is about to start!"

Wiebes voice was irritated, and confused.

Ilya looked up at him, his eyes wild in panic.

"I need to. I need to check."

Wiebe pressed him backwards, his arm bulging under the weight of a large hockey player.

"There is nothing to check. No news. Their plane went down. Nothing you can do. Get on the ice and play. You're the captain, Ilya. What the hell is going on with you?"

Ilya knew it was the pressure talking, somewhere deep down. He knew that Wiebe had no idea what Shane meant to him. He knew that for the whole world it seemed like this shouldn't be such devastating news to him. He knew that Wiebe just wanted them to win.

But in that moment, he hated him with all his heart.

The hand on his chest stopped him from moving. And Ilya knew people were watching, were looking at him. The whole world was looking at him.

He couldn't do anything but be pushed back out onto the ice.

They lost.

Ilya hadn't been able to concentrate and only barely managed to keep afloat. Every time he was on the bench he stared at Wiebe, praying for news.

Surely, if anyone had been fatally injured he would have said so. Right? Shane had to be fine. He had to be...

The final siren barely blared and Ilya was sprinting towards the locker room.

He should have led his team at the fist bumps, congratulating Florida on their win. He didn't care. Even Wiebe had been too slow to stop him.

His hands were shaking as he dropped his gloves, his stick long lost somewhere behind him along with his helmet. He didn't care what this looked like to everyone else, to the world. He had to know.

His hands trembled as he saw the notifications.

Shane had messaged him.

Relief flooded through him, not noticing the age of those very messages.

He opened them with a smile starting to spread, fully believing Shane was fine.

Until he began to read.

I am so sorry

Ilya I am so sorry.

I want you to know that I love you. So very much.

You're the best thing that happened to me. The only thing worth living for. I'm sorry I didn't see that I was hurting you. I would have spend my life making it up to you. Making sure you saw jus thow much I lov you. What I ~~am~~ was willing to sacrifice for yu.

What... What was going on.

It felt like a mountain dropped onto his lungs, air pushing out of him.

Plesse. Look afrer mum and dad. Theyl needy ou.

Yo uhold my whole heatt Ilys. Please dont be sad. I dont want you to be sad.

Not be sad? Why...

Ill alwayd be with you

I believe it in my beart

You are everything tome

Ill akways be wtib you just like yur mother is

His mother

Please dont forget me

And then nothing. No new messages.

These were Shanes last words. His **LAST** words.

He'd sent them 48 minutes ago.

And then nothing else.

Ilya hadn't noticed his team return into the room.

Hadn't noticed the way his whole body had begun to shiver.

He simply stood in his skates, the sweat cooling on his body as he stared at Shanes last words.

Their plane had gone down.

Shane had messaged him when he thought he was going to die.

Had he...

No.

Ilya was nauseous just thinking it, pushing the possibility far away. He couldn't be. He couldn't.

A hand on his shoulder ripped him from his stupor.

He looked up into Wiebes eyes, his own wide in terror.

"Rozanov. What's going on. You just left your team out there. That's not something a captain should.."

The coach trailed off, finally recognizing the agony and terror in Ilyas eyes.

"Is he-"

Ilyas voice broke off in a crack, unable to speak the words. It was as if his body refused to acknowledge the possibility, his throat seizing up before he could speak such things into the universe.

"Who, Rozanov."

Ilya could feel everyone's eyes on him, his whole team staring at him. Staring at him while he feared for his life. Because without Shane... What was there for him in this world?

Ilya took a step back, for the first time in two decades unsure in his skates, his ankles wobbling.

He looked back down at his phone, the messages glaring at him.

"The.." He couldn't think clearly, couldn't see straight.

His hands shook as he raised his phone again, all while walking backwards, still in his skates.

He couldn't remember the word for самолет in English. What the fuck was самолет in English?! How was he supposed to search for news if he couldn't remember the most basic words?

The sound of metal hitting tile was sharp in the air. He'd managed to walk straight into the showers, still in full gear.

No one was following him.

His back hit the wall and Ilya slid down, his legs unable to support his weight any longer.

He typed Metros into google first, and immediately his phone was filled with news articles.

The little preview showed a photo of a burning plane.

Fuck.

Ilya stared at it for a long moment, his breath stopping.

Fuck

He clicked on the first article, skimming over it quickly.

There wasn't much more information than he already had.

The plane had gone down, managed to emergency land in a small airport close to Ottawa. But it had been burning. The landing gear looked to have broken off. It was resting to its side, one of the wings against the ground.

Fuck.

Ilya swiped back and opened the next news portal, being hit with a paywall before he could read anything.

"блядь!" Fuck!

He exited the page, going onto the third.

It was some quick news website, set up almost like a twitter thread.

News were released with timestamps, always only a few sentences long as it came in.

Ilya could barely breathe as he scrolled to the bottom, to read through all the updates.

No names. He couldn't see Shanes name.

There.

Five people in critical condition.

Two of them airlifted into the The Ottawa Hospital.

Ilya felt bile rise in his throat.

Still no names.

Ilya bend to the side and vomited into the shower drain, his shoulders heaving under the pressure.

The website somehow made his phone buzz as a new update rolled in. He must have allowed notifications when he'd opened it.

Ilya stared down at it with bleary eyes.

Shanes name slapped him in the face.

Critical.

Helicopter.

No other news.

Ilya should have felt relief. Shane was alive.

But his heart understood the English before his brain could.

He simply copy pasted the whole sentences into google translate.

Shane Hollander confirmed to be one of the two gravely injured passengers. He is being air lifted into The Ottawa Hospital by helicopter. His condition remains critical.

Ilya stared at the Russian translation.

His phone slipped from his fingers, hitting the tiles with a loud crack.

Shane had been hurt.

Had been hurt so badly he was in danger.

Ilya stared down at his hands, shaking in his lap.

Fuck.

Fuck!

He couldn't stop his thoughts from spiralling.

What if they couldn't help Shane? What if his injuries turned fatal? What if he died on that operating table.

What would Ilya do?

How was he supposed to continue living if the most important part of his life, the one reason he was here in the first place, was gone?

What would he do?

Ilya couldn't breathe against the boulder on his lungs any longer.

He dragged in breaths as if it were by force, short and staccato.

His fingertips and cheeks were starting to prickle, the tingle spreading around his eyes. It hurt to blink. It hurt to breathe.

His sight began to swim, then grow blurry.

The prickling sensation spread over his arms.

His breaths became shorter even, breathing so flatly, so rapidly his chest barely raised itself.

He was having a panic attack.

Ilya had learned some breathing exercises from his therapist. Galina had showed him how to steady his breathing after he had told her he'd had one of those attacks before.

He couldn't bring himself to care. To force his body to work.

Shane was 2000 kilometres away, somewhere, on an operating table fighting for his life. For Ilya's life.

He didn't notice the hand on his ankle.

Didn't notice the fingers slowly untying his skates, pulling them off his body.

Then, the hands raised to his shoulders. Then his cheeks.

"Rozanov. Hey, Rozanov!"

Ilya continued to pant, his eyes glassy, staring into nothing.

"Ilya! You need to breathe!"

Troy's voice filtered through to him as if he were wrapped in cotton.

"Ilya, hey! It's okay. It will be okay. He'll be okay. Breathe!"

He felt Troy shake his head slightly, desperation colouring his tone.

"Come on, Rozanov. You can do this. He needs you! He needs you to be there when he wakes up. Come on!"

Needed him. Shane needed him. Troy was right.

It felt like wading through tar, forcing his eyes to focus on the man kneeling over his legs.

"Breathe with me Rozanov, come on. In through your nose. Deep. Good, like that yes. Out through your mouth. Come on, harder, against your lips."

Troy breathed with him for a few minutes, only letting go of Ilyas face and climbing off his body when he was satisfied by the depth of Ilyas breathing.

"Wiebe rescheduled the jet. We're flying home in two hours. Let's get you out of your gear and the guys into the shower, come on."

Troy stood, offering Ilya a hand.

He took it, letting the hunk of man pull him up onto wobbly legs.

Like a fresh born deer.

Slowly, the world was filtering back to him, the empty showers around them, Troys concerned gaze.

Wiebe, standing just outside the doorway to the shower, equally concerned.

His teammates, sitting on the benches behind their coach.

Fuck.

He couldn't look at any of them as he stepped out of the shower room and towards his locker.

Troy carried his skates behind him, as well as Ilyas phone. He hadn't realized.

With Ilya gone from the shower, his team filtered in, the silence in the room deafening.

They knew. Everyone had to know now.

Ilya pulled his gear off his body, the motions mechanical.

It didn't matter.

Nothing mattered until he could hold Shanes hand. Until Shane was safe.

None of his teammates approached him, barely a word spoken as they readied themselves for the flight.

They had meant to go to a hotel tonight, stay the night, fly home tomorrow.

Their luggage was still in the bus.

They would head straight back instead.

Ilya was down to his long underwear and undershirt. He pulled the shirt and shorts on that Troy handed him. Then he just sat down, gripping his phone once more.

There was no news.

No calls from Yuna or David.

They must be freaking out, worried for their only son. Fearing for him in the Hospital.

Ilya had only ever once felt this alone.

He wouldn't survive this a second time.

The plane ride home passed in a blur.

And at the same time, it was the longest thing that had ever occurred in history.

One moment he was climbing the stairs into the team jet.

The next, they were touching down in Ottawa. An eternity later. The very next second.

Ilya didn't even grab his gear.

He just walked towards the cars waiting, slipping into the first one.

Wiebe had organized it. He knew. Ilya couldn't find space in his heart to care.

All he cared about was finding Shane. Getting to Shane. Holding Shane.

The car took him straight to the hospital.

He got dropped off in front of the ICU, the doors imposing.

Ilya strode in, his eyes searching through the people sitting, waiting.

He spotted David first, standing next to his wife, a hand on her shoulder.

He looked tense.

Ilya moved towards them, not caring what anyone would see, what people would notice. What they would guess.

It seemed neither did they.

David spotted him first, his hand squeezing Yunas shoulder to get her attention.

Ilya was in front of them in a few strides.

And he sank to his knees right in front of Yuna, his head falling onto her knees.

Her hands found their way into his hair immediately, the pressure of her touch so very comforting.

"He's still in surgery."

The words felt like ice down Ilyas spine.

How many hours had it been? Five? Six?

His arms wound around Yunas calves, hugging her legs to his chest as her fingers started to scratch through his curls. He buried his face against her knees, breathing in Shanes mother.

Like this they waited. Every time the doors towards the ICU slid open, Ilya felt Yuna tense. Every time it wasn't the doctor that had spoken to them earlier, had kept them updated, she slumped back into her seat. David continued to stand by her side, over them both like a guardian. Like he could protect them from whatever was happening in that operating room.

The minutes ticked by like honey, slow and sticky.

Ilya hadn't been able to feel his legs for the last half hour at least. And still he couldn't move from his uncomfortable position. He had to hold Yuna close to his chest. If he let go, he feared he would split apart. And he couldn't be another burden on Shanes parents.

Then, 45 minutes after Ilya arrived, Yuna tensed at the sound of the door, and did not relax immediately after. Ilya knew then, there would be news.

He sat up quickly, tried to stand only for his legs to be filled with static.

Only his fantastic upper body strength managed to get him into a seat by Yunas side, pulling himself up into it without making too much of a scene.

Yuna in turn stood, joining Davids side, as the doctor approached them.

Ilya couldn't stand. He wouldn't have. He wasn't family. Not legally. He would have to wait.

The doctor gave him a glance, recognition, then confusion crossing her eyes in split seconds. The professional mask was back in the blink of an eye.

"We have managed to stabilize him."

Ilya pulled in the first real breath of air since he'd stepped off the ice.

"There was some bleeding. We managed to alleviate the pressure to his brain. He is still in a coma for now, but the bleeding has stopped. The next few hours will be able to tell us more."

Yuna raised a shaking hand to her lips, a soft sob slipping past. David wound an arm tight around her waist, partially in comfort, and partially to hold up his wife.

Ilya just stared at the woman.

"He will be transferred into a room soon. Once he has settled in there, you may visit him, Mr and Mrs Hollander. A colleague will come get you when it is time."

David nodded and extended his hand, shaking the doctors while voicing his thanks.

Yuna turned and sat back down, wrapping her arms tightly around Ilya.

"He's ok. He will be ok. He is strong. He will be okay."

Ilya hugged the slender woman back tightly. He knew she was saying this for herself as much as she was saying it for him.

At some point, David offered to get them something to drink and eat. They didn't know how much longer they would have to wait.

At the suggestion, Ilyas stomach lurched.

He hadn't eaten all day. And what little had been in his body was down some shower drain in Tampa.

Watching David walk away, Ilya felt a pang of guilt.

He should be the one taking care of Shanes parents. Be their rock in this situation. Yet here he was, being comforted by the mother of the man he loved most in this world.

The sandwich David brought back tasted like cardboard on Ilyas tongue. He still chewed and swallowed it down, if only to alleviate a little of the worry in Yunas eyes, whenever she looked at him.

He knew she could see it. Had seen it in his eyes when he'd rushed into the hospital. She had come to know him so well over these years.

When a nurse showed up to take Shanes parents to his room, she tried to stop Ilya from following. But Yuna turned and gripped his hand tightly, David suddenly on his other side with a hand on his elbow.

The nurse didn't say anything further.

Together they walked down sterile corridors, towards the light of Ilyas life.

Nothing could have ever prepared him for that sight in the hospital bed.

He had thought that hit Shane had taken Years ago, the summer before he went to the cottage for the first time, had been bad.

It had been nothing compared to what greeted him in that bed this time.

Shanes head was wrapped in bandages, covering one side completely. Blood had started to pool around his eyes and nose, blackening the skin under the freckles Ilya loved so dearly. a Tube was taped to his cheek, disappearing between Shanes lips

One arm was in a cast, a shoulder held in some sort of brace. His lip was split. Two of his fingers on his other arm were in bandages. IVs ran from his body like a spiderweb.

Burns blotched the visible skin, turning it a soft shade of pink.

Yuna gasped at the sight, fresh tears springing into her eyes.

Her hand hovered over Shanes, not daring to touch him.

Ilya had stopped at the end of the bed, staring down into it.

Only the rhythmic beeping of the heart monitor was comforting him. Telling him Shane was alive.

He concentrated on Shanes chest, watching it rise and fall slowly.

He was alive.

He would be okay. He would be fine.

Ilya pulled up two of the chairs for Yuna and David, one of each side of their sons bed.

Both sank down into them immediately, hands hovering near their son, careful to touch.

Ilya sank into one in the corner of the room, his gaze fixed on the man still in a coma.

At some point, a nurse or doctor came by. Ilya didn't know which. They tried to tell them to leave. That visitor hours were over.

None of them moved.

They weren't forced to go.

After the first night in the hospital, they started taking turns being by Shanes side.

Yuna forced Ilya to go home first. She swore to call him if there were news, swore she would make sure nothing would happen to Shane. The surgeon had been by earlier, letting them know that they were keeping Shane in an artificial coma for a few days to promote healing and wait for the swelling to go down.

He wouldn't wake any time soon.

Still, it felt like Ilyas heart was tied to the man on that bed and every step he took away from him threatened to rip it out of his chest.

He was back at the hospital within seven hours.

He didn't manage to stay away for longer. He'd gone home to shower, had taken a short nap. Let Wiebe know he wouldn't be coming to practice or the next match in four days. He gave no reason. Wiebe didn't ask.

He'd brought a blanket and charger, some electrolytes and protein bars.

He wasn't moving from that chair unless someone forced him to.

And like this hours blurred into days.

Ilya spend most of it simply looking at Shane, watching the slow rise and fall of his chest.

At some point, the nurse had offered to turn off the beeping of the heart rate monitor. Ilya had started to panic when she did. She had noticed and turned it right back on.

While he looked at Shane, Ilya let himself get lost in memories. Their times together a sweet escape.

Yuna and David had just come back. Which meant it was morning. After two days they'd stopped trying to send Ilya home.

They were sitting on their respective chairs, Yuna to Shanes right, David to his left. Ilya in the corner, watching over the family like an outsider.

It was a foggy morning, the light in the room colder than usual.

The increased beeping immediately caught Ilyas attention. Shanes pulse was quickening.

He was out of his chair in an instant, hand slamming down on the call button by the door.

Fuck, what was happening?

In the blink of an eye, the room was filled with nurses, ushering David and Yuna out of the way.

Ilya heard a soft groan.

Shane?

Then, coughing filled the room. They'd pulled the intubation. Shane had woken up.

They'd stopped the medication yesterday. The swelling had gone down enough. The doctor had still warned them that it may be a few days until Shane woke up on his own. It seemed the man only needed a few hours.

"Shane." Ilya whispered, the sound so broken, not crossing the invisible line he'd drawn.

A soft groan was swallowed by the sob coming from Yuna, the mother by her sons side as soon as she was allowed.

A nurse remained, taking note of Shanes vitals, checking his pupils. Asking a few simple questions that Shane answered in a hoarse voice.

Satisfied with their first exam, the nurse stepped back and let Yuna and David crowd in. Ilya didn't look at the man as he left the room.

His eyes were fixated on Shane.

He was alive. Well. Breathing. Fine. Smiling. Fine.

He watched as Shane forced a smile on his lips, twisting one hand to hold his mothers. He was comforting her, his voice hoarse from non-use. They spoke in soft whispers, a family finally reunited.

Then he heard his name.

"Mom, did.. Have you talked to Ilya?"

His mother and father both turned at the same time. It would have been comical, had Ilya not been so stressed.

Shanes eyes followed his parents gaze and met Ilyas.

His face opened up like a sunrise, eyes widening.

"Ilyaa~"

His voice had risen in pitch, hand slipping from his mothers to instead make grabby motions towards Ilya.

He finally couldn't stay back anymore and Ilya moved to stand beside Yuna.

"Shane." His own voice was tight, forcing down the emotions bubbling in his throat.

Yuna leant down over Shane, pressing a kiss into his mostly healed cheek. David gave Shanes thigh a soft pat. Then they stepped to the side, giving them their own little moment.

Once his hand was free, Shane immediately tried to grab for Ilyas. He stepped in closer, grasping it gently.

"Shane. How do you feel."

Shane made a sound close to a laugh that descended into coughing. "Like shit." He finally calmed down, turning that blinding smile back onto Ilya.

"Shane." Ilya couldn't stop it. He couldn't hold it back. The tears ran down his cheeks, pattering against the white sheets, against Shanes hand.

"Shane." Ilya sank to his knees at his bedside, his free hand coming up to brush against the freckles cushioned by blue and yellow bruising.

"Shane." Ilya let his trembling fingers run along his cheek to his throat, feeling his strong heartbeat against the pads of his fingers.

"Shane." Ilya whispered, pressing a kiss against the hand he was holding.

Shanes smile was wobbling, the moment slowly settling in. "Ilya. I'm okay. It's okay."

"I thought I lost you. I thought I would never see you again. I thought..."

"I'm sorry. It was scary. I'm sorry I made you worry."

"No, moy lyubov. Don't apologize. It wasn't your fault, yes? Please." Ilya pressed another kiss to his hand, looking up at him with tears swimming in his eyes.

"I know. But I am sorry that you were scared. I am sorry I made you sad."

Ilya shook his head, standing to press a chaste kiss to Shanes lips.

"You came back to me, dusha moya."

"Always. I'll always find you, come back to you, always choose you, Ilya."

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Check out Part two What if it were us!!

I'm also on twitter

[@TaekWonmyHeart](#)

in case you want to scream at me :D

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