

Waiting Room

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Waiting Room

by [no_iphone67](#)

Summary

What if Shane wasn't okay after being hit on the ice?

Or:

Ilya has to face the Hollanders after Shane gets injured and reveals somethings while they wait for Shane to wake from his coma.

Notes

Disclaimer: I am not a doctor, and I really don't care that much about whether or not this is medically accurate. I have watched The Pitt, Grey's Anatomy, and Dr. Mike on Youtube and that is all the medical training I need for this.

Warning, there are spoilers for the TV show, but I hope this encourages you to read the books!! The timeline is like mostly accurate I think, but I do diverge from canon by making Shane go into a coma :)

Content Warning: This takes place in a hospital, canon injuries are described, and Shane is in a coma. There is mention of unhealthy coping mechanisms (slight excessive drinking).

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

Ilya's heart ached.

It has been days since Shane had gotten injured out on the ice and he still had not woken up. He'd passed out as they were taking him off of the ice, and hadn't opened his eyes since. Cliff Marlow had pushed him into the boards while they were out on the ice, his shoulder at just the right angle to shove Shane's head into the walls. Ilya hadn't talked to him in days, despite knowing how apologetic he was. It was clear on Cliff's face that he regretted it, and Ilya knew deep down that it wasn't done on purpose, but all he could think about was how Shane was hurt because of Cliff.

Shane lay in the hospital bed, unmoving and pale, with wires and tubes all over his body. If it weren't for the tubes on his face and the constant beeping in the room, Ilya could pretend Shane was sleeping peacefully. But the machines pumping fluids and medicine into Shane's still body, and the constant rotation of nurses, doctors, and technicians in and out of the room made it impossible to ignore reality. He didn't know enough English to fully understand everything the doctors told him, but he understood enough to know that the situation was bad.

Other than the actual moment of injury and being forced to finish playing the game, even though the man he deeply cared for had been carted off in an ambulance, the worst part of it was that this is how he finally met Shane's parents. Secretly, Ilya had dreamed of meeting them one day, but he could've never imagined it would be under these circumstances. He had rushed to the hospital as soon as his coach would let him, driving at a speed Shane would've been very upset with, and run to the desk to ask about Shane. Ilya rationalized his visit by saying that it was normal for a captain to visit an injured player, which wasn't untrue, but was not his motivation whatsoever.

Before he walked into the room, he'd stopped to take a deep breath to steady himself, and looked through the window to notice two people near the bed. Immediately he recognized them as Shane's parents, having seen them at so many games and events over the years. He knew they would know who he was, which is exactly why he hesitated for an additional few moments. Shane's mother sat at his bedside, holding her son's hand and his father stood next to her, his hand on her shoulder. Eventually, Ilya got the courage to knock on the door, which was ajar, and walked in before his fear could stop him. He saw the immediate recognition on their faces, but still introduced himself.

"Hello Mr. and Mrs. Hollander," his throat felt like it was closing up, but he continued to speak. "My name is Ilya Rozanov. I wanted to see how Shane is doing. Is he okay?" His heart felt like it would beat out of his chest, and it only got faster as he got closer to the Hollanders and noticed the tears on their faces. Ilya kept his eyes on his parents, because he knew that looking at Shane's face would immediately paralyze him.

"Hello, Ilya. Thank you for coming by. Shane is-" Mr. Hollander's voice broke, and Mrs. Hollander raised the hand that wasn't holding Shane's to grip his hand on her shoulder. He took a deep breath and continued. "He's sleeping and we're just waiting for him to wake up to know the full extent of his injuries. He got hit hard by your teammate, but he is a strong boy. He will get through this."

Ilya noticed the anger in Mr. Hollander's voice when he mentioned Cliff, and the subsequent crack when he finished his sentence. Ilya's heart broke for Shane's parents, they didn't deserve to have their son in this position. He took a moment to process the new information before responding.

"I am sorry he's hurt, Marlow never should have hurt him like that." Ilya took a breath, before he revealed too much of his feelings. He hesitated, before asking, "Is it okay if I stay here a while until he wakes up? I would like to tell him this. Please?"

Ilya's voice broke on his plea. He hoped they would say yes. He knew he was intruding, but he didn't want to have to leave. How could he leave when the boy he felt so much for was in such a state?

Mr. Hollander's face softened, and he glanced down at his wife. They seemed to have a quick silent conversation, and Mrs. Hollander looked him in the eyes and then nodded. Her eyes were brown, just like Shane's.

"Yes, I think he would appreciate that," she said softly. "Please, sit." She gestured to a plastic chair that was on the side closest to the door, closest to Ilya. Not waiting for them to change their minds, Ilya took a seat. It was only then that he dared look at Shane's face.

Shane's beautiful face was bruised, and he had tubes under his nose. He looked relatively peaceful, at least it didn't look like he was in any pain. Now that he was closer, he could see the tubes in his arms and wires on his chest. The arm closest to him was wrapped in a bandage, and Ilya wondered how it was injured, as he didn't remember seeing that much blood on the ice. He noticed that Shane's hair was on his face, and he reached out to brush it back, remembering how annoyed Shane got when it was in his eyes. It was instinct to do this, he had done it plenty of times before, in the moments after they'd been together, when the lines of what they were became blurry and Ilya allowed himself to hope for more. His hand lingered for just a moment too long, before he remembered where he was and who he was with and moved his hand away.

They stayed in silence for a while, with Mr. Hollander eventually sitting down in another plastic chair someone brought had in. No one talked, the three of them just sat listening to the sounds of the machines and the hospital. Ilya sent silent prayers to a god he wasn't sure existed, begging for Shane to be okay. Eventually, a doctor came in to deliver an update and Ilya could feel his heart shatter as the words left her mouth.

"Hello, my name is Doctor Walsh and I am the physician treating your son. We've got back results for the lab work and tests and I wanted to run through them with you, so we can talk through the treatment options." Her tone was professional and kind, yet the sight of her filled Ilya with lots of anxiety. The fact that she didn't outright say anything specific about Shane's condition made him nervous. He had been through this before, when he'd had to take his father to appointments in Russia, and this whole situation was beginning to remind him of that. He wished he could hold Shane's hand, or hear his voice, but he remained still and silent.

"The CT scans from earlier showed that Shane suffered an acute traumatic brain injury, which is likely why he hasn't woken up yet. His brain is swollen and it's pushing against his

skull, interfering with the parts of his brain that wake him up. Unfortunately, with injuries such as this, it is really difficult to say when exactly he will wake up. It is a watch and wait situation,” Doctor Walsh paused. “He will need continuous monitoring to ensure his brain is functioning, so someone will be in soon to fit him with a device that will track his brain waves so we can see how he’s doing. As for the rest of his injuries, he has a few fractured ribs, and not much is done for that other than pain management, which he is already receiving in his IV. His collarbone is also fractured, but it is a relatively small injury that should heal on its own with rest and immobilization of his arm. We wouldn’t want to risk surgery unless it was absolutely necessary, and I don’t believe it is in this case. He is otherwise okay, his lab work doesn’t show anything otherwise out of the norm or alarming. Other than the fractures and the brain swelling, he is in good physical condition.”

Ilya heard the words coming out of her mouth, but could not process what she was saying. There were words he did not fully understand and his anxiety stopped him from understanding others. He understood that Shane had broken bones and that something was wrong with his brain, but he didn’t understand why he was still asleep.

“When will he wake up?” Mrs. Hollander asked and Ilya wanted to thank her for asking. He didn’t have the strength or ability to verbalize his questions in that moment, and he didn’t feel it was his place to ask. He knew that he shared something with Shane, but the Hollanders did not know that and could kick him out at any point because of this.

“It is really difficult to tell when he will wake up,” Dr. Walsh replied. “It could be soon or it could take a while. With this type of head injury and coma, the first 24 hours are critical and we cannot predict when he will wake up. It depends on when the swelling in his brain reduces enough to restore function to the affected parts of his brain. The EEG, the continuous brain monitor I mentioned earlier, will be able to tell us more information about how he’s doing, but it won’t give us a timeline for when he wakes up. We’re keeping him on oxygen and providing medicine through his IV to manage his pain. I can assure you that we have done all we can and will continue to do so.”

Dr. Walsh was careful in her explanation to not give any false hope, which Ilya both appreciated and hated. Tears were falling down his face, and he hoped it wasn’t too obvious. He wanted to run out of the room, but he couldn’t leave Shane. He would never forgive himself if something happened and he wasn’t there for it. He wished dearly that he was the one in the hospital bed, because then Shane would be okay and unhurt.

Dr. Walsh said a few more things that Ilya did not process and then she left the room. He sat, silent and gazing at Shane, with tears falling down his face. He heard Shane’s parents speak to each other, but his hearing was muffled as his heartache grew. His Shane, his beautiful lively Shane, was in this hospital bed because of one of his teammates. There was so much he needed to tell him, so many things he regretted not saying before. Ilya Rozanov was deeply in love with Shane Hollander and it would kill him if he never got the chance to tell him that.

“Ilya,” he looked up at Mrs. Hollander, whose face was also wet from tears. She looked at him with questions in her eyes, and Ilya felt he needed to answer, he needed to talk about this with someone. The words started flowing out before he could think too hard about it.

“I met Shane for the first time at the World Junior Hockey Championships. He came up to me, telling me off for smoking too close to the door. All I could focus on were his freckles. We instantly had a connection that began as annoyance and curiosity, but it grew into so much more. Over the years, our worlds kept overlapping, and we became very close. It was a secret, but it was ours.” Ilya took a deep breath, deciding to continue to be honest. Shane could be mad at him when he woke up. “He is the person I care the most about in this world and the only one I have left, I cannot lose him.” He broke down with those last words. It felt good to finally tell someone and to be honest about the depth of what he felt for Shane. His previous worries about the impact his love for Shane would have on either of their careers seemed silly, especially as Ilya sat next to his body as it lay in a hospital bed, across from Shane’s mother and father, the most important people in Shane’s life. Not for the first time, he felt a little jealous of the unconditional love and support Shane had from his parents.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hollander interrupted Ilya as he spoke. No questions were asked while they processed, which Ilya hated and appreciated. He buried his face in his hands, still silently crying. This was probably the most he had cried since his mother died. He suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder. Ilya looked up from his hands and saw Mrs. Hollander next to him. She embraced him and Ilya froze for a moment, before wrapping his arms around her as well. They stayed in the embrace for a while, just crying. Eventually, she pulled away and Ilya let her.

“It seems we have a lot to catch up on,” Mrs. Hollander smiled. “Let’s start with a proper introduction. I’m Yuna Hollander and this is David Hollander. We’re Shane Hollander’s parents.” She gestured to her husband, who had stayed seated for this whole ordeal with a face wet with tears. Ilya made eye contact with him and they smiled at each other.

“I am Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander’s lover?” He cringed at the word, it felt old fashioned, but he didn’t know what else to say. Despite their years together and the feelings they had for each other, they had never clearly defined what they had. Ilya would fix that immediately once Shane woke up. “We never really got around to labeling what we are. That was never a priority for us, because that didn’t matter when it was just us. It was just us, just Shane and Ilya, and that’s what was important. He is there for me when I need and I am there for him. There is no one I trust more in the world, there’s no one else who makes me feel the way he does.”

Mr. and Mrs. Hollander, David and Yuna Ilya reminded himself, had matching looks of surprise on their faces. Yuna looked a bit sad as well, and Ilya felt bad for taking the moment away from Shane. Shane deserved to tell his parents about this part of himself on his own time, but Ilya couldn’t risk being told to get out, he couldn’t bear to leave Shane in a state like this. He needed to be by Shane’s side and he would tell the Hollanders graphic details about their sex lives if it meant he could stay. He wouldn’t actually do that, but he would damn near get close if it kept him here.

They stayed quiet, processing everything he said. His anxiety about Shane was momentarily replaced with a new anxiety, this one stemming from a desperation for them to accept him. Ilya watched the rise and fall of Shane’s chest, clinging to that visual to stay hopeful. Yuna returned to her seat at the other side of the bed, taking David’s hand once again.

“When Shane was younger, hockey was all he talked about,” To Ilya’s surprise, David broke the silence. “He lived for hockey, still does, but the way he talks about it is different now. For the past few years, every time he talks about hockey, he somehow finds a way to talk about you. I thought it was just the fact that you two were the best players in the league, such evenly matched competitors with this whole rivalry thing that had been built up for years. But now that I know about the two of you, it all makes much more sense.”

Ilya was further surprised to know that Shane talked about him, he had just assumed that Shane avoided bringing him up to avoid questions. But maybe it was different with his parents. He’d have to tease Shane about this when he woke up.

The three of them sat in silence for a while longer, not speaking, just processing what they had all just learned. Nurses and staff came in and out of the room, attaching wires to Shane’s head, fiddling with the IV machine, poking and prodding him with tests and things. Ilya had no idea what they were doing, but no one seemed to be alarmed and that gave him hope. Over the next few hours, they talked about silly stuff, small talk mixed in with favorite memories of Shane. They talked as if Shane could hear them, and it almost made Ilya feel better.

Eventually, visiting hours ended and Ilya had to leave. Shane’s parents were obviously family, and therefore allowed to stay in the hospital overnight. Ilya was Shane’s... something, but that wasn’t enough to break the rule of a maximum of two overnight visitors. He really did need to talk to Shane to figure out exactly what their relationship label was. He’d never felt urgency to do so, thinking they were young and infallible, but Shane’s coma proved otherwise. Ilya was hugged by both Hollander parents before he left and it made him feel cared for in a way that was very rare for him at this point in his life.

“I love you. I’ll be back tomorrow and you better be awake by then. I have so much to tell you.” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s forehead, whispering words of affection and well-wishes in Russian. Despite telling Shane’s parents what they were to each other, their relationship still felt like a secret Ilya needed to guard. Speaking in Russian helped him do that, it helped to keep the secret.

“I can come back tomorrow, yes?” Ilya was nervous to ask, but he needed to come back, needed to see Shane get better.

“Of course, Ilya,” Yuna smiled at him and Ilya was filled with relief. “You are always welcome here.”

Ilya left the hospital and booked a car to take him to the nearest five-star hotel with a room available. He knew he would be in trouble for breaking team curfew and for only communicating with his coach through vague text messages saying he wouldn’t be able to play for the next few days, but he did not give a singular fuck about that. He wished he could go to Shane’s apartment, the one they always met up in, but Ilya did not have the key. He added that to the list of things he needed to discuss with Shane, which had grown exponentially over the past day.

Once he was in the hotel room, he went straight to the mini bar in his room, drinking the vodka straight out of the bottle. He crumpled to the floor, crying and drinking, the day’s events washing over him once again. Ilya didn’t think he had any tears left in his body, but

apparently he did. Eventually, he made his way to the bed, where he looked through his messages with Shane and the pictures of them he kept in a hidden folder, which Shane would kill him over if he knew about, until he fell asleep.

The next day, Ilya woke up early, with a massive headache. He showered to rid himself of the smell of alcohol and put on the same clothes as the day before. He left the hotel, heading to the nearest clothing store to buy a new outfit for the day and at a cafe nearby to bring coffee and pastries to Shane's parents.

The second day at the hospital was similar to the first, in that Ilya and Shane's parents sat around Shane, waiting for him to wake up and chatting as the day went on. Ilya talked more in that one day than he had in years. It was a bit embarrassing at first, because Ilya was still self-conscious about his English-speaking abilities, especially during the early morning when he was tired. But Yuna and David were incredibly patient with him, and he had a decent time, other than the fact that the love of his life was still lying motionless in the hospital bed, not responding to words or touch. Doctor Walsh informed them that Shane was doing better, some of his numbers improved and he was responding to things. It made Ilya cautiously hopeful that Shane would fully wake up soon. But the window of visiting hours came to an end, and Ilya had to leave Shane in the bed. Again, he kissed Shane's forehead and whispered words of encouragement. He gave Yuna and David hugs and promised to return once again.

He did the exact same thing once he made it to the hotel. He couldn't close his eyes without seeing Shane unmoving on the ice or in the hospital bed. Ilya cried his heart out, and drank while looking at photos until he laid down in bed and fell asleep. He heard the beeps of the hospital machines in his dreams. The morning when he woke up was exactly the same as the day prior. He showered, left the hotel, bought new clothes and breakfast for the Hollanders.

In the hospital, Ilya greeted the Hollanders with the breakfast goodies and pressed a kiss to Shane's forehead. He whispered in Russian about the pastries that Shane was missing out on by being in the coma.

Nurses and staff went in and out of the room, Doctor Walsh stopped by to check in, and Ilya chatted with the Hollanders. It was a relatively uneventful morning, with Shane continuing to stay asleep.

The first sign that something was different was a change in Shane's heartrate, as it suddenly started to increase. This was followed by his eyes fluttering, not quite open, but not quite closed either. Ilya leapt up to grab a nurse, clearly Shane was waking up. Yuna grabbed his good hand and started speaking directly to him, offering encouragement and support.

Shane showed more signs of waking over the next hour and nurses kept coming in to document it. David and Yuna kept speaking to him, stroking his hair and holding his hand. Ilya stayed by his side, hand on his leg, rubbing his knee to show Shane that he hadn't left either. His breathing tube was taken out, and replaced with a tube under his nostrils once it was clear that he could breathe on his own.

Eventually, Shane fully opened his eyes and woke up. Ilya and Shane's parents didn't even try to hide their tears, and Shane's brows were furrowed in confusion. Ilya stepped out for a moment to give himself a moment to get a grip on his emotions, and to give the Hollanders a

moment with their son. After a few minutes and many deep breaths, Ilya went back into the room and a smile came over his face once he saw Shane, sleepy but definitely awake. Ilya crossed the room to rejoin the bedside, where Yuna and David were smiling down at the son.

“We’ll give you two a moment,” Yuna said, smiling at Ilya. They quickly left the room and it was just Ilya and Shane staring at each other. Shane lifted his hand, his face clearly showing the amount of effort required to do so. Ilya took his hand and sat down on the bed next to him. He leaned forward and pressed their foreheads together, craving contact he hadn’t been able to have in the past days.

“Ilya,” Shane whispered, his voice gravelly from the breathing tube and not talking for days.

“Shhh, Shane, don’t try to speak,” Ilya cooed. He didn’t want Shane to hurt his voice or stress himself out. “I am so glad you’re awake. I’ve missed you so much. There is so much I need to tell you, starting with the fact that I love you. I love you so much, I cannot live without you and I need to tell you this, because I have been so miserable these past days where I could not tell you this. Also, your parents know about us, kind of, but I could not be away from you because I love you.” The words just tumbled out of his mouth, consequences be damned because he could not live another moment without telling Shane Hollander that he was in love with him. He pulled away from Shane’s forehead so he could see his face.

“Oh my god, Ilya,” Shane whispered. “I love you too. Everything else we can figure out later.” Ilya’s heart soared at these words, and he immediately went in for a kiss. Everything else could be figured out later. Shane loved him. The love of Ilya’s life loved him back. Shane was awake and loved him back.

Yuna and David reentered the room, taking their normal place in the chairs by Shane’s side. Ilya remained seated on the bed, holding Shane’s good hand. A weight was lifted off Ilya’s shoulders and he started feeling hopeful for the first time in months. Despite all the unknowns around Shane’s recovery process and the finer details of their dynamic, Ilya was assured by Shane’s love and Yuna and David’s support for them. He knew they could face and overcome this, and any other challenges that could possibly come up. Ilya felt Shane gripping his hand tight, and he smiled, lifting his hand to kiss it. Their upcoming journey would be tough, but they’d get through it together.

End Notes

this was much longer than I originally anticipated, it was a stream of consciousness written instead of doing any of my uni work.

Again, apologies for medical inaccuracies, i did not study medicine at all lollll
Any comments and kudos are much appreciated!!

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