nothing fucks with my baby

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by justhockey

Summary

> “How’s your head, baby?” Shane asks, his voice soft and steady despite the lingering fear.
>
> “I have never had any complaints.”
>
> “Jesus Christ,” Shane sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose between his finger and thumb. He’s smiling behind his hand, though. The relief in his body is still a palpable thing.

Notes

> Title from *NFWMB* by Hozier.

See the end of the work for more notes

The *almost* plane crash never really leaves them.

It's Shane, more than Ilya, who remains affected by it even so long after it happened. A memory etched into his bones, something he'll always carry with him even though he would much rather put it down.

He remembers the time between finding out about the emergency, and the blistering relief of finally hearing Ilya's voice - seeing his face, blurry and pixelated through a screen and a terrible connection. In that time, just a few short hours that had somehow stretched infinitely, with no end in sight, Shane had imagined all manner of horrifying possibilities.

He saw the plane falling from the sky, fire trailing behind it like a comet entering the atmosphere. He saw mangled metal, broken bones, blood blood *blood.* He saw Ilya screaming in pain, then Ilya crushed, then Ilya with his eyes open and unseeing. He saw Ilya dying in a thousand different ways, each one more agonising than the last.

Then Shane saw a lifetime of grief rolled out in front of him - a slow, silent death, that no one else would ever be able to see. A million tiny heartbreaks ahead of him, for every moment he would have to spend on earth without Ilya. Without everyone *knowing.*

Two griefs: one for what he had lost, and the other for what he would never get to have.

Sometimes, Shane likes to fall asleep with his head on Ilya's chest so he can hear the thumping of his heart. He likes to kiss his neck to feel the flicker of his pulse against his lips, or press his thumb to the inside of Ilya's wrist to check for that steady, certain flutter. He even likes the way Ilya wriggles in his sleep, always wanting to cling to Shane, because it's just more proof that he's okay. He's alive.

It's not always. Sometimes Shane can go months without even thinking about it.

But then they'll hit a rough patch of turbulence on a flight one evening, and it all will come rushing back. Or Shane will have to slam on the breaks when some idiot doesn't know how to drive - he'll fling his arm across Ilya's chest to protect him, and it will remind him of the bruises from the plane's seatbelt, that had lingered across Ilya's waist for weeks.

Shane's never had abandonment issues. He grew up with two parents who loved him almost to the point of being too much, and he had all four grandparents until he was fifteen years old. He's never been someone who had to watch people leave, or someone who got left behind. His childhood was nothing like his husband's.

So, he didn't have abandonment issues then and he doesn't have abandonment issues *now*; he isn't scared Ilya will leave him, he is scared that Ilya will get taken from him.

He's never loved like this before, so he has never been afraid like this before.

Sometimes when they're in bed - after Ilya has fallen asleep with his head cushioned on Shane's thigh, and Shane's hand in Ilya's hair - he will put down his book and pick up his phone. He'll navigate to the articles he has saved, about dementia and genetics and the

hereditary nature of neurological conditions. He'll think about a possible future where he loses a little more of Ilya every single day, where he grieves for him even while he's still alive.

It makes him hold Ilya closer. Makes him shuffle down until he's lying in bed, and press his nose to Ilya's so Shane can feel his breath as he sleeps.

Shane has always been neurotic and obsessive and anxious, getting fixated on something for weeks or even months at a time, before moving onto the next thing. So these panic-induced obsessions don't last forever, they come and go with the changing of the seasons, but the need to keep Ilya safe - that never fades.

There isn't a thing on this earth he wouldn't do for his husband. He'd give it all up for him, he'd kill for him and die for him, and he'd burn the whole fucking thing down for Ilya. Zero hesitations, zero regrets.

It makes Shane feel a little insane, sometimes, just how much he loves Ilya.

He'd stitch their skin together and link every one of their ribs, and he'd bite his flesh like a chew toy just to keep a piece of Ilya inside of him always.

So dropping the gloves for him? That's nothing.

The first time Shane dropped his gloves - *really* dropped his gloves, not whatever the hell happened with Hunter that one time - was during the very first game of his first season with the Centaurs. Since then he's done it probably close to a dozen times.

He'll do it for slurs, and dirty hits, and tripping penalties that go uncalled. Hell, he'd do it just because someone *looked* wrong at his baby, if Ilya didn't drag him away from those altercations by the scruff of his neck, like some kind of pissed off kitten.

And it's always kinda fun for Shane, who never really got the opportunity to fight while he was in Montreal. He's not sure if it's his new team, or the weight of the C being lifted off his chest, or the *Rozanov* that's been added to the end of his name, but he's starting to like throwing his weight around.

People forget that Shane Hollander, hockey's golden boy and four-time Lady Byng winner, is fucking *big*.

He's over six feet tall, and more than 200lbs of solid, ruthlessly trained muscle. Just because he used to make the decision not to fight, it has never meant that he *can't*, and that is something the league has finally started to learn.

So when they're up by one in the beginning of the second, during a heated game against Florida, Shane is expecting things to get messy.

The Cats are so far up Crowell's ass he should probably look into getting them surgically removed. The rules are more of a suggestion for Florida, and the DPS may as well be a

mythical creature with all the shit they get away with. They're not scrappy in the way of playoff games and rivalries; they're just plain dirty.

Ilya has already pulled Bood and Shane away from a fight, and even Luca tried to get involved in a scrum before a firm word in his ear from Cap sorted him out.

This is a powder keg that's about to explode.

When the Cats' mouthy rookie makes such an egregious slash on LaPointe that even the refs can't pretend not to see it, the Centaurs go on the attack. Their first power play unit is an absolute thing of beauty, with both Hollander and Rozanov on the ice at the same time. They score more often than not, and it sets the other team on edge - it makes them reckless - and everyone knows an animal is at its most dangerous when it's cornered.

They're flying. Barrett digs the puck out of the corner and sends it to Ilya, who's waiting along the boards, and then without even looking - just *knowing* where he will be - Ilya sends it down the blue line, tape to tape, and Shane shoots from the point.

Two things happen at once:

One - the puck hits the back of the net, the light flashes, and the crowd jumps to their feet with a roar.

And two - Svensson, Florida's second line center, crashes into Ilya after the whistle blows.

Shane's stick and gloves are on the ice and he's heading for Svensson before he has time to process what's happened, but then Shane looks, and…Ilya is still down. He isn't getting up. He isn't even *moving.*

For a moment, Shane feels like he has been plunged into ice water.

His blood runs cold, and everything blurs, and his heart rate becomes dangerously slow. Shane sees a plane falling, he sees mangled metal, broken bones, blood blood *blood.* Then a whistle blows. Shane stops on his edge, wobbles with the sudden motion, and then he changes direction. He heads straight for Ilya, his husband, still down on the ice. Still motionless.

He's dropping to his knees on the ice before anyone else can even get close.

Ilya is on his back, helmet knocked off and rolled across the ice, and his eyes are shut. There's a bruise already forming on his cheekbone - from the ice or Svensson's shoulder or from his own helmet, Shane doesn't know. He's too pale, too still, and something inside of Shane's chest fractures.

"Ilya?" Shane can hear the terror in his own voice. "Ilya, baby, can you look at me?"

He's scared to touch him, doesn't want to risk further injuring him if he's got a neck, or spine, or pelvis injury. So Shane's hands hover above Ilya's body, close enough that he can feel the body heat coming off him. It's not enough, he wants to crawl beneath his ribs - even if they're broken, he'd risk cutting himself open on the shards.

“Ilya? I need you to open your eyes.”

There are noises around him - the scrape of blades on ice, yelling, the deafening silence of a crowd that has fallen quiet in fear. None of that matters. He just needs to hear Ilya’s voice, needs to see his eyes.

There’s a sound behind him, then a hand on his shoulder, and Elly and Cameron - their team trainers - are suddenly crouched down, one at Ilya’s head and one on the other side of his motionless body. It’s barely even been a minute since he went down, probably, but it feels like Shane has died a thousand deaths since then.

Hockey hits happen all the time, they get hurt all the time, but Shane has never - in all the years of playing against, and then *with* Ilya - seen him go down and not come back up.

“Rozanov? Rozanov can you hear me?” Elly asks.

“No bleeding,” Cameron notes.

Shane doesn’t hear most of what they say, it’s all medical talk, all observations - none of it means much to Shane if Ilya still isn’t looking at him.

“Come on baby,” Shane whispers, leaning close enough that his lips brush against Ilya’s cheek. “Show me those eyes.”

Maybe Ilya was already sluggishly crawling his way back, or maybe he hears Shane’s fear and wants to fix it like he always does, but his fingers twitch against the back of Shane’s hand, and then slowly his eyes start to flutter open.

“*Ilya.*”

“Привет, ангел.” *Hello, angel.*

Shane laughs, a quiet, wet sound that bubbles out of him. He can taste the relief in the back of his throat, can feel it in his chest cavity, right next to his heart beating in the rhythm of Ilya’s name.

“Ты меня напугал,” Shane tells him. *You scared me.*

“I’m sorry, sweetheart. I’m okay.”

His voice is the most beautiful thing Shane has ever heard. His smile, slow as it pulls at the corner of his mouth where Shane likes to kiss, is the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen.

“Good to have you back, Roz,” Cameron says.

“You hurting anywhere?” Elly asks.

“Голова.”

“Head,” Shane translates.

“Only a little. Not too much,” Ilya explains.

“Think you can walk on your own?” She questions.

Shane frowns. “No, he-“

“Yes,” Ilya interrupts. “Yes, I can. I’m okay.”

Shane wants to argue, wants to put a hand on Ilya’s chest and keep him pressed to the ice until someone brings a stretcher out and carries him off. But Shane knows it’s the last thing in the world Ilya would want, and however stubborn and proud and *Russian* he is, Ilya is not reckless. If he was worried something was wrong, he wouldn’t push himself.

He wouldn’t do that to Shane.

So Shane and Cameron get on either side of him, and as they help him stand the arena erupts into thunderous applause. Ilya grins, raising a hand to wave to his captive audience, and Shane shakes his head and laughs.

“Slowly,” Cam warns him.

“I’m not dead.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane hisses. “Don’t say that, Ilya. Please.”

“Sorry, sweetheart.”

They reach the bench and Deeks swings the door open for them. Cameron steps off first, then Ilya next, but as Shane goes to follow Ilya rests a hand on his chest to stop him.

“Baby-“

“Still got a game to play, Shane. Can you take the reins for me?”

“No,” Shane says. “No, absolutely not, I need to come with you.”

Once upon a time, Shane would have never dreamed of leaving the ice.

As a little boy, when Shane was just a Timbit, there were times when his mom would have to slide across the ice in her sneakers to carry Shane off it when he refused to leave. He’d lay down and bang his fists on the ice, crying until he was red-cheeked and breathless, because he was so desperate for even a few minutes more.

Later, as he got older, he’d play sick and play hurt and play injured too, sometimes, when the med staff and coaches in Montreal were willing to look the other way in order to get the win. He’s played with the flu, and with migraines, and even a fractured finger once, as well.

But the thought of playing with his heart in the hospital is almost too much to bear.

“You need to win us this game,” Ilya says.

His eyes are bright, pupils even, and he's slow on his feet but he isn't swaying. He's squinting against the bright lights of the arena, but he isn't slurring his words. Concussion, probably grade one.

He's okay. He's okay, and he's going to stay okay, and Shane needs to leads their team to a win tonight. He needs to fucking *flatten* Svensson. So he nods his head in agreement, even though he wants desperately to follow his husband and hold his hand on the way to the hospital.

"Okay," he agrees. Then, to Cam and Elly, "Keep me updated?"

They nod, and Ilya blows him a kiss that Shane pretends to catch even as he rolls his eyes.

He watches them walk down the tunnel with his husband balanced between Elly and Cam. Shane takes a breath, and another, to steady the shake in his hands, and then he turns to his team.

They're watching him with wide, apprehensive eyes. Shane might only wear the *A* now, but they're looking to him to lead. So that's what he'll do.

"Let's win this for Roz," he says. Plain and simple - nothing fancy like Ilya's speeches, but it gets the job done.

"For Cap," Bood echoes, and they all tap their sticks on the board.

And then it's all systems go.

Svensson gets two minutes for roughing and two minutes for unsportsmanlike conduct, which is such a fucking joke that Shane almost laughs. *Almost.* It lights even more of a fire under the team, though. They come out hard on the power play, and though it's not the same without Ilya on his wing, he manages to get an assist after Luca tips one in from the crease. Then Young scores next, an insane wrist shot from behind the blue line.

By the time Svensson's penalty has ran down and he's back on the ice, Shane is itching to get his hands on him.

He never goes looking for fights, but he sure as fuck won't hesitate to finish them. He'll defend any of his teammates, of course, but when it comes to Ilya…well, that enrages Shane in a whole different way.

His husband is the best thing that has ever happened to him. Ilya is selfless, and he's kind, and he's so compassionate and just wholly *good.* The first time Shane heard someone throw a slur at Ilya, it awakened something inside of him that he hadn't known existed.

He might play a game for a living, but he doesn't fucking play when it comes to Ilya.

For the rest of the second period, Shane doesn't share even a second of playing time with Svensson. Every time he clears the bored and his blades touch the ice, Svensson immediately heads for the change. Fucking coward.

Shane is seething when he storms into the locker room at the end of the second.

“We’ll get him, Hollzy, don’t worry,” Wyatt promises.

“Yeah, man, he’s not gonna get away with this shit,” Choui agrees.

They’ve all been making the fucker’s life hell for every second he spends on the ice, but it’s not enough.

When Wiebe walks in, Shane immediately sits up straight. “Any news?”

“He’s had all the imaging done,” Coach explains, “they’re just waiting for the results.”

“But he’s okay?”

“He seems to be, Elly says he won’t quit bothering her.”

The team laughs, and the tension curled up like a knot in Shane’s stomach starts to loosen just a fraction. That’s exactly what he needed to hear.

The next time his blades touch the ice, he’s ready.

He skates to the center to face off and, by some fucking miracle, it’s Svensson who meets him there. He’s chewing on his mouth guard, eyes locked on Shane as his face splits into a Cheshire Cat grin. Shane’s grip tightens on his stick, so hard it feels like he could snap it clean it two.

“How’s your husband?” Svensson asks, smugly.

“A lot better than you’re about to be.”

He scoffs. “Alright, princess. Sure.”

Shane shrugs. “Guess we’re about to find out.”

It’s fun to see the flicker in his eyes as he smugness retreats into something more uncertain. The whole league knows Shane can fight, now. They also know he isn’t afraid to. Especially not when it comes to Ilya.

The puck drops, and so do Shane’s gloves.

He’s like a rabid dog, snarling as he gets one hand in the fucker’s jersey, and draws the other back to swing at him. There’s a wild thing caged inside Shane’s chest, and the second his fist hits Svensson’s face, it breaks free.

Svensson tries to fight back, but he doesn’t stand a chance. Shane catches him with one, two, three right hooks, before he’s even caught his balance enough to throw a single hit. It glances off Shane’s helmet instead of his face, and the pain of the impact makes Svensson fumble. Shane wrestles him to the ground as cheers echo through the arena.

“Got anything else you wanna say?” Shane asks as he hovers over him. Svensson just glares up at him, blood dripping down the side of his face. “That’s what I thought. Stay the fuck down.”

The referees move in then, grabbing Shane and pulling him back. Svensson gets ushered down the tunnel to medical, and Shane gets awarded a five minute major. He manages to avoid an instigator or aggressor penalty though, because Svensson dropped his gloves, too, and he still kept trying to swing on Shane even when he was down.

As he’s skating towards the box, Bood brings him his stick and gloves.

“Nice job, Hollzy.”

Shane just grins at him.

They hold off Florida while Shane is in the box, and right as he steps back on the ice Troy chips him the puck for a breakaway. Within two seconds of being back on the ice, Shane hits the back of the net with a backhand that even Ilya couldn’t find a reason to chirp him for.

Once he’s back on the bench Terry rushes over to check Shane’s knuckles, but despite the bruise that’s starting to appear, they’re not split or broken. He’s given the go ahead to continue.

By the time the buzzer goes, the score is 5-1. Cens win.

Shane lines up for goalie hugs, tapping his helmet against Wyatt’s when he reaches the front.

“Good job, bud,” Shane tells him.

Wyatt laughs. “That was all you, Hollzy.”

Shane is quick off the ice, and even quicker down the tunnel. He wants to get his gear off, take the quickest shower known to man, and get the fuck up to the hospital. No one stops him, no one expects a rousing speech from him after that bittersweet victory.

He’s back at his stall, towelling off after the shower as everyone chats quietly around him, when the locker room door swings open.

“Hollander?”

Shane spins round, his eyes going wide when he sees Cameron in the doorway. For a moment he’s filled with white hot panic, like that burning sensation you get in your stomach when you’re about to throw up. And then-

“Is he-“

“He’s fine,” Cam says. “He’s waiting for you in the med room.”

“Here?” Shane asks, and Cam nods.

Shane has to take a seat in his stall for a moment, because the rush of relief is so intense it makes him dizzy. Choui and Young pat him on the back as he takes slow, deep breaths.

“I’ll be two minutes,” Shane tells Cameron.

“Rozy’s got a hard head,” Bood says, “of course he’s fine.”

“I’ve had cramp worse than that,” Wyatt teases.

Shane appreciates it, to an extent. He knows they’re trying to make Shane and themselves feel better about a situation that scared all of them, but - fuck. That’s his husband who went down, who wasn’t moving, who was knocked out. For a split second, it felt like his life was flashing before his eyes.

Shane’s not quite sure he’s ready to joke yet. He still can’t hear the guys laugh about the plane.

He rushes to get ready, forgoes his game day suit in favour of a pair of sweats and one of Ilya’s spare *81* hoodies. He’ll come back to pack their shit up and get their bags later, but for now he just needs to set eyes on Ilya. Needs to hear him talking. Needs to feel his heart beat.

He knows the Tire Centre like the back of his hand at this point, so he winds through the corridors and hallways until he reaches the med room. He doesn’t hesitate, doesn’t knock, he just shoves it wide and open and marches inside.

And there - lay back on the examination bed, with his forearm over his eyes - is Ilya.

The noise that slips out of Shane is unintentional and inhuman. It’s a low, pained whine, from somewhere deep in his chest, and it makes Ilya move his arm and look up. He squints against the already-dimmed lights of the med room, but when he sees who’s standing there - when he realises it’s Shane - a wide, easy grin brightens his face in an instant.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Ilya says softly.

Shane rushes to him, hand outstretched, and Ilya reaches to take hold of it and pull him in closer. Shane collapses over him, his ear to Ilya’s heart, and the rhythm of it against his cheek lets the anxiety seep out of his body.

Ilya laughs quietly, his hand rubbing gently over Shane’s back as Shane clings to him. He’s not crying, but he’s got that pin-prick feeling at the back of his eyes, and he has to clear his throat before he can speak.

“You scared the fucking shit out of me.”

“I’m sorry. I’m okay, I promise.”

“You’re not allowed to do that, baby. You’re not allowed to go down and not get back up, because I can’t - I can’t-“

I can’t live without you. I wouldn’t survive it. If something happened to you, it would kill me.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Ilya murmurs. “It’s okay. Was a little knock to the head, but I’m good. I’m here.”

Shane sits up to look at Ilya, his bruised face, his beautiful smile and his crooked teeth that leave such pretty marks on Shane’s skin. He looks tired, and like he’s in pain, but Shane’s hand is still resting over Ilya’s heart and it’s beating steady. Beating strong.

“I love you,” Ilya whispers.

“I love you so much.”

And now it’s Ilya’s turn to whine, as he grabs the strings of his own hoodie that Shane is wearing and tugs on them, bringing Shane closer and closer. He purses his lips into a pout.

“Gimme kiss.”

Shane obliges, closing the last of the distance between them and pressing his lips to Ilya’s. He holds Ilya’s face in his hand, then slowly trails around to tangle his fingers in Ilya’s curls. When Shane realises that Ilya’s hair is wet, he pulls back.

“Did you shower?”

Ilya hums. “Mm. Yes. I made Elly and Cam bring me straight back so I could see you right after the game. Took a shower so you would still kiss me.”

Ilya is grinning, and Shane ever-so-gently swats him on the chest. He’s kissed Ilya while sweaty, and while bloody, and while their breaths are both sour in the morning. Ilya is just dramatic.

Shane kisses him once more, scratching his fingers at the base of Ilya’s neck, exactly how he likes it. He lets out a quiet, pleased groan, and his eyes flutter closed for a moment.

“How’s your head, baby?” Shane asks, his voice soft and steady despite the lingering fear.

“I have never had any complaints.”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose between his finger and thumb. He’s smiling behind his hand, though. The relief in his body is still a palpable thing.

“Oop, there he is,” Bood’s voice comes from behind them.

“That hit to the head didn’t affect your personality, then, Roz?” Wyatt adds cheerfully.

“No, I am still as charming as ever,” Ilya promises.

They all laugh, relieved chuckles filling the air.

“You sure you’re good, Cap?” Bood asks.

“Well that depends. Did we win?”

“Ha! Yeah, Roz, we fucking won,” Wyatt says. “Should have seen your man.”

Ilya’s eyes flit to Shane, and they’re suddenly wide and excited. “Oh? Tell me more.”

Shane groans. “No. There’s nothing to-“

“Bro, he beat the fucking *shit* out of Svensson.”

Ilya slowly turns his head, just enough to face Shane. He raises one single eyebrow, and asks, “Oh, did he?”

“Oh, shit. Sorry, Hollzy, my bad,” Wyatt grimaces.

“We’ll, uh, leave you to it,” Bood says. “Love you, Cap. Glad you’re okay.”

Then the fucking cowards dip, leaving Shane all alone with Ilya. He glances at Shane’s right hand, which - conveniently- Shane has kept covered by the sleeve of Ilya’s too-big hoodie.

Ilya wiggles his fingers in a *gimme* motion. “Let me see.”

“Baby, I’m fine-“

“Show me.”

Shane pulls his sleeve up and places his hand in Ilya’s. It’s not even that bad; the knuckles are starting to swell a little, and there’s a watercolour of purple and blue mottled bruising starting to appear, but they’re not broken. Sore, but Shane can move them just fine.

He flexes and then clenches them to prove it to Ilya, and he doesn’t even wince. Once, while Ilya was chasing him around the house with a wet dish towel, Shane had stubbed his toe on the couch leg and half of his foot ended up bruised. That had hurt worse than this does.

“Sweetheart.”

“I promise I’m okay,” Shane says, leaning forward to kiss Ilya in the centre of his forehead. “They’re not broken.”

“Sure?”

“Mhm. Terry just said I have to ice them later.”

Ilya brings Shane’s hand up to his mouth to kiss each one of his bruised knuckles, the touch so featherlight Shane barely even feels it.

“You shouldn’t have-“

“It was fucking dirty, Ilya. I’d just scored, the whistle had gone, you weren’t even the last one with the puck.”

“Yes, ангел, I know. But-“

“I wasn’t letting him get away with hurting my husband. No fucking way.”

Whatever kind of response Shane was expecting - either from his Captain, or from his very protective husband - it wasn’t for Ilya to pull Shane back down and kiss him.

It’s slow, almost lazy, but Ilya coaxes Shane’s mouth open just enough to slip his tongue inside. Shane instinctively sucks on it, his hands grasping Ilya wherever he can reach him. They get far too carried away for a public place where anyone could walk in, and it’s only when Shane feels Ilya wince that he pulls back.

“You have a concussion, baby,” Shane reminds him.

“But you are very sexy when you defend my honour.”

Shane rolls his eyes, but he can feel colour flooding his cheeks. He can take on a hockey player with 2 inches and 5lbs on him, but he turns into a blushing idiot when his literal *husband* calls him sexy. Fucking ridiculous.

But Ilya doesn’t seem to think so. He lifts his hand, brushing the back of his fingers over the flush beneath the freckles Ilya loves so much.

“Pretty,” he murmurs. Then, “Take me home?” He wiggles his brows suggestively.

“You have a concussion!” Shane reminds him again. “We are *not* having sex.”

“Sweetheart, please. You can’t fight for me and then expect me not to fuck you,” Ilya whines.

“Not a chance.”

“We can go slow?”

“Nope.”

“You can ride me.”

Shane pauses, tilting his head slightly as he runs through the logistics of it.

“…maybe.”

Ilya fists pumps, hissing, “Yessss,” like some kind of horny frat bro.

Unfortunately, Shane finds it impossibly endearing. He’s insanely in love with his husband, what can he say.

He leans in, brushes his thumb across Ilya’s kissed-pink bottom lip, and then kisses him again. Slower, sweeter, more chaste than before. It still feels like fireworks, though. Every single kiss, even after over a decade of this, feels as exciting as the very first one.

“Come on. Hold my hand,” Shane orders. “You can close your eyes and I’ll guide you. We’ve got some sunglasses in the car, I think.”

He expects Ilya to argue, but instead he takes Shane's hand and smiles sweetly. "Okay, sweetheart. Thank you."

Ilya is fine. He's okay.

He's got a concussion, he'll miss a game or maybe two, but nothing more than that. Shane will still watch him tonight, as he sleeps. He'll still lie with his head on Ilya's chest to listen to his heart, and to feel him breathe. He'll try not to think about plane crashes, or dementia, or brain injuries, and he will probably fail.

But Shane would rather take a night of worry with Ilya by his side, than even a single second without him. He'll take the fear, because it comes with the love.

Because Shane plans on keeping Ilya forever, and even after that he will follow him.

End Notes

have i done an *ilya gets hurt* fic before? yes. will i do one again? probably!

i have almost no plans this summer, so the second an idea comes to me, i simply start writing and do not stop until it's finished :) my brain does not let me rest

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