

Anesthesia is a Blessing

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Anesthesia is a Blessing

by [cyrenae](#)

Summary

“Wow... who is that handsome guy? Another nurse?” Shane giggled. “Hi handsome!”

Ilya had to try everything in his power not to lose it.

Thank god Yuna was filming this. This moment had to be treasured one way or another, and he was already looking forward to the moment Shane would see this once the anesthesia wore off.

“Not a nurse. Your husband of 3 years, Ilya.”

“Husband??” Shane almost got up excitedly, which led to the nurse having to calm him down a bit. “Oh my god nurse, I hit the jackpot! Look how handsome my husband is!”.

Or: Shane gets in an accident on the ice and goes under for surgery. Ilya is absolutely unprepared once he wakes up.

Notes

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

It happened quickly. The game against the Toronto Guardians was almost over, and the Centaurs were 4-2 ahead, when Shane was suddenly hit on the face with a puck hit by one of the rival players. On accident, sure. But it was a nasty hit regardless, and now Shane lay unmoving on the ice.

Shit. Not again. “Shane!” Ilya shouted, while sprinting to the other side of the rink. He didn’t even notice the visibly-shaken rookie responsible for the incident, who was about to get jumped by the rest of the Centaurs if it wasn’t for the refs making sure they got pulled away.

“Please tell me you’re alright. Please.”

Shane slowly started to open his eyes, and tried getting up. “Ilya...?” He winched, and put his hand beneath his mouth, which didn’t seem to stop bleeding. “Fuck, that hurts”.

Ilya was just about to tell Shane to calm down and not move too much, when the medic team arrived. “Out of the way, Rozanov. Let us handle the rest.”

“But-”

“Rozanov. You’re not helping him this way. Back up.”

Ilya bit his tongue and took a step back, but made sure he was still able to listen in on the medic team and Shane. After what seemed to be ages, one of the medical staff nodded his head to the rest of the staff.

“He seems somewhat responsive, but I’m worried about the swelling and the bleeding that won’t stop. Seems like the best choice is for him to go to the hospital immediately.”

“I’ll go with you. Game is almost over anyways, they will understand.” Ilya nodded to the coach, who acknowledged him with a nod of his own. He followed the medical team as they carried Shane out, with Shane’s parents hurrying down from the stands, visibly distraught.

A fractured jaw. Shane would need surgery in 2 days due to the heavy swelling, and he’ll be out for at least 6 weeks. But thankfully, the doctor said it wasn’t anything more serious, and Ilya finally felt like he could breathe a little bit again.

They’ve been in the hospital for a few hours now, but Ilya had no intention of leaving Shane behind, even if his parents were also there. He clasped Shane’s hand, holding on like he couldn’t let go.

“Please Ilya, go home. Rest.” Shane begged Ilya. His speech was muddy, like his mouth wouldn’t cooperate. Ilya gave him a little smile back, but his eyes were still full with worry. Despite the somewhat good news, he still didn’t want to let go of Shane’s hand. Or let go of Shane period.

Shane’s parents, who were in the room with them just a few minutes ago, left to get some drinks (and to give the two of them some alone time, Ilya bet.)

“You have a game in 2 days. It’s late, and you need to sleep properly.” It took a bit before the words managed to get out, and it felt uncomfortable as hell, which Ilya noticed.

“Stop. Doctor told you not to speak much, remember?” Shane looked at him, eyes pleading, and squeezed Ilya’s hand instead.

There it is. Those eyes. At that point, Ilya knew this was a losing battle.

He wanted to stay with Shane. Wanted to be there for him and care for him. To hell with the NHL, to hell with hockey. But Ilya knew how much the whole team worked to get there, and losing both their top scorers (one of them being their literal captain) was not exactly ideal. Just then, Yuna and David came back. Ilya sighed, then stood up.

“Fine. I will go home and rest. Then beat the shit out of Montreal, promise.” He grinned, then faced Shane’s parents. “Please, if anything happens, message me.”

“Of course.” Yuna promised. “Shane will be fine, I promise. You go rest and prepare yourself for the game.”

Ilya brushed his hand over Shane’s hair, and then kissed him in the forehead. “I will be back immediately after the game. Ya tebya lyublyu.”

“Ya tebya lyublyu.” Shane said back, softly.

As expected, Ilya couldn’t focus on the game properly. Thoughts kept racing around his head that weren’t helping at all. The doctors said Shane would be fine, but what if something went wrong after all? There have been situations before where they were all too close to losing each other, what if-

No. He couldn’t focus, sure, but this spiraling is the last thing he needs.

Still, he tried his best, and his teammates had his back, as always since they started winning the cup. The game ended with a 3-2 win for the Centaurs, but Ilya couldn’t stay to celebrate. Thankfully, Bood would handle the interviews this time. He ran to his car, and drove for 2 hours, directly to the hospital.

Just when he arrived at the hospital, he noticed that Yuna sent him a message:

“Hey Ilya, Shane just woke up from the surgery, we’re in room 2-A. Everything went well! :)”

The tension started to drain from his face, but he had to be absolutely sure. He hurried to the room Yuna had mentioned. Just when he reached the door, a doctor approached him.

“Ah, mr. Rozanov, you’re here; we have good news. Mr. Hollander’s surgery was a success. He woke up about 15 minutes ago, but he’s still a bit groggy from the anesthesia, just so you’re aware. Other than that, there were no complications, and he can even be discharged after sleeping here for 2 nights.”

“Thank god...” Ilya felt like a stone had been lifted from his heart. He thanked the doctor, and opened the door.

The first thing Ilya saw when he entered the room was Shane, half awake, and enjoying a pint of ice cream given by the nurse who was also in the room. Sitting next to him was his mom. She was filming him with her phone in her hand. Ilya was confused as to why at first, until Shane noticed he was there and started to gush without stopping.

“Wow... who is that handsome guy? Another nurse?” Shane giggled. “Hi handsome!”

Ilya had to try everything in his power not to lose it.

Thank god Yuna was filming this. This moment had to be treasured one way or another, and he was already looking forward to the moment Shane would see this once the anesthesia wore off.

“Not a nurse. Your husband of 3 years, Ilya.”

“Husband??” Shane almost got up excitedly, which led to the nurse having to calm him down a bit. “Oh my god nurse, I hit the jackpot! Look how handsome my husband is!”. The nurse did not take long, as he fell back to the sheets quickly, already drifting again.

Ilya had to admit: hearing his husband loudly exclaim how handsome he was, even when his memory was foggy, made him blush. He got closer, and continued the conversation.

“Oh, so I’m handsome? What else?” Ilya had the biggest smile on his face. Seeing Shane be so sappy in public was rare, and he was going to enjoy every moment of it.

“You smell very nice. And your voice, it’s very sexy. Come closer to me, please?” Shane said, sleepily. Ilya secretly wished this moment would never end. He sat on the other side of the bed, watching as Shane started to doze off.

After he closed his eyes for a bit, he opened them again, looked at Ilya, and smiled. He opened his mouth, paused, then seemed to forget what he’d wanted to say. He pondered for a bit, then brushed his fingers over Ilya’s cheeks. “First I got ice cream, and now I have such a nice husband... I’m so lucky, aren’t I?” Shane beamed.

Man. Thank you so much anesthesia. Ilya couldn't be happier right now. He loved his husband so much it was driving him insane.

Yuna stopped filming, then quietly excused herself and stepped out to "find her husband". Since the nurse was gone as well, Shane and Ilya were now alone in the room.

"I'm also very lucky since I have you. I'm so glad you're ok." Ilya gave Shane a small peck on his forehead.

"Were you worried?"

"Of course. My heart almost exploded when I saw you on ice. But worth it, just to hear you call me handsome so loudly." Ilya looked amused.

Suddenly, Shane's expression turned serious. He gripped Ilya's hand.

"Don't go. Stay with me. Please." He said, his voice heavy.

Ilya got thrown off by the sudden change in tone, but then held Shane's hand tightly in return.

"Always, moy lyubovnik."

"Did you HAVE to film everything, mom?"

God. Shane wanted to crawl in a hole and die after seeing the video his mom sent to him. He felt so absolutely embarrassed seeing him acting like a fool after his surgery. Granted, he was all drugged up from the anesthesia he took so it was beyond his control, but still.

They'd just arrived at his parents' place after Shane was discharged from the hospital. Obviously, he had to recuperate for a few weeks which meant no hockey for about 2 months, but he was finally home.

"Of course. This is a treasure. Your mom is very smart to film it." Ilya already watched the video a dozen times, but still had the biggest grin on his face watching it.

"Ilya is right; this IS a treasure. You can't blame me for filming it!" Yuna said, while grabbing her keys from the counter. "Anyways, your dad and I are going out to do some groceries. We'll be back in a bit. We'll call when we're outside and need your help getting them in."

"And there she goes, running away." Shane sighed.

Well, he didn't say anything that Ilya didn't know already, so it wasn't that bad. He just felt a bit embarrassed hearing him say all that out loud, with a nurse and his mom in the room.

Suddenly, Ilya hugged him from behind, and gave him a little kiss on the neck. "I was so scared you would..." Ilya paused for a bit, and then continued.

"I know it's part of the sport, but still. I think I just got scared because of what happened last time."

"I know. I'm here now. I'm not going anywhere." Shane turned around, and gently ran his hand through Ilya's hair.

Ilya smiled, caught Shane's chin gently and then lifted it. He then kissed him softly, like he was made of glass.

"I wish I could kiss you more right now. Stupid puck..." Ilya looked slightly annoyed, thinking how maybe his teammates should've jumped that rookie on the ice after all.

"Hmmm. A passionate kiss might be off the table, but I'm sure there's a lot more that we can still do." Shane winked, held Ilya's hand, and led him to the bedroom.

Ilya Rozanov-Hollander  **@Ilyarozanov_real**

1M likes and I will drop one minute video of Shane under anesthesia 😊

→ Shane Rozanov-Hollander  **@OfficialShaneHollander**

Oh my god please tell me you're joking.

→→ Ilya Rozanov-Hollander  **@Ilyarozanov_real**

:)

End Notes

This is not only my very first Heated Rivalry fic, but my very first fic ever. English is also NAWT my first language, so if you somehow got through this, congratulations and thank you very much for not leaving halfway! Please comment if you like, I'd love to see people's reactions and suggestions on how I can improve in the future!! :) (But be kind please I'm begging hehe)

twitter: @cyrenaes

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