

Tell Them All

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76856586) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76856586>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Hayden Pike , Original Male Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Injury , Hurt/Comfort , Angst , Fluff , Fluff and Angst , Hospitals , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Hockey Injuries , Concussions , Post-Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-01 Words: 2,421 Chapters: 1/1

Tell Them All

by [Written_erin](#)

Summary

Ilya went down. Hard.

Or

What happens when Ilya is injured in a game but Shane and Ilya aren't out yet?

Notes

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

Ilya went down. Hard.

Shane couldn't see who had pushed him into the boards but he was already plotting their demise. It would have been a clean, normal hockey hit if they hadn't caught the back of Ilya's foot, bringing him down face first onto the ice. Hard.

He wasn't moving. He lay there on the ice where Shane couldn't see his face.

He couldn't see his face. There was no cocky smirk pointed in his direction. No arrogant voice reassuring Shane in his own way that Ilya was fine. Even if Shane could see his face no one had removed Ilya's helmet yet so he wouldn't be able to see his eyes anyway. See if they were open. Looking for Shane.

The rest of Shane's teammates had moved back towards their bench but Shane was stuck. He was immobilised in the middle of the ice. He stared wide eyed at Ilya, like the power of his gaze would make him turn around and look at Shane. Ilya always knew when Shane was looking at him just like Shane was constantly aware of Ilya's gaze. Ilya got a stupid satisfied look on his face when he could tell Shane was looking at him. Shane normally hated that look but he'd give anything for Ilya to turn it on him now. Shane's heart was beating faster and faster the longer Ilya lay unmoving on the ice. His breath picked up speed, coming out in short bursts between his parted lips that hadn't closed since his aborted attempt to warn Ilya about the hit.

Ilya's team were hovered nearby, waiting for their captain to move. The concerned looks on their faces was a testament to how good Ilya was as the captain. The respect he had gained in such a short time with the Centaurs. He had to wake up.

The referee had skated over and called over the medical team. They were talking to Ilya trying to get him to wake up. Shane could hear them asking Ilya to open his eyes, say something. Ilya wasn't moving.

Shane took a single step forward when Hayden put his arm out in front of him.

"You can't go over there," Hayden said softly.

"I—" Shane stuttered. Tears welled up in his eyes immediately. Shane was aware there would probably be many cameras pointed directly at his face, because he hadn't left the ice like the rest of his team, but he couldn't prevent the tears. He should turn away from the scene of Ilya being carefully transported to a stretcher. He shouldn't let the cameras or the crowd see his face, see the agony, the fear, the love, broadcast across it. But he couldn't turn away. He couldn't bring himself to turn away from Ilya. He needed to watch every moment in case Ilya woke up and needed Shane.

"I know, buddy. There's nothing you can do now. We need to get you back to the bench," Hayden spoke calmly.

“What? No! I have to go with him. I can't play, Hayden. I can't carry on with this game while Ilya's taken to hospital. I'm his emergency contact, I need to be in the hospital with him. I have to make the decisions for him if he can't. What if he doesn't wake up before they get to the hospital? I have to make those decisions. What if he needs surgery? I have to decide. I need to be there. I will be there.” Shane was slowly working himself up into more of a panic.

“Okay, buddy, we'll see what we can do.”

Shane took a deep breath. Staving off the edge of his panic attack. He needed to keep a level head and make the most logical decision here. He needed to decide what would be best for the game, their teams, and the crowd. And for them. What would be best for Ilya and for himself?

“I'm going with him,” Shane stated.

“Okay, let's go back to the bench and see what's happening,” Hayden began coaxing Shane back towards their bench.

“No, I'm going with him now.”

Shane shrugged off Hayden's hand and moved towards Ilya where the medical team were slowly lifting him off the ice. Hayden's protesting voice faded into the background as Shane moved further away from his bench. Shane was aware of most of the eyes in the room shifting from Ilya's unmoving form to Shane's steady strides to reach him. Shane ignored them all. He knew his parents were somewhere in the crowd. Or maybe they had already made their way down to meet them at the hospital. Maybe his mum was already planning what to tell his brand deals about this situation. Or maybe she was just thinking about making sure Ilya was okay. That was all Shane was thinking.

Shane ignored the thousands of stares following them both. The hushed whispers and murmurs of confusion and shock. Shane just focussed on reaching Ilya and staying by his side as they left the ice. Shane reached out and grabbed Ilya's hand as soon as he was in reach. Shane didn't even think about anyone watching, recording or any of the medical team transporting Ilya, he just needed to touch his lover. No one stopped him.

Shane held Ilya's hand all the way down the tunnel. Shane's parents were waiting by the exit with a pair of shoes for Shane. Shane walked to the waiting ambulance without stopping. Only once Ilya was safely inside did Shane let go of his hand to sit down inside the ambulance and let the medical team get closer to Ilya. Shane wordlessly took his shoes from his mum and slipped off his skates to hand them off to his parents.

Yuna grabbed Shane's wrist as she took the skates from him.

“We'll meet you at the hospital, okay honey?” Yuna confirmed.

Shane nodded silently, tears still held back.

“Take care of our boy, yeah?” His dad said.

Shane felt the tears getting closer as he continued nodding.

The paramedics moved forward to shut the doors of the ambulance as Shane turned back to look at Ilya. The moment his eyes landed on Ilya's face, his eyes still closed, now visible without his helmet, and bruises beginning to form, Shane couldn't hold back anymore. Silent sobs shook his frame. He reached forward to hold Ilya's hand again, needing to feel his warmth for himself. Reassure himself that Ilya was here. A steady stream of tears trailed down Shane's face. Hiccuping breaths escaped his lips as he tried to control himself. One of the paramedics silently handed Shane a tissue. It was a testament to how out of it Shane was that he didn't say thank you.

Shane continued to take deeper, steadying breaths while he clenched the tissue in his free hand. His eyes never left Ilya which is why he noticed the movement immediately. Ilya's eyebrows slowly scrunched together and he made a disapproving noise as he tried to open his eyes.

"Ilya, can you hear me?" Shane whispered breathlessly.

Ilya murmured unhappily as he tried to shift away from the restricting braces around the stretcher preventing any further damage.

"Don't move, love. You've been hurt, we're on the way to the hospital." Shane reassured him.

"Mmm... da," Ilya whispered as he settled back into the stretcher. He stopped shifting and his breathing evened out almost immediately.

Shane drew in a deep breath now that he had seen Ilya wake up, even if only briefly, he felt much steadier.

The ambulance pulled up to Ottawa General Hospital. A good sign to Shane as they weren't going to the hospital that specialised in traumas and more difficult injuries. Shane stepped out of the ambulance to let the paramedics move Ilya. He followed behind them as they took him into the hospital. Ilya was taken further into the hospital with Shane only a step behind, ignoring his parents when they joined them. He was solely focussed on Ilya.

They reached the next set of double doors and one of the nurses stepped away from the bed to put an arm out in front of Shane. For the second time tonight Shane found himself stopped from seeing Ilya.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we need to take him to have an X-ray immediately to ensure nothing internal has happened that the staff at the arena couldn't see. You have to wait here until he's been moved to his room," the nurse explained kindly.

Shane stood unmoving looking behind the nurse at where Ilya had disappeared around the corner. His mum stepped forward and put her hand on Shane's arm, nudging him slightly back away from the door.

"Thank you, we'll wait here. Please let us know as soon as we can see him," Yuna stated rather than asked the nurse.

“Of course. I'm Luke, if you need anything I'll be his nurse all evening so just ask.”

“Thank you,” Yuna replied.

With that Luke disappeared through the same doors Ilya was taken through. Shane's vision was still focussed on the strip of hallway he could see through the glass in the doors. Waiting for Ilya to miraculously reappear, walking on his own two feet, awake and happy to see Shane.

His mum pulled him down to sit in the seat next to her. He was bracketed by his mum on one side and his dad on the other. Shane stared unmoving at the wall in front of him. Periodically, he was aware of his mum getting up to take a phone call, his dad going to get food and coffee which was gently placed into Shane's hand but he couldn't seem to eat. He just sat motionless, lost, adrift without knowing that Ilya was okay. His mind kept replaying the hit. The fall. The sound. The way Ilya just lay there.

Eventually, Luke appeared from behind the doors again.

“He's been moved to his own room now. He doesn't have any internal injuries, just some bruising and a concussion. You can see him now, if you want to follow me,” Luke said clearly.

Shane had moved out of his seat as soon as he saw Luke coming and was ready to follow him immediately. His mum reached around to hold his wrist and Shane turned to look at her.

“We'll be right here, take all the time you need and let us know if you need anything,” she spoke softly.

Shane just nodded and moved towards Luke. He was wordlessly led through the doors and around a confusing maze of corridors until they reached a private room with the door shut.

“He's been given some pain medication so he might be a bit out of it. Me or another nurse will be in every hour to check on him so don't worry if he falls asleep while you're in the room, we're monitoring the concussion so you don't have to worry about that,” Luke said as he pushed open the door to let Shane through, “Just press the call button if you need anything.”

Luke let Shane into the room and turned to go back down the corridor.

Shane stepped into the room and froze in the doorway. The door swung shut and gently clicked into place behind him.

Ilya had been changed out of his hockey gear and into a hospital gown. It made him seem so much smaller to Shane. Ilya normally seemed so much larger than Shane, his physical appearance and just his sheer presence in every room making him seem larger than life. But here he just looked so small.

Shane moved towards the side of the bed and reached out to hold Ilya's hand again. As soon as they made contact Ilya twisted his head to look at Shane. A slow, dopey smile spread on

Ilya's face. The sight of Shane, and maybe the pain meds, had softened the edge of his cocky smirk and instead he was positively beaming at Shane.

“So... we telling everyone we are together?” Ilya asked, chuckling slightly.

“I— what? You've been injured, you're in the hospital and you're thinking about coming out? I don't understand,” Shane stuttered.

“You called me love, in ambulance. I just assume we are coming out, no?” Ilya spoke with that stupid smile on his face.

“Oh my god, you were injured, you asshole. You weren't waking up. I'm sorry if in my fear I called you a pet name,” Shane spluttered.

“I did not mean to scare you,” Ilya whispered.

Shane lowered himself into the chair next to the bed and leaned forward to rest his forehead against Ilya's. They closed their eyes and just sat there for a moment, breathing each other in and appreciating the closeness.

“You did scare me. You can't do that again,” Shane ordered. Ilya just looked back at Shane. They both knew Ilya couldn't promise anything. Hockey was a physical sport, either of them could be injured on the ice.

“Okay, but if it does happen again, and I want you to do everything you can to make sure it doesn't, but if it happens again I want to be able to hold your hand on the ice. I want to not have referees trying to keep me away from you like I'll hurt you while you're just lying there... you were just lying there Ilya. You weren't moving and I wasn't supposed to go to you. I wasn't supposed to follow you off the ice. I was supposed to stay and finish the game. But I couldn't and I don't ever want that to be what I'm supposed to do again,” Shane's voice broke as he pleaded with Ilya. Ilya stared at Shane with glistening eyes. The corner of his lips turned up slightly.

“What do you want to do?” Ilya asked.

Shane choked on a sob. His body shaking and his shoulders hunched further forwards.

“I want... I want to comfort you, on the ice. I want to be the one holding your head, asking you to open your eyes and look at me. I want to not worry about my teammates, your team, the crowd before I worry about you. I want everyone to know you're my priority. I don't want anyone to hold me back from getting to you. I want everyone to know I love you.”

“Then we will tell them all,” Ilya whispered.

Shane smiled softly with tears in his eyes.

“Okay, we will tell them all.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading my first fic for Heated Rivalry. Kudos and comments appreciated. If anyone wants to just scream about the show or the books I want to hear it all.

Thanks ;)

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