

Michigan Girl Meets Russian Spy

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Michigan Girl Meets Russian Spy

by [WillowDeville](#)

Summary

“Jane?” Rose snorts. “Is that code or something?”

Svetlana chuckles. “Or something.”

What if Shane gets injured in Boston rather than Montreal? What if Rose Landry is there when it happens? Oh, and let's just throw Svetlana into the mix, shall we? Stir well.

Notes

I absolutely love these two ladies in the TV show, and I'm convinced they'd get on a like a house on fire if they ever were to meet. So I made them meet. 🤗 I have no personal knowledge of anything to do with hockey or hospitals, so excuse my liberties if they sound a tad outlandish to the expert readers out there.

I'm also a little overwhelmed by all the love my first HR fic has received so far, so if you ended up here after reading Please Don't Go, thank you! I appreciate you all so much. 🥰 If you haven't read it, go check it out. 😊

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

“Hey, Shane. Give me just a second.”

Balancing her phone between her shoulder and her ear, her suitcase in one hand and her shopping bags in the other, Rose kicks the door of her Boston hotel room shut behind her. She dumps the bags on one of the beds and puts the phone on loudspeaker.

“Right, sorry. Just got to the hotel,” she says. She lays her suitcase open next to the bags, grateful they booked her a double room. Nothing better than a bit of extra space to spread out.

On the other end of the phone, Shane chuckles. “You’ve got too many bags?”

She laughs. “Me? Never.”

“How was the interview?” Shane asks.

“Pretty cool, actually.” She puts the top she’s planning to wear for the game tonight on a hanger in the hope she doesn’t have to iron it again. It’s not looking too crinkled. “They have this young guy on the show, like an intern. I think he’s studying Film & Media or something, and he had really cool questions. Like, who was the first person who encouraged me to go into acting and if I remember what I did after my first day ever on a set shooting.”

“What, no questions about blue boobs?”

She snorts. “Gosh, you saw that?”

“That guy was a prick,” Shane bristles, then laughs. “He deserved that blue dick answer. That was a classic.”

“Hah, I was just glad my brain was online that day. Not always the case, unfortunately, when jerks like that come along.”

“I know the feeling,” Shane says, and Rose doesn’t need to see him to know he’s smiling. They’ve both been in the public eye for most of their adult lives; they both know that having to deal with small-dick journalism, how Rose’s agent Sarah aptly likes to call it, is part of the package. And it’s the shittiest feeling when some asshole catches them on the wrong day.

“Are you already at the arena?” she asks.

It’s a lucky coincidence that her interview with the Boston radio station was scheduled for the same day the Montreal Voyageurs are in town to play the Boston Bears, but she won’t complain. She and Shane might call or text each other on a daily basis, even after their fateful breakup meal a few months ago, however, between her filming schedule and the NHL still being in regular season, actually seeing each other face-to-face seems to be almost impossible.

So if there is any chance to watch one of Shane’s games live and go for a drink or two with him afterwards, she’ll take it. Even if she already knows that the only person to consume any

alcohol will be her because Shane couldn't possibly drink in season, the nerd. She smiles at the thought. She has never met anyone so obsessed with ginger ale, and she's from Michigan, for crying out loud.

"We're about to leave," Shane says. "Are you going to grab some food before you head over?"

"I think I've got food with my seat. At least that's what Sarah told me."

"Apparently the pizza is very good," Shane says.

Rose kicks off her shoes and flops onto her bed. "And you know that from personal experience? You've had pizza at the Boston Bears' stadium many times before, have you?"

"Oh, go away." Shane laughs. "So I've been told."

Rose chuckles as she stretches her arms over her head and shakes out her legs. She's been on her feet since her plane landed just after seven this morning. She might just close her eyes for a few minutes before she jumps into the shower.

"We still on for drinks after the game?" she asks.

"Yes, absolutely. I'll text you as soon as I'm out."

"Fab. I'll see you then. Go kick some ass tonight."

Shane chuckles. "Oh, we certainly will."

A couple of hours later, Rose sits down on a barstool, resting her arms on the tabletop that separates the suite from the premium seats below. She's a lot closer to the ice than when she watched Shane in Montreal the last time, and she rubs her hands excitedly. This view is cracking.

Both teams are already on the ice. Around them the stands are steadily filling up to the sound of advertising running on the jumbotron. Rose smiles when she spots Shane kneeling near the visiting goal, deep in conversation with Hayden Pike as they both stretch out their hips.

She is briefly distracted when one of the serving staff hands her a menu. When she looks back towards the ice, Shane is back on his feet, skating circles around the Montreal half of the rink at a leisurely speed.

He looks so good on the ice. Unassuming, and yet so confident. He smiles, and talks to his teammates, speeds up and slows down in between as if it's the most natural thing on earth. He chirps at Rozanov, his opposite captain and arch-rival since their rookie year when they

were both famously drafted as number one and two picks, who chirps right back. They pick up a stray puck and pass it back and forth between them at an incredible speed.

Rozanov eventually steals the puck away from Shane and skates off into his own half again, but not without hurling a few words over his shoulder, no doubt some form of insult. He's Ilya Rozanov after all. Brilliant hockey player, Russian asshole. He and Shane might have played on the same team during the recent All-Stars game like a unit on fire, but back here on regular ice, they are still as competitive as ever.

"Is this seat taken?"

"Oh, jeez." Rose jumps, slapping her hand over her heart.

A woman about her own age with beautiful olive skin, stunning blue eyes, and the most gorgeous head of dark, tight curls stands next to her, smirking.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you," she says with the slightest Boston accent. "I just saw you sitting here on your own and thought you might want some girly company? Unless you're waiting for someone, of course."

"Nope, just me tonight." Rose pulls out the seat next to her, because why not? Two girls are always better than one. "You riding solo, too?"

"Yes, kind of." The woman slides onto the stool and nods towards the back of the suite. "My father has a private box further along, but it's full of middle-aged men."

Rose snorts. "Say no more." She holds out her hand. "I'm Rose."

"Landry, I know," the woman says with a smile as she shakes Rose's hand. "Svetlana."

"Of course, you know who I am."

Svetlana chuckles. "Who doesn't? I love your style, by the way. You always dress impeccably."

"Thanks." Rose ducks her head. "I love your hair. It looks incredible."

Svetlana grins at that. She spots the menu on the table in front of them. "Are you eating? The pizza here is the best?"

Rose laughs. "You're the second person to tell me that today. You wanna share?"

"Girl, hell yeah," Svetlana says, eagerly pulling the menu a little closer, and Rose has to laugh again. A girl after her own heart.

They debate pizza toppings for a few minutes before Svetlana waves one of the servers over to take their order.

Below them, the players are retreating towards the locker rooms, and the Zamboni rolls onto the ice. A few moments later, the arena lights dim, then turn into a light show as the 15-

minute timer on the jumbotron kicks off the countdown to puck drop.

“Are you here for Shane Hollander?” Svetlana asks. “Are you two dating?”

Rose smiles. She’s been expecting the question and is kind of glad Svetlana is getting it out of the way early rather than dancing around it for ages. “Yes, I’m here for Shane, but I was born into a hockey-mad family and one of my brothers plays in the AHL, so I’m always up for watching a good game if I get the chance. And no, not dating. We’re just good friends.”

A wide grin grows on Svetlana’s face, and she excitedly claps her hands together. “You are a hockey girl? You follow the league?”

“A little.” Rose laughs. “Okay, maybe a lot more since I met Shane.”

“Who do you think will win the Cup this year?”

“Oh, I wouldn’t pretend to know that much. I don’t have time to watch nearly enough to know how well or crappy the teams are actually playing. I mainly follow the scores and watch the highlights, if I can. My shooting schedule is mental this year.” She regards Svetlana curiously. “You’re a Boston fan, I take it?”

“I am, but I’m biased. My *friend* plays for Boston.”

The way she emphasises the word friend catches Rose’s attention. Given Svetlana’s name, she could well be Russian, although Rose doesn’t want to assume.

“Who’s your friend?” she asks. “It’s not Ilya Rozanov, is it?” What are the chances of the first person she meets tonight being a friend of Shane’s biggest rival?

“It is.” Svetlana winks at her.

“Oh my God,” Rose almost squeals with glee. Her cheeks are hurting with how hard she is grinning. “Friend or *girl*friend?”

Svetlana laughs. “Just friend. We grew up together, and maybe at one point I was in love with him, but now we’re just best friends. Perhaps friends with benefits sometimes. Not as often anymore, though.” She leans closer with a mischievous glint in her eyes. “He likes to be seen as a womaniser but, to be honest, he just doesn’t want to admit that he’s in love with *Jane*.”

“Jane?” Rose snorts. “Is that code or something?”

Svetlana chuckles. “Or something.”

“Oh, this is gold.” Rose is still laughing. “Imagine the headline. Shane Hollander’s ex and Ilya Rozanov’s best friend spotted sharing food at a Boston - Montreal game.”

“I’m game if you are. Let’s see if we can make it into the tabloids.” Svetlana grins back at her and holds up her fist.

Rose dutifully bumps it. She likes this girl.

Their scheming gets interrupted by the arrival of their pizza, and they spend the next few minutes giggling as they arrange themselves, their drinks and their food to provide the best possible angle for any opportunist photographer who might spot them.

As if someone heard them, a live shot of them, both with a piece of pizza in one hand and their drink in the other, lights up on the jumbotron. A cheer goes around the arena as people recognise Rose.

“Oh gosh, that was quick,” she hisses. “Smile.”

Svetlana does, wide and beautiful, and taps her drink against Rose’s before toasting towards the general direction of where the camera that caught them must be located.

The screen changes again. They fall into easy conversation, and as the clock on the jumbotron counts down, Rose finds out that Svetlana is, in fact, Russian. It turns out her father is Sergei Vetrov, a rather famous retired hockey player who came to the US to play in the NHL, while her mother used to be a high school teacher at a local school in Boston.

“I know,” Svetlana laughs between bites. “Most people don’t believe me until they hear me speak Russian. Not many Russian black girls around, that’s for sure.”

They keep talking until eventually the lights dim again and only the rink below them remains illuminated. A roar goes through the crowd, and the arena PA starts off the team introductions.

Svetlana cheers for Boston, and Rose makes sure she shouts extra loud for Shane when the Voyagers enter the rink, which turns a few heads and earns her a playful shove from Svetlana.

They banter back and forth as the game gets underway, and Rose has to admit that there is something to be said about this whole Hollander - Rozanov rivalry everybody always talks about.

She’s seen them play each other before, in Montreal, the night they went out clubbing with Miles. It wasn’t a great game. Shane seemed off, and the Bears were playing average at best, diabolical at worst, too. The crowd was probably the most animated player in the arena that day, and it wasn’t in a good way either.

This tonight is different. The atmosphere is loud and electric. Both teams are on fire, led by two captains who battle it out like two titans with a personal vendetta. It’s fast and thrilling; every puck is fought for within an inch of its life, and the fans love it.

Shane and Rozanov are on each other’s heels constantly, and soon enough Rose isn’t sure who she is actually cheering for as every encounter between the two of them fills her with excitement. She knows Shane is no stranger to being crashed into the boards, but tonight he gives as good as he gets with Rozanov. She cheers and hackles, grabs Svetlana’s arm and winces when someone hits the boards a little too hard.

There are plenty of goals, with Shane scoring the opening one for Montreal and Rozanov assisting the first Boston one before scoring the second himself. By the time they are midway

through the third period, the score is 3-3, and Rose thinks she might be drunk from the atmosphere alone. She might also not have any voice left come the next morning.

She doesn't see the hit coming. All eyes are on Shane, Voyager fans roaring, as he races towards the Boston goal after intercepting another pass that was meant for Rozanov.

"Noooo!" Svetlana is on her feet, shouting towards the rink. "Ilya! Move – your – feet. You're too—"

One of the Boston players ploughs into Shane. The thump of the impact is sickening, and a collective gasp goes through the crowd as both players hit the ice. A second later, all hell breaks loose.

Rozanov and Hayden Pike yank the Boston player to his feet by his jersey. It's their left wing, Marlow, and he's upright for all but two seconds before Hayden drops his gloves and decks him.

Shane doesn't get up.

"He's not moving." Rose feels like she's been punched in the gut. She doesn't realise she has grabbed Svetlana's hand until Svetlana squeezes hers, hard. They can't see Shane's face where Rozanov is now kneeling next to him, but the way his body lies on the ice is all wrong, and he isn't moving.

"Come on, Shane," Rose begs under her breath. She thinks she might be sick. Seeing medical staff from both teams rush onto the ice makes it even worse. Rozanov is still bent over Shane, shouting at people. He looks scared, and that terrifies Rose even more. That guy is not even on Shane's team.

"Rose." Svetlana nudges her gently, and Rose realises she has been trying to get her attention. "Come, sit down. He'll be okay."

Rose is shaking. She can't take her eyes off the ice, but she lets Svetlana help her back onto the barstool. She suddenly feels like a child, with her feet dangling off the ground and her heart beating in her throat.

Below them, one of the referees is firmly ordering Rozanov away from Shane while the other officials are herding the rest of the teams back towards the benches. Shane's body is hard to make out, hidden by half a dozen medical staff. Rose gasps when a gurney is rolled onto the ice and a spinal board is brought out.

A thin but surprisingly strong arm wraps around her shoulders. "It's okay," Svetlana says. "That's standard procedure, and that guy with the red jacket is Boston's head physician. He is very good. Shane is in good hands."

Rose tries for a smile, but it feels like a grimace instead. The fans have gone completely silent, and it's making her skin crawl. God, she's glad Svetlana is with her. "Where will they take him?"

“Mass General, I think. But I can try to find out for sure.”

Just then, Rose thinks she spots some movement, a gloved hand lifting off the ice for the briefest of moments. The crowd cheers, so they must have seen it too, and Rose lets out a teary laugh as she finally thinks she can breathe again. “Oh, thank God for that.”

“He’s okay,” Svetlana says, rubbing Rose’s back. “He’ll be fine.”

Rose could cry with relief. Scrap that, she is crying. She knows Shane isn’t fine, especially as she watches the medical staff on the ice place a neck brace around his neck and carefully manoeuvre him onto the spinal board. He doesn’t look okay, far from it, but he’s moving. Only a few moments ago, a much more catastrophic thought was scratching at the edges of her brain, and she is glad that she doesn’t have to let it in.

He’s moving. He’s alive.

They watch anxiously as the medical staff do their thing. Rose can’t tell if Shane is conscious or not, but strapped onto the spinal board, he doesn’t look as limp as before. A small mercy, but she’ll take it. Marlow is in the penalty box, in what looks like a heated argument with his own captain on the other side of the glass.

Another cheer echoes through the arena when Shane is finally moved off the ice, accompanied by subdued applause from both Boston and Montreal fans, and it makes Rose jump into action. She grabs her bag, but Svetlana stops her.

“Wait,” she says. She grabs her own bag and pulls out her phone. “Let’s make sure we know where they’re taking him first.”

Rose swallows but settles back in her seat, clutching her bag to her chest. Svetlana is furiously typing on her phone, and Rose feels herself drifting. She’s cold. Or maybe it’s the shock, but she’s shivering. On the ice, play has resumed, but it looks lacklustre and discombobulated. Like one of those old silent comedy films where everything moves too fast, and Rose is watching but doesn’t get the humour.

And through it all, the image of Shane lying motionless on the ice keeps flashing up behind her eyes. She’s not sure she can ever forget it.

“He’s on his way to Mass General Hospital,” Svetlana says. “Do you have a car?”

Rose shakes her head. “Even if I did, I don’t think I’m in any condition to drive right now.” She raises her hand between them. It’s still shaking.

“That’s okay.” Svetlana wraps it between her own hands and gives it a quick rub. She nods towards the exit. “Come on, I’ll take you.”

“You don’t have to,” Rose says. God, she wants to see Shane, but she also doesn’t want to impose on this girl’s evening. “The game isn’t even finished yet.”

“I couldn’t care less who wins tonight,” Svetlana says, and Rose can tell she means it. “I’d much rather know that your friend is okay.”

Rose thinks she's going to cry again, but before her emotions get the better of her, Svetlana engulfs her in a hug. It's brief, but exactly what Rose needs right now, and when Svetlana lets her go, she feels a little less raw.

"Come on," Svetlana says once more. "My car isn't far."

The hospital isn't far either, but with Boston traffic, it seems like it's taken them hours to get there. They park in a nearby parking lot, and she soon realises how grateful she is to have Svetlana with her when the other woman reaches into the backseat of her car and pulls a hoodie from a bag. It's plain black with a simple green logo that says *Hudson's* on the back.

She hands it to Rose. "It's work merchandise," she explains. "Men's, so quite big, but it might help if you'd rather not be recognised instantly when we walk in there."

"Good shout." Rose takes it from her and pulls it over her top. She ties her hair up in a messy bun and hides it all under the hood. She's glad she took her big black coat instead of the tan leather jacket earlier, as it easily fits over the top again and is ordinary enough not to look too expensive.

Svetlana gives her one last nod of approval, tying up her own hair and zipping up her coat, and then they're on their way.

It's only a short walk into the building, which is good since it is freezing outside, the bitter wind biting at their cheeks. Once inside, it's a lot warmer and brighter, but oddly quiet for a major hospital. Rose soon realises that that's because they have apparently come in through a side door rather than the main entrance.

They make their way along corridors Rose isn't quite sure they're supposed to be in, past nurses' stations and consultation rooms. But Svetlana seems to know where she's going, and no one pays them any attention, so Rose just goes with it. It smells of disinfectant and something pungent — the universal smell of probably every hospital in the country, if not the world. They pass a small waiting area before pushing through a set of double doors that lead into the main waiting room.

It is a lot busier here, with people in various states of discomfort filling almost every seat. Rose quickly ducks her head and pulls her hood a little further over her eyes. She follows Svetlana, who beelines it straight to the reception desk to ask about Shane's whereabouts.

"Are you family?" the large lady behind the desk asks while she checks her screen. Her name tag reads Melissa, and half her hair is dyed bright purple.

"I'm his girlfriend," Rose says without missing a beat. For once, she is glad that neither she nor Shane ever made any public announcements about their relationship while they were

dating, or after. Not that they really had to; there were plenty of pictures of them around that didn't really need any explanation. And right now, Shane's parents are hundreds of miles away, across the border in Canada, so if a little white lie will get her past hospital policies so he doesn't have to be alone, nobody needs to know.

"What's your name, please?"

"Rose Landry," Rose says quietly.

At that, Melissa's head snaps up. Rose can tell when recognition sets in, and for once wishes she was called something more common, like Mary Smith or Elizabeth Jones.

"Oh wow," Melissa mouths before her eyes grow wide in horror, and she slaps her hand over her mouth. "I'm so sorry. That was so unprofessional of me." She visibly schools her expression and turns her attention back to the computer screen in front of her. "Let me see what I can find out for you. My apologies again."

"That's okay," Rose says, trying to sound confident. Given the circumstances and the fact that she might still be turned away, she definitely doesn't feel it.

Svetlana remains next to her, leaning against the reception counter like her own personal bodyguard. She doesn't look like she intends to leave, and Rose secretly thanks whatever lucky twist brought them together on this day in particular.

"They have just taken him for a CT," Melissa says, squinting at her screen. Then she looks up and meets Rose's eye. She nods towards the door Rose and Svetlana came through only a few minutes earlier. "There is a second waiting room through those doors. More private. And a coffee and a vending machine a little further along, second on the left. I will let them know you're here and ask them to send someone to get you when he's ready for company."

Rose exhales sharply, relief washing over her.

"Thank you," Svetlana says to Melissa, smiling for the first time since they left the arena. She tugs Rose along, back through the double doors and into the adjacent waiting room.

The room is a lot smaller than the main waiting area, with barely a dozen seats lining the walls. It is empty and quiet, a stark contrast to the hustle and bustle on the other side of the doors.

Svetlana drops her coat onto one of the seats in the corner. "I'm going to get a coffee. Do you want one? We might be here for a while."

"I'm good, thanks." As soon as Rose sits down, her leg starts bouncing. "I already have the jitters, I don't think I need more rocket fuel. I'd be bouncing off the walls."

Svetlana chuckles. "Okay, no jitter juice for you. I'll be right back."

Once Svetlana returns with her drink, they just sit and wait. Around them, the hive that is the hospital hums quietly, doors open and close, nurses and doctors come and go, but no one takes much notice of them.

“You don’t have to stay,” Rose says. She buries her hands in the front pocket of her hoodie and leans back in her seat.

“I’m not going anywhere.” Svetlana smiles as she lightly bumps her shoulder against Rose’s. She pulls her phone from her bag. “Besides, Ilya is blowing up my phone for updates, so I’m also here in my Russian spy capacity.”

Rose laughs. “I was once kidnapped by a Russian spy.”

“Blue Velvet. You were good in that.”

“Debatable.” Rose chuckles. Admittedly, it was one of her better roles. “But it definitely beat the enjoyment factor over having to sit through three hours of makeup to be painted blue.”

“Three hours?” Svetlana turns her head to look at her. “I get bored doing my own makeup, and that takes less than fifteen minutes.”

“Same. At least the makeup crew was fun, so that made it a bit more bearable.”

They talk, and again, it feels easy. They talk about the various jobs Svetlana has had over the years, about how she grew up around hockey when her father was the Bears’ goalie. About Rose and her brothers, and about how Rose met Shane. She stays clear of anything hinting at their breakup, and Svetlana doesn’t pry, which makes Rose like her even more.

An older couple joins them, but they don’t seem to recognise Rose, or if they do, they don’t show it. Only about ten minutes after they arrive, a doctor turns up and talks to them in hushed tones, and they leave with him shortly after. After that, Rose and Svetlana remain alone.

Eventually, it’s one of the Voyagers’ medical staff who finds them.

“Miss Landry, I’m glad you’re here,” he greets her, holding out his hand. “His parents can’t get here until tomorrow evening, and I’m sure he can use a friendly face when he wakes up.”

“Wakes up?” Rose is on her feet. Is Shane still unconscious?

“He’s okay,” the guy says with a smile. “He’s got a concussion and a fractured collarbone, he was lucky. They just gave him something to help him sleep. They’re moving him to the ICU right now, but that’s fairly normal practice when someone hits their head. They will come and get you as soon as he’s settled there.”

She knows his words are meant to reassure her, but the mention of the ICU makes her knees go weak, and she quickly sits down again. She’s been fortunate. She has never been to an ICU, either as a patient or a visitor. One of her brothers once got knocked out during a game, too, when they were really young. But he came to very quickly, and back then the concussion protocol wasn’t what it is today, so he was simply sent home with no one to worry about his headaches except their mother. ICU just makes it sound so much more serious.

Svetlana gently squeezes her arm. “He’s okay.”

“He is,” the guy says again. “I have to go back to the hotel, but I’ll be back in the morning with the coach. And Hayden Pike. He’s already chewing my ear off.”

At that, Rose laughs. She’s met Hayden a few times, and she likes him a lot, but that guy can talk. She knows he cares a lot about Shane though, too, and the thought of Hayden coming to visit in the morning somehow settles her nerves a little.

The guy asks if she wants him to pass on her phone number to Shane’s parents, which, yes, absolutely, and then he’s gone and it’s just Rose and Svetlana again, waiting for the next bit of news.

“Will they let him fly home?” Rose asks, all too aware that she will also have to leave eventually, to catch her own flight to LA where she’s scheduled to attend a red-carpet event for the next X-Squad movie the day after tomorrow.

“I’m not sure,” Svetlana says. “They might keep him here for a few days for observation.” Her phone vibrates in her hand. A message notification pops up on the screen, and when she unlocks it, she rolls her eyes and hisses something in Russian that sounds like a curse.

“Everything okay?”

Svetlana sighs, types a quick reply and drops the phone back into her bag. “We have company.”

Rose raises an eyebrow at her, then glances at the screen of her own phone to check the time. It’s almost midnight. Who on earth would want to join them now?

She soon gets her answer when she hears footsteps approaching along the corridor and, a moment later, a man dressed in black sweatpants and a slightly oversized white hoodie rounds the corner. With his baseball cap sitting low over his eyes and the hood of his sweatshirt pulled over the top of it, it takes her a second to realise who is standing in front of her.

“Ilya Rozanov?” She knows she’s gawking, and she knows he’s Svetlana’s friend and has been texting her non-stop over the last couple of hours, but seeing the Boston captain in hospital in person still catches her off guard.

“How is he?” is all she gets in return.

Svetlana is out of her seat and grabs Rozanov not too gently by the arm. “I told you he’s okay,” she says, clearly trying to keep her voice down.

Rozanov shakes her off and growls something in Russian, and then Rose can only watch with wide eyes while the two of them snap at each other in their mother tongue, back and forth, and Rose has no idea what’s going on.

“Fuck you,” Rozanov suddenly spits out, and apparently that’s the end of that conversation.

Svetlana huffs and raises an eyebrow at him.

“Sorry,” Rozanov says, a lot more subdued than only a few seconds ago, and Rose gets the distinct feeling that he’s just been told off for something and really doesn’t like it.

“Sorry,” he says again. He runs a hand over his face and then looks directly at Rose. “I was concerned. And as captain of our team, I just wanted to make sure in person that Shane is okay.”

Svetlana snorts, and Rozanov scowls at her before quickly training his expression back into something more neutral again.

“Oh” is all Rose comes up with. She might not have understood what the argument was about, but the way the words ricocheted around the room was enough to give her some form of emotional whiplash. Plus, Ilya Rozanov? Of all people, he’s the last person she expected to turn up. Scratch that; he didn’t even make the list.

“Sorry,” Rozanov says for a third time and holds out his hand. “I’m being incredibly rude. Ilya. Nice to finally meet you.”

“Rose. And likewise,” Rose says, accepting his handshake, even though she isn’t so sure the sentiment is mutual. She feels like she’s missing something here but can’t quite figure out what. “Do you always pay after-hours visits when a player from the opposing team gets injured?”

“Uh, no,” Rozanov says bluntly. “But Hollander and I have played against each other for many years now.”

“So have a lot of other players,” Rose shoots back.

Svetlana grabs her bag and digs out her phone again, crosses one leg over the other and pointedly starts scrolling on her screen.

Rozanov just shrugs. “I do not like to see him hurt.”

Rose glances at Svetlana, who meets her eye.

“I told him he has a concussion and a broken collarbone,” Svetlana says. “But apparently he doesn’t believe me.” The last few words are sharply directed at Rozanov.

Rozanov ignores her, his steel-grey eyes unwaveringly trained on Rose. Something is definitely off.

“Yes, like Svetlana said,” she says, watching him closely. “He’s got a broken collarbone and a concussion, but that’s as much as we know at the moment. They’re moving him to the ICU, and then I can hopefully see him.”

“Is he—” Rozanov starts, but Svetlana interrupts him.

“Ilyusha! That is all we know.”

Rozanov regards her for a moment, then lets out a sigh. He looks back at Rose. “Do you mind if I sit here with you and wait for update?”

Rose frowns but can’t come up with any valid reason to send him away. She’s about to answer when the doors from the main waiting area swing open and a young man dressed in scrubs approaches them.

“Rose Landry?”

Rose rises to her feet. “Yes, that’s me.”

Next to her, Svetlana grabs Rozanov by one of his sleeves and pulls him onto the seat on her other side. Rose doesn’t miss the way Rozanov quickly leans forward on his elbows and ducks his head to hide his face.

“I’m Dr Mullen. I’m the consultant looking after Shane,” the doctor introduces himself.

“Is he okay?” Rose can’t help but ask, the worry from earlier suddenly coming back with a vengeance.

Dr Mullen smiles. “As okay as he can be,” he says. He looks young, barely older than herself if Rose were to guess, but the way he speaks instantly makes her believe that this is a good thing. “He’s on some strong pain medication, so he might still be asleep for a while, but if you want to see him, I can take you.”

“Yes, please.” Rose reaches for her bag. Svetlana is already holding it up towards her. Rose mouths a silent thank you, but then suddenly realises that this might be the last time she sees Svetlana. Or Rozanov, who is still trying very hard not to be seen.

She hesitates. “Is there any chance my friends could come with me?”

Dr Mullen smiles one of those sad smiles that tells her she’s going to be let down gently but let down all the same. “I’m afraid it’s only designated visitors right now until normal visiting hours, and no more than two at a time.”

“That’s okay,” Svetlana says. “You go and see him. Don’t worry about us, we’ll still be here when you come back. Just come back and tell us how he is.”

“Are you sure?”

“We’ll be here,” Svetlana assures her. She gives Rozanov a subtle nudge with her elbow. He doesn’t look up from where he is seemingly trying to straighten the laces on his sneakers, but he nods his head and mumbles a quiet, “Yes.”

“Okay,” Rose says. She takes a deep breath and turns towards Dr Mullen. “Okay. I’m ready.”

Shane looks battered.

It doesn't help that the room is dark bar the light from the lamp above the bed's headboard, which isn't particularly bright at all either. Probably to help with Shane's head once he wakes up, but right now it only accentuates the butterfly stitches holding together the cut on the bridge of his nose and the dark bruising around his eyes. Another huge dark blotch of purple covers his right shoulder, while a few smaller ones are scattered around his right arm and ribs.

Despite all that, he looks oddly comfortable. As comfortable as he can be with one arm in a sling, a drip needle in the other, a set of ECG leads patched to his chest, and another line clipped to his finger. He's propped up slightly, with some additional cushions supporting his right arm. But even with all the bruising, his face hasn't lost its softness, the natural upturn at the corners of his mouth never gone.

"This looks serious?" Rose says as she pulls a chair closer to Shane's bed, careful not to disturb any of the monitoring equipment.

"The ECG is just to monitor him until he wakes up," Dr Mullen explains. "And the IV is mainly for pain medication."

"Does he need surgery? How long until he wakes up?"

"Hopefully not. Luckily, it's a very clean break, and the bone is still aligned. Really lucky. I think we are more worried about how hard he hit his head, but thankfully, his CT was all clear."

Rose frowns. "Has he been conscious at all?"

"Yes," Dr Mullen says as he adjusts the IV, then notes something down on his clipboard. "He was getting a little agitated, so we gave him a small dose of sedation." He smirks at her. "Minimal dose, but it zonked him out pretty well."

Rose chuckles. "Are you calling him a lightweight?"

"Oh no." Dr Mullen laughs. "I'm just saying I wish more of my patients were that responsive to medication."

Rose smiles. She carefully brushes a stray strand of hair from Shane's forehead. "He always likes to be very good at everything he does. Leave it to him to even be good at being drugged up."

Dr Mullen snorts, and Rose gasps when Shane stirs at the sound. It's only the tiniest of twitches, but then his head tips to the side and he groans.

"Shit, I think he's waking up."

Dr Mullen is by her side in a heartbeat but doesn't push her away. "Looks like it. Keep talking to him." He taps a few buttons on the monitor until the volume of the rhythmical beeping that accompanies Shane's heartbeat is turned right down.

"Hey Shane." Rose leans closer and gently strokes his cheek. "Can you hear me? It's me, Rose."

Shane's eyes are still closed but he swallows. Then they open and lock on to hers. A goofy smile spreads over his face. "Heeey." It quickly turns into a grimace. "Ouch."

"Where does it hurt?"

Shane winces and tries to shift on the bed, but Dr Mullen quickly stops him with a careful but firm hand on his arm. "Try not to move too much."

Shane groans again but settles back against the bed. "Everywhere. I feel like... I've... I've been hit by a bus."

"Do you remember what happened?" Dr Mullen asks.

"Got steamrolled by a Boston Bear," Shane mumbles and closes his eyes again, and thank God, he's still Shane. He's still a little out of it, going by the slight slur in his voice, but the quiet humour he often uses to get through an awkward situation is still there. And Shane is the king of awkward. The fact that he still acts that way, even when high on drugs, can only be a good sign as far as Rose is concerned.

"That sounds about right," Rose chuckles and gently runs her fingers through his hair.

Shane hums at the touch. "Who hit me?"

"Marlow."

Shane winces at the name. Then his eyes fly open and the next word is barely a whisper. "Ilya."

"Ilya Rozanov?" Rose asks but soon has trouble keeping Shane still as he suddenly starts to fidget hard, frantically looking around the room as if he is expecting to find Rozanov himself standing in the corner somewhere. What the hell?

"Yes, he..., is he..., he'll be... worried," he says in a string of garbled rambles.

"Shane, you need to calm down," Rose tries.

"I can give him something," Dr Mullen offers, reaching for the IV.

"No," Shane murmurs. He reluctantly lies back down. "Don't make..., don't make me sleepy. He just needs..., be okay. He worries. Big."

Rose frowns at him as her brain is starting to connect the dots. No shit he's worried.

“He’s here,” she says. She doesn’t miss the way Dr Mullen’s head snaps up, and she desperately hopes his oath to confidentiality includes whatever is said in this room. “He’s outside, he knows you’re okay.”

“I wanna see him,” Shane whispers without opening his eyes.

“Not right now,” Rose says softly, and her heart aches for him. “It’s still restricted hours. But he knows you’re okay.”

Shane turns his head and looks at her, his eyes glistening. “Please.”

“Shane, why is he here?”

Shane swallows but doesn’t answer. Rose can tell there’s a war raging behind his eyes as they flicker back and forth between her own.

“Shane?”

“I like him.”

She sucks in a sharp breath, then quickly cups his face with one hand when his expression morphs into hurt, then panic. “Shhh, it’s okay.” She carefully runs her thumb over his cheek, mindful of the bruising. “Does he like you back?”

She thinks she knows the answer considering the way Rozanov barged into the waiting room like a man possessed earlier, but when Shane blinks and looks away, she realises that this might not be that straight forward. Oh Shane.

Behind her, Dr Mullen quietly clears his throat. When she glances at him, he nods towards the door.

She turns back towards Shane. He has his eyes closed again and is taking deep breaths through his nose, probably trying to slow down his own heart just to make the constant beeping of the monitor a little less annoying. Or to stop himself from freaking out. Knowing Shane, either scenario sounds completely plausible.

“Hey,” she says. “I’m going to step out for a minute, okay?”

Shane just nods his head once.

“Don’t let your brain run down any of those rabbit holes you’re currently coming up with, okay?”

A sad smile flickers over his face. “M’kay.”

“I’ll be back in a minute.” She squeezes his hand before quietly getting up to follow Dr Mullen out of the room.

The corridor seems immediately too bright, too loud. The digital clock a little further along reads 12:34AM, and despite the early hour, the place still hums with activity. Doors open,

then click shut again. Snippets of conversations echo from different corners. A nurse passes them, smiles and greets Dr Mullen but walks on. Somewhere a phone rings, obnoxiously loud.

Dr Mullen waits until he's sure no one is within earshot before he speaks. "Apologies if this sounds incredibly inappropriate, but I thought *you* were his partner?"

Rose freezes. Shit.

Mullen's eyes grow wide. "Oh no, don't worry. I won't kick you out or anything, that's not what I'm getting at."

"Phew." Rose lets out a breathless chuckle.

Dr Mullen dips his head closer to hers and lowers his voice. "Are Shane and Ilya Rozanov...?"

Rose takes a step back and stares at him. She has no idea why a question about her and Shane's relationship only triggers a mild panic in her, but a question about Shane and Rozanov makes her want to turn into a fire-breathing dragon. "You're right. This is absolutely inappropriate."

"I know, I know." Dr Mullen raises his hands in defence. "I'm speaking out of term, and I'm probably going to break a few other rules here, but if this is what I think it is, I want to help, not hinder."

"Help how?"

"Where is Rozanov? Have people seen him?"

Rose frowns at him. "In the waiting room with my friend. And I'm not sure. He was trying to be discreet."

"We need to get him out of there. I'm pretty sure Shane will be on the news tomorrow anyway because of who he is and what happened tonight. Imagine the headlines if people find out Ilya Rozanov is visiting him in the middle of the night. I didn't get to come out on my own terms, and I don't wish that on anyone, especially not two guys who are already in the limelight, so I'd rather have him out of there."

Rose raises a surprised eyebrow, then huffs. "If you want to try to send him away, be my guest."

"I was thinking more, like, bringing him in."

Rose feels jittery again. She doesn't think there is any emotion she hasn't gone through in the last few hours, and of all the scenarios she could've imagined for how this night would end, this was definitely not one of them.

A couple of drinks with Shane, a not too serious heart-to-heart, perhaps. Sure, they got their heart-to-heart but leave it to Shane to tell her how he really feels in the most awkward and roundabout way. Which he's probably silently still freaking out over right now.

Which, again, totally understandable, because he likes *Ilya Rozanov*? Who is currently walking behind her with his shoulders hunched and his hood still up, looking more like a kicked puppy than the cocky asshole his reputation makes him out to be. And who potentially likes Shane back?

God, for Shane's sake, Rose so hopes he likes him back.

And God, is she grateful that Svetlana is still with them. Throughout this entire night, she's been steady as a rock, and Rose makes a silent promise to make sure she tells her, when all this is over, how much she appreciates her. She's convinced Svetlana knows a lot more about what's going on but doesn't seem to be in the business of letting things slip, and Rose respects that. Any real revelations so far have come from either Shane or the way Rozanov acted. Not Svetlana.

Rose stops outside Shane's room. She peeks through the window panel in the door as she knocks but hesitates when she realises there is another nurse in the room with Dr Mullen. He has heard the knock, though, and waves her in.

She quietly pushes the door open, then holds it to let Svetlana and Rozanov pass before she follows them into the room.

Shane's eyes fix on Rozanov as soon as he sees him. He is upright, held up carefully by the nurse while Dr Mullen removes the ECG leads from his chest. The lights are still low, but the bruising is no less visible. His shoulder sling and what looks like a hospital gown lie on top of the sheets. He sways slightly as he's being manoeuvred around but doesn't take his eyes off Rozanov.

Rose feels like she's watching a silent standoff, one that shouldn't have an audience, but she can't look away.

Rozanov has barely taken two steps into the room. He just stands there and stares back at Shane, his baseball cap still on and his hood still pulled over the top of it, one hand buried in the front pocket of his sweatshirt. Svetlana has taken his other hand into both of hers, but Rose isn't sure Rozanov even notices. His eyes are glassy, tracking every movement the nurse and Dr Mullen make as they delicately pull the hospital gown over Shane's head and place his right arm back into the sling.

Shane groans when he settles back against the pillows, and Rozanov winces. And Rose suddenly knows they've done the right thing. That she did the right thing months ago, in that restaurant, when she asked Shane if he had ever been with another man. Never in a million years did she think it might be another hockey player, least of all Ilya Rozanov, but there is

clearly something going on between them, and it needs to be protected. Everyone deserves someone in their life who looks at them the way Ilya Rozanov is looking at Shane right now. Especially Shane.

“There you go,” Dr Mullen eventually says when all the leads are cleared away and the sheets are straightened up. The nurse adjusts the headrest of Shane’s bed to a slightly lower position and then grabs her clipboard and leaves the room without making eye contact with any of them.

“Use the call button if you need more painkillers,” Dr Mullen instructs Shane. “And just try not to abuse that shoulder if you can help it, okay?”

“I will try,” Shane says. His voice is croaky, but he manages a smile, and Rose wants to tackle him and hug him into oblivion, she is that relieved to see it.

“Good,” Dr Mullen says. “I give you guys some privacy.” He gives Rose a smile and a nod, and then he’s gone and it’s only the four of them left.

As soon as the door clicks shut, Rozanov moves, so quickly neither Rose nor Svetlana can stop him. He ignores the chair Rose sat on earlier and instead folds awkwardly over the side of the bed. His baseball cap topples to the floor as he buries his face in the crook of Shane’s neck.

Rose tenses, because, hell, Shane has a broken bone and probably enough bruising for a lifetime, but she is stopped from rushing in by a gentle hand on her arm.

“Let them,” Svetlana says. “He’ll be careful.”

Rose isn’t sure that’s the point but stops when a sob rips from Rozanov’s throat. Then she can only watch in awe as Shane scoots sideways a little and Rozanov climbs onto the bed and lies down next to him.

Shane wraps his good arm around Rozanov and buries his fingers in his hair. “Hey, shh, I’m okay,” Shane soothes while Rozanov shakes as he silently cries into Shane’s shoulder.

“Okay,” Rose says around the lump in her throat. “This is way too intimate for me on a random Tuesday night. Let’s give them some space.”

“Good idea,” Svetlana says, already pushing open the door.

They quickly slip out of the room. Behind them, the door falls shut. Rose leans her back against it and slides rather ungracefully to the floor.

“Well,” she huffs. “Can’t say I saw that one coming.”

“About time, though.” Svetlana chuckles and sits down next to her.

Rose tips her head back against the door, then turns it to look at Svetlana. “How long?”

“A loooong time.” Svetlana rolls her eyes as she draws out the word.

“Really? I thought they hate each other?”

“That’s what everyone wants to believe. But to be honest, I don’t think they ever did.”

“How did you find out?” Rose asks.

Svetlana wiggles her eyebrows at her. “Russian spy, remember?”

Rose laughs and shoves her playfully. It descends into fits of giggles as a nurse throws them a disapproving look as she comes out of another room, and they have to pull their legs in to let her pass.

“He’s been texting *Jane* for years,” Svetlana says once she has composed herself again. “And he is not as subtle as he likes to believe, especially when you pay attention.”

“Jane?” Rose frowns at her.

Svetlana smirks and nods towards the closed door that currently hides two grown up NHL players snuggled up in a hospital bed.

“I bet if you were to look into Shane’s phone, you’d find someone called Lily.”

“Oh my God,” Rose groans into her hands, laughing.

“I know.” Svetlana shrugs. “Good job they’re being paid to play hockey and not to be creative.”

Boston Globe - Sports

Bears 3, Voyagers 4

Tom Schneider scores last minute goal to clinch victory for the Voyagers in exhilarating clash

Voyagers captain Shane Hollander suffers broken collarbone and concussion after a collision with Boston’s Cliff Marlow.

Box score: Bears 3, Voyagers 4

Pictured: Bears captain Ilya Rozanov and alternate captain Cliff Marlow walk out of Massachusetts General Hospital after visiting Voyagers captain Shane Hollander on Mar. 19, 2017.

TMZ

Rose Landry Charms Again

By TMZ Staff

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NHL rival WAGs spotted out brunching in Boston together.

Actress Rose Landry, star of the highly anticipated new X-Squad movie, was spotted at a popular Boston restaurant with an unlikely companion. Landry, who has been dating Hockey Canada and Montreal Voyageurs captain Shane Hollander since November 2016, was seen brunching with Socialite Svetlana Vetrova, daughter of Boston Bears retired goalkeeper Sergei Vetrov, but also long-time rumoured girlfriend of Russia's and Boston Bears' current captain, Ilya Rozanov. Considering the fierce rivalry between Hollander and Rozanov, Landry and Vetrova looked more like best friends, especially since they were also seen together at TD Garden watching last night's game. One can only speculate what their NHL superstar boyfriends might have to say about this.

Pictured: Actress Rose Landry and Boston's Svetlana Vetrova share a meal during the Boston - Montreal game.

Pictured: Actress Rose Landry and Socialite Svetlana Vetrova spotted in Downtown Boston a day after the game between their rival boyfriends.

End Notes

If you got this far, thank you! 🥰 Hope you enjoyed reading this little fic as much as I enjoyed writing it. 💕💕💕

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