

Lean on me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/79146476) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/79146476>.

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 , Hayden Pike , David Hollander , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Panic Attacks , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-08 Words: 1,795 Chapters: 1/1

Lean on me

by [nerd_herd808](#)

Summary

More hands, then Hayden's voice. "Oh shit. I've got you, man. Meg—what—"

The walls tilted, or maybe Shane did. He couldn't feel his feet.

"Fuck. Okay, okay, we're going down, Meg, grab his other arm—" Then, voice raised, "JJ!"

Shane lost some time.

Or, Shane learns about a family emergency during a game in Ottawa and shuts down. Ilya is there to help.

Shane swiped the towel quickly over his visor and squeezed a quick shot of cold water into his mouth. Everything hurt, in the way that everything always hurt in games toward the end of the season. He just had to get through this last period and hold on to their lead, then he could go shower and refuel with a few thousand calories and bleed off the adrenaline by sleeping 10 hours in Ilya's arms.

Sitting on the bench, intentionally bringing his breathing back under control, Shane worked at a painful muscle knot beside his knee. He'd have to see a trainer about that one soon.

"Hollander."

Shane was automatically on his skates and halfway to jumping the boards when he realized he wasn't being sent in. Theriault made eye contact, face neutral, and jerked his head behind the bench. Shane paused, confused, and turned. Hayden, sitting beside him, frowned. One of the Metros' communications staff hovered just inside the tunnel. Shane registered an unusual look on her face.

"Shane?" Hayden questioned.

"I don't know." Coach jerked his head again toward the tunnel, so Shane took a quick glance back at the ice—at the blur that was Ilya—and headed toward the tunnel. A spike of anxiety at the change in protocol made his stomach roll.

"Meg? What's wrong?"

"Shane. Sorry to pull you away. Don't worry—it's okay."

Shane thought that that's what you say to people when there's a reason to panic. "Okay." He knew his voice was flat in the way that made other people uncomfortable, sometimes. He didn't know what else to sound like, with a thick curl of panic crawling up his throat.

"Your mom called a few minutes ago. Your dad was having some chest pains, so they went to the ER. They're at Montreal General."

Shane blinked at her. "My dad?" His ears were ringing.

"Yeah," she said, gently. "I'm sure they've arrived by now. I told her we'd pull you for the rest of the third period so that you can keep up to date."

"Okay."

He heard Hayden's voice behind him, questioning. Couldn't make out the words.

"I'm gonna throw up," Shane said faintly.

"Oh, crap—"

A scramble. Gentle hands guided him a few more steps away from the rink, then there was a trash can in front of him. Someone pried his hockey stick out of his hands. Shane's diaphragm heaved, expelling mostly water and electrolytes and the remains of his pregame protein bar.

More hands, then Hayden's voice. "Oh shit. I've got you, man. Meg—what—"

Talking. Shane spat drool and acid, and tried to inhale. His throat clenched. The breath *burned* and wheezed like he was trying to suck in air through a straw. Someone pulled off Shane's helmet. He heaved again. Spat. Couldn't drag in enough oxygen. His breath sounded like that kid from middle school who carried an inhaler during gym class, wheezy and painful.

The walls tilted, or maybe Shane did. He couldn't feel his feet.

"*Fuck*. Okay, okay, we're going down, Meg, grab his other arm—" Then, voice raised, "JJ!"

Shane lost some time.

Blink.

Someone had taken off his skates, pulled off his jersey, unstrapped his pads. He was leaning against the wall, Hayden and JJ kneeling in front of him, pale. Meg hovered anxiously behind Hayden, phone to her ear.

"Shane, your dad—"

No. Shane couldn't listen to that. Reflexively, his neck jerked, pulling away from whatever Hayden was saying, cracking painfully into the wall. The pain bloomed at the back of his skull, whiting out any thoughts that bubbled up to the surface. That helped, so he did it again.

"No! No, Shane, hey, stop that, stopstopstop—"

More time passed.

Blink.

The scene had changed. He was in a trainer's room, now. Still on the floor, listing a little to one side, knees bent. His face was wet. He reached up a heavy hand, touched his cheekbone, looked at his damp fingers. Tears, not blood. People were talking.

"I don't fucking know, Roz! He's just not fucking *here* right now. I'm trying to tell him—no, I'm not touching him, you think I don't fucking know my best friend—"

"Hayd." Shane's voice sounded weird. Hayden stopped pacing and dropped into a crouch in front of him, phone to his ear. Nobody else was in the room.

"Hey, buddy. You with me?"

"Am I dying?"

Hayden's face did something complicated that Shane didn't have the bandwidth to understand. "No, Shane, you're okay."

Shane's body didn't believe him. It *felt* like he was dying. Like someone had reached down his throat and grabbed a fistful of his guts and tried to yank them out. His breath was hitching again. His head hurt. His vision had little black spots dancing across his line of sight like dust motes.

Hayden jabbed a finger at the screen of his phone, then placed it face-up on the ground next to Shane. He grabbed an ice pack that was melting on a towel on the floor, cautiously reached out a hand and tipped Shane forward a little, and put the ice pack on the back of his neck. Shane breathed, head between his knees.

"Hurry," Hayden snapped, not to Shane.

"*I am coming,*" the phone replied.

Blink.

The door slammed open, quick footsteps entering the room. The door closed again. Hayden lifted the ice pack from Shane's neck and moved away. Cold water dripped down Shane's spine, soaking into his compression shirt. He shivered.

A gentle knuckle ran across Shane's jaw, then tipped his chin upward. His eyes skipped across Ilya's pinched face, his sweat-damp curls, landed on his left ear.

"Shane?"

Shane opened his mouth to tell Ilya he was okay, he just needed a minute, but what came out again was "Am I dying?"

Ilya's beautiful face crumpled. "No, *malysh*." His thumb stroked gently over Shane's bottom lip.

He looked so fucking sad. Shane knew—*knew*—his dad was dead. He was crying again, fat tears pouring down his face without Shane's permission. His skeleton was going to fly apart. He was going to have a heart attack, too, probably, here on the floor in the training room. Then his mom would be alone.

Ilya was talking to him, urgent, but Shane's thoughts fuzzed to white noise.

Blink.

Pressure. Warmth.

Ilya was sitting on the floor with him, wrapped around Shane's back. His legs bracketed Shane's. His arms were locked around Shane's torso, pressing both of their arms in and squeezing. He was talking. "Pike, get my phone. Is there, on the table."

"Th' game?" Shane asked. His tongue was too big.

Ilya's arms tightened a little. "Fuck the game. Game is over. You hear me, now? You are listening?"

"Is my dad dead?"

Shane heard a punched sound from Hayden, across the room. Ilya flinched, and dropped his forehead hard against the back of Shane's neck. He dragged in a breath. "Listen to me. You here, with me, in that pretty head now? David is okay. He's fine. If you do not remember me telling you again, this time I am calling a fucking ambulance and you can both go to the hospital."

"He's in the hospital?"

"Pike, the phone. Call now. Right fucking now. Please."

Dial tone. Ilya's heartbeat, steady, thumping against Shane's back. Then, tinny, on speakerphone—"Shane? You there?"

Shane collapsed forward, all of his weight crumpling into Ilya's forearms. "Dad?"

"Hey, kiddo. Mom and I are both here. I'm fine. Okay? We came to be cautious—they checked me out real good and everything is fine. You don't need to worry."

"Okay. I love you," Shane manages. Hayden puts the phone to his ear and steps out into the hallway, talking quietly.

Shane was crying for real now, weeping helplessly into Ilya's warm skin. Ilya extracted one arm and ran his hand up and down Shane's spine, grounding. He squeezed the back of Shane's neck.

"You hear now, *malysh*? You heard his voice? He is okay. Now your turn, because I am about two seconds from calling 911. Breathe, please."

Shane breathed. A little wet, hitching, but steadier. He started to be aware of his body again. Of Hayden, hovering anxiously. Shane felt dehydrated. Moving slowly, he extracted his stiff limbs from Ilya, scooting around on the floor to half face him. He touched the back of his skull, winced. Ilya's eyes darkened, batted his hand away.

"No. Don't touch. We discuss that later." He took Shane's hands, rough words betrayed by the gentle way he chafed at Shane's cold fingers, rubbing the blood and feeling back into them.

"I'm sorry," Shane says. Ilya jaw clenched. He looked... wrecked. He thumbed some of the tears off of Shane's cheeks.

"For what? For trying to bash your own head in?"

Shane flushed. "For... freaking out." His eyes flicker up to meet Ilya's, then away. Eye contact still felt like a lot. "I heard what Meg said at first, then my brain just went..." he hesitated, searching for the word. "Offline. I guess."

Ilya hummed. He reached around Shane to grab a water bottle, resting near the melted ice pack. He twisted off the top and folded Shane's fingers around it. "Drink. Yes, Pike said you kept asking the same questions, about your dad, about you. You were not hearing him answer you. Or me."

Shane winced. "Sorry. If I scared you."

"You were breaking my fucking heart, Shane." Ilya's fingers spasmed around Shane's on the water bottle. With a controlled breath, he nudged Shane's hand up toward his mouth. "Drink. *Please*. You played a whole game, and were sick, and had a panic attack. You need to hydrate."

Shane drank. Ilya watched him, eyes sharp.

"Pike is speaking with Yuna now. When you are ready, we will get the update from him, and then we will leave. We will go to my house, and we will shower, and ice your hard head, and eat, and sleep. And *then*, in the morning, we will go to Montreal to see your parents. And you will not argue with me about this, or I will lose my fucking mind. And Pike will be on my side."

"Oh," Shane said, faintly. "...okay."

"Okay." Ilya nodded, decisive. He leaned in, eyes flickering across Shane's face, then tipped Shane's chin up and pressed a brief, warm kiss to his lips. "I love you. Come."

Ilya stood, then hooked his hands under Shane's elbows and hauled him to his feet. Shane's knees were wobbly and he lurched sideways a little, but Ilya was a solid foundation beside him and wouldn't let him fall. His dad was okay, and they had a plan, and Ilya was with him. It was going to be okay.

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