

Untitled (How Could This Happen To Me?)

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Untitled (How Could This Happen To Me?)

by [providing_leverage](#)

Summary

Jane: Where the fuck are you?

Lily: trying to get a ride

Lily: all the cabs are on cut

Jane: What?

Lily: no. wrong word. strike

Jane: I'll come get you.

Shane doesn't get hurt playing against Boston, but that doesn't mean the rest of his evening goes smoothly either. This is the story of one drunk driver and two emergency contacts.

Notes

I haven't finished a fic in ages but I wrote this whole thing in two sittings just today. Title from a Simple Plan song I've never actually listened to.

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

The lights of the condo are off when Shane plugs in the front door code and lets himself in. This isn't unusual, because Shane always turns out all the lights before he leaves home. Being a millionaire now didn't change the fact that he'd been raised not to waste electricity—for the sake of the environment, and his parent's electrical bill.

"Ilya?" Shane calls cautiously, flipping the switch to illuminate the living room.

He half expects Ilya to jump out from behind the counter or from a dark doorway yelling, "Boo!" because even though Shane (very reluctantly) adored the man, Ilya was still an asshole.

Nothing happens. The place is just as Shane had left it before the game. Clean and quiet and empty, despite the fact that Shane had basically invited Ilya to let himself in when he gave him the code.

That murmured conversation at center ice during warm ups had been intended as nothing more than a gesture. Ilya always went back to his hotel for a bit before slipping off to Shane's place (or, more likely, loudly announcing that he was off to get laid to his entire team) which meant that Shane never needed to rush his own end of game routine while worrying about Ilya beating him to the condo.

But tonight he'd gone from post-game press, to the shower, to another bit of press, to the medical room for a second examination just to make sure that the hit he'd taken from Marleau wasn't worse than they'd initially believed.

The only thought that had gotten Shane through the delays had been that Ilya would beat him back to the condo. That he'd use the code Shane had given him, help himself to one of the Cherry Coke's Shane had stocked in the fridge, and be waiting for him.

With a frown, he pulls out his phone. There are a number of messages from his parents and Rose, congratulating him on the win. Nothing from Ilya since a brief discussion that morning about if they had time to meet up before the game. They hadn't.

Jane: Where the fuck are you?

Lily: trying to get a ride

Lily: all the cabs are on cut

Jane: What?

Lily: no. wrong word. strike

Shit. Shane really only kept up with hockey news himself, but a quick search on his phone pulls up a number of articles. He reads enough of the first one to understand that there was no way Ilya was going to be able to catch a cab tonight.

Which, good for those guys, they deserved fair wages and better insurance and everything they wanted. *Shane* wanted an orgasm though.

Jane: Private car?

Lily: service I use said it would be another hour at least

Shane checks his own app, plugging in the address of the hotel visiting teams normally stayed in.

Jane: Mine too

Lily: we use the same one

He was right. Shane had been the one to recommend the service to Ilya, for the rare occasion when he needed something nicer than a cab but more respectable than any of the cars from Ilya's own extensive, impractical collection.

Shane glances at the time and does some quick mental math, comparing those calculations to the super unofficial schedule in his mind that they'd already deviated from dramatically.
"Fuck it."

Jane: I'll come get you.

Lily: in your boring black Toyota Corolla?

Jane: It's a Jeep Cherokee actually.

Lily: hm. practical.

Jane: Do you want a ride or not?

Lily: yes

Lily: you give me ride, and then you will ride ;)

Even after all these years, Shane feels a bit of heat rise to his cheeks when he reads Ilya's message.

Jane: Maybe

Jane: See you in twenty

He makes it in fifteen, parking on a dark residential street two blocks from the hotel. Sunglasses this close to midnight would be suspicious as hell, so Shane had settled for a blank ball cap and a prayer that no one would pay him any mind.

Ilya slips into the passenger seat with a dark hoodie pulled up over his curls, obviously of a similar mind. Shane resists the urge to pull him into a kiss in greeting, just shifts the car into drive and takes off.

"Good to see you too, Hollander." Ilya drawls, voice bright with amusement. "In a hurry, are we?"

"We're always in a hurry." Shane points out, then clamps his jaw shut. That was the beginning of his pitch, but the plan called for the pitch to happen at the end of the night. In that narrow window of time when the world narrowed to just the two of them and the bed and the pleasure they'd just shared.

Come to think of it, that's when Ilya had asked Shane to stay the night, during that disastrous afternoon Shane had since dubbed "the tuna melt incident". Had Ilya done that on purpose? Had he— "Hey! What are you doing?"

Ilya flashes his *who, me* smile and plugs Shane's AUX cord into his own phone. "Music, no? We cannot drive in silence. Is boring."

"I always do."

"Yes. You are boring."

The old insult rolls right off his skin. "You're one of those people who likes to have music blaring when they drive, aren't you?"

"Yes." Music starts to play from the speakers, quieter than Shane expected. It's an upbeat and vaguely familiar tune. "I find it hard to concentrate on driving without something on."

"I put podcasts on sometimes." Shane defends. "*Man In The Crease*."

"Bah, of course you listen to them"

"Well, they're—"

Shane doesn't take his eyes off the road. He's a safe driver, always has been, and he'd learned his lesson about looking at Ilya earlier that night. The team doctor had spent ten minutes lecturing him about how the hit from Marleau could have been a lot worse, and then his coach had spent twice that yelling at Shane about situational awareness.

He's looking at the road.

The other driver isn't.

Nor is the other driver paying any attention to speed limits when he runs a red light and slams into Shane's practical black Jeep Cherokee at 80 kilometers an hour.

There's a flash of light in his periphery, the screaming sound of metal-on-metal, a burst of pain, and then everything goes dark.

Yuna Hollander watches all of her son's games. She always has.

When Shane was younger and she couldn't make it for some reason or another, Yuna would get the mother of a teammate to record it for her. Even though she loved cheering on her son in person, those were her favorites, because watching them with Shane afterward and dissecting the plays with her son was even more fun.

Now, of course, she doesn't have to bribe anyone with David's baking to watch shaky footage of Shane playing. ESPN and the NHL hire people to do it with fancy equipment that probably cost more than her house.

The game wraps up around 10, Montreal eking out a clean win and a place in the playoffs in the last few minutes. Yuna beams with pride and helps her husband clean up their game night snacks, swaying slightly as she does. Perhaps that last glass of wine had been one too many.

David and her get ready for bed in relative silence, going through the motions of a routine that has stood for almost thirty years. She brushes her teeth and washes her face while he checks all the locks, then Yuna shuts off all the lights while he has his turn in the bathroom.

When Shane still lived with them, the last step had been to kiss him goodnight. Even now Yuna stops at the door of his childhood bedroom and smiles at the empty bed, untouched for months now, and thinks *I love you*.

Curled up in bed with a stomach full of good food and wine and a heart full of pride, sleep finds Yuna quickly and clings to her tight when her phone goes off just after one in the morning. It's only when David shakes her shoulder that Yuna really wakes.

"Hm?"

"Your phone's ringing," He says, apologetic. David knows that she has a hard time falling back asleep after being woken, but he also knows better than to answer her phone for her. Both of their jobs involve hefty NDAs.

"Oh." Yuna grabs it off the bedside table and squints at the screen. *Unknown Number*. "Who the hell would be calling at this time of night?"

Her husband shrugs, the outline of his shoulders barely visible in the dark. "International client?"

They did tend to forget timezones exist with frustrating regularity. She hits *accept*. "This is Yuna Hollander."

"Hello. This is Dr Yamakazi with Montreal General Hospital, calling on behalf of Shane Hollander. I'm afraid there's been an accident."

To drive from Boston to Montreal takes four hours and forty five minutes. Flying takes an hour and a half if you go direct, but the earliest one Svetlana can find won't leave until midday.

She's on the road half an hour after the call comes, after a single stop for a six pack of energy drinks and a carton of cigarettes. Ilya is trying to quit again and normally she stops when he does but...

Well. They can quit again together when he's out of the hospital. Because he *will* be walking out of that hospital, even if Svetlana has to drag him back from Hell onto this earthly plane with her own bare hands. That's what best friends, and emergency contacts, do.

Ilya had said she would be his, when she'd finally moved to Boston full time a couple years back. It had been his agent or lawyer or some shit like that back when he had first moved here.

The hospital calls again when she's halfway through New Hampshire, to tell her that he's out of surgery and stable.

Crossing the border into Canada in Vermont is a relatively painless process, even given her Russian passport. She expects getting back into the US to be a bit tougher. A problem for later.

Much later.

The brief pause at customs does give her time to check the news. There's nothing about Ilya being in a crash yet, though every sports site and most of the local news stations are reporting on the fact that Shane Hollander is currently hospitalized after a drunk driver collided with his car around midnight.

Of course their golden boy had been identified before Ilya, even given his infamy in Montreal, but Svetlana knows it's only a matter of time. Was Boston's management aware? His team? The hospital hadn't mentioned contacting anyone else and she didn't have the numbers of any other Boston players. Despite the fact that Ilya had made it clear to them that there was nothing romantic between them, none of the men had the balls to flirt with her, much less ask for her number.

It's nearly seven in the morning by the time Svetlana arrives. The large private bus in the hospital parking lot tells her that the Boston team is likely aware and on sight.

The amount of news vans parked in the front tells her that they're not the only ones.

Svetlana slips past them, shows her ID at reception, and is taken immediately to Ilya's room.

"He's been in and out of consciousness since coming out of surgery, but his grip on English is tedious at the moment and we haven't been able to get a Russian translator in the room when he's awake. He has been asking for updates on Mr. Hollander." The nurse is either very professional, or not enough of a hockey fan to find this suspicious.

"And did you give them to him?"

"Mr. Hollander's mother approved us to share that information with *him*, yes." The nurse pauses at the door. "Official visiting hours begin soon, and there are a number of people who

want to see him. We placed them in a private waiting room just down the hall."

The implication that Svetlana should make a visit to that waiting room and lay down some law among the worried and no doubt pushy players is clear. Svetlana nods. Another problem for later.

Ilya's eyes crack open lazily when she opens the door, only to widen as he registers who she is. *"Svetlana."*

"You look horrible." She says, because he does. His left leg is in a cast, his right arm is covered in bruises under the ugly hospital gown, and there's stitches across his forehead.

He tries for a smile. *"That's not true, I never look bad. Sit down."*

She does, practically collapsing into the chair beside him. *"Never scare me like that again."*

"I will try."

"Do or do not, or whatever that green puppet likes to say." Svetlana insists. *"Next time you get into a car accident, at least have the decency to do it in the same country as me. A whole garage of your own cars and you wreck Mr. Perfect's...what does he drive? What did he drive?"*

Instead of answering, Ilya's eyes go wide. He tries to sit up, but doesn't get very far. *"Hollander. Where is—how—"*

"The nurse said you'd been filled in."

"I—" Ilya blinks, reluctantly relaxing. *"Yes. Never mind. When can I leave here?"*

"I didn't ask. Don't frown at me, that is up to the doctors. I can ask if they know yet."

"Please. But first...my phone?"

"I doubt you are supposed to be looking at screens." She says, even as she gets up to check the bag of his personal effects. It contains his wallet, a two condoms, a pack of nicotine gum, and some cherry chapstick. No phone. *"I can ask about that as well."*

She squeezes his hand before leaving, presses her fingers to his pulse point to reassure herself that he was alive. Then Svetlana goes to see what can be done about getting him back home. Or maybe just in the same room as his Jane.

Right away, she runs into a woman who must be Yuna Hollander. Though Ilya had often chirped about Hollander's habit of bringing his parents to events instead of dates (especially when they were younger) Svetlana can't remember ever actually seeing her before. But the resemblance to her son—physically, and in spirit—is clear.

"Oh! Hello."

"Hello." Svetlana says.

"I was just coming to," Yuna holds up a familiar phone. "I think this must be Mr. Rozanov's. It ended up with my son's things on accident. It's been ringing nonstop for a while now but we...Uh, are you...?"

"His emergency contact." She finishes, and takes the phone. The screen is in terrible shape but it still lights up as notifications come in. "How is your son?"

"Shane is—well, I was just about to go update his team, and I'm sure Mr. Rozanov's would like to be filled in as well. They're down this way."

Svetlana follows. The private waiting room is packed with antsy, exhausted hockey players about to go for each other's throats. *Scratch that*. Cliff Marleau and J.J. Boiziau's loud French argument takes a turn towards a physical fight just as Svetlana and Yuna enter, the Montreal player shoving Ilya's alternate captain. Marleau rocks back half a step before he surges forward with murder in his eyes.

Muscle memory kicks in for the rest of the men, and they grab partners to keep it from escalating into a full on brawl. Very funny, in any other context.

"Hey!" Yuna hollers, but Svetlana doesn't bother trying to use words to get their attention.

She steps between the two men, grabbing Marleau's hand by the wrist before it can hit either Boiziau or her. Both men freeze in place as soon as they register that she's there. "What the hell?"

"Exactly what I am wondering. Both of your teams are headed to the playoffs now, both without your stars, and you are risking more injuries?" She spits, glaring at both players. Marleau looks appropriately chastised, but Boiziau just stares at her with stars in his eyes. *Men*. "Well?"

Hayden Pike steps forward from the crowd. Montreal's other AC, Pike was an average player whose temperament fell in the middle of the spectrum that Boiziau and Hollander book-ended. Svetlana admired him for his ability to find chemistry with most other players and his wife's patience to put up with four children.

"We just want to know how the hell this happened."

"A drunk driver, according to the police." Yuna says.

Connors shakes his head. "No. We mean why Roz was in a car with Shane fucking Hollander."

There are murmurs of agreement and suspicion from both teams.

Svetlana, who has been preparing an answer for this very question since she learned whose car it was that Ilya had been in, glances back at Yuna. Hollander's best friends were obviously clueless and his mother seemed...well, Svetlana doesn't know what she's thinking. The woman had a good poker face.

"They are two of the best players in the league." Svetlana says, in the same voice she uses on her much younger cousins. "Equals, who have known each other for ten years and played beautifully together just weeks ago. Is it so unbelievable that they might be friendly? Might get beers? Or," she remembers Ilya's fridge, suddenly, "Ginger ales or some other kind of drink, after a game well played by both?"

It's the ginger ale comment that cinches Pike, she can tell. He relaxes. Then tilts his head like a curious bird. "Who are you?"

Svetlana ignores that question, but answers another players request to see his captain with, "Not yet. Neither is up for visitors at the moment but we can give you the rundown of their injuries. Are your coaches here?"

Apparently everyone on the management side, for both teams, had stepped out around the same time. Phone calls and coffee runs and bathroom breaks. Disgraceful. It was like they'd *wanted* a fight.

It's been over twenty four hours since Svetlana has slept. She's craving a warm bed, though she needs food almost as badly. Boiziau would probably go get her something if she asked, and a nurse could find a cot for Ilya's room. People did that on TV all the time.

First though, she convinces a doctor that it's a good idea to let Ilya have a wheelchair and Yuna that it would be good for both Ilya and Hollander if they could talk for a bit. "He really does respect your son a lot."

"I think the feeling is mutual."

Hollander is high as a kite, and filled with childlike joy when Ilya is wheeled into his room. She doesn't even have to convince Yuna to give them any privacy. The woman turns to her as they step out of the room. "My husband ran down to the Tim's on the corner, to get us breakfast and coffee. Would you like him to grab you anything?"

"That would be...very good. Thank you."

With food on the way and Ilya taken care of for the moment, Svetlana takes the elevator back down to the ground floor and finds a back exit she probably shouldn't be using, as a non staff member. She is far too tired to care about that.

Her fingers only tremble a bit as she flicks her lighter and holds her last cigarette to the flame. Svetlana lets her eyes drift shut for the first time in hours as she takes her first drag.

"Oh, um, I don't think you're supposed to smoke over here."

A number of curses, none of them in English, jump to mind. Svetlana opens her eyes to unleash them on...on a woman who is very clearly Rose Landry in disguise. The hundred dollar sunglasses and X-Squad baseball cap do nothing to disguise her identity, or her beauty.

Maybe there could be an upside to this whole thing after all, Svetlana thinks as she lowers the cigarette and smiles at the recently single movie star.

End Notes

The POVs in this are so unbalanced but I'm way too tired to try and fix that and I'm happy with how it turned out.

Shane is very high on pain killers so assume his and Ilya's conversation went as in canon but with a little bit more whump. Yuna doesn't know everything but she sure knows more than a sober Shane would have wanted to share. All the hockey guys are oblivious.

Less than an hour left until the new ep. I wish I was at my apartment so I could make popcorn and not wake a bunch of people up but I think I'll go to bed and enjoy the episode well rested. No spoilers please but tell me what you thought about the fic here or [on tumblr](#)

-Podfics/translations/art are always allowed! No need to ask first but I would love to know about them.

-I love comments, but ones that exist purely to pressure for updates will be deleted. That's rude, guys, and universally hated by authors.

-If you're here on a rec (tumblr, tiktok, whatever), please tell me! I love to know that people enjoy my writing enough to share, and it helps with the confusion that comes from a fic randomly getting a ton of hits/kudos.

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