

It Gets So Quiet at Night

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75626191) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75626191>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort , Angst , Followed by Fluff , Sports Injury , Temporary Loss of Hearing , Cuddling
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Skaboom's Bad Things Happen Bingo
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-12 Words: 1,771 Chapters: 1/1

It Gets So Quiet at Night

by [Skaboom](#)

Summary

After a rough hit ruptures Shane's eardrum, damaging the hearing in his left ear, he tries to pull himself together, to handle it alone, but Ilya has other ideas.

Notes

Little bit of hurt followed by comfort for my new favorite boys.

Loss of Hearing prompt from my Bad Things Happen Bingo Card, as well!

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

Shane closed his eyes, opening them again as he lay on the ice. Fuck, he had just taken a hard hit from a goon from Florida, and while he could feel his entire body, something wasn't right. His head hurt, but perhaps more worrying...there was a splitting pain in his left ear and noise from the crowd sounded far away.

Really far away.

Shane knew the drill, and he waited on the ice for the medical team to skate over to him. They checked to make sure there was no damage to his spine and righted him, shining a flashlight in his eyes.

They were speaking, but Shane couldn't hear them well enough to catch all, or even most, of what they were saying when they were to his left.

"I can't hear out of this ear. Hurts like hell," he said, gesturing to his left ear, just wanting to get off the ice, wanting this *fixed*.

The medical team nodded and helped him up and off the ice, but without his proper hearing, he couldn't catch all what was being said to him, about him. He looked around, feeling his chest tighten. He leaned over and threw up, wiping his mouth with his gloved hand as he was escorted directly out of the arena and into an ambulance.

The next few hours were a daze. Fortunately, his parents had been at the game and got to the hospital quickly, his mother bulldogging the medical staff into giving her son the best care possible. The doctors and nurses, understanding better what he needed than the staff at the rink, made sure to stand on his right side when they spoke to him, allowing him to track what was going on.

As they ran tests and examinations, Shane's heart wouldn't stop pounding. He kept blinking, gulping as though that might clear his ears and aid in his hearing the way it sometimes did when his sinuses were plugged, but this was different. The pain was searing, and he still couldn't hear.

"Well son, you've ruptured your left ear drum," the doctor finally said. "Good news, it looks like you avoided major traumatic damage. Bad news, it's gonna be a couple weeks before you're back to normal."

"But...I will be back to normal?"

"Almost certainly."

Almost.

"Thank you, sir," Shane said politely, though the sense of panic was returning.

Almost.

But what if he didn't heal? What if he didn't get his hearing back? Was he going to lose hockey?

"Take it easy, keep the ear dry, get plenty of rest, you should be right as rain in no time," the doctor stated, a smile on his face that did put Shane at some ease, though perhaps not enough.

"Come on, honey, let's get you home."

"Yeah."

Shane allowed his mother to drive him back to his Montreal apartment, and she and his father fussed until he couldn't take it anymore.

"I just want some space," he said finally, trying his best not to snap. "I'm tired."

"Okay, we'll extend our reservation at the hotel," Yuna said. "Stay in town a couple more days, make sure you're alright."

Shane was a grown man. He should have been fine on his own, he should have told his parents to go back to Ottawa, but the comfort of having them close by made him feel a little better, so he simply nodded.

David hugged him, Yuna kissed his forehead, and with a promise to call them if he needed anything, Shane ushered his parents out the door.

"Fuck," he breathed as he sat down in the sofa. It was past midnight, but he wasn't sure how he was going to be able to sleep after all of that.

Now that he was alone, his mind could wander. He wanted to touch his ear, to tug at the lobe, to try and bring his hearing back, but he knew that would only make matters worse.

He turned on the television, watching the ESPN recap of the league.

Even with his exit late second period, Montreal had been able to get a tough win over Florida, and he saw a snippet of the post-game interview. Hayden had scored the winning goal, and he dedicated it to Shane.

Of course he did. Hayden was a little goofy, but he was a good guy.

Toronto had bested Seattle, San Jose had been absolutely destroyed by New York, and perhaps most importantly, Boston had won at home against Colorado.

Even if he couldn't hear it all properly, watching the hockey put Shane at ease, and he flipped to his DVR, pulling up the Boston game and starting it from the beginning. Maybe he knew the outcome, but watching it would still help.

He told himself it didn't have anything to do with Ilya - something that became significantly more difficult to prove to himself when his phone lit up with a text.

Lily: Shit. Just heard you got your bell rung good. You are okay?

Jane: Yeah, I'll be fine.

Lily: Will be, or are? Not the same.

Jane: Will be, I guess. Ruptured my left ear drum. Kind of messed up my hearing temporarily.

Lily: Oh...fuck. How long will you be out?

Jane: I don't know. Couple of weeks probably, but it's fine.

Lily: Sure. Feel better. You are home now at least.

Jane: Yeah, I'm at home.

When Ilya didn't reply, Shane sighed, setting his phone down and looking up at the screen just in time to watch Ilya slam the puck right past Colorado's goalie and into the net. He said something that the cameras didn't pick up - or if they had Shane couldn't hear it - to the goalie, something *Ilya* enough that one of the refs grabbed the back of his jersey and yanked him backwards.

It was so classic Ilya, and yet almost difficult to reconcile with the Ilya that had just texted him to make sure that he was alright.

Almost.

At some point during the game, Shane was able to drift off to sleep, though he woke only a few hours later to a banging on his front door.

It was still dark as he checked his phone for the time. Just after 5 AM. Who the fuck would be banging on his door at 5 in the fucking morning?

Shane, disoriented and disheveled, walked to the door and looked out the peephole.

Oh. Ilya Rozanov. That's who.

"Jesus Christ, what are you doing?" Shane hissed, opening the door and pulling Ilya inside.

"Relax. Is early. Is dark. No one saw."

"What...*what* are you doing here?" Shane asked again.

"I wanted to make sure you are okay."

"You were in Boston."

"Yes, good job, Hollander, that is where I live. You have concussion?" Ilya reached out, gently taking Shane's chin in his hand and moving Shane's head carefully side to side as though he would be able to *see* signs of the potential concussion.

"Shut up. No. It's 5 AM." Shane jerked his head away from Ilya's grip.

Ilya shrugged. "I drive fast." He paused. "Don't worry, I parked many blocks away."

"You still came to the front door."

"I did not know if your ringer was on." Ilya reached out again, this time placing his hand on Shane's cheek, his thumb gently caressing Shane's skin. "You are okay? You are sure?"

"I'm fine." Shane nodded, though he leaned into Ilya's touch.

"Did not seem so fine over texts," Ilya pointed out, careful to speak into Shane's right ear.

"So you drove all night to double check?"

"Was only four hours."

"It's a longer drive than that."

"I told you," Ilya smirked. "I drive fast."

"Shut up." Shane leaned in, kissing Ilya with a desperation that he had not been expecting, but he was tired, he was in pain, he was scared, and Ilya had rushed to his side.

Shane didn't want to think about what that meant, so instead, he kissed Ilya.

Ilya wasted no time lifting Shane up, carrying him to the bedroom.

"Jesus, so many fucking pillows," Ilya groaned, holding Shane up impressively with one arm while pushing the mass of decorative pillows to the floor with his other.

Once the bed was clear, he laid Shane down, kissing him softly, leaning over him. Shane's hands went to Ilya's arms, touching him gently through the fabric.

"I'm glad you're here," Shane admitted.

"Good." Ilya leaned down, kissing Shane again. "Would hate to have driven all this way for you to be ungrateful brat."

"Sometimes I think you kinda like it when I'm a brat."

"Sometimes," Ilya conceded with a shrug. "Not right now. Am too tired for brat taming."

"Oh god." Shane looked up at him, realization hitting him, that Ilya had probably been up for close to 24 hours. "We should sleep."

We.

"Probably." Ilya sighed. He wanted to keep kissing Shane, to blow him, to fuck him, but god, he was exhausted. He leaned down, pressing a tender kiss to Shane's left ear. "You can hear nothing?" Ilya asked as he righted himself.

"Not right now, not much." Shane shook his head. "They said it'll heal, but..."

“But you are scared it will not?”

“I guess,” Shane admitted.

“It will heal,” Ilya said decisively. “Regardless, I will kill Ivanic,” he said, naming the Florida player who had hit Shane. “Next time we play Florida. Dead.”

“You’re not exactly an enforcer,” Shane said with a laugh, glad for the moment of levity.

“Maybe not usually, but I hate that guy.” *He hurt you.* “Will be worth it.”

“Yeah, me too.” Shane’s chuckle turned to a yawn.

“Okay, bedtime for you,” Ilya decided. He flopped down beside Shane, rolling Shane carefully onto his right side as he pulled the blankets up and over him. “Goodnight, Hollander,” Ilya said, slinging an arm over Shane’s body.

There was no response, and Ilya quickly realized that with Shane’s right ear pressed against the pillow, his left ear was the only one exposed.

Ilya leaned in, dropping a gentle kiss to the back of Shane’s neck, then, in his damaged left ear, whispered as quietly as possible: “I love you, Shane Hollander.”

Ilya pressed another soft kiss to Shane’s ear before lying back, pulling Shane closer to him. He closed his eyes, feeling a weight lift off of him.

Shane may not have heard him, but at least Ilya had been able to speak what was in his heart.

Maybe one day, he would be brave enough to say it to Shane’s face.

Maybe one day, Shane would say it back.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading, I hope you enjoyed this!

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