Terrified

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by symphie5493

Summary

Alternate scenes in the hospital following the hit in s1e5.

The last thing Shane Hollander felt before Marlow slammed into him wasn't fear. He never saw Marlow coming. The last thing Shane felt was confusion. One moment, he had the puck, confident, cocky even, and he stole a glance across the ice. From under his shield, he met Ilya's gaze, and smirked. Ilya returned his smirk with a half-grin of his own, competitive, but Shane didn't have time to revel in the reaction. Ilya's face transformed in a fraction of a second, his eyes growing wide, his mouth half-open, maybe in surprise, maybe in a desperate attempt to shout a warning, a look Shane Hollander had never before seen on the face of Ilya Rosanov. Terror.

—

The ringing in Shane's ears was deafening, all of his other senses dulled, his world enveloped in darkness.

He swam aimlessly through the darkness, with nothing but the sound of the ringing, trying to decipher up from down. He thought he heard someone say his name, and tried to concentrate, bringing the sound of the voice forward through the ringing.

"Shane! Open your eyes!" he heard, louder this time. "Come on. Wake up!"

Before he could think or respond, he felt a grinding pressure in the middle of his chest, and groaned.

He cracked his eyes open, the bright lights from the arena ceiling sending shooting pain through his head, and immediately squeezed them shut again. His helmet was gone, and he could feel the cold sting of the ice on the back of his head.

"Nope, there you go, stay awake, Shane," the voice said again. The grinding pressure assaulted his senses once more, the medic pushing a fist into his sternum beneath his heavy pads. He groaned again, his limbs feeling heavy and uncoordinated as he struggled to move to push the person away.

"Hollander!" he heard from further away, this voice different, familiar, distinct from the ringing. His senses sharpened. He tried opening his eyes again, squinting against the lights.

"Mmokay…" he mumbled incoherently, and tried to turn, searching desperately for the man he knew was calling his name.

"No, Shane, don't move," the medic above him said sternly, putting both hands on the sides of his head and keeping his face pointed toward the ceiling.

He squeezed his eyes shut again and groaned as another pair of hands slid a collar behind his head and secured it around his neck. He tried to concentrate, tried to put all of the pieces together – the arena lights above him, the ringing in his ears, the medics, the cold ice beneath him, Rosanov's concerned voice. There must've been an accident.

"Hold still, Shane. We've got you," he heard, more loudly this time, the ringing finally starting to subside a little. He felt multiple people grip him at once, rolling him to the side.

He winced and grit his teeth hard as they rolled him back again, onto a board. He listened.

“Is he okay? Fucking tell me!” It was more aggressive this time, with a distinctly panicked undertone Shane had never heard from the man before.

“Get back to your bench, Rosanov!” someone yelled back.

Shane fought to open his eyes again, scanning from left to right as best he could, desperate to catch a glimpse of the panicked Russian, to reassure him, to settle at least a little piece of the emotional turmoil he knew the man was enduring.

A medic tugged the glove from his right hand, and he groaned, pain shooting through his shoulder as they secured his arms across his chest. Nausea rushed through him in a wave and his vision swam, dark spots dancing in front of him, as the medics rolled him swiftly off the ice and down the corridor toward the waiting ambulance.

“Stay awake, Shane. Keep those eyes open,” they baggered him.

“My parents…” Shane mumbled quietly.

“Your coach is calling your parents,” the medic answered him.

“Tell him I’m okay,” Shane adds. “He’ll worry.”

“Who?” he hears the medic ask, the ringing getting louder again.

“Ilya…” Shane whispers, letting the darkness envelop him again.

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The next time Shane regains consciousness, his senses all hit at once.

The bright lights, the beeps and drips and shorthand speak of dozens of people, the sharp scent, the distinct feeling of cold air on dried sweat, and most importantly, the pain.

“You’re okay, Shane,” a man in scrubs says, mercifully holding up a hand to shield Shane’s eyes from the lights as he looks down at him. “Do you know where you are?”

“Hospital?” Shane guesses.

“Good job,” he smiles. “Do you remember what happened?”

Shane grits his teeth and uses his left hand to try to fumble toward his right shoulder..

“Whoa, buddy, hang on,” the doctor says, grabbing Shane’s left hand and guiding it away again, placing it back on the table. “Do you remember what happened?”

Shane tries to shake his head and a lightning bolt of pain shoots down his spine from behind his eyes. He squeezes them shut, suddenly aware of the collar still around his neck.

“Relax,” the doctor tells him. “Take some deep breaths.”

He feels someone remove the sheet covering him, feels the cool air across his entire body, and tenses.

“Where are you feeling pain, son?” the doctor asks, then turns his head and gives direction to someone else, “FAST scan, now, please.”

Shane swallows hard as another person approaches the bed, and tries to ignore the intense vulnerability as cold gel and an ultrasound wand are quickly slid across his exposed pelvis.

“Head, shoulder…” he bites out, feeling someone else’s hands press gently along his legs, and then his hips.

“Pelvis negative,” he hears a voice say.

When the wand moves up to his chest, he groans and sputters, his breath catching in his chest as pain shoots from his right side.

“Possible broken ribs on the right,” the doctor tells someone, his tone neutral, “FAST negative.”

He leans closer to Shane’s face, his voice softer, “You’re okay, breathe, we’re going to get you something else for the pain.”

Shane fights to inhale against the deep throbbing in his chest and the sharp pain behind his eyes.

Someone slips an oxygen mask around his head and strokes his hair. The feeling makes his thoughts jolt abruptly back to the rink, to the panicked, thick Russian voice calling his name. How long had it been? Had anyone told Ilya he was okay? Had they won the game?

“Can you squeeze my hand?” the doctor asks, interrupting Shane’s thoughts as he wraps his fingers around Shane’s right hand, looping their thumbs together.

Shane tries, and gasps as pain shoots up his arm, his muscles weak and unresponsive.

“It’s okay. Hang in there for us, buddy,” the doctor says, firmly keeping hold of Shane’s hand and pressing the fingers of his other hand lightly into Shane’s shoulder, assessing. Shane bit his tongue, feeling tears sting his eyes.

When the doctor’s fingers moved laterally toward his neck, his breathing hitched again, a guttural moan escaping his mouth. His entire right side felt like it was on fire, the sharp, throbbing pain from his shoulder radiating outward.

“Shoulder dislocated, possible AC joint tear, definite clavicle fracture,” the man said again, presumably to whomever was taking notes about his assessment. “CT, head and chest, sedated.”

Shane clenched the sheet beneath him in the fist of his left hand, his eyes squeezed shut, sweat beading on his forehead.

“Okay, Shane, we’re going to get you up to CT,” someone says, and Shane feels a blanket being placed over top of him. “You’re going to get a nap and wake up feeling better.”

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The next time Shane cracks open his eyes, he pauses, momentarily confused. The lights are dim. The room is quiet, aside from a soft, rhythmic beeping from the machine beside him. The air is cool, but he feels the weight and warmth of blankets surrounding him.

He tentatively brings a shaky hand to his head, the pain behind his eyes throbbing. As his eyes adjust to the dim room, he notices the man at his bedside, sitting awkwardly in the chair, his head resting in crossed forearms on the bed, his body rising and falling rhythmically with his breathing.

He scans the rest of the room – empty.

“Hey…” Shane croaks, his voice foreign and thick.

Ilya startles, and Shane’s mouth turns upward, catching sight of his face for the first time. He reaches his hand toward him and Ilya instantly stands, capturing Shane’s left hand and putting his other hand to the side of Shane’s face, threading his fingers gently through his hair and cradling his head. Shane leans his head into Ilya’s grasp.

“You are okay?” Ilya asks, his voice low and his red-rimmed eyes staring intensely.

Shane nods, sending a wave of pain from his head and he winces, involuntarily squeezing Ilya’s hand.

“What happened?” Shane asks after a pause, his voice barely a whisper.

Ilya swallows hard and looks down, seemingly reliving the memory, and shakes his head before looking up again.

“Marlow,” he answers simply. “He is very sorry.”

Shane stares at him, processing.

“Doctor says you have bad concussion, shoulder torn, collarbone broken. You did surgery,” Ilya tells him. “Your mom and da were here. I told them I was friend.”

Shane gives him a half-grin and scoffs playfully. “Did they believe you?”

“Probably no. But that is for another time,” Ilya answers, his eyes searching Shane’s face and his other hand hovering carefully.

Shane shifts slightly in the bed and winces as pain radiates from his head and right side. He instinctively drops Ilya’s hand and brings it to his ribs, bracing them.

Ilya places his hand softly on top of Shane’s for a moment, and then brings it to his lips, kissing the back of his knuckles. “You are hurting, дорогой. Rest now.”

Shane lays his head back, letting Ilya run his fingers across his temple, and smiles.

“Will you leave?” he asks.

“No. I will be here,” Ilya answers, and Shane hears him slide his chair closer to sit, not taking his hands away. “Always here.”

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