

Nurse Me Back To Health

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76446901) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76446901>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov & Svetlana Vetrova , Shane Hollander & Svetlana Vetrova
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Medical Inaccuracies , Hurt/Comfort , Svetlana is our hero , Ilya has one braincell and it is always thinking about Shane , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , for like a wee second , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , And Svetlana has clocked them both
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-26 Words: 7,249 Chapters: 1/1

Nurse Me Back To Health

by [theemporium](#)

Summary

“You’re not Lily,” he said, his voice accusing and his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

“No, I am not,” she agreed. “Lily sent me here to take you to her place.”

Shane looked dubious. “You know Lily?”

“Yes,” Svetlana nodded. “The real Lily.”

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Svetlana raised her brows. “Do you even know Lily’s favourite colour?”

Shane blinked. “No, why do you ask?”

Svetlana stared at him for a few moments, her mind whirling with the set of circumstances that led her to standing in a hospital room on a Thursday morning with one of the best players in the league on more drugs than seemed necessary.

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Or, in which the game happens in Boston and Ilya comes up with a very bad, very last minute plan to play Shane's nurse (with the help of Svetlana and identity theft).

Notes

We are literally less than an hour away from the cottage and I should be asleep but here I am!! Anyways, Merry Christmas and Happy Cottage Day!! Ignore all the medical inaccuracies, this is all vibes and absolutely no plot!!

Also, if those trade details sound familiar...don't question it, okay? 🤪 I am still trying to cope.

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

Ilya Rozanov had a plan.

After spending most of the night losing his goddamn mind and scrolling through endless news outlets on any updates after the game, he came up with a semi-decent plan that gave him more than enough reason to walk into Mass General Hospital the next morning. It was created in the wee hours of the night, somewhere between his third espresso and his contemplation on whether you could be arrested for breaking and entering if you snuck into a hospital out of visitor hours.

As soon as visitor hours began, Ilya was going to walk into the hospital (hopefully looking semi-decent with no sleep) and insist that, as captain of the Boston team, he wanted to pass on his apology and check on Shane in person. It was the respectful thing to do and he would never wish ill on a rival, especially one as talented as Shane, because he wanted to beat him fair and square.

It was simple and believable and not kind enough for people to give him a weird look.

The plan worked well, up until he walked into the private room they were keeping Shane in and found himself dealing with the completely unfiltered, raw adoration the boy had for him. It was suffocating. It was thrilling. It made Ilya want to lock the door, pull the blinds down and live in that hospital room for the rest of his life, clinging onto the hand Shane held out for him.

Their bubble popped when a nurse walked in, and it took everything inside Ilya to pull his hand away and ignore the crack in Shane's voice as he left. He shoved his hand in his pocket, clenched tightly into a fist as he tried to ignore the thoughts on how he still didn't have many details on Shane's injuries when—

"Yeah, his parents say they are trying their hardest but they are stuck until the storm calms down," a man in Montreal merchandise said, his brows furrowed together. "Doc says he isn't cleared to travel until *at least* the concussion symptoms subside."

The other man—Hayden Pike, Ilya realised after a few moments—frowned. "What does that mean? Shane isn't coming with us on the rest of the roadie?"

"It means we have no choice but to leave Shane in Boston," the man sighed, heavy and defeated. "We don't have anyone available to drive him up to Montreal, not that he would have anyone to look after him up there anyways. Not until his parents are able to fly back."

"Fuck," Hayden grumbled. "We can't just...leave him here! It's Boston!"

The man—who Ilya was beginning to believe was a coach or something—just shrugged. "We don't have much of a choice. We can't risk his recovery."

Ilya should have kept walking. He should have kept walking and got into his car and headed home where he could pass out for a few hours, or until he felt human again. He should have minded his own business and kept fucking walking.

So obviously, he did the opposite.

His mind was whirling with the new information he overheard, the confirmation that Shane was not in a good state (which made sense with the drugs the boy had been given) and that his parents were elsewhere and unable to help him. The fact that Shane was going to stay in this hospital, alone and miserable as his team continued on with their season and he could do nothing but watch.

His sleep-deprived brain was scrambling together a plan before his conscience could even point out the many, *many* reasons why it was a bad idea.

Ilya: *I need you to come to the hospital*

Svetlana: *what?*

Svetlana: *are you okay? why are you in hospital?*

Svetlana: *also which hospital?*

Ilya: *mass general*

Ilya: *I am okay*

Ilya: *but I need you to pretend to be a girl called lily*

Svetlana: ???

...

Svetlana Vetrova liked to think she was a good friend.

It was an indisputable fact in her mind that she put up with Ilya's ego and quirks far better than most other people. Maybe because there was something comforting about being around someone so sure of themselves, so unapologetically happy in who they are and what they like.

Maybe it was just because Ilya Rozanov had charmed her like he did with everyone else he met in his life.

But Ilya was one of her best friends and she did love him dearly. He was a little piece of home when she was in America, a little piece of a world she sometimes missed more than she cared to admit.

There was little in this world that she wouldn't do for Ilya, and she knew that it was reciprocated.

Still, even if she agreed to it, she was really fucking confused as to why she was currently walking into Mass General Hospital to sign a patient out under the name Lily Rozanova.

It took everything in her to not roll her eyes when he said the name.

"Who am I even signing out?" Svetlana asked as they made their way through the endless corridors, all as bland and sterile as the last. "And why can't you do it?"

Ilya didn't respond straight away, keeping his eyes locked ahead. Under the bright and unforgiving lights, the bags under his eyes looked worse. He looked pale and unsettled, shaken, scared. It was a side of him she rarely saw—not in America, at least.

"Ilya," her voice was a little softer this time, her hand reaching out to gently tug him back as she came to a stop. "You're scaring me."

His eyes glanced around, as though the people passing by would be able to understand a word leaving their mouths in quick, hushed Russian.

"I'm here for you," Svetlana said. "I mean it. Whatever you need, I will help you with but you have to help me understand too."

Ilya swallowed, his shoulders tensing. "The person you are signing out is Shane Hollander."

Svetlana blinked. "What?"

"I can't—" He paused, glancing around once again before lowering his voice. "Not here. I will explain later. I promise. I just need you to do this for me. Please."

Svetlana knew Ilya far better than he liked to admit. She had spent years growing up with the boy, watching his quiet confidence evolve into the loud arrogance that irked the majority of the league. She watched the way he hid his emotions behind witty comebacks and quick-crafted jokes because it was easier than dealing with everything he bottled up. She watched him bend over backwards for people that never deserved it, even if it killed him a little bit inside every time he did.

She had watched Ilya Rozanov become the boy he was today and yet, as she stood in that random hospital corridor, she felt like the person staring back at her was the same scared boy who had just lost his mother and didn't know how to cope with emotions far bigger than himself.

It was as unsettling as it was heartbreaking.

“Okay,” she whispered, nodding as she squeezed his arm lightly. “Okay. Just...tell me what you want me to tell them.”

The instant relief on Ilya’s face made her heart feel like it was about to burst out of her chest.

...

“You’re here for Mr Hollander?”

Svetlana tried to ignore the assessing look the nurse was currently giving her from the other side of the desk, openly judgemental and unashamed of it. If Shane weren’t one of the best players in the league, currently stuck in a city where most of the hockey population hated his guts, she would have been more offended.

“Yes, I am his—” She paused, clearing her throat and flashing the nurse a smile. “He is my friend. A good friend.”

“Uh huh.” The nurse didn’t look very convinced.

“Yes,” Svetlana nodded. “Very good friends.”

“I am sure,” the nurse drawled, her eyes narrowing.

Svetlana opened her mouth, ready to spin up some lie about Shane’s parents calling from wherever they are to ask her to take care of their son for the time being when another voice interrupted them.

“Wait, are you Lily? Boston Lily?”

Svetlana turned to find the familiar face of Hayden Pike—a vague flash of mediocre stats passed her mind—standing a few feet away, holding a cup of coffee in each hand and staring at her with a slightly scary, eager smile.

“Yes,” Svetlana eventually choked out, giving the hockey player a strained smile. “I am Lily. Shane has...spoke about me?”

“Well, kinda,” Hayden laughed, even though he hadn’t said anything remotely funny. He turned to the nurse, still smiling widely. “That solves our problem, huh? I’ll let Coach know! God, Lily, you are a lifesaver.”

As he walked about away, Svetlana couldn’t help but think that Hayden Pike was stupidly naive and trusting, and how she was ever so grateful for that fact.

...

“Mr Hollander? You have been discharged.”

Svetlana had seen Shane Hollander on her screen many times over the years. Despite all of Ilya’s pissing and moaning, she had no qualms about admitting how good of a hockey player Shane was. She admitted that to the boy days before the draft, when the two of them had been passing a bottle of vodka back and forth, watching Hollander’s highlights from the prospect cup games.

The Shane on her screen—the one that dominated the ice, broke ankles with his speed and was a killer threat when the puck was in his possession—was very different to the one in front of her now.

The Shane in front of her looked relaxed and giddy, his eyes glossed over with whatever strong drugs they had given him and an overall sense of tranquility that he seemed to lack in his normal everyday life.

“Your friend Lily is here to take you home and look after you,” the nurse continued, moving around the room with purpose to deal with all the beeping machines and tangled wires around him.

At the name, Shane’s head perked up. His glossy eyes glanced around the room, as though he was searching for someone. His gaze completely passed over her and the nurse, his lips forming an exaggerated pout.

“Lily isn’t here,” Shane grumbled, mostly to himself. “That’s a lie. A liar told you Lily was here. Lily is not here.”

Svetlana let out a slightly nervous laugh. “Doctor must have given him strong drugs.”

Shane’s pout remained.

But Svetlana bided her time, watching the nurse closely as she moved around the room before announcing she would grab his discharge letter. The second the door clicked shut, her head snapped around to the Canadian in the bed. But Shane spoke before she got the chance.

“You’re not Lily,” he said, his voice accusing and his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

“No, I am not,” she agreed. “Lily sent me here to take you to her place.”

Shane looked dubious. “You know Lily?”

“Yes,” Svetlana nodded. “The real Lily.”

Shane huffed a little. “Then what’s Lily’s favourite colour?”

Svetlana raised her brows. “Do *you* even know Lily’s favourite colour?”

Shane blinked. “No, why do you ask?”

Svetlana stared at him for a few moments, her mind whirling with the set of circumstances that led her to standing in a hospital room on a Thursday morning with one of the best players in the league on more drugs than seemed necessary.

She tried to remember that she was doing this for Ilya, for her best friend. She was doing this to never see that heartbroken expression on his face again.

“Okay, here is what will happen. You will come with me, I will take you to Lily and she will explain everything, yes?” Svetlana asked, watching the words slowly register in the boy’s mind. “Lily promises ginger ale.”

Shane’s expression brightened, looking positively lovesick. “Really?” He looked down at his hands, a giddy smile on his face. “*Wow*. He still has them.”

Svetlana felt her eyes soften, just a little. “Yes. And he is waiting for you so just...play along?”

“I can play,” Shane insisted, nodding a little before letting out a groan. “I can play and *not* do that again.”

Svetlana’s lips twitched. “Good to know, Hollander.”

...

All things considered, Svetlana didn’t know if she should be relieved or concerned at how easy it was for her to walk out of the hospital with Shane Hollander.

A few nods whilst the nurse talked her through the recovery plan and assurance from Montreal’s medical team, and Svetlana was walking to her car with one arm wrapped around Shane’s waist to prevent him from stumbling onto the concrete and the other dragging the suitcase he brought with him on the roadtrip.

A part of her almost wished they insisted on keeping Shane in for an overview, maybe then she wouldn’t have to deal with him whining for the full twenty minute drive from the hospital to Ilya’s place.

“Are we there yet?”

“No,” Svetlana answered, holding back her sigh. “Not yet. Almost. Five minutes.”

Shane pouted. “You said that five minutes ago.”

“It has *not* been five minutes since you last asked,” Svetlana retorted.

“Maybe it has,” Shane mumbled, leaning his head against the window for a short moment before pulling away with a hiss. “This *sucks*.”

“Sorry,” Svetlana said, unapologetically. “Just a little longer.”

Shane huffed, sinking further into his seat. “The world is *so* bright.”

It took another ten minutes for them to finally arrive at Ilya’s place—a fact that Shane was thankfully unaware of as he muttered away to her about power play strategies and Toronto’s abysmal goaltending. It would have been an interesting conversation if he was at least coherent enough to finish his sentences before moving onto the next one.

Shane’s eyes lit up in recognition when she managed to bully him out of the car, guiding him towards Ilya’s ridiculously large front door that was already swinging open before she got the chance to ring the bell.

“Shane,” the boy breathed out, his voice full of relief and desire that it almost broke her heart all over again.

“Ilya!” Shane grinned, looking so unapologetically giddy at the sight of the Russian. He stumbled forward, reaching towards Ilya and almost dragging her down with him.

“Hey, woah,” Ilya grunted, stepping forward so he could all but catch Shane’s deadweight as the boy nuzzled himself closer. “Okay, I’m here. It’s fine.”

“Course it’s fine, silly,” Shane murmured, letting out a happy sigh as they stood awkwardly in the doorway. “You’re the real Lily.”

Ilya raised his brows at her over Shane’s shoulders.

Svetlana just shrugged in response. “He is your problem now.”

But she could see the way Ilya was trying so hard to hold back his grin at her words.

“Yes, he is.”

...

If Ilya wasn't fully aware of the fact Shane was concussed and on some *very* good drugs for his collarbone, he would have thought he was the one who went down during a game and woke up in an alternate universe.

Because if he thought Shane was loopy and concussed in the hospital room, he was not prepared for just how the boy would act in the privacy of Ilya's own home.

"Ilya! Oh, Ilyaaaaa!"

"You not okay? You need something?" Ilya asked as he quickly made his way into the living room, his eyes glancing over Shane's cuddled form on the couch. He had more blankets than was probably needed but Ilya *would* hunt down more if asked.

"Hi," Shane grinned, reaching his hand out like he did in the hospital room. "I missed you."

Ilya's brows furrowed together. "You just saw me. I only just left the room."

"Exactly," Shane said, sighing exasperatedly. "C'mere."

Ilya tried to bite back his smile. "You need to eat."

Shane blinked. "Okay."

"I have to leave for kitchen to make food for you to eat," Ilya corrected, watching with great amusement as Shane's face scrunched up in disagreement.

"Make it here?" He asked, bashful and hopeful.

Ilya glanced around his living room. "Here?"

Shane nodded.

"There is nothing here to make food," Ilya answered.

Shane waved his hand towards the fireplace. "Fire! Heat! What more do you need?"

Ilya snorted. "Is fake fire, Shane."

Shane frowned, looking betrayed. "Fake fire?"

Ilya nodded.

"That's not nice."

"Very sorry," Ilya murmured, leaning down to press a lingering kiss on Shane's forehead. "I will go use real fire to make food, okay? Will be quick."

But Shane didn't answer him, instead laying on the couch with pillows surrounding him and a sling keeping his arm locked in place as he glanced at the fireplace with narrowed eyes.

"Fake fires suck."

Ilya wished he could hate the way his heart melted a little.

...

“Food is okay, yes?”

“Mhmmmm.”

“Need anything else?”

“A real fire.”

“You need to let this go, Hollander.”

“You know, real fires are better.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I have a real fireplace at the cottage. I will show you. You will be amazed. Mind blown.”

“I would prefer to have different part of me blown.”

“I can do both in the cottage.”

“Okay, Shane.”

...

In the ten seconds he had made his plan, Ilya hadn't considered the genuine logistics of playing Shane's nurse.

Shocker, really.

For once, it felt like the universe was on his side when he double-checked the calendar, sighing in relief at the run of home games staring back at him. Three games and four practices in the upcoming week. It was doable. Not too bad for this far into the season too, though he knew things would be ramping up with the upcoming playoffs.

Hayden Pike had also passed his number onto Svetlana, a way for the Montreal team to stay updated on Shane's condition and recovery whilst they continued their road trip down to Nashville. Svetlana had barely glanced at it, instead shoving the piece of paper into Ilya's hand and snorting at his expression when he realised he would have to text civilly with *Pike* of all people over the next few days.

He had also never really considered how concussion-friendly his place was until he realised the large floor-to-ceiling windows bringing in natural light were the exact opposite of what Shane needed. Thankfully, Ilya seemed to have more lamps than he ever remembered buying. But he had been eternally grateful to his past self and the interior designer he hired because it was working wonders to light his house with the blind constantly drawn down.

However, one of the biggest things Ilya never considered in the hours he spent pacing around his place when Svetlana had gone to pick Shane up from the hospital was where Shane would actually sleep.

He had a few guestrooms (because it would be stupid to have a house this big and not have spare rooms, even if he didn't really have people staying over all that often) but it never occurred to him to set one up.

And he knew he could do it now. He could dig into the linen closet in the corridor, grab a set of those plain white sheets that he has never had a reason to put on the guestroom bed and make sure everything is set for Shane to have a nice, easy sleep.

He could even set up the one closest to Ilya's room.

But Ilya is selfish and needy and a little pathetic when it comes to Shane Hollander, so he pretends like his room is the only room available.

Because even if Ilya could find it in himself to fall asleep tonight, he needed to know Shane was there—he was there and alive and okay. He wasn't unconscious on the ice. He wasn't lying alone in the hospital room.

Shane would be right there, beside him, where Ilya could watch his chest rise and fall with every breath he takes.

"Come on," Ilya hummed, his hands on Shane's waist as he led him towards the bedroom. He had been falling asleep on the couch, barely able to keep his eyes open to finish his dinner. "Will be better in bed."

"Better," Shane repeated, giggling a little. "It's always better in bed with you."

Ilya smirked, smug. "Yes?"

"Mhmm," Shane hummed, sighing a little as he leaned further back into Ilya which wasn't all that convenient when they were meant to be walking *forwards*. But he didn't mind, not really. "Tried with other people. It's not nice."

Ilya's heart was thudding in his chest. "Not nice?"

Shane leaned his head back on Ilya's shoulder, his glossy eyes fighting to focus on the side of his face. "They were never you. It wasn't nice like the way it is with you."

His hands tightened their grip on Shane's waist. "We should go to bed."

"Yessss," Shane agreed, though he made no move to continue walking.

"To just sleep," Ilya added on.

"Boo," Shane pouted.

"Plenty of time to fuck you when you better," Ilya assured the boy, shepherding him into the master bedroom and onto the left side of the bed—because Ilya knew he preferred the left side of the bed, even if he never outwardly said it.

Ilya fussed around him, making sure he had enough pillows to feel comfortable and that his sling wasn't giving him too much hassle. He pointedly ignored all of Shane's attempts to get him to cuddle (which was a lot harder to resist than he cared to admit).

And once he knew Shane was comfortable and seconds away from falling asleep, he settled down on the bed beside him and accepted that he would spend most of the night staring at him to settle the uncomfortable tightness in his chest that had been lingering since he went down on the ice.

...

"This bed is very comfy."

"I am glad you think so, Hollander."

"Mhm. Very nice. But not the comfiest bed I have ever slept in."

"No?"

"No, the comfiest bed is at the cottage. It's *so* comfy."

"Hm."

"And so big. Big enough for the both of us. You'll see when you come."

"Okay, Shane."

...

Ilya was to buy Svetlana every colour of Lamborghini she ever desired. Maybe a bottle of Russia's finest vodka to go with each car. Honestly, he would give her whatever she wanted because god knows she had done more than he had ever asked of her in the last twenty-four hours than most people did for a friend in their whole life.

When Ilya's alarm went off at six in the morning, he was tempted to snooze it and miss practice—as if he wasn't the damn captain of the team. However, as tempting as it was, a message from Svetlana followed and Ilya knew he couldn't avoid his duties as a player and as captain.

Svetlana: *go. I will come and babysit your boy toy.*

Ilya: *he is not my boy toy*

Svetlana: *then your lover.*

Svetlana: *i'll be there in ten minutes.*

It took Ilya an embarrassing amount of time to get out of bed and stop staring at Shane's peaceful face as he slept, staring at those damn freckles that were sprinkled over his cheeks.

Svetlana was already settled on his couch by the time he was running out the house, duffel bag thrown over his shoulder and beanie pulled over his messy curls he couldn't be bothered to style early in the morning.

"Go, go," she waved him off as he lingered by the door. "I know what he needs. I was the one who listened to the nurse, remember?"

"I owe you," Ilya murmured, his eyes glancing towards the corridor like Shane would appear at any moment.

"Yes, yes, I am the best person in the world and you are lucky to have me in your life," Svetlana teased, before her face softened. "I will take care of him. I promise. Now go before Coach rips your balls off. I'm not sure your guest would appreciate that."

His cheeks flushed.

Svetlana gracefully chose not to tease him on how pink his cheeks got as he ran out the door.

But despite his best efforts, his brain was only focused on Shane. He ran the drills during practice, he listened to the new strategies Coach wanted to test out, he fought for the puck during their 3-on-3 games. And yet, through it all, all his brain could think about was *Shane, Shane, Shane*.

If any of his teammates noticed he was distracted, they hadn't said as much but none of them ribbed him too hard on how quickly he showered and changed out of his gear the second the final practice whistle was blown.

Ilya hadn't even bothered to check his phone, just threw it into his duffel bag and quickly made his way to his car so he could get out of there as soon as he could, and get to Shane quicker. Which, in hindsight, was a bad idea because it at least would have given him an idea on what he was about to walk into.

Because Ilya could feel the tension as soon as he walked through the door, unceremoniously dumping the duffel bag by the door and making his way towards the living room. He assumed Shane would be up by now, that he would have had another dose of the painkillers the doctor gave that wouldn't be as strong as whatever he was on before. But that he would at least not be in too much pain.

He hadn't thought about the fact a very loopy Shane was about to wake up more sober and aware and alone in his house with a woman he doesn't know.

Ilya understood his mistake the second he walked into the living room and saw them both sitting on opposite sides of the couch: Svetlana looked bored and a little sheepish, whilst Shane looked like he was seconds away from throwing himself out a window (if he could stand long enough to do it).

"Ah," was all Ilya managed. "You have met."

Shane's gaze instantly snapped over to him, and somewhere in the weird glossy sheen and bruised bags under his eyes, Ilya could see the relief washing over him the second he spotted him.

"Ilya," he breathed out, and it was more than enough to get Ilya moving.

"Hi, sorry. Practice," Ilya murmured, unable to string out a better sentence as he quickly made his way towards Shane. He began fussing right away, trying to shift the pillows around him and pull the blanket over more of his body. "Have you eaten? Had medicine? Doctor said you need to eat."

"Ilya," Shane repeated, though it sounded a little different. A little desperate.

Ilya paused, pressing his lips together for a moment. His eyes wandered over Shane's face—the fear in his eyes, the small twitch of his nose like he was resisting the urge to scrunch it up like he always did when he was thinking too hard, the way his freckles were complimented nicely with an ever-growing blush—before he let out a sigh.

“It is safe,” Ilya assured him, his thumb lightly swiping over his freckled cheeks. He tried not to sigh happily at the way Shane sunk into his touch. “Svetlana is old friend. Good friend. She will not tell. I promise.”

Shane swallowed. “Ilya, I—”

“Do you trust me?” Ilya asked.

“Of course I do,” Shane replied with no hesitation.

“Then you can trust her too,” Ilya promised, hoping his words could voice his sincerity. “I trust Svetlana with my life. I would not trust her with yours too if I did not know she would keep our secret safe.”

Shane’s gaze softened before he nodded. “Okay.”

“Okay?” Ilya repeated, questioning.

“Okay,” Shane assured him, nodding. “I...I trust you. And if you trust her, then...I know I can as well.”

Ilya smiled, soft and sweet and a little lovesick, before he leaned down to press a chaste kiss against Shane’s lips. “I will make you breakfast. Just the way you like. And then you will have pills, yes? Okay.”

Shane’s blush deepened. “Thank you.”

Neither boy fought too hard when Svetlana quickly made her escape after Ilya cooked the three of them breakfast.

...

“This is really good.”

“You sound surprised.”

“I thought maybe the tuna melt was a fluke, to be honest.”

“Very rude, Hollander. I am good chef. Blow your mind with good sex and good food.”

“The perfect guest for the cottage then.”

“Okay, Shane.”

...

There was a small part of Shane that was still waiting for the rug to be pulled from under his feet. But when he pushed that feeling aside and compartmentalised it, Svetlana was actually a really cool person who could happily keep up with him when it came to hockey.

"It will be easy game," Svetlana said, her eyes glued to the tv screen that Shane was not allowed to look at. "Florida suck this year. Too cocky. Too stupid."

Shane hummed in agreement, surrounded by more pillows and blankets he had ever seen in his life. But he was comfy and the room was dark enough to not bother him, and Svetlana's commentary was far better than whatever the actual commentators were saying about the Boston-Florida game.

Svetlana had asked if he had wanted to watch the Montreal game instead, but he didn't have the heart to agree. He wasn't sure he wanted a three hour running commentary on his team when he couldn't help, when he couldn't be there to fight for that wild card spot in the playoffs.

It felt easier to listen to her talk about the Boston game. He pretended it wasn't because a part of him yearned to always watch Ilya's games when he wasn't playing himself.

"Their power play is terrible and their penalty kill is worse," Shane offered, tugging the blanket closer to him. Ilya's aftershave still lingered from his game day nap he had taken a few hours ago. "They wasted their money on signing Barker and now they are scrambling around trying to prove he is worth the twelve million."

Svetlana snorted. "He is not. Florida is stupid."

"Not as stupid as Vancouver," Shane supplied.

"Yes, very stupid to trade away only guy who can score," Svetlana mused. "Even for four first-round picks. Does not solve all their problems. Minnesota won the trade."

"Understatement of the year," Shane grumbled under his breath.

"Ah, Davison has two minutes for hooking," Svetlana commented, sounding amused. "He look like angry frog."

Shane's lips twitched. "Let me guess, Ilya is pissing him off even more?"

"He laughed in his face," Svetlana replied.

"Classic Rozanov."

“You like it.”

Shane blushed but pointedly never disagreed.

“Is fine,” Svetlana continued, and he could hear the smirk on her lips even if he couldn’t see it. “He likes you too. Very cute match.”

Shane didn’t even bother trying to hide his giddy smile.

...

“Hey, sorry. Didn’t mean to wake you.”

“Did you just get in?”

“Yes.”

“Congrats on the game. Two goals isn’t bad.”

“You are nice to me when you are concussed, maybe we keep you this way.”

“Shut up.”

“You should go to sleep.”

“Mkay, so should you.”

“Yes, Hollander, I am trying but annoying Canadian not stop talking.”

“Rude. You’re getting the window side at the cottage. It’s colder in the mornings. You deserve it.”

“Okay, Shane.”

...

“Fuck.”

Shane's brows furrowed as he glanced towards the kitchen, as though he would be able to see Ilya through the wall. "Everything good?"

"No," Ilya replied simply, pausing for a moment before the sound of footsteps echoed through the house. A few moments later, Ilya appeared in the living room with a bottle of water and the next dose of Shane's painkillers. "Pike is idiot."

Shane frowned. "Pike? As in Hayden Pike? My Pike?"

Ilya opened his mouth before pausing, giving Shane a look he couldn't quite decipher. "Oh, so he is *your* Pike now?"

Shane raised his brows. "I mean...he is on my team. And he is my alternate."

Ilya huffed, rolling his eyes as he all but shoved the pills and water towards Shane. He paused for a moment before reaching for the bottle again, opening it and handing it back to Shane so he could take the next dose easier.

Shane watched him, slightly confused but endeared nonetheless.

"So, why is my Pike an idiot?" Shane asked once he had taken the pills, noticing the way Ilya stiffened a little at his words.

"He give Lily's number to your parents," Ilya huffed, waving his phone as he settled down on the couch beside Shane. He didn't give the boy a chance before he was ushering Shane to settle comfortably against him, in a way that didn't make his ribs feel like they were on fire. "Now Mrs Hollander is messaging."

Shane blanched a little. "Oh fuck, I forgot about my parents. God, they must be so worried ___"

"Shhhh, stop thinking so much. Your brain is broken. Can't use it so much," Ilya murmured, his fingers already beginning to run through his hair in a way that always made Shane feel sleepy. "I can handle. As long as they do not call. I don't think I can be convincing girl."

Shane snorted. "It would be funny to see you try."

"Not funny for me," Ilya grumbled, pressing a lingering kiss on the crown of his head. "I can handle though. I am Russian. Nothing scares me."

"It sounds like texting my mother does scare you though," Shane teased, his eyes fighting to stay open but he knew it would be a few more minutes before Ilya's fingers and the painkillers sent him to sleep.

"You are imagining things. Must be concussion," Ilya replied, even if Shane could hear the amusement in his voice. "It is nice they care so much."

Shane hummed, nodding his head a little. "They are the best."

"Good," Ilya replied. "You deserve the best."

A smile slowly crept onto his face. "Is this where you tell me I get fucked the best because you are the best?"

"Hmm, that too," Ilya said, grinning as he pressed another kiss to the top of Shane's head. "Lucky you get to have best sex with best hockey player in the world."

Shane scoffed. "Whatever."

"And now you nap against best pillow in the world. You are very lucky man, Hollander," Ilya teased.

Shane would never admit it, but he was at least right about that last one.

...

"I think they would really like you."

"Who?"

"My parents. They love your skill as a player already."

"Even if I am asshole?"

"Maybe not that part but they can't deny your talent."

"Smart people."

"Maybe you can meet them this summer."

"Huh?"

"Their cottage is only ten minutes away. It could be easy. We could do a dinner together or something."

"I think you should sleep now. You need rest."

"I am serious."

"Okay, Shane."

...

When bright lights and loud noises stopped being bothersome, both Shane and Ilya were aware that there was a timer ticking down to when Shane would eventually get on a flight back to Montreal.

Boston's run of home games were coming to an end, with the team heading out to the west coast one last time before the playoffs began. Montreal would be heading back home later that evening after a very disappointing road trip that Shane knew they would be taking harder without him. The little bubble they had created in Ilya's house for the week was coming to an end—much to both of their dismay.

Shane even found himself missing Svetlana before he had even left. He had grown used to her company during Ilya's absence, her constant hockey talk and ability to startle a laugh or two out of Shane when he was least expecting it.

And it felt nice to know someone in Ilya's life, to have that glimpse of someone who was close to him.

But most of all, Shane would miss *him*.

He would miss waking up in the mornings to Ilya softly kissing his forehead and telling him to stay in bed so he could grab Shane's next dose with a glass of water. He would miss lounging on the couch with the familiar heat of Ilya's body pressed up against him as they spoke until they both eventually dozed off. He would miss the shared meals and easy banter and having Ilya's full blown attention as he cared and fussed and motherhenned like no other.

Shane would really fucking miss Ilya.

"When do you go?" Ilya asked, his lips pressed against his shoulder as they both stood in the shower, hot water raining down on them both and fogging up the glass around them.

"There's a flight out tomorrow afternoon," Shane answered, leaning further back into Ilya's body. "It would probably make the most sense. The team medics will want a checkup too."

"Okay," was all Ilya managed to say, distracting himself by continuing to press a line of kisses along the back of Shane's neck.

"I wish we could stay here," Shane confessed, letting his eyes slide shut as he enjoyed the feel of Ilya's lips on his skin and his hands roaming his body. It wasn't even like Ilya was trying to start anything. There was just something comforting about *feeling* him, about knowing he was *right there*.

"Me too," Ilya rasped, his voice muffled against Shane's skin. "But our teams need us both."

"They do," Shane nodded.

"And I need to lead Boston to another cup," Ilya added.

Shane scoffed, lightly elbowing the boy. “Shut up.”

“Don’t pout,” Ilya teased, lifting his head to press a smacking kiss on his cheek. “I can get you tickets for finals. You can be pretty fan cheering me on.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Fuck off.”

“Sorry, I meant prettiest fan,” Ilya corrected with a shit-eating grin on his face.

“You suck,” Shane grumbled.

“And swallow!” Ilya answered cheerfully.

“Oh my god,” Shane let out a loud, sudden laugh. He turned back to look at the other boy, admiring the way Ilya’s eyes crinkled as he smiled. Admiring the way he looked so young and carefree when he was proud of his own joke. “You are the worst.”

“So mean,” Ilya mused.

“You deserve it,” Shane shot back.

“This is not nice, Hollander,” Ilya shook his head. “I will leave you here with conditioner in your hair and only one working hand.”

For what it was worth, Ilya washed out the conditioner and happily jerked him off before they left the shower.

...

“This has been really nice, though.”

“Yes, it has.”

“I don’t know how to say thank you. You didn’t have to do this.”

“But I wanted to.”

“I guess it was nice practice, you know?”

“Practice?”

“For the cottage. It was nice seeing what it was like to live with you before we get the summer.”

“Okay, Shane.”

...

They don't get the chance to talk as much as they would like.

When Shane's plane landed in Montreal, his parents were already there waiting for him. His mother had spent ten minutes interrogating him about the last week, about his recovery, about Lily and if she followed the doctor's instructions. His father was at least polite enough to wait until they were back in their home in Ottawa before he began asking questions about the mysterious Boston Lily that Hayden assured them Shane was safe with.

The playoffs began and Montreal had unfortunately lost the wild card spot to Detroit. Shane tried to ignore the bubbling guilt that if he had just maybe kept his fucking head up in the neutral zone, then maybe he wouldn't have been injured and maybe they would be in the playoffs right now.

But it wasn't healthy to cling onto the 'what ifs' and 'maybes'—or, so he is told by Yuna multiple times when she noticed the moments he was too quiet.

Ilya had been focusing on his own team and their own playoff run, which had been great all the way until the last game of the second round. Shane had winced when he watched the hit on Ilya, and could only feel sympathy when Ilya sent him a picture of his bruised ribs later that night.

Unfortunately, bruised ribs were one of the many problems the Boston team faced against the New York Admirals in the Eastern Conference Finals.

Between wrapping up his own post-season and Shane still technically on a screen time restriction for his healing concussion, it meant that the two of them were unable to talk as much as Shane would have liked. It was just passing conversations here and there when Yuna was too busy with something else to nag Shane about staring at his phone.

It made Shane feel angsty. Not for the first time, Shane wished he was in his apartment back in Montreal. He wished he was able to call Ilya with no precautions or reservations. He wished he was back in Ilya's place in Boston, curled up on the couch together.

He wished Ilya would tell him about his plans for the summer, about whether he was actually considering the offer or if he was flying back to Russia for the rest of the summer—where he would inevitably be miserable and lonely and—

Shane couldn't think about it for too long without his heart feeling as though it was going to cave into itself.

It was those thoughts plaguing him as he sat on the couch in his parents' house, the New York-San Francisco game on. It was the third period with only minutes left on the clock and Shane could hardly believe that his mother was right, that it seemed to be going Scott Hunter's way this year.

His focus shifted between the game and his message thread with Ilya, a lovesick grin threatening to take over his face with each new message that popped up. He was grateful his parents were too focused on the game to really call him out on it.

But then the game ended.

The game ended and the New York Admirals had won the Cup. The game had ended and Scott Hunter had finally proved the world wrong after so many years given to the sport. The game had ended and the families were pouring onto the ice and Scott Hunter was searching for someone in the crowd and—

If it weren't for the equally shocked expressions on his parents' faces, Shane would have been convinced that he was having a concussion-induced hallucination of Scott Hunter kissing a man on the ice after winning the fucking Cup.

He could barely tear his eyes away from the tv screen when he felt his phone start buzzing in his hand. He glanced down, seeing the name 'Lily' pop up on his screen as he quickly scrambled to his feet and accepted the call before he had even made it around the corner.

And Shane could barely care about Scott Hunter and the kiss and whatever else was happening when he heard the words he had been dying to hear since the day in the hospital room.

...

"What the—"

"I'm coming to the cottage."

"Okay, Ilya."

End Notes

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