

ill look after you

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by [leaveittome](#)

Summary

“Ilya,” He spoke the second he knew his words would be heard, eager to get the burning question out, “Are you alright?”

There was a pause, a concerning one, before Ilya simply hummed, “Fine.”

But that wasn’t enough. Shane knew, could tell by the glaze over his eyes, his delayed, unfocused mannerisms.

Play should be stopped. Ilya was clearly concussed.

Notes

i didnt know all of shanes teammates so sorry i made some up.

i love lowkey injuries that dont really show too much, so enjoy :)

timeline is kinda set between ep 3 and 4, very loosely!

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

Shane always enjoyed playing in Boston. Romantic involvement with Ilya Rozanov aside, it was an exhilarating experience. Nothing could compare to the heated rivalry of two contending teams, both holding first-round picks as their captains. The fans were out of their seats screaming, banging on the glass, fueling Shane's love for the sport; reminding him of his desire to *win*.

He looked forward to every game they were set to play against each other, always enjoying the ones on the road just a little more. He yearned for the chatty, flirty messages exchanged with Ilya up until puck drop, followed by sixty minutes of intense hockey, left with the excitement that would follow in the bedroom that night.

Shane craved that feeling. He *needed* it. Every win only expedited those bedroom desires, as Shane could always hold that above his head; that he was part of the *winning* team, humiliating Boston in their own barn.

Which was why, during the third period, the score tied at one each, Shane knew he had to get his head in the game.

"Tied score," Ilya smirked, tilting his head at the faceoff, "You are not the best at those."

Shane clenched his teeth, "You fucking wish."

With that, Shane won the faceoff.

Though his shift came to a quick end as he did nothing but skate in circles, waiting for a damn pass. Nothing useful ever came, and the margin to score only slimmed. He hit the bench with a small groan, teeth clenched. Time was ticking down, and they weren't the best under pressure. Something needed to change before Boston took advantage of their lacking defensive depth.

Ten minutes of vigorous gameplay later, they were still tied. Shane could almost smell the smirk emanating from Ilya's face every time he caught sight of him. It irritated him, pricking the skin on the back of his neck. The cocky expression would forever be painted on Ilya's face, and the only way to wipe it would be to fucking win this thing.

On his next shift, Shane was passed the puck, though his only shot on the goal went wide. His fingers always trembled in those high-stress situations, messing up those simple chances. One of his fatal flaws, and Ilya knew that. He was probably laughing to himself as the puck fell out of their zone, giving Boston possession. Damn it.

One of Shane's teammates raced with Ilya to the puck. With a sigh, Shane skated his way down the rink, refusing to switch out so soon afterwards. They needed to get back possession, and he only trusted himself with that.

Ilya had won the battle on the other end, beating out Koskinen by just a slim margin. Except-- just as the puck hit the end boards, their bodies collided, with Koskinen dropping a harsh back check on Ilya.

Shane felt his breath hitch in his throat, watching the scene play out. It was minor, a split-second occurrence, but it felt like a thousand years.

Ilya stumbled to the ice, losing his footing for a moment. But, with no whistle to stop the play, Ilya was back on his feet in a heartbeat, slowly skating his way to the bench.

Shane's body gravitated to the bench as well, eyes focused on Ilya's blank expression. He gave a small nudge as their bodies passed each other, muttering a quick, "Hey—"

Ilya passed by without a response, head down as he made way back to the Boston bench.

Fuck.

Shane hesitantly dropped his body back onto the bench, though his heart was still in his throat. The thing was— nobody else seemed to notice, or even react. Everything passed as usual, as if the rest of the team and crowd couldn't spot the immediate shift in Ilya's demeanor. Quickly, he went from cocky, egotistic, to hesitantly skating his way out of the game.

Something was wrong, clearly, but Shane couldn't even see to tell if Ilya was still on the Boston bench. The game was continuing—the clock striking seven minutes left, still tied—and Shane knew his next shift would be coming soon, but he couldn't get the image of Ilya out of his mind. Ilya wasn't one to *stumble* unless something was truly wrong.

Seconds later, Shane was back in the center, ready to take the faceoff, more confused than ever as Ilya made his way over. He never left the play, never even left the game. Ilya was ready to play as if nothing had happened. Shane felt like he was going insane, imagining things that hadn't even happened.

"Ilya," He spoke the second he knew his words would be heard, eager to get the burning question out, "Are you alright?"

There was a pause, a concerning one, before Ilya simply hummed, "Fine."

But that wasn't enough. Shane knew, could tell by the glaze over his eyes, his delayed, unfocused mannerisms.

Play should be stopped. Ilya was clearly concussed.

Before Shane could say anything to the ref— he wasn't sure he'd even be *allowed* to— the puck was dropped and they were back in the game. He won the faceoff again, clearly, as Ilya was hardly even *there* at that point.

Something was wrong. As Shane skated to the bench after another failed shift, he nearly threw his stick to the ground. "What the hell is this?" He muttered to no one in particular, "Where are the concussion spotters? Did they take the day off?"

"What are you even talking about?" Hayden replied, nudging his shoulder.

“That hit, earlier,” Shane shook his head, pointing at the area of the rink it occurred in, “On Rozanov from Koskinen. It fucked him up.”

“Really? I didn’t notice anything,” Hayden simply shrugged.

Shane let out a sigh, realizing that he *would* be the only one to notice when such details were off with Ilya, as he was the one who would know him best. Not many people in this building — or *any*, for that matter— were experts on the in’s and out’s of Ilya Rozanov.

“He was completely unfocused on the faceoff. Like, delayed. Clear signs of a concussion,” Shane continued, feeling that frustration rise. He didn’t even care about the damn score anymore. He was focused on the lack of attention the players, staff, and anyone else had for Ilya. Their damn *captain*. Even if someone had noticed, were they going to let him play the rest of the game like this? Ridiculous!

“That sucks,” Hayden replied, clearly uninterested.

“No, like—”

“Shane, chill out. I’m sure he’s fine.” Hayden cut him off, motioning to the ice, “Now get the hell out there so we don’t lose this damn thing.”

Hesitantly, Shane obeyed, as he knew the time was ticking down, and people would expect him to show up. Though, Hayden’s words rang in his mind. Shane just refused to believe them. He knew Ilya when he was fine, and that Ilya, the one currently skating slowly in the neutral zone while his team had possession of the puck, was *not* fine.

Montreal won it in the end, but Shane was still hardly paying any attention. The crowd booed them off the ice, and before Shane could glance at the Boston bench after their celebrations, Ilya was already gone.

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Shane: Are you okay?

Shane: Should I still come over?

Shane: Answer me.

Shane: Please

When hours flew by with no answer, Shane decided to take matters into his own hands. He’d already suffered through the team celebration drinks with his eyes glued to his phone, looking for any update from Ilya or the team on his condition, but there was nothing. He couldn’t even see many talking about the hit online, as if it were just a standard play. Nobody noticed how Koskinen’s elbow had just grazed Ilya’s helmet before slamming him into the end boards, leaving him unstable and rocky.

Just Shane. He was the only one who noticed when something was up with Ilya. Seemed to be a trend recently.

But, it wasn't like he could go right into the Boston locker room and criticize the players to their face. He wasn't even sure what was happening in there, because he had no fucking response.

So, after approximately ten minutes of sitting in his hotel room alone, Shane stood his ass up.

He would show up at Ilya's place anyway. That was what the spare key was for, right? Ilya had handed it to him after a night passed where Boston celebrations had run long, and Shane was stranded in the hallway for a while. He couldn't tell if it was a true gesture of kindness or if Ilya just wanted him to stop running his mouth with complaints, but it ended with him gaining a key. And he was going to use it.

Shane did his standard scan of the hotel hallways before stepping out, already thinking of a story in his mind in case someone saw and questioned him. Luckily, there was nobody familiar wandering around, likely too burnt out after the celebrations.

He called an Uber and tried not to consider how ridiculous this whole plan was. Shane had never shown up before without a response from Ilya confirming his arrival. He was technically still invited, as they established that long ago, but he wasn't even sure if Ilya was there, nor when he would arrive. For all he knew, Shane was setting himself up to sit alone in Ilya's house all night, but honestly— that'd be better than being in his hotel room alone. At least he had that.

Shane checked his phone just one last time before slowly sticking the key inside, clicking the latch open. He took a deep breath before turning the knob, fighting off that part of his brain that told him he was breaking in.

There was still that slim possibility that nothing bad had happened at all. Ilya just randomly decided that today was the day he was going to cut Shane off, and he'd be in for a rude welcome.

Shaking his head, Shane pushed that thought away. Ilya wouldn't do that to him.

He shut the door behind him, noticing immediately that all of the lights were off. If Ilya had made it back, it wasn't likely he would leave all the lights off.

Then again, if he was concussed as Shane assumed, there wouldn't be any light let in for miles. Shane took that as a good sign.

Slowly, he padded around Ilya's apartment, squinting his eyes to see through the dark. A small, gleam of moonlight helped save him right before he was about to stub his toe on the couch. From what he could remember, Ilya's bedroom was nearby, so he was getting warmer.

Shane found the correct door and placed a hand on the handle, taking a brief moment to consider what he might find. He stuck an ear to the door, didn't hear any moaning or bed squeaks, so at least there was that. Even if he hadn't been expecting to hear anything like that, it was still good to know.

He pushed the door open, soon met with more darkness. Perhaps, he'd been wrong, and Ilya was at the hospital, or even still at the rink, or—

His thoughts were cut off by a small shuffle under the covers. Shane's ears perked up as he inched his way forward, planting himself right in front of the sleeping body. His eyes had adjusted somewhat to the dark, able to make out Ilya's silhouette and the way his mouth hung open, lost in a dream world.

Shane didn't want to wake him. He really shouldn't. Clearly, something was off with Ilya, and he needed to get some sleep. If he couldn't even text back, then it had to be at least somewhat serious.

He should retreat back the way he came, pretend none of this happened, and wait for a response in the morning. At the very least, he knew Ilya was okay. All safe, tucked in, and getting sleep. That was all that mattered.

Shane meant to leave, he really did, but he couldn't resist dragging a hand over Ilya's cheek, reassured by how soundly he was sleeping. All the stress in his mind mellowed out the second their skin touched, delighted by the contact.

"Holy shit—" Ilya sprang awake, body jumping as his hand flew to his cheek in defense, "Hollader, what the hell?" His voice was low, rough, but not harsh.

Shane took a quick step back, placing his hands back to his side. He hadn't expected that light of a touch to wake Ilya up, but he seemed to be mistaken, "Oh. Sorry."

Ilya adjusted himself up in bed, blinking around in confusion, "How did you get in?"

"You gave me a key last time," Shane pointed out.

Slowly, Ilya nodded, "Ah. Right."

"Are you okay?" Shane asked, unable to help himself. If Ilya was already awake— Shane felt bad for disturbing his sleep, but not *too* bad— then he might as well get some answers from him.

It took a while for a response to come, as Ilya lay his head back onto the pillow, letting out a small groan.

"Concussion?" Shane asked.

"Just mild."

"I knew it." He let out a scoff, shaking his head, "The second I saw it. Like, not a single other person noticed, but I did. I can't believe they let you still play afterwards. Did nobody think to pull you from the game? Did they—"

"Shh," Ilya placed a finger over his lips, "Quieter, please. Head hurts"

“Oh, right. Sorry,” Shane took that as an invitation to get closer, kneeling down so their eyes would meet. Through the dim light, he’d take any sight of Ilya he could get, “What did they have you do afterwards? Tests?”

“Yes. Some tests.” Ilya replied. Every word he spoke just highlighted how out of it he was. Short, curt responses with breaks in between. His gaze falling out into the distance, and for a man that *loved* to make eye contact, that was certainly out of the norm.

A beat of silence passed as Shane didn’t know how to continue the conversation. He knew Ilya was alright, so he should just leave... right? That was the plan from the beginning, anyway.

“You are that horny, Hollander?” Ilya asked. “That is why you break into my room?”

Shane furrowed his eyebrows, “Huh? No, no. I just wanted to make sure you were okay.”

Ilya paused for a moment as a light hum fell from his lips.

“Should I not have come?” Shane asked, though it came out more as a statement. A sign of defeat, realization that maybe breaking into Ilya’s house in the middle of the night might not have been the best idea. *Especially* if Ilya thought he came just for sex.

“Is fine,” Ilya stated simply.

“Okay,” Shane replied, biting his cheek, “I... I can’t believe you played the rest of the game after that.”

Ilya waved him off, though Shane could see that his eyes were threatening to close, a sign that maybe he should leave him alone to rest, “I’m okay. Honest.”

“You didn’t look okay.”

“Hits, they happen.” Again, Ilya spoke all too casually about the whole thing, as if he didn’t just admit to having a concussion, “Is hockey, yes?”

Shane had to let out a small chuckle, too endeared by Ilya's slight mannerisms. His morning voice was attractive too, keeping Shane curious, wishing they could have more mornings together. He’d thought long and hard about what it would be like waking up next to Ilya every morning, adapting a domestic lifestyle.

Waking up in the middle of the night with Ilya by his side at all times, enjoying the warmth their bodies generated under the covers. Enjoying a cup of tea together in the mornings as they debated what to do for the day. Whether they go to a cafe, go shopping, run some errands, everything. It would be... nice.

“Here,” Ilya motioned to the side of his bed, “Join me. Instead of creepily staring.”

Shane immediately shook his head. He didn’t come here for sex, despite what Ilya might think, “No. I don’t think you should be so, you know, *active* after a concussion. Get some rest.”

Ilya let out a sigh, tapping the covers, “Not to sex. Come cuddle.”

“Oh. Okay.” Shane was glad it was far too dark to see the blush that crept onto his cheeks. He nodded, enjoying that idea, before stepping across the bed to carefully find his way under the covers. He made his movements slow to not jostle Ilya’s body as much, still unsure how much pain he was in. Whatever the symptoms were, they weren’t bad enough to tell him to fuck off, so that was always a plus.

Or— perhaps he was in a lot of pain, irritated and tired, and he *still* asked Shane to join him in bed. That thought warmed his heart. Shane couldn’t help a smile from growing on his face. He worked himself under the covers, turning his body to face Ilya, before placing a hand on his stomach. “Did they give you any medicine?” He asked as quietly as he could.

Ilya’s eye popped open, signaling that he intended to fall right back asleep, “Yes. Much.”

“Okay.” Shane said, soothing his hand over Ilya’s chest, “Do you want to... lay on me? Would that make you feel better?” He said, only hearing how cringe that sounded as he said it out loud.

“I’m fine here,” Ilya replied.

“Right.”

Ilya brought his hand up to Shane’s head, cupping his cheek, “Next time.”

Shane nodded. “Okay, next time,” He replied, cursing how awkward he was making everything, though relieved in the idea that there would be a next time. He knew he was getting too ahead of himself, thinking Ilya would discard him like dirt.

At least, Ilya lay back on his pillow with ease, eyes shutting once more, meaning sleep would soon take over. He’d soon be well rested and on the road to recovery.

“Goodnight, Ilya,” Shane whispered, leaning over to give him a peck on the cheek. Shane then curled himself under the covers, taking a moment to stare at the ceiling. Only then did he feel how exhausted he was, having to fight to keep his eyes awake. He yearned to watch Ilya sleep a little more, to make sure his dreams weren’t giving him any trouble, but Shane soon let his fatigue take over.

Eventually, his breaths fell shallow, matching Ilya’s smooth snoring, as night began to pass.

End Notes

comments and kudos are always appreciated! i had fun with this and will probably write more for them :)

feel free to follow me on twitter: @leaveit_tome

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