

Don't cry, sweetheart

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Don't cry, sweetheart

by [Fandom_Stuff](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander was good at keeping secrets. He'd been keeping a pretty big one for over ten years and nobody had found out about it that he hadn't wanted to. The secret in question of course was that he was married to his arch-rival on the ice, Ilya Rozanov.

In which Ilya takes a hit on the ice and Shane is forced to tell hospital staff that he's his husband in order to see him, thus outing their big secret.

Notes

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

Shane Hollander was good at keeping secrets. He'd been keeping a pretty big one for over ten years and nobody had found out about it that he hadn't wanted to. The secret in question of course was that he was married to his arch-rival on the ice, Ilya Rozanov. Despite being rivals, Shane always watched Ilya's games when he could—barring when they played against each other, then Shane was too focused on trying to mop the floor with his husband to spare any pride for a great pass or a goal.

It was the cup final, Montreal had been knocked out and took third place, much to Shane's annoyance, so it was down to Boston vs New York. Ilya hadn't stopped teasing him about it, but in reality Shane knew he was bummed too. They loved playing against each other on the ice, especially if they were battling for the cup. Now, Shane sat in their apartment in Boston, watching on the big screen in their living room as his husband stole the puck and began to drive down the rink with it.

He scored and Shane let out a whoop. "Let's go!" The camera focused on Ilya and he winked and then blew a kiss; Shane knew it was for him.

Two minutes into the second period was when everything went to shit. Ilya had the puck again and he almost had a clear shot when someone slammed into him. Shane watched in horror as Ilya crashed into the boards, his leg twisting in a way that was definitely not natural. He hit the ice hard, whistles were blown, and then Shane couldn't see his husband as his teammates swarmed him and medics came out onto the ice.

Shane's heart was in his stomach and he felt cold all over, terror striking him with such ferocity that he kept staring at the screen, unable to move, until he watched Ilya get lifted onto a stretcher. He couldn't tell if he was responsive, he couldn't tell *anything* and—fuck, this must've been what it was like for Ilya. Shane had been injured on the ice a few years ago and he'd tried not to think about how he'd have felt if it had been Ilya but now... Shane was on his feet, shutting off the TV and grabbing his keys. He didn't know what hospital they'd take him to but he guessed it would be Mass General.

He tried not to drive like a maniac, the last thing Ilya needed was for him to get into a car crash, but he almost couldn't see the road through his panicked tears. As it was, he almost *did* get into several accidents anyway, none of which would've been his fault; Shane hated driving in Boston.

When he pulled into the nearest parking garage he almost forgot to take his ticket, snatching it from the little dispenser with shaking hands. He tried to stave off the panic attack that was looming over him as he started off at a light jog that turned into a run as the entrance doors to the hospital came into view.

He beelined for the front desk, having to wait an agonizing three minutes as an elderly man checked in in front of him before he could speak to someone.

"Yes?" the woman behind the desk asked.

"Is Ilya Rozanov here?" Shane asked immediately, breathless.

“I’m sorry sir we can’t divulge that kind of information, if you’d–”

“So he is here?” Shane pressed.

The woman glared at him from under her glasses. “Unless you’re family I can’t–”

“I’m his fucking *husband!*” Shane shouted, loud enough for the entire hospital to hear a ten year long secret blasted into open air. Shane didn’t care. At this moment he wanted everyone to know Ilya was his, that he was allowed to be here, allowed to worry, allowed to lose his fucking mind.

The woman blinked at him, stunned. “I’m sorry?”

“I said I’m his husband,” Shane said, a little calmer but no less urgent. “Shane Hollander, I’m on his file.”

The woman clicked at her computer for another two minutes of pure agony. “Oh,” she said. “I’m sorry about that, sir.”

“Now can I see my fucking husband?” he demanded. He could barely feel the air going into his lungs, he wasn’t entirely sure there was any.

“He’s just gone into surgery. It’ll be a few hours.”

“Fuck,” Shane said, nodding. “Okay, okay, but he was stable?”

“Yes. Someone will let you know when he’s ready for visitors.”

Shane forced himself to sit down, hugging his arms to his chest as he let the tears fall. He spent the worst three hours of his life exactly like that, glued to his chair, occasionally answering worried text messages, some from his parents, one from Svetlana, and to Shane’s legitimate surprise, one from Hayden.

Hayden: That hit looked bad, is Rozanov okay? Are you okay?

Shane: They’re not telling me anything yet. And no.

Hayden: I’m sure he’ll be fine. Hang in there.

Shane: He has to be.

Shane didn’t know what he’d do if he wasn’t. If Ilya was somehow fighting for his life right now or doctors were calling out time of death– more tears slipped from his eyes, burning hot down his cheeks. All Shane knew was that he couldn’t lose him and if he did he’d crawl right into the grave with him.

“Mr. Hollander?” A nurse called his name and Shane was on his feet in an instant, crossing the floor to stand in front of the man.

“Is he okay?”

“Come with me,” the nurse said, turning to lead Shane down hospital hallways.

Shane couldn’t take the not-knowing for another minute. “Please tell me he’s okay. Please, you have to— I have to—”

“He’s in recovery, he’ll be fine,” the nurse said. Shane almost collapsed at the words but his feet kept him moving.

“Oh thank God,” Shane said, taking his first real breath since he’d watched Ilya go down.

“He’s got a broken leg and a few broken ribs but other than that I’d say he got lucky.” They stopped outside of room 2102 and the nurse gestured him forward. “He’s resting but you can see him.”

Shane had never entered a room faster.

Ilya was propped up on pillows, his leg elevated in front of him. He gave Shane a lazy smile when he spotted him. “Ah, I did not know hospital had such hot doctors.”

Shane couldn’t help but laugh, but it quickly turned into more tears. “How are you feeling?” he asked as he came to stand beside his bed, leaning down to kiss his forehead.

“Like I have broken leg and ribs,” Ilya answered. “And upset we no doubt lost game, yes?”

“I didn’t even check,” Shane replied. “I— fuck.” He sat down in the one chair in the room, dragging it closer to the bed.

“Shh, is okay,” Ilya consoled, giving his hand a squeeze.

“I was so worried,” Shane said, biting back more tears; Ilya wiped one out from under his eye.

“Don’t cry, sweetheart. I am fine, see,” Ilya moved Shane’s hand to his chest where he could feel the steady beat of his heart. It almost set Shane off again; relief was an even more powerful emotion than panic.

“I love you.”

“I love you too,” Ilya replied.

Shane sniffed, wiping at his nose with the back of his free hand. “I think we might have to tell the world.”

“Oh?”

“I might’ve lost it a little when I got here and shouted that you were my husband.”

Ilya tried to shrug but stopped, wincing. “Maybe it is time anyway. I am tired of keeping secret.”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed. “Me too.”

The headline the next day was met with exactly the amount of backlash Shane and Ilya expected as well as a bunch of positive comments. Shane found that he didn’t give a single damn about what people thought about their relationship. They would navigate it the same way they did everything else: together.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Let me know what you thought <3

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