

You Call and I Come (Running)

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You Call and I Come (Running)

by [Kelethin](#)

Summary

“Hello?” Ilya prodded. “Are you there? I thought you were supposed to be polite Canadian boy.” A breath of laughter sounded in his ear and Ilya perked up despite himself even if he did beat down his grin with sheer force of will. “Are you drunk? You drank without me and now you miss me. Very sad for you.”

“I—”

Ilya’s smile dropped in an instant and his feet hit the carpet as he vaulted off the bed. Something was wrong. Hollander sounded wrong.

“Hollander, what is wrong?” Ilya demanded and listened hard.

Then he heard it. Shaky inhales and even shakier exhales that made his stomach drop to the floor.

“I need—” Hollander’s voice broke as he took in a pained breath. He was in pain.

Ilya started scrambling for his shoes. “Talk to me, Hollander.”

Shane calls Ilya for help after sustaining a concussion and Ilya comes running.

Notes

Heated Rivalry has become my new hyper fixation and this is my attempt to exorcise it from my brain because I need to focus on other things, damn it.

Minor spoilers for Ilya’s background but not really because it’s super vague. Also, this is set when they are still on a last name basis for the most part.

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Canadian heads up for anyone who doesn’t know: Our ‘Smarties’ is candy coated chocolate, like a different version of MnMs. Not little sugar pucks. And Canadian apologies for the Russian. I used Google Translate.

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

Boisterous laughter flung down from the mouth of the alley and a jagged shadow slashed through the light cast by the nearest lamppost as a group of what sounded like drunk college students stampeded on by. Shane drew himself up tighter into the corner of the brick wall holding him up, his sneakers scraping against the cold pavement as his knees pulled toward his chest. The movement pulled a sharp cry of pain from his throat that was choked by the fear of being found by people worse than the ones who did this to him. Or worse, someone snapping a photo and posting it online. He shuddered at the thought of Rozan- of people seeing what a wimp he was. Got his ass handed to him by two drunk, middle aged white guys and now he was stuck hiding in a sketchy alleyway until the world stopped spinning when he moved. He just hadn't seen the punch coming, was all. Saw the Voyageurs jerseys and let his guard down. Which, how stupid was he? He knew the fans were intense, especially at home, but usually when they won, it would be to gush over him and ask for autographs, not punch him in the face.

Shane frowned, feeling of kilter, and then his stomach sunk because that wasn't right. They had been playing the Bears in Boston- he was sure of it a second ago. His memories of the night felt like reflections on shards of glass, not enough to glimpse and form a solid shape for Shane to remember exactly what city he was in. There wasn't enough defining architecture in this dark alley way for him to get any context clues and his recollection of the game was a jumbled mess that could have been anywhere. His head hurt when he tried to separate memories of playing in both home and away colours. He knew they played Boston at least.

Fuck, he wanted Rozanov.

The intrusive thought was just as unwelcome as the first time it exploded Shane's brain hours ago when those three or two or four Voyageurs fans started to close in on him. But now, in the few hours he had managed to calm himself down from the fear and adrenaline of getting his ass beat, panic found him again. He should know what fucking city he was in.

Rozanov wouldn't have let this happen to him, that's for sure. He would have been like how he was on the ice- sending full grown men flying into the boards or landing devastating haymakers the few times he got into fights. Naturally, he always thought he could probably take a punch just as well as Rosanov. The Russian made it look not so hard. Well, Shane didn't think that anymore. He could feel his head pound in his back teeth, the hand he had pressed to the sticky blood in his hair, not helping in the slightest. Another wave of vertigo almost sent him back to a heap onto the ground, but he fought it, not wanting to give up the hard-won ground of sitting all the way up. He was so close now. All he had to do was stand up and get back to... to either his hotel room or his apartment. He could figure out where he was if he just got up.

Rozanov could probably do it if their positions were reversed and Shane clung to that thought like he had been doing since he woke up hurting on the hard ground. Would have shaken it off with his cheeky smile that featured regularly in Shane's dreams. Desperation hit him as hard as that first punch did, not that he could really remember how hard the ones that followed were. He sure felt them though. He felt winded by it, how much he wanted Rozanov right now, to be lying next to him in bed. Ideally without a concussion. By now they would have been in those precious few moments after sex before one of them had the sense to leave.

A lump grew in Shane's throat. He wanted to be warm and safe wrapped up in each other's arms, he wanted to put his head on Rosanov's stupid chest, close his eyes, and savour his favourite place to be. Because feeling sorry for himself here on this disgusting ground of the dark alley he was stuck in, Shane could admit to himself that he liked being with Rozanov more than he had been trying to tell himself. He felt the sting of tears burn behind his eyelids. Rozanov was probably sleeping by now, probably thinking he had been stood up. If the situation was reversed Shane would feel discarded and awful, but he couldn't look at his phone without the bright light sending what felt like a white-hot blade through his eyes and into his brain. He probably went to sleep angry with Shane. Probably wouldn't want to talk to Shane ever again. The only time he would see Rozanov's bright eyes, perfect lips, and wavy blonde hair again would be on the ice.

That was if he could get up off this fucking ground. Like always, the thought of Rozanov lit a fire in Shane, burning him from the inside out and it gave him strength to grit his teeth and get his feet out from under him. Only, when he tried, the entire world tilted on its axis and the scant inches he rose up fell away to nothing as he flopped over and kept himself from faceplanting by landing on his elbow. His stomach lurched and then he was throwing up to the side, narrowly avoiding making a mess of himself. As he coughed and gasped, bile burning his throat, Shane started to think he might need help. His breaths became shallow as he started to panic again. Every short heave of his chest pulled at his shoulder and his arm hanging uselessly in his lap. At least it was numb now. Dislocated. Concussion. He would be out the rest of the season for sure.

"No," he groaned.

If he could make it out of here, he might have to sit out a couple games, sure, but he could still help his team into the playoffs. They needed him. But if he couldn't stand up and had to call an ambulance, that would mean his injuries were *bad* and he would be benched, maybe for the rest of the season. That would be accepting defeat. And his team needed him now more than ever in their run up to the playoffs. The thought made the panic worse and black dots start to pepper his vision, making him shake his head. Immediately he heaved as nausea swelled but he managed to keep the contents of his stomach down this time. A sharp thought niggled at him as he compulsively swallowed.

If he couldn't play, Shane wouldn't see Rozanov until next year.

Suddenly, he felt the lack of him like a missing limb. If Rozanov was here with him, Shane would bet that he could stand up no problem. All it would take would be one bitchy look that would lend him the strength to fight through the dizziness. But he wasn't, and as breathing started to become difficult as panic squeezed in, he realized that the thing between them was probably over now. It was all his fault too. He may not have remembered the game they played against each other, but he could recall the giddiness that had driven Shane to leave his teammates early in that crowded bar and pop into the closest McDonalds on the way back from the hotel. He didn't even like McDonalds. But Rozanov had mentioned in an interview last week that his favourite ice cream treat thing, the name escaped him, was the Oreo one. As soon as Shane laid eyes on it, he had veered towards it, overwhelmed with some kind of compulsion that was one of his only memories from tonight. God, he should have gotten himself a ginger ale so he could at least pass off he'd been there naturally. What an idiot.

The thing- oh, *McFlurry* he bought for Rozanov was now on its side under the light of the lamppost on the street outside the narrow alleyway, melted and wasted. It had been a dumb idea in the first place. Rozanov would have laughed in his face. Who even brought ice cream for a hook up? Stupid.

"I can't believe you brought me treat, Hollander," Shane could imagine him saying in his deep voice. *"You must like meee. Maybe you lick my cock like ice cream to make it fair play, yes?"*

Even just imagining Rozanov's voice settled his nerves. Shane felt his lips manage a watery smile that faded when he considered trying to get up again. He pushed himself to his limit every day, until his muscles burned and he didn't think he could do another rep. He was used to pushing past pain. He didn't think he had it in him now though. If only he could call Rozanov, Shane could focus on his voice and get himself on his feet.

But what would he even say? *Hey Rosanov, can you tell me to get up off my ass because I can't do it by myself because I'm a huge, baby wimp?*

Yeah, no.

He already embarrassed himself enough in Vegas, that time they didn't even kiss. He would jump through hoops and do little spins if it was Rozanov that asked him to. Shane had kicked himself and kicked himself for losing his mind then, for showing Rozanov that he would do anything and everything for him. Had ignored that kernel of warmth in his core that told him he liked doing what Rozanov told him to do and how the Russian looked when he did it. Instead, vowed to himself that if anything like that happened again, he wouldn't cave so easily. But honestly, who was he trying to fool? It almost felt like those assholes who beat him up had kicked him in the chest too, opening up the yawning pit in his heart meant for Ilya Rozanov. Empty because they were in the same city finally but still so far away and Shane wanted Ilya to tell him what to do. Tell him to get up.

As he looked past his outstretched feet at the opposite wall with a short iron staircase leading to a dented door, his fingers tightened around his phone. This was stupid. He wasn't too much of a coward to call Rozanov. He could do it. Even if Rozanov ended things with him, Shane would bet it would still be the boost he needed to find his legs. Besides, waiting any longer to see a doctor about his head would be dumb. Rapid medical attention was important, even concussed he knew that. It was the smart thing to do, really, so he suffered through the stabbing pain of glancing at the blinding light of his phone and managed to press call. It rang three times before it connected.

"Is not past your bedtime, Hollander?" Rozanov's rich voice was enough to strike him dumb.

What the fuck was he thinking?

Shane scraped his head back on the wall behind him so he wouldn't start sobbing. He was so fucking scared. Who was he kidding? If Rozanov ended things, Shane would be ruined. God, he couldn't even get up off the ground by himself, what if he was stuck like this forever? What if he could never walk straight again? He wouldn't be able to skate or shoot or play or-

“Hollander,” Rozanov called.

This was too much. He was too much. He knew it was too much. Shane ended the call.

“Ah, fuck,” he swore, immediately regretting his choice. His suddenly heaving breaths sent spikes of pain through his skull, making him groan and then gasp as his phone started ringing, loud enough to make him startle and drop it. He felt around with shaking fingers, his eyes slammed shut to block the lance of pain that came with catching sight of the bright screen.

He breathed out slowly as he held the phone up to his ear.

“You there?” Rozanov drawled. Shane’s throat closed up around Ilya’s name. He couldn’t answer. “Hello? Are you there? I thought you were supposed to be polite Canadian boy.”

A smile lifted his lips even as a tear escaped from under his lashes. He knew he could count on him.

“Are you drunk? You drank without me and now you miss me. Very sad for you.”

“I—” Shane’s voice broke.

“Hollander, what is wrong?” Rozanov’s voice cracked out like a whip.

“I need—” He cut himself off before he could finish that sentence.

“Talk to me, Hollander.”

Shane hesitated. If he didn’t know better, Rozanov sounded almost worried. There were muffled sounds on the line like he was moving around.

“Um. I, uh,” Shane said. He just needed a minute. “I just- I- look, I’m sorry.” Shit, he didn’t mean to say that.

“Sorry, why sorry? What is wrong?”

He *was* worried. Shane felt his lips wobble before a torrent of words broke free from them. “Ilya, I’m sorry, I’m really sorry,” Shane said and then started babbling. He couldn’t stop, not even knowing what he was saying really, words falling uncontrollably out of his mouth until his name, *Shane*, was yelled out in Rozanov’s voice. It stopped him cold.

“Ilya,” Shane breathed.

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They had won.

Ilya played his best game in weeks and scored two goals against the Voyageurs tonight. He should be happy. Should have been laying in the afterglow with Hollander right now after nailing him into the mattress- what would have been his hat trick of the night. But no, instead he was miserable, glaring at the game highlights on the television screen in front of his bed and taking a long drag of his cigarette. Alone. All because Hollander was a sore loser even though that was how this went. Every time. When they played against each other Ilya would get his dick sucked reverently and desperately if Hollander won, or if he lost like he had something to prove, like if he could reduce Ilya to a puddle who forgot both English and Russian then he still had a victory. Every time Ilya won against the Voyageurs now and the final buzzer wailed, he got half hard.

They hadn't seen each other for months, with the way their games had been and he had been so eager to get his hands on Hollander and hold him close. Ilya's stomach flipped and he shook his head at his misbehaving brain. All he had wanted was to see those velvet lips around his cock, those dark eyes looking up at him with something dangerous, those fucking lashes brushing freckled cheeks when Hollander closed his eyes like he was worshipping at an altar.

"Enjoy your win now, Rosanov" Hollander had said on the ice. "Next time you won't be so lucky."

His friends had nodded while Marlow, gliding by Ilya, laughed and taunted the three Voyageurs with their sad faces. It had almost been a fight. If not for Shane Goodie Two Shoes Hollander, skating in close to Ilya and offering his hand to shake. Ilya had gotten the shock of his life when before Hollander turned to leave, he leaned in and whispered his room number. Ilya didn't think he had it in him. Yet there he was, already turning away with a little smile on his beet red face, visibly proud of himself and that's how it was going to be was it? Hollander already looking to even the score. It had taken everything in Ilya to not latch onto his wrist and pull him back.

It went without saying that he left their post-game celebrations early and checked into the closest hotel to where the Voyageurs were staying. He had been thinking about inviting Hollander to his penthouse instead, but he had been so brave whispering his hotel room number like that after the game. Clearly, as much as he pretended to deny it, Hollander loved sneaking around under his team's noses as much as Ilya did. But then the time passed by and at first he thought that Hollander was letting him enjoy his win. Even though he would much rather celebrate it by having the other man in his arms- or no, standing over him while getting his dick sucked. Yeah. But the hours slowly ticked up and there was nothing from Hollander. Now, at 1 am, his eyes were starting to feel strained. He was tired after a sleepless night, excited about seeing Hollander, followed by a long day and a game where he left everything on the ice. But if he turned off the lights and went to sleep, he might miss a text. And if Hollander called, Ilya would come running. He'd be helpless to deny him anything, a fact that he was slowly starting to learn. They could try again in two weeks when Ilya would be dominating in Ottawa and Hollander in Montreal, but it had been months already and he missed- No. There wasn't anything to miss he couldn't get anywhere else. Except maybe a shy smile, warm tanned skin, beautiful eyes, and cute freckles. Definitely a pretty mouth, an ass Ilya could bounce a quarter off of, and a dick that got rock hard for him.

His phone started buzzing and his heart jumped, already somehow knowing it was Hollander before his eyes flew down. It kept buzzing long and into another ring instead of a short vibration of a text and Ilya stared, frozen for a moment. They didn't call each other. They didn't talk on the phone. He felt giddy all of a sudden and then annoyed at himself for jumping the second Hollander reached out, like he was some lovesick puppy. He let it ring for a second longer before answering the call.

"Is not past your bedtime, Hollander?" Ilya asked, pretending to be bored.

He was met with silence and Ilya's put-on indifference flowed into confusion on the pull of his brow.

"Hollander?"

The line went dead.

"What the fuck?" He muttered in Russian.

He hit the call button again, anticipating Hollander to answer it immediately apologetic. It was probably a butt dial since Hollander was barely brave enough to initiate texts let alone a phone call. But he didn't answer right away, which gave Ilya enough time to come to a conclusion. Hollander was drunk. Too pissed off about losing to invite Ilya to his room until he had a few shots of liquid courage. It didn't really sound like him but that's what made the most sense.

When the line stopped ringing, Ilya didn't give him time to answer. "You there?" He asked in his best disinterested voice. More silence answered him which made real annoyance flare in Ilya's chest. They could have fucked twice by now. "Hello?" Ilya prodded. "Are you there? I thought you were supposed to be polite Canadian boy." A breath of laughter sounded in his ear and Ilya perked up despite himself even if he did beat down his grin with sheer force of will. "Are you drunk? You drank without me and now you miss me. Very sad for you."

"I—"

Ilya's smile dropped in an instant and his feet hit the carpet as he vaulted off the bed. Something was wrong. Hollander sounded wrong.

"Hollander, what is wrong?" Ilya demanded and listened hard.

Then he heard it. Shaky inhales and even shakier exhales that made his stomach drop to the floor.

"I need—" Hollander's voice broke as he took in a pained breath. He was in pain.

Ilya started scrambling for his shoes. "Talk to me, Hollander."

"Um. I, uh... I just- I- look, I'm sorry."

"Sorry, why sorry? What is wrong?"

“Ilya, I’m sorry,” he panted through the phone. *Ilya*. He called him by his first name. “I’m really sorry, I meant- I meant to- I- I- wanted to- I didn’t mean—”

Ilya barely understood a word, he started speaking too fast, words slurring right on top of each other.

“-Hollander—”

“-for you to think that I didn’t want to—”

“-Hollander, stop—”

“-and now I ruined it—”

“-talking, I cannot understand—”

“-and I dropped the Mcflurry, I’m so fucking stupid—”

“-Hollander!”

“-Couldn’t even do that right, it was a stupid idea, stupid Oreos—”

“-HOLLANDER!”

“-and now it’s ruined and I’m sorry, okay, I’m sorry—”

“*Shane.*”

The voice in Ilya’s ear stuttered to a halt.

“Ilya.”

Now it was small. Scared.

Ilya didn’t know what was wrong and it was making him feel sick. “Shane,” he said again to ground Hollander. Himself. “Where are you?”

“Where...um. Uh, I don’t...” Hollander drifted off and panic closed in like a vice on Ilya’s throat. Fuck. He didn’t want Hollander to say it. “I don’t know.”

Fuck.

“I don’t know, it’s dark. Um, there’s a dumpster.”

“Fuck, what the fuck, Hollander! Okay, okay, what else can you see? I am coming. Are you hurt? Are you drunk?”

“No, no you don’t have to. I just- um- need a minute. I’m not *drunk*. Don’t come,” he said, his voice gaining some of the steel that Ilya was accustomed to from him but was still shaking. “Just, can you talk to me? It’s working.”

“You are crying.”

“Please.”

Ilya gritted his teeth and rested his head on the front door of his room. He had his boots and jacket on but no destination.

“Where are you? What do you see? Around you.”

Hollander took a deep breath in. “Hey, have you even tried the Smarties one?”

Ilya slammed his fist on the door. “What do you see, Hollander!?”

“Fuck, don’t yell at me. I don’t know, um, the fuck- fucking ice cream. A staircase, loading dock thing. I’m in an alley.”

Ilya was out the door.

“Alley, what is alley? You are hurt? You are stuck? Tell me what is going on.”

“It’s nothing.”

“*Please.*” He jabbed uselessly at the elevator button in front of shiny metallic doors. Ilya looked white under the bright lights lining the hallway.

“I, um. Just- I’m dizzy. Il- Rosanov, I can’t stand up, my head. But it’s getting better. Please, I just need to hear your- I just need to talk... to someone for a bit.”

Ilya couldn’t speak for a moment as terror pumped into his veins. Visions of finding Shane still and cold fed by nightmares from his past made him start to tremble. “I am coming, Shane,” he ground out, “don’t go anywhere.”

Shane let out a scoff that sounded so much like him it made Ilya lightheaded. “Told you, can’t exactly stand up right now.”

He sounded steadier than Ilya now which encouraged him to take a deep breath. Finally, the elevator doors in front of him opened and he stepped through. “I am in elevator, may lose you. I am coming, Hollander. Are you near bar?” Whatever Shane said was muffled by a rush of static as Ilya descended in the elevator with his heart in his throat. “Hollander, can you hear me? Hollander?”

Just another burst of static and then the call dropped so he could only hear his heartbeat pound in his ears. What if this was the last conversation he had with him, he couldn’t help but think. Shane apologizing for nothing, going on about ice cream, and Oreos, and Smarties, and-

Ilya gasped. McFlurry, Shane had said. McDonalds. There was one near the bar the Voyageurs had been at. As soon as the elevator doors opened he burst out and was pulling up Google maps as fast he could, muttering in Russian and sweating. Shane didn’t even like

McDonalds but there was exactly one on the route from the bar Hollander was going to, to here. Ilya started running.

“Come on, pick up,” he gasped, trying to call Shane again now that he had signal.

Shane’s stilted voice filtered into his ear and he could have cried. “Hel- hello?” He asked.

“Hello?!” Ilya yelled, “fucking hello like you are not giving me panic attack!”

“Oh, well I- ow, I- that’s how you answer—”

“-Hollander, where are you? I am coming, you are by McDonalds, yes? On street?”

“In an alley,” Hollander said quickly. “Uh, between the buildings? Like the space between. Wait, no, Rozanov.”

“Ah, pereulok! Yes. Okay.” Ilya’s boots tore down the sidewalk and across the street,

“No, no, I don’t want you seeing- just- can you just tell me to get up? Or you can tell me I can’t get up, that would do it too.”

“Do not move, Hollander.”

“I can do it,” he said and then he took a deep breath through his nose.

“Hollander,” Ilya growled.

“I can do it,” Shane said, ignoring him entirely and then let out an agonized moan that had Ilya stumbling to a stop.

His free hand flew into his hair at clutched at his curls. “Shane!? Shane, malyshonuk, ty v poryadke? Are you okay?”

“Ugh.” He was breathing like he was out of breath and Ilya started running again.

The cold spring air stung his cheeks as he tried to get an answer out of Shane. English wasn’t working so he tried in Russian too. “Fucking answer me,” Ilya begged, “you’re scaring me, please, please be okay. Tell me where you are, I’m almost there. I think I’m almost there. Please let me be almost there. Shane, talk to me, please, baby.”

“I don’t,” Shane mumbled, “know Russian.”

Ilya gasped and came to a halt. His destination was around the corner but there, under the lamppost right in front of him was a discarded McFlurry cup, plastic lid off in a pool of melted ice cream. He sprinted under the light and peered into the shadows between the buildings. There were trash bins lined up outside the near side door and further down at the end, Ilya could make out the shape of a dumpster and small stairs across from it leading to a shadowy door.

“Hollander!” Ilya shouted into the alleyway, squinting his eyes to try and see any sign of him.

“Rozanov,” Hollander gasped into the phone.

He sprinted down the alley and let out a triumphant sob when he saw a pair of boring, white Reeboks stretching out from behind the dumpster.

“Here,” Hollander called just as Ilya passed the dumpster and crashed to his knees before him. His phone dropped from his hands onto the ground next to Shane’s as they moved to hover around his pale face. There was dried blood matting the hair above his temple and dripping down to the side of his jaw. A cut ran through a fat bottom lip and a clear bruise swelled under his right eye. The collar of his hoodie was torn and there was a rip in his jeans over his knee. To the side, near the gate was a dark puddle that smelled like stale vomit. But he was staring at Ilya with his onyx eyes glittering with tears, crinkling at the corners from a trembling smile.

“Hollander, Hollander, are you okay?” Ilya swept his thumbs over Shane’s freckled cheekbones, wiping away the tears that broke free. His face was cold, almost feeling like ice under Ilya’s warm hands and with the light of the phones on the ground, he caught a glimpse that one of his pupils was markedly smaller than the other. “Fuck, how long have you been like this?”

“You came,” Shane mumbled. He folded forward and nestled his face home in the hollow of Ilya’s throat. He nodded, too choked up to try and speak as he slipped out of his jacket and put it around Shane’s shoulders, cautious of the way his left arm was hanging oddly in his lap.

“You call and I come,” he choked out. “Is our thing, yes?” Ilya made himself draw back from Hollander to take another check of his injuries, frowning when he only looked confused at Ilya’s attempt at humour. “Ah, is okay, you not understand probably, with normal head. Where else are you hurt?”

Shane couldn’t seem to track Ilya’s eyes with his own. He let them fall shut. “Can’t get up. Think my arm is broken.”

“Yes, I think so too,” he said through his anger and softly patted Hollander’s cheek. “Open your pretty eyes, Hollander.”

Shane squinted his eyes open and looked all over Ilya’s face. “M’ dizzy.”

“I know. How many fingers?”

He held up three and clenched his jaw when Hollander slammed his eyes shut after trying to focus. “Can’t- too many. It’s okay though, I just need a hand up, okay? Shit, sorry.”

Hollander flung his hand out and it hit Ilya in the chest. “You are crazy,” Ilya accused. “I am calling ambulance.”

“No, you can’t, I can beat this.”

Ilya scowled heavily as he picked up his phone off the ground. “Don’t be idiot, Hollander. Okay, 9-1-1.”

“Rozanov- Ilya, please.” His hands curled in the cotton of Ilya’s t-shirt.

“Bambi eyes and first name may work when you can see straight but not- yes, hello! Am- ambulance. What- oh. Okay. They are putting me through, Hollander, hang on, and keep eyes open, okay?”

“They are,” Hollander said while blinking his eyes open again.

Ilya frowned, searching Shane’s body for any other injuries while he waited for somebody to fucking pick up. He started muttering in Russian when someone didn’t immediately answer him.

“What if I was dying?” He demanded. “What if I was bleeding and out and now they can’t get to me because I’m fucking dead because they’re taking their sweet fucking—”

“Hey, I’m sorry,” Hollander mumbled, snapping Ilya out of his tirade. He was staring with half lidded eyes at Ilya’s chest.

“How very Canadian of you to say sorry for own concussion.”

Shane scowled. “No, for not texting you. Wanted to see you.”

Ilya felt his chest surge with an overly sweet warm feeling. He could feel it to start to peel words out from his heart but he was saved from any embarrassment by a woman’s voice greeting him in his ear and having to deal with getting an ambulance to their location followed by simultaneously arguing with Hollander when he tried to get to his feet.

“Absolutely not, Hollander,” Ilya snapped, sharper than he had intended. “Stay.”

“I have to get up,” Hollander insisted, batting at Ilya’s hand on his chest and missing.

The voice in Ilya’s ear strongly discouraged it.

“You have to stay still. Ambulance is coming. They will help you.”

And because Shane’s chin took on a mutinous tilt, Ilya whispered. “Shane, please. Stay.”

He blinked and a look entered his eyes, the one that told him without words he would do anything Ilya asked of him no matter what it was. His shoulders drooped and he fell quiet, icy hands finding Ilya’s wrist and clinging to it. He didn’t even make the decision to move, his hand just slipped down and interwove his fingers with Hollander’s and squeezed.

Hollander squeezed back, falling quiet and letting Ilya focus on giving English directions to the dispatcher on the line. Once done, they asked questions about Hollander’s condition, making Ilya quiz him which was how he found out that Hollander didn’t even know which city he was in, or the results of the game they played, just that the only thing he remembered of the night with any clarity was stepping into a McDonalds and then getting stopped on the

sidewalk before being sucker punched in the face. That was hours ago now. Hours that Ilya had been pouting and waiting for him while he had been alone and hurt the whole time. His anger came out in his voice, clipped answers heavy with his accent.

“Yes, okay. Thank you,” Ilya said to the dispatcher and then relayed to Hollander. “They will stay on line while ambulance comes. Not long now.”

“You’re mad at me,” Hollander said.

“No,” Ilya lied and then. “You should have called me.”

“I didn’t wanna be out the rest of the season.”

“You should have called me.”

“Sorry.”

“No more sorry. Is me who is sorry.”

Hollander’s face scrunched up and he did his best to focus his drifting eyes on Ilya. “You?”

Ilya nodded because quite suddenly he couldn’t speak. Shane had his whole fucking heart though, so he tried. “You were alone. Like this. And I could have been here.”

“Oh...”

They fell into silence and Ilya put his phone on speaker, face down on the ground so he could Hollander’s hand with both of his to his chest. “Yes, *oh*.”

“So, we’re still... good?”

“You have concussion,” Ilya reminded him. “So no, not good.”

He squeezed Ilya’s hand tight and started to grin before wincing at the cut on his lower lip. He aimed a smile somewhere to Ilya’s left that made his stomach swoop. “Okay,” he said softly. “I’m glad.”

Ilya blinked, not understanding Hollander’s little smile and wishing his English was better than it was. “What is passcode? For phone?” He asked suddenly.

“Why?” Hollander asked, now smiling to Ilya’s right.

“Need to let your team know, Hollander.”

“Oh, oh yeah. Uh, one- um, one...”

“You don’t remember?”

“S’hard to think,” he said, frowning. “One...ugh.”

“Hey, is okay,” Ilya was quick to say.

“No,” Hollander said and then groaned as he started to shake his head.

Ilya made panicked, shushing noises and cupped Hollander’s jaw. “Easy, easy.”

“My hotel number,” he said, his words muffled as he let Ilya hold up the weight of his head. “From the CCM shoot. Don’t laugh.”

Laugh? Ilya could have cried. The hotel room number in Toronto where they had hooked up for the very first time after the CCM shoot.

“Fourteen ten.” Ilya’s eyes stung.

“Mhm.”

Hollander was killing him and he admitted so in Russian. “Ty ubivayesh’ menya, Hollander.”

“Huh?”

“Okay, I will call your coach. Anyone else?”

“Just you.”

It was a good thing Hollander couldn’t see straight because Ilya’s face did something he’d never live down if he could.

“That asshole friend of yours? Pike?”

“Ilya,” Hollander snapped. “No- I mean- Rozanov. Rozanov. Just you.”

“If I could keep you all to myself I would,” Ilya burst out in Russian. “There’d be no one else but us. You can come with me to my apartment and stay there and I’ll take care of you and love-make love to you. Fuck, I’m fucked, and it’s all your fault.”

He had more to say to Hollander’s quizzical expression, but the sound of incoming sirens stopped him short.

“Sir?” Called the dispatcher on his phone still on the ground. Hollander flinched at the volume. “Paramedics are nearing your location. Do not hang up until you see them, they’ll be there soon.”

Ilya heaved out a sigh. “Yes, thank you. Almost here, Hollander.”

“Oh...” The bruise under his eye and dried blood down the side of his face made him look even more miserable as he pouted. “We barely got any time.”

So fucked.

“I am coming with you to hospital,” Ilya said incredulously.

“You don’t... have to,” Hollander said like it physically pained him. It probably did, the gash on his head looked nasty.

“Yes, I do.”

He'd be damned if he left Hollander concussed and all alone longer than he already did tonight.

“Thank you.”

“So polite.”

“Shuddup, asshole.”

“Ah, there he is, I've missed you.”

“Well, I missed you too,” Hollander said like an angry kitten. “Wait.”

Ilya couldn't help a snort of laughter from blowing out his nose and lifting his lips. “Is too late. Cannot take back.”

It was a little too dark to see if Hollander was blushing but there was that tell tale pause that made Ilya think he was. His smile became soft as the blaring sirens from an ambulance wailed to a stop at the mouth of the alley. He looked even as Hollander groaned at the noise toward the street where the red and blue lights flashing against the brick walls lit up the night. Ilya's eyes were drawn to the McFlurry Hollander had been so obsessed with. Oreo, Ilya's favourite flavour. He didn't even have to ask if Hollander had bought it for him. His sweet Canadian boy. He tried to tell himself he would tease Hollander later about bringing him ice cream to ward off the surge of saccharine warmth that spread from his heart all the way to his fingers, toes, and tips of his hair, but the truth was he didn't think he'd be able to joke about this night for a long time to come. Years probably if his soft heart had anything to say about it. But he was patient. Hollander didn't know how patient he could be yet, but Ilya vowed that he would find out. He'd get revenge for making Ilya cry over American fast food.

And for giving him about three heart attacks tonight too.

And for-

Well, he could plan his revenge later. For now, he brushed Hollander's lip with his thumb before the paramedics came running.

“I have you now, my sweetheart,” Ilya said in Russian and then in English, “You are going to be okay.”

Hollander smiled at him and even though he wasn't quite able to look him in the eye, Ilya could tell he believed him.

End Notes

Russian translations- malyshonuk, ty v poryadke- baby, are you okay?

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Ok I have other ideas with Ilya coming to Shane's rescue I'm not going to get to so I'm hoping someone will like these enough to snatch them.

1- So I LOVE that Scott clocked Shane and Ilya in less than two seconds in the show. I think it would be fun for Shane to realize or have Ilya point it out to him that he knows about them and hasn't said anything. So the next time that Shane and Scott meet, our freckled baby angel wants to apologize for his little chirp and maybe hang out with someone who knows both his secrets. Lets say they go to a bar or something and a fight breaks out. Shane tries to break it up and gets a knock to the head or something. I don't know, something happens and Shane gets hurt. He's passing out and Scott and Kip (maybe he's there too) are trying to keep him awake but are fighting a losing battle. Hunter, because he is a smart hottie, gets into Shane's phone and finds 'Lily'. So Ilya answers but it's not the voice he's expecting. Queue suspicion and then fucking terror as Scott says something like, 'I'll explain later but right now Shane needs you' Doesn't necessarily have to be this, just the juicy part to me is Shane being hurt or unwell and protective Scott helping and calling the only person that can get through to him and Ilya being shocked and then scared about it. Or what if the Voyageurs or Metros whatever you want to call them are jerks sooner than in the books and maybe suspect Shane of being not entirely straight and mess with him over it. Enter protective Scott because they were supposed to meet up and he went looking and then now Shane is a mess and he has to call Ilya to help.

2- Shane gets a stalker. Doesn't realize it at first but there is escalating behaviour that is alarming and scary. Stalker starts to threaten Shane's friends maybe and then he is immediately scared for Ilya's safety. Because if Shane is being followed by someone who is obsessed with him, he doesn't want to find out what they would do to Ilya if they caught him sneaking into his place. Naturally the only answer is for Shane to break up with Ilya to keep him safe. I'm thinking he does this when he is in a hotel for an away game in Boston(?) As soon as he does it either over text or call, he breaks down. Until he gets a bunch of texts from whatever unknown number Stalker is using today, saying 'why are you crying? What's wrong? Are you okay?' And then Shane freezes because he realizes that Stalker can see him. He closes the curtains and then is too scared to stay where Stalker knows he is. So he runs. Straight up slips past his security detail his team provided for him. He's freaked out and yes Stalker chases him. Now this could go a couple of ways now. Maybe he runs into Ilya while being chased, maybe he gets kidnapped, maybe after Shane breaks up with Ilya, the stalker doesn't even see his breakdown and life goes on with his behaviour getting more and more concerning. I dunno.

3- Book spoilers for this next bit- Can someone write a fic where when Ilya asks Shane about other guys he's had sex with and he gets all weird because he doesn't want Ilya to know what a simp he is, instead Shane gets all quiet when Ilya asks if one of them hurt him because one

of them did? Or maybe Shane freaks out a bit during sex and wants to face each other because he had a scary experience and it's so different and safe with Ilya.

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Anyhoo, thanks for reading! If you enjoyed it, please leave kudos and a comment <3

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