

fleeting

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75707846) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75707846>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Miscarriage , Unplanned Pregnancy , Hospitalization , Major Character Injury , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Disassociation , Mpreg , Male Pregnancy
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-13 Words: 2,065 Chapters: 1/1

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by [countdracilya](#)

Summary

The words start spilling out faster than he can think them, a desperate spew of apologies and half-explanations through ragged gasps, vision blurry at the edges. “I swear, I didn’t know. I would have told you, I wouldn’t have—” Shane cuts himself off with a sob. “With my suppressants, I shouldn’t even be able to get—”

“You are pregnant,” Ilya says, his dark eyes unreadable.

Shane just closes his eyes. “I *was*.”

An alternate version of Shane's accident on the ice.

Notes

i have come to contribute horrible angst to the omega shane hollander tag. i would tell you i'm sorry but i'm really really not.

but in all seriousness, this is a very heavy topic. please read the tags, read them AGAIN, and click away if this is not something you feel you can handle reading. take care of yourselves!! also, obvious spoilers for the book as this scene has not yet been shown in the show (at the time of posting)

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

It's been 6 hours since they told him, but it hasn't sunk in. He's barely been awake, after all. They've got him on the good stuff, because it doesn't matter what drugs he takes. Not anymore. Not when—

"Shane," Dad says. He sounds so sad. Shane thinks he's sad, too. Mostly, he just feels empty. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"No," Shane says. There's nothing to talk about.

You've suffered a miscarriage, the doctor had said, and Shane had nodded. *Suffer* sounded like the right word.

There's the concussion, too, and the fucked up shoulder, and the bruises down his hip. His arm's in a sling. His head hurts. He's nauseous and his stomach feels sore, cramping like it does before a heat. It radiates into his thighs, leaves him uncomfortable and aching.

It's the pain he tries to focus on, but even that starts to ebb away into nothingness once the drugs start kicking back in. And when he thinks of the drugs, he thinks of why he can take them, why he has to take them, and why it doesn't matter *what* he takes.

"Shane, sweetheart," Mom whispers. She's still holding his hand, has been since he got the news. He's never seen her this helpless. There's never been a problem Yuna Hollander couldn't fix, until now. "Is there—"

A knock on the door interrupts her. Shane gets a whiff of muted cardamom and cloves, thinks—there you are. Come closer. Stay far, far away.

"Mr. Rozanov," Dad says, clearing his throat politely. "Good of you to check in on Shane."

"Ah, no. It's nothing," Ilya says, and the second Shane hears his voice it's like a dam bursts. His instincts go haywire, scent surging. He bites down on a distressed whine and clenches his fists to keep from reaching out. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Ilya take a panicked step forward. Shane feels it the second his parents understand who, exactly, has walked into the room.

His mother stands, instantly defensive, and Shane knows what this must look like—her only son knocked up and heartbroken by the NHL's most notorious playboy. He just doesn't have the words to explain properly. He's so tired. "Is he—"

"He didn't know," Shane murmurs, still staring at the wall ahead of him. It's white, clinical. Empty. "*I didn't know.*"

His mother sounds stricken. "Shane—"

Ilya hovers in the doorway, an uncertainty that Shane has never seen before pinning him in place. "If it is not good time, I can—"

“No,” Dad says, placing a leading hand on his mother’s back. “I think you boys have some things to talk about. We’ll, uh. Give you some space.”

Mom dips down to kiss Shane on the forehead, quick as lightning. “We’ll be right in the waiting room, okay?” She cups his face carefully, her voice fierce. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Shane whispers, accepting another kiss to his cheek. He feels raw, split open. Aching around the middle.

His parents leave. Dad even claps a hand on Ilya’s shoulder on the way out. Ilya looks surprised for just a moment before he recovers and nods back.

And then they’re alone.

“Hey,” Shane rasps.

There’s a pause, and then—

“Something has happened,” Ilya hedges, uncertain. “It’s bad?”

Shane swallows thickly, still avoiding his gaze. He thinks that if he looks at Ilya right now he will crumble entirely. “Yeah,” he murmurs, “It’s—it’s bad. It feels bad.”

There’s not a lot else Shane knows right now. Too many thoughts swirling shapeless in his mind, too quick to grab onto. It feels useless to try and hold on to these final moments of quiet, knowing what’s about to come. Knowing what he’ll have to say.

Ilya will blame Shane. Of course he will. It’s literally Shane’s fault. It was his body that failed, his idiot brain that couldn’t figure out something was trying to hitch a ride inside of him. Or impossibly worse, Ilya won’t care. Logically, this is Ilya’s best possible outcome. No scandal, no career upheaval, no child support. No ties. A clean break.

Warm hands on his face, in his hair. A low, gentle murmur. “Hollander. *Shane*, любимый. You are breathing very hard. Please try to calm down, yes?”

Shane just shakes his head, the rough pads of Ilya’s fingertips catching against day-old stubble. He didn’t realize he was hyperventilating, but now all he can feel is the tightness of his chest and the ache behind his sternum. Ilya readjusts, scooting closer on the bed, and he’s so gentle when he smooths the hair off of Shane’s forehead. He’s so *gentle*, but would he be—if he *knew*—

The words start spilling out faster than he can think them, a desperate spew of apologies and half-explanations through ragged gasps, vision blurry at the edges. “I swear, I didn’t know. I would have told you, I wouldn’t have—” Shane cuts himself off with a sob. “With my suppressants, I shouldn’t even be able to get—”

He stops short. Can’t force the word out. Can’t do anything except cry, because now that he’s started he can’t stop. He still doesn’t know if he—if he’d even *wanted*—

But it doesn't matter, now. He got on the ice, he took the hit. He failed, and that decision has been taken from him. Here, in this horrible room with its antiseptic smell and paper-thin sheets, it feels like he's lost *everything*.

"You are pregnant," Ilya says, his dark eyes unreadable.

Shane just closes his eyes. "I *was*."

The world goes silent, all sights and sounds sucked into a vacuum. Ilya's hand stills in his, and Shane waits for him to pull away. Waits for him to leave, or laugh, or yell at him for being a selfish, hockey obsessed *asshole*.

This is the end. Seven years of back and forth, of falling, of being caught and being dropped in equal measure. This is how it ends—Shane in a hospital room, alone. Drowning in grief.

That's what this feeling is, he thinks. There's a flash of hazel eyes, freckles splashed across a tiny nose. Dark curls and a gummy smile.

What could have been, maybe. In another, kinder life.

"What do you need from me?"

Shane's gaze snaps up before he can stop himself. The last thing he wants right now is to look at Ilya. The *only* thing he wants right now is to look at Ilya.

Ilya's expression is blank, his gaze unwavering. The only giveaway is the tiny furrow of his brow, the slight wobbling of his bottom lip. "You need to scream, cry? Yell at me? Hit something? Whatever it is, I give it to you."

He's trying so hard to be strong. Shane can see it in the tense line of his shoulders. Ilya, who loves with his whole body, who cares more deeply than anyone Shane has ever met. Ilya, who has just lost his father, and now has to deal with *this*.

Ilya, who is trying to be brave so that Shane can be scared and sad and broken.

"I think, um." Shane stops, sniffs. Tries to get it the fuck together. "I think I just need you."

This time, Ilya doesn't hesitate. He leans in to press kisses against Shane's temple, his eyebrow. The apple of each cheek. Shane sighs into it, reaching out to grab at Ilya's shirt with his good hand. Ilya responds with an arm around his waist, the other hand tangling in his hair. Like he can hold Shane together through sheer force of will.

"I'm sorry," Shane whispers, shaking his head.

Ilya follows the movement, catches Shane's chin in a careful grip. Presses another kiss to the side of his nose. "No apologies. It's not your fault."

"Like hell it isn't—"

"Do not blame yourself. I will not allow it."

Shane scoffs, but it's half-hearted. "Bullshit. I should have known, I—"

Ilya kisses him quiet. "But you did not know," he murmurs, lips moving against Shane's mouth, "You could not have known. It was early, yes? There were no signs. You said yourself, with your suppressants. It should not have been possible."

Shane feels his face crumple as he drops his forehead against Ilya's cheek. "But it was. It happened, and now it's—"

Ilya shudders. "Yes," he agrees, like this single word is being dragged out from the depths of his stomach. Like it hurts.

Before Shane can say anything else, Ilya moves to lay on the bed beside him. He pauses just before he settles, asks, "Okay?"

Shane just nods and slumps against Ilya, lets him hold some of the heaviness. Ilya gets a careful arm around his shoulder and positions them so Shane's bad arm is supported. His fingers find Shane's hair. More than anything, Shane wishes Ilya wasn't wearing a stupid fucking scent patch. The clove in his own scent, so subtle and new, is fading. Soon, it will be gone entirely.

"I'm out—I'm out for the rest of the season," Shane says, his head against Ilya's shoulder. "The concussion is enough. I don't, um. I don't want to tell my coach or the team about... everything else."

Ilya nods, rubbing his nose against Shane's temple. "None of their business."

"I'm going to the cottage." Shane doesn't know why he says it, doesn't know why he thinks Ilya would even care. After this, they'll go their separate ways again, for God knows how many months. Ilya has a Stanley Cup to win. Shane has wounds to lick in private. Besides, this is—it's still probably the end. They're both shaken, clinging to the only person who understands, but they're not—they're not *partners*, grieving the loss together.

They're just two people who made a mistake. Two people paying the price. Best to cut their losses, maybe.

But God, what a loss.

"I would like to come with you."

Yet again, Ilya Rozanov throws Shane off his guard. He wonders if it will ever stop feeling like an absolute wonder.

Something like hope settles beside the grief. "But the playoffs—"

"*Fuck* the playoffs," Ilya snaps, then lets his head fall back, a hand over his face. When he finally pulls it away, his eyes are red, his jaw tight. He blows out a harsh breath, whispers, "Sorry, I am sorry. I do not mean to yell."

Shane reaches up and traces his thumb over the gentle skin beneath Ilya's eye. It comes away wet. "Ilya," he murmurs, his own throat feeling tight.

Ilya clears his throat and looks down, avoiding Shane's gaze. "I could not possibly focus on game when you are hurt. When we...when we have lost something so precious." His mouth twists, chest hitching. Shane presses a kiss to the hinge of Ilya's jaw, offering what little comfort he can. Ilya's arm tightens around him. "I would like to be there for you. While you...recover. But if it is too private, or you don't want me there, I understand."

I love you, Shane thinks, sudden and fierce. How could he have thought for even a second that Ilya would be relieved, that he would ever take the easy out?

"I want you there," Shane murmurs, "I want you with me everywhere, all the time."

Ilya shudders under the weight of his relief. "Then I will be there," he says, like it's that easy. Maybe, after all of this pain, it is.

There are worse things than being outed, Shane thinks. Worse than losing hockey. He knows that intimately, now.

The thought makes him brave. What does he have to lose, truly? Ilya is here. That's all that matters, in the end.

"Take off your scent patch," Shane says, "Not being able to smell you is like—it's—"

Ilya rips the patch off his neck like it's personally offended him. It lands somewhere on the bed, crumpled and useless. Instantly, Shane's senses are flooded with spice and warmth, a comfort that settles him like nothing else possibly could. He goes limp. Strings cut. He's half asleep by the time his head lands against Ilya's neck, greedy and desperate for cardamom-scented calm.

"Sorry," Shane slurs, slumping even further into Ilya's hold, "I didn't think—"

"Rest," Ilya presses his lips to Shane's forehead. "I will be here when you wake up."

He is. He stays.

End Notes

i'm on tumblr and twitter @countdracilya

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